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Thomas Moore

MOORE'S

LIFE, JOURNAL

AND

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK

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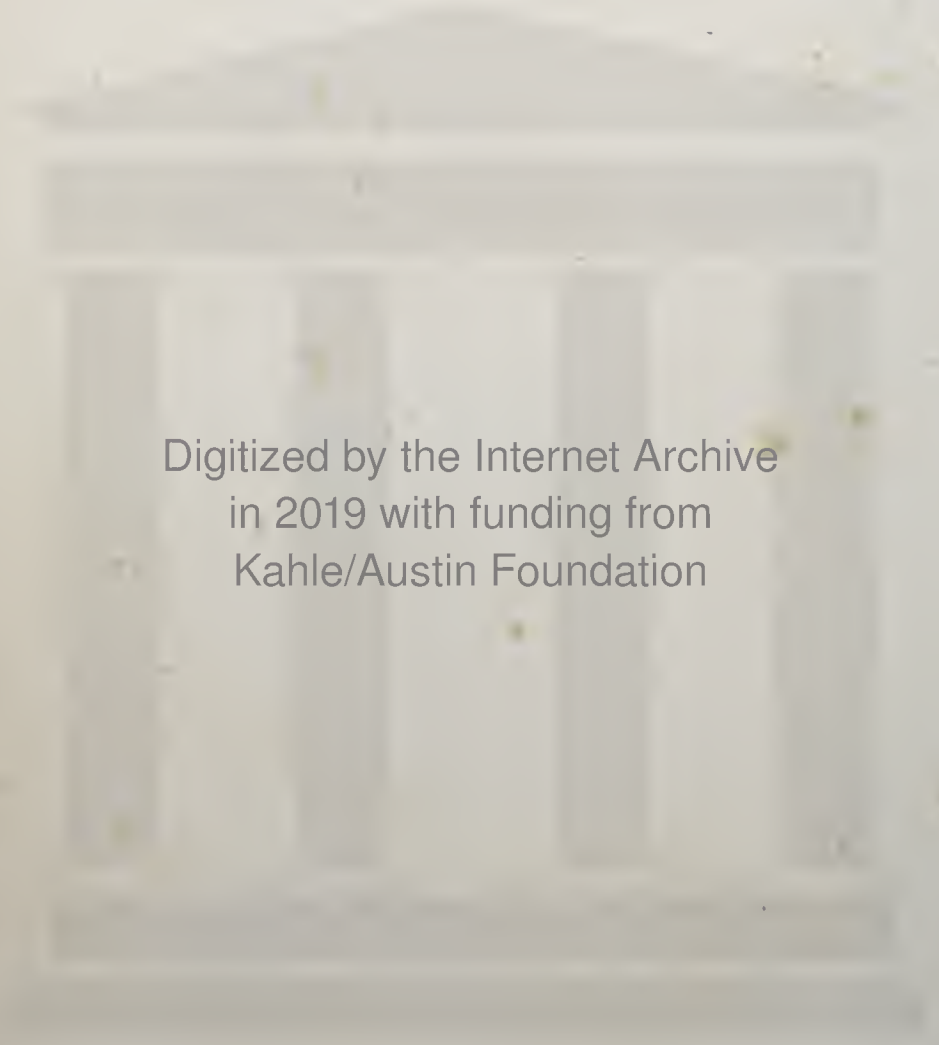

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MEMOIRS,

JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

"PR
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EDITED BY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

"Spirat adhuc amor."—Hor.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
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PREFACE.

In the will of the late Thomas Moore, written in 1828, there occurs the following passage:

"I also confide to my valued friend Lord John Russell (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me), the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family."

Many years have elapsed since this paper was written, and since the promise referred to was made. But the obligation has not become less sacred, and the reader will not wonder that I have thought it right to comply with the request of my deceased friend.

The papers which have been thus left consist of, A Memoir of his Life, written by himself, beginning from his birth, but only reaching to the year 1799, when he was not twenty years old. A Journal, begun in 1818, and extending to the years 1846–7. Letters to and from various correspondents, but especially to his mother.

I have arranged these materials in the following order: I have placed first the Memoir of his Life. I have then given upwards of four hundred letters, extended over the period from 1800 to 1818, with respect to which there is neither memoir nor journal. With these letters there is inserted a short account of his duel with Mr. Jeffrey, written by himself. I have next proceeded with the Journal, which has been very carefully kept till the period of his illness.

In preparing these papers for the press, I have felt the embarrassments which must weigh upon any one who has a similar task to perform.

In the first place, it is not easy to choose between the evil of over-loading the work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving, and the danger of losing the individual likeness by softening or obliterating details.

Upon the whole, I have chosen to encounter blame for the former, rather than for the latter, of these faults. Mr. Moore was one of those men whose genius was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life, and the lesser traits of his character. I know at least, that while I have often been wearied by the dull letters of insignificant men, I have been far more interested by the voluminous life of a celebrated man, than I should have been by a more general and compendious biography. The lives of Sir Walter Scott and Madame de Genlis derive much of their interest from the reality which profuse details give to the story. Indeed it may be observed, that the greatest masters of fiction introduce small circumstances and homely remarks in order to give life and probability to stories which otherwise would strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable. Thus Dante brings before us a tailor threading his needle, and the crowds which pass over a well known bridge, in order to carry his readers with him on his strange and incredible journey. Thus Cervantes describes places and persons like one who has himself seen them. Thus likewise Defoe remarks every trifling circumstance which a real Robinson Crusoe might have retained in his memory; and Swift makes his Gulliver carefully minute in his measurements of Lilliput houses and Brobdignag corn. This attention to little circumstances gives a hue of reality even to these wondrous and fanciful fictions, and makes Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver better known to us than Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare. But if this is the mode in which these great masters have imparted an interest to imaginary events, it is a proof that in slight, but characteristic, details is to be found the source of sympathy in the story of a real life.

286246

Returning to biography, I will here insert a remark of Mr. Lockhart in the seventh volume of his Life of Sir Walter Scott: "Let it be granted to me, that Scott belonged to the class of first-rate men, and I may very safely ask, who would be sorry to possess a biography of any such man of a former time in full and honest detail?" Let us not forget, likewise, that our literature is spreading every year, both in the old world and in the new. In our own country, the diffusion of knowledge, and in foreign countries the greater acquaintance with our language, increases the number of readers. In the new world, millions are added every year to the number of those whose government and institutions are American, but whose literature is English. Among these increasing millions there will, in all probability, be communities holding aloft the literature of England through the ocean of time. They will neither be subject to conquest by a superior state, like the Greeks, nor exposed to the invasion of barbarians, like the Romans. To them the English will ever be a living language, and among them the names of Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Wordsworth, and Crabbe will ever be famous. Is it too much to expect that the life of each of these men will be the subject of inquiry, of curiosity, and of affectionate concern?

The second difficulty is of a more serious kind. If it is a bad thing to tire the world with details which are not entertaining, it is a much worse thing to amuse them with stories and remarks which are not harmless. The transactions and conversations related in Moore's Journal are of such recent occurrence, that it is difficult to avoid giving pain by the publication of his papers. The world can well bear a great deal of scandal of the times of Charles the Second, which the gossipping pen of Pepys has presented to us. But the times of George the Fourth cannot be displayed with equal unreserve; and in disturbing the dark recesses of society, we may at every instant touch a web, which

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

In performing the task I have undertaken, I had two considerations to guide me:—In the first place it was plain that Mr. Moore intended to leave out of the materials of his Memoirs, Letters, and Journal, "the means of making some provision for his wife and family." In the next place, it was clear, that, by assigning to me the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals, he might leave behind him, "for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs, or otherwise," he meant to leave much to my discretion.

With respect to the first of these considerations, the melancholy loss of all his children, and the death of his sister Ellen towards the close of his life, left his beloved and devoted wife the sole person for whom provision was to be made. Mr. Longman, anxious to comply with the wishes of Mr. Moore, at once offered for Mr. Moore's papers, on condition of my undertaking to be the editor, such a sum, as with the small pension allowed by the Crown, would enable Mrs. Moore to enjoy for the remainder of her life the moderate income which had latterly been the extent and limit of the yearly family expenses.

With respect to the second consideration, I have endeavoured to preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected. It is a comfort to reflect, that the kindness of Moore's nature, and the general benevolence which his bright talents and warm heart excited, tend to exhibit society, in his view of it, in its best aspect. It is thus with a good portrait-painter. Not only would Sir Joshua Reynolds paint better that which was before him than an ordinary limner, but that which was before him would be better worth painting. For, by agreeable conversation, and by quickness in catching the best turn of the features, he would raise upon the countenance and fix upon the canvass, the wisest look of the judge, the liveliest expression of the wit, and the most brilliant glances of the beauty.

Moore's life, from infancy to decay, is represented in his own account, whether in the shape of a memoir, letters, or diary. There will be seen his early progress as a schoolboy; his first success as an author; his marriage; the happiness of his wedded life; the distress arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda; his residence at Paris; his popularity as a poet; and, lastly, the domestic losses which darkened his latter days, and obscured one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world. His virtues

and his failings, his happiness and his afflictions, his popularity as an author, his success in society, his attachment as a friend, his love as a son and a husband, are reflected in these volumes. Still there are some remarks which an editor may be allowed to make by way of introduction to this work.

The most engaging as well as the most powerful passions of Moore were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend, Miss Godfrey, "You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all."*

Twice a week during his whole life, except during his absence in America and Bermuda, he wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of his devotion and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are, in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person, received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His letters and his journal bear abundant evidence of these natural and deep-seated affections.

* Miss Godfrey, Oct. 2, 1806.

His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded. The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter, and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with some other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled.

Another characteristic quality of Moore, was his love of independence. Unfortunately for him, he entertained, as a young man, expectations of advancement and competency, if not wealth, from a patron. Lord Moira, who assumed that character, seems to have meant kindness, and, perhaps, to have done all in his power to help the rising poet, but his attempts were not altogether successful. He procured for Mr. Moore an office in the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, which produced the only great pecuniary embarrassment from which he ever suffered. When Lord Moira went to India, he lamented he could not take Mr. Moore with him, but made some indistinct offer of exchanging some portion of his patronage to help his friend at home. Mr. Moore's answer was prompt and conclusive. Whatever he might have done had employment immediately under Lord Moira been offered to him, he replied to this last proposal, "I would rather struggle on as I am, than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."*

Within a few days of giving this answer, he was obliged to write to Mr. Power, the publisher of his music, for an advance of three or four pounds, as he had not sixpence in his house.

Lord Moira, who seems to have esteemed Moore's character, was not offended by his spirit; continued to open to him his library and his house at Donington, and was in fact of more use to him by that kindness than if he had carried him to the East Indies to waste his genius in the details of office. It must also be recorded that Lord Moira had given his father an office in Dublin, which for many years relieved Mr. Moore from a burthen he could hardly have supported. It may, however, with truth be averred, that while literary men of acknowledged talent have a claim on the government of their country, to save them from penury or urgent distress, it is better for literature that eminent authors should not look

* Letters to Lady Donegal and Mr. Power, 1812.

to political patronage for their maintenance. It is desirable that they who are the heirs of fame should preserve an independence of position, and that the rewards of the Crown should not bind men of letters in servile adherence. Rightly did Mr. Moore understand the dignity of the laurel. He never would barter his freedom away for any favour from any quarter. Although the wolf of poverty often prowled round his door, he never abandoned his humble dwelling for the safety of the City, or the protection of the Palace. From the strokes of penury indeed, more than once, neither his unceasing exertion,

"—— nec Apollinis infula, texit."

But never did he make his wife and family a pretext for political shabbiness; never did he imagine that to leave a disgraced name as an inheritance to his children was his duty as a father. Neither did he, like many a richer man, with negligence amounting to crime, leave his tradesmen to suffer for his want of fortune. Mingling careful economy with an intense love for all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him.

It is true that Mr. Moore had a small office at Bermuda, and that in his latter days he received a pension of 300*l.* a year from the Crown. But the office at Bermuda was of little avail to him, was the cause of the greatest embarrassment he ever suffered, and obliged him to pass in a foreign country more than a year of his life. The pension which was granted to him by Her Majesty, near the end of his life, was no more than sufficient to defray, in the most humble manner, the expenses of subsistence. But this pension had no reference to political conduct, and left him as free as it found him.

Another marked quality of Moore was his cheerfulness. Keenly sensitive to criticism he was yet far more pleased with praise than annoyed by blame, and was always more elevated by admiration than depressed by censure. In all contingencies he could say,

"When equal chances arbitrate th' event,
My mind inclines to hope rather than fear;"

and when the certainty of a misfortune left no room for doubt he could write in this tone to Miss Godfrey:—"Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly out of hand. It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might perhaps (though I doubt whether it would) have damped my gaiety with them; but I don't know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by deliquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness:

"'Stone walls do not a prison make,' &c."

I crossed from Dover to Calais with him not long afterwards, when he was leaving his country, embarrassed by an unforeseen incumbrance, and with but an uncertain hope of an early return. Yet he was as cheerful as if he had been going for a few weeks' amusement to the Continent, and we amused ourselves with imaginary paragraphs, describing his exile as "the consequence of an unfortunate *attachment*." His sensibility to happy and affecting emotions was exquisite. A return to his wife and children after even a short separation affected him deeply; music enchanted him; views of great scenes of nature made him weep. I shall never forget the day when I hurried him on from a post-house in the Jura mountains to get a first view of the Alps at sunset, and on coming up to him found him speechless and in tears, overcome with the sublimity of Mont Blanc.

As he grew older this sensibility gave a deeper gloom to his sorrows, but during the greater part of his life his love, and affections, and admiration being much keener than his dislikes, and antipathies, and aversions, he derived from this constitution of his nature a degree of happiness to which few men can attain. To the good qualities of Moore both Byron and Scott, his great cotemporaries, have borne witness.

"I have read Lalla Rookh (says Byron), but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and two or three other things, so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any of the bad feelings which success—good or evil—sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it. I say of the poem, for I don't like the prose at all; in the meantime, the 'Fire-worshippers' is the best, and the 'Veiled Prophet' the worst of the volume."

Lord Byron says elsewhere,

"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—

poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what—everything, in the 'Post Bag!' There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to Hunt speaks 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here."

Walter Scott, in his "Diary," gives the following just account of the differences and resemblances between himself and Moore:

"Nov. 22, 1825. Moore. I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say, this season). We had, indeed, met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little, very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation; for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description; moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression is very animated, especially in speaking or singing, so that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it. I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians: Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat; with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself 'the great Twalmly, inventor of the floodgate iron for smoothing linen.' He always enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's memoirs would satisfy his executors; but there was a reason—*Premat nox alta*. It would be a delightful addition to life, if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received Thomas Moore with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."*

I have placed in the notes some other testimonies to the merit of Moore, for which I am indebted to a cotemporary publication.†

The independence of his character, and the fastidiousness of his taste, affected his opinions both in politics and religion. His political sympathies in early youth were deeply and ardently engaged on the side of those who excited and partook in the Irish Rebellion, so wickedly provoked, so rashly begun, and so cruelly crushed, in 1798. But the sight of democracy triumphant in America soon disgusted him, and, speaking of Hudson, one of his earliest and most enthusiastic college friends, who had settled at Baltimore, he writes to his mother, "I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on to-morrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, this country must have cured him of republicanism."

In another letter he says,—"I have seen Edward Hudson: the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married; they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with them to-day. Oh! if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the Consul-general yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has perhaps had reason to confirm him in his politics, and God knows I see every reason to change mine."

Although the view which he took of America and her institutions was afterwards referred to by him as a mere boyish impression, yet a similar alteration took place in his views regarding his native country. Although nothing could be warmer or more constant than his love for Ireland, he never could look with complacency on the attempts at revolution by force, or even on the organised agitation of opinion which from time to time disturbed the peace of his unhappy country. Of his own feelings he speaks thus in one of the dedications of the Irish Melodies:—"To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England; to those too who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness (like that of Demophoon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered); to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But, as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the

* Life of Scott, vol. vi. p. 128.

† The Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI. See Note A.

danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description, I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but, that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers: it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated---of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears, than could ever be expected from their justice."*

Of the political agitation, which, whether under the name of Catholic Association, or any other, has so often been employed as a means to obtain redress, or change, he never speaks but with repugnance and dislike. The language used to move an ignorant mass was abhorrent to his taste; the machinery of meetings and societies suited ill with his love of domestic quiet; the fierce denunciations uttered by impassioned orators jarred with his feelings of kindness and goodwill to mankind.

On the other hand, his spirit of independence revolted against a proposition by which a seat in parliament was offered him in the days when Mr. O'Connell ruled supreme over the minds of the great majority of the Irish people. If I am not mistaken, he expressed to Mr. O'Connell himself his manly determination not to bend his political will to any one. Thus, in the midst of an agitation purely Irish, the most gifted of Irish patriots held aloof, foregoing the applause in which he would have delighted, and the political distinction for which he often sighed, that he might not sully the white robe of his independence, or 'file his soul for any object of ambition or of vanity.

An equal devotion to truth marked his literary character. The liberal opinions of the Whigs, combined with the literary tastes of the chief members of that party naturally led him to espouse their cause, and live in their society. Yet in his Life of Sheridan he did not hesitate to question their policy, and to blame their great leader, Mr. Fox, when his own judgment led him to withhold his assent, or refuse his approbation. For he loved to examine history for himself, and to state fearlessly the opinions which he formed impartially. It is not my purpose here to defend those opinions, or to impugn them; it is enough to say that he did not frame them for any motives of interest, or suppress them from any personal regard.

On his religious opinions I shall touch very briefly. He was bred a Roman Catholic, and in his mature years he published a work of some learning in defence of the chief articles of the Roman Catholic faith. Yet he occasionally attended the Protestant Church; he had his children baptized into that Church; and when the Head of his own Church was restored to his throne, he dreaded the consequence of that triumph to the liberty which he prized.*

Yet he always adhered to the Roman Catholic Church, and when in London attended the Roman Catholic chapel in Wardour Street. His answer to a person who tried to convert him to Protestantism was nearly in these terms: "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die." In that intention he persevered to the end. Of two things all who knew him must have been persuaded: the one, his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God; the other, his love of his neighbour, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good will to all men. In the last days of his life he frequently repeated to his wife, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God." That God is love was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbour as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life.

As a poet, Moore must always hold a high place. Of English lyrical poets he is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may indeed be found from the earliest times of our literature to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions. Lord Byron writes, upon reading one or two of the numbers of the Irish Melodies, then recently published, "To me, some of Moore's last Erin

* Irish Melodies, No. VI. Dedication to Lady Donegal.

* See Letter to Lady Donegal, April 10th, 1815.

sparks, 'As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters,' 'When He who adores Thee,' 'Oh! blame not,' and 'Oh! breathe not his Name,' are worth all the epics that were ever composed."

When we remember that to these early Irish Melodies were added so many numbers of Irish Melodies, National Melodies, and Sacred Songs, each full of the most exquisite poetry, it is impossible not to be lost in admiration at the fancy and the feeling of which the spring was so abundant, and the waters so clear, the *chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, which seemed to flow perennially from an inexhaustible fountain. In mentioning fancy and feeling, I have mentioned what appear to me the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. His was a delightful fancy, not a sublime imagination; a tender and touching feeling, not a rending and overwhelming passion. The other quality most remarkable is the sweetness of the versification, arising from the happy choice of words, and the delicacy of a correct musical ear. Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love, and the most ingenious creations of fancy been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural.

Lalla Rookh is the work next to the Melodies and Sacred Songs in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations; a work such as Pope always wished to write, such as Tasso might have written. Indeed, there is no poet whom Moore resembles in profusion of invention, in beauty of language, and in tenderness of feeling so much as Tasso. Tasso, indeed, placed certain limits to his own invention by taking for his subject a well known historical event, and adopting for his heroes historical characters. Whether he has gained or lost by that choice of subject may be doubted. On the one hand, he has indeed shed upon his poem all the interest which attaches to the religious enterprise of the Crusaders, and has restrained his own genius from wandering into the wild realms of fiction, where some poets of his country have lost themselves; while, on the other hand, he has subjected his beautiful poem to a comparison with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, who all surpass him in the simplicity and grandeur which properly belong to the epic poem.*

Moore has, however, taken a different course, and relinquishing all the advantages to be derived from an historical subject, has sought in the abundant spring of his own imagination, the tales upon which his poem is founded. Some few hints, indeed, he has borrowed from Eastern legends, and recorded revolutions, and in one of his letters he says that Mr. Rogers furnished him with the subject of his poem. But the whole narrative of the Veiled Prophet and the Fire-Worshippers is, in fact, his own creation.

It must be owned that Spenser and Moore have subjected themselves to some disadvantage by thus building out of "airy nothing," and giving to the creations of their own brain "a local habitation and a name." Where the foundations are already laid, and are strong in popular belief, the architect finds his task much lightened, and the superstructure more easily raised. It is difficult to feel for Azim and Hafed the interest which the name of Achilles inspired in the Greeks, and that of Goffredo in the Italians. But neither Spenser nor Moore were made to wear the heavy armour of the epic poet: light and easy movement, weapons that might be thrown to a distance, and dazzle the beholder, as they glittered in the air, fitted them better than the broad shield and the ponderous sword. It is best that every poet should attempt that kind of poetry in which he is most likely to succeed. The Greeks used to say of Archilochus, "If Archilochus had written epic, Archilochus would have been equal to Homer." But it is not clear that Archilochus had a genius for the kind of poetry which he did not attempt. Besides, it is to be said that Moore wrote in an age, when, as Lord Jeffrey expressed it, men would as little think of sitting down to a whole epic as to a whole ox.

Be this as it may, the execution of the work is exquisite. Such charm of versification, such tenderness of woman's love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such descriptions of blind and fierce fanaticism as are found in Lalla Rookh, are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is that the feast is too sumptuous, the lights of a splendour which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the senses they were made to delight. To this may be added the too copious display of East-

* See Note B at the end of the Preface.

ern learning, which often brings the unknown to illustrate that which of itself is obscure.

It is difficult to give a preference to one of the poems which compose the volume over the rest. Crabbe preferred the Veiled Prophet; Byron the Fire-Worshippers. Of these, the Veiled Prophet displays the greater power; the Fire-Worshippers the more natural and genuine passion. The story of the Veiled Prophet is somewhat revolting, and requires the most musical and refined poetry to make it even bearable. The Ghebers were no doubt associated in the mind of Moore with the religion and the country most dear to his heart.

It may be remarked that the catastrophe of the two poems is too nearly similar. Mokanna and Hafed are both insurgents; both are defeated; both seek death to avoid captivity after the destruction of their armies, and the ruin of their cause. One, indeed, is a monster, and the other a hero; but the similarity of situation is undeniable.

Paradise and the Peri is a short poem of exquisite beauty, and perhaps the most perfect in the volume.

The Loves of the Angels is another work rich with the same freight of tenderness and fancy which are the true property of Moore. There is a falling off in the third of the stories which together compose the poem, and altogether the effect is not that which a single tale would have produced. Sweetness too much prolonged, tenderness not varied with the sterner and more deadly passions are a food too milky for our un-childlike nature.

I will not enter into the question of the propriety of Moore's earlier poems. Horace is very licentious, yet his odes are the delight of our clerical instructors and solemn critics. Prior is not very decent, but his tales are praised on a monument in Westminster Abbey, and defended by our great moralist, Dr. Johnson. Some of Little's poems should never have been written, far less published, but they must now be classed with those of other amatory poets, who have allowed their fancy to roam beyond the limits which morality and decorum would prescribe.

Two of Moore's cotemporaries must be placed before him in any fair estimate of the authors of the first part of the nineteenth century. Byron rose as a poet above all his rivals. The strength of passion, the command of nervous expression, the power of searching the heart, the philosophy of life which his poems display, are wonderful. In the last of these attributes only Wordsworth has equalled or surpassed him. In all the rest he has no equal. The personification of Greece, the Sunset at Athens, the lines on Solitude, those on the Gladiator, on the Ocean, on the Battle of Waterloo, are matchless in conception and in execution.

Scott is the other wonder of this age. Picturesque, interesting, and bard-like as are his narrative poems, the pathos, humour, description, character, and above all, the marvellous fertility displayed in the novels, show far greater power: a whole region of the territory of Imagination is occupied by this extraordinary man alone and unapproachable. Lope de Vega and many others have shown wonderful rapidity in composition, but their works, with very few exceptions, have died almost as soon as they were born. The fertility of Voltaire is wonderful, but great part of what he has written is so objectionable on the score of religion or morality, that even his wit does not furnish salt enough to keep from corruption the intellectual food he has lavished in such abundance. But the novels of Scott will furnish entertainment to many generations; nor is there likely to be any race of men so fastidious as to require anything purer, so spoilt by excitement as to need anything more amusing, or so grave as to scorn all delight from this kind of composition. When these two great men have been enumerated, I know not any other writer of his time who can be put in competition with Moore. If his poetry is not so powerful or so passionate as that of Byron, it is far sweeter and more melodious; if his prose works cannot be weighed either in number or value against those of Scott, his command of poetical resources is far greater, his imagery more brilliant and more copious, his diction more easy and more finished. In his hands the English language is no longer that jargon (*quel gergo*) which Alfieri declares it to be, but becomes a soft and tuneable tongue, conveying sentiments the most tender and the most spirited, the gayest, and the most melancholy in expressions the most appropriate.

Dr. Johnson, in quoting some verses of Pope expressing by sound the sense to be conveyed, gives the line,

"Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Nothing can less well express rapid motion than this verse. The word "unbending" sounds, as it means, stiff, resisting, &c., and thus clashes violently with the idea of rapid and easy motion, which Pope seems to convey. Much better has Scott said,

"E'en tho light hareboll raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

But in fifty instances Moore has done better still. Thus,

"Tho young May moon is beaming, love!
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love!
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!"

Or,

"Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That tho night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give."

Again,

"But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd all tho volume, her Wellington's name."

And in the address to the Harp of his Country,

"I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own."

It is the merit of these passages that they do not merely represent a sound, but they express by sound—scenery, action, and feeling. Lalla Rookh abounds with such passages. I know not how faithfully the translators have conveyed into various languages the beauty of the original, but that Eastern imagery was well transfused into his own tongue by the poet is playfully recorded by Luttrell, who expressed a fact when he wrote,

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

The political squibs are excellent, from their ease and playfulness: they are too well known to require further notice.

Of Moore's prose works I need say but little. The Life of Sheridan, and that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald must, from their intrinsic merit, always be read with interest. In the former of these works the history of an extraordinary period is sketched with great candour and impartiality, however I may differ from some of the opinions of the author. The character and the fate of Lord Edward Fitzgerald are made to touch the heart of every Irish patriot. The "Memoirs of Captain Rock" abound in wit: the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" display a fund of learning on theological subjects on which Dr. Doyle pronounced his judgment in nearly the following form:—"If St. Augustine were more orthodox, and Scratchinbach less plausible, it is a book of which any one of us might be proud." Ireland, which has the glory of having produced Burke and Grattan, both philosophers and orators, may justly boast of Moore as her first poet.

The latter years of Moore were clouded by loss of memory, and a helplessness almost childish; yet he preserved his interest about his friends; and when I saw him for the last time, on the 20th of December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably, and kindly on all those subjects which were the topics of our conversation. But the death of his sister Ellen, and of his two sons, seem to have saddened his heart and obscured his intellect. The wit which sparkled so brightly, the gaiety which threw such sunshine over society, the readiness of reply, the quickness of recollection, all that marked the poet and the wit were gone. As we left his house Lord Lansdowne remarked, that he had not seen him so well for a long time; Mrs. Moore has since made to me the observation. But that very evening he had a fit from the effects of which he never recovered. The light of his intellect grew still more dim; his memory failed still more; yet there never was a total extinction of that bright flame. To the last day of his life, he would inquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even tho day before his death he "warbled," as Mrs. Moore expressed it; and a fond love of music never left him but with life.

On the 26th of February, 1852, he expired calmly and without pain, at Sloperton Cottage. His body was interred within the neighbouring churchyard of Bromham, where the re-

mains of four of his children had been deposited. The funeral was quite private, as no doubt he would have desired.

The reader of the following memoir, correspondence, and journal may find, with ample traces of a "loving, noble nature," the blots of human frailty, and the troubles and anxieties of a combatant in this world's strife. If so, let him recollect the author's own beautiful words:

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true but Heaven.

"And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blessings gather'd for the tomb;
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light our troubled way;
There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

NOTES.

NOTE A.

I HAVE extracted from the Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI., some further notices of Mr. Moore's appearance, manners, and conversation. The evidence is all to the same effect, and from the most opposite quarters.

"Moore's country did not forget him; and fancying that the author of Captain Rock, and the Life of Sheridan, must possess that stuff, of which popular patriots and members of Parliament are made, the electors of Limerick determined to offer to him, the representation of their city. In the latter part of the year 1832, when Gerald Griffin was about to leave his native country for London, it was resolved that he (the Irish poet and novelist) should convey, to the poet of Ireland, the invitation of the people of Limerick. Gerald, who was accompanied to Sloperton by his brother Daniel, thus describes the visit, in a letter to his fair Quaker friend;

"'To Mrs. * * *
"'Monday morning, March 31st, 1833.
"'Pitman's, Senior, Taunton.

"'My dear L.——. Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I returned to the inn at Devizes, after our first sight and speech of the Irish Melodist, I opened my writing case to give L—— an account of our day's work: then I put it off, I believe, till morning: then as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure: then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at least; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh, dear L——, I saw the poet! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me "get out of his way," as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his majesty had spoken to him; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me "How I did, Mr. Griffin," and to speak of "my fame." My fame! Tom Moore talk of my fame! Ah, the rogue! he was humbugging, L——, I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and, perhaps, he had pity on my long melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, "I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can;" for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him. But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor dreamy-looking *Beltard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman. I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the inn at Devizes, late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea (for which, by the bye, we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol), when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling: but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth: an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side, but that's true—Tom Moore—and, besides, it is unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter, out came the important question, "How far is Sloperton Cottage from Devizes?" "Sloperton, sir? that's Mr. Moore's place, sir, *he is a poet, sir.* We do all Mr. Moore's work." What ought I to have done, L——? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little? Well, we learned all we wanted to know! and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country;

such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh, L——l there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee—"The Veiled Prophet," "Azim," "She is far from the Land," "Those Evening Bells." But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. "Is Mr. Moore at home?" "I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?" Well, not to be too particular, we were shown upstairs, when we found the nightingale in his cage; in honester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half opened and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of "Alps in the sunset;" not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality: in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs—and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company), and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a "good-bye," and left us to do as well as we could without him?'"*

"Of his appearance and life in 1834, Willis gives the following sketch:

"'June, 1834.

"'I called on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat, and long chocolate frock-coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore, without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him.'

"This dinner was at Lady Blessington's. Willis had arrived but a few minutes when

"'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase; 'Mr. Moore,' cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enters the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had a frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upwards), and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

"'Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but, perhaps, the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, is *fused* with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass. Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike any body else's in the world, and which, probably, suggested his soubriquet of "*Bacchus*," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like intrenchments against Time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he was disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

"'We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *Chasse-café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta, and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three

* Griffin's Life of Gerald Griffin, vol. i. p. 382.

songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart—

'"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"'*

"'I remember,' writes Leigh Hunt, 'it is one of my prison recollections, when I was showing him and Lord Byron the prison garden, a smart shower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. "How much better you behaved," said he to me afterwards, "in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with." I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. "True," says he, "but the devil of it was, that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was very awkward." His anxiety appeared to me very amiable.'

"'Amiable' is the proper expression, a genuine kindness of heart that was ever genial and ready. Hunt, with his usual flowing, and graceful, and facile pen, thus describes his impression of Moore's social qualities:

"'I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine. He could not help being an interesting one: and his sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame. I never received a visit from him but I felt as if I had been talking with Prior or Sir Charles Sedley. His acquaintance with Lord Byron began by talking of a duel. With me it commenced in as gallant a way, though of a different sort. I had cut up an Opera of his (The Blue Stocking), as unworthy of so great a wit. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right, and an intercourse took place, which I might have enjoyed to this day, had he valued his real fame as much as I did.

"'Mr. Moore was lively, polite, bustling, full of amenities and acquiescences, into which he contrived to throw a sort of roughening of cordiality, like the crust of old port. It seemed a happiness to him to say "yes." There was just enough of the Irishman in him to flavour his speech and manner. He was a little particular, perhaps, in his orthoëpy, but not more so than became a poet: and he appeared to me the last man in the world to cut his country, even for the sake of high life. As to his person, all the world knows that he is as little of stature, as he is great in wit. It is said that an illustrious personage, in a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him into a wine-cooler; a proposition which Mr. Moore took to be more royal than polite. A Spanish gentleman, whom I met on the Continent, and who knew him well, said, in his energetic English, which he spoke none the worse for a wrong vowel or so: 'Now there's *Mooerr*, Thomas *Mooerr*; I look upon *Mooerr* as an active little *man*.'" This is true. He reminds us of those active little great men who abound so remarkably in Clarendon's history. Like them, he would have made an excellent practical partisan, and it would have done him good. Horseback, and a little Irish fighting, would have seen fair play with his good living, and kept his look as juvenile as his spirit. His forehead is long and full of character, with "bumps" of wit, large and radiant, enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine, as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves: his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples; his nose sensual, prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline. There is a very peculiar character in it, as if it were looking forward, and scenting a feast or an orchard. The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled with care and passion; but festivity is the predominant expression. When Mr. Moore was a child, he is said to have been eminently handsome, a Cupid for a picture; and notwithstanding the tricks which both joy and sorrow have played with his face, you can fancy as much. It was a recollection, perhaps, to this effect, that induced his friend, Mr. Atkinson, to say one afternoon, in defending him from the charge of libertinism, "Sir, they may talk of Moore as they please; but I tell you what,—I always consider him" (and this argument he thought conclusive), "I always consider my friend Thomas Moore as an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." There was no contesting this; and, in truth, the hearers were very little disposed to contest it, Mr. Atkinson having hit upon a defence which was more logical in spirit than chronological in image. When conscience comes, a man's impulses must take thought; but, till then, poetry is only the eloquent and irresistible development of the individual's nature; and Mr. Moore's wildest verses were a great deal more innocent than could enter into the imaginations of the old libertines who thought they had a right to use them. I must not, in this portrait, leave out his music. He plays and sings with great taste on the pianoforte, and is known as a graceful composer. His voice, which is a little hoarse in speaking (at least, I used to think so), softens into a breath like that of the flute, when singing. In speaking, he is emphatic in rolling the letter *R*, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity.'*

"Moore devoted his later years to the collection and revision of his poetical works. It was whilst thus engaged that he wrote the following statement of his own and Burns' service to the national music and the national song-writing. All that he here states of the great Scotchman applies with equal truth to himself as author of the Irish Melodies:—

"'That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the local and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, Father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns' most pathetic effusions: while, still more marvellously, "Hey tuttie, tattie" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain. "Scots, wha hae wi Wallace bled"—a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than the eloquence of a Demosthenes. It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these higher inspira-

* Willis's Pencillings by the Way, p. 361, ed. 1839.

* Hunt's Byron and his Contemporaries. Ed. 128.

tions, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which, in our own times, we have seen so interesting an example in the few songs which bear the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright* and the late Mrs. Hemans. Very different was the state of the song department of English poesy when I first tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birth-day Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general,—"Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'etre dit, on le chante."'

"Thus Moore wrote of a Scotchman, let us now observe what a great Scotchman, glorious Christopher North, writes of Moore:—

"'Lyrical poetry, we opine, hath many branches; and one of them "beautiful exceedingly" with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailingly along the mossy greensward when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glories wavingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. This is a fanciful, perhaps foolish, form of expression, employed at present to signify Song-writing. Now of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True, that Robert Burns has indited many songs, that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he; and the man, woman, or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry—when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in "cauld clay biggin as in marble palace." Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion as Scotland is—and surely without offence we may say that it never was, and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the Ploughman."' †

* Stephen Kemble's daughter, the composer of the music of Tennyson's "Queen of the May."

† Recreations of Christopher North, vol. i. p. 272.

NOTE B.

If Tasso has seldom full justice done him, it is because, in comparison with the great Epic poets, he appears wanting in grandeur. Armida, Erminia, and even Clorinda, the most beautiful creations of his muse, belong to a less severe order of poetry than the Epic. But let us compare his Satan, or Pluto, as he calls him, with the magnificent "Arch-angel ruin'd" of Milton.

Canto IV.

6.

* * * * *
* * * * *

"Siede Pluton nel mezzo, e con la destra
Sostien lo scettro ruvido e pesante;
Nè tanto scoglio in mar, nè rupe alpestra,
Né più Calpe s'innalza, e 'l magno Atlante,
Ch' anzi lui non paresse un picciol colle;
Si la gran fronte e le gran corna estolle.

7.

"Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende:
Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veneno infetto,
Come infausta Cometa, il guardo splende;
Gl' involve il mento, e su l' irsuto petto
Ispida e folta la gran barba scende;
E in guisa di voragine profonda
S' apre la bocca d' atro sangue immonda.

8.

"Qual i fumi sulfurei ed infiammati
Escon di Mongibello, e il puzzo, e 'l tuono;
Tal della fera bocca i neri fiati,
Tale il fetore, e le faville sono," etc.

With the exception of the mountains and the comet, all the images here produced tend to produce disgust rather than terror. The look "infected with poison," "the great beard enveloping his chin, and spreading thick and bushy over his shaggy breast," the "mouth filthy with black blood," "the stench and the sparks his dark breath," all these compose the features of as foul and noisome a fiend as can well be described—but not Satan. Now let us look at the contrast which Milton's picture presents to us. First, the outward and physical appearance of him who has contested with the Almighty the supremacy of Heaven is presented to us:

"The superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.

His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure: and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Here all is great, and nothing is disgusting. Presently our terror at this giant spirit is mingled with respect for some moral qualities still left; for,

"*Nathless he so endur'd*, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High overarch'd, embower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat," &c.

Then, again, when they were assembled to hear him, they beheld, not a foul fiend with dirty beard, and filthy sulphureous breath, fit only to frighten the nursery, but

"Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than Arch-angel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams: or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of *dauntless courage*, and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of *remorse and passion*, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n," &c.

In these well-known and admirable lines, Milton has portrayed a Spirit, wicked indeed and without compunction for his crimes, but with a form still bright, and redeemed from utter abhorrence by fortitude in bearing pain, by dauntless courage, and by pity for his followers, over whom he is immeasurably raised as the sole cause of their rebellion.

Struck by similar contrasts, Boileau has spoken of one who prefers "le clinquant de Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile." But this is a foolish and unjust phrase. The metal of Tasso may be silver as compared to Virgil's gold, but it is not tinsel. A true poet, surpassed by very few, one of the glories of the glorious literature of Italy, he only loses when, leaving the regions of chivalry, of valour, and of love, he attempts to rise to the heights of Homer, Virgil, Dante, or where

"daring Milton sits sublime."

MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

MEMOIRS OF MYSELF, begun many Years since, but never, I fear, to be completed.—T. M. (1833.)

OF my ancestors on the paternal side I know little or nothing, having never, so far as I can recollect, heard my father speak of his father and mother, of their station in life, or of anything at all connected with them. My uncle, Garret Moore, was the only member of my father's family with whom I was ever personally acquainted. When I came indeed to be somewhat known, there turned up into light a numerous shoal of Kerry cousins (my dear father having been a native of Kerry), who were eager to advance their claims to relationship with me; and I was from time to time haunted by applications from first and second cousins, each asking in their respective lines for my patronage and influence. Of the family of my mother, who was born in the town of Wexford, and whose maiden name was Codd, I can speak more fully and satisfactorily; and my old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, who lived in the Corn-market, Wexford, is connected with some of my earliest remembrances. Besides being engaged in the provision trade, he must also, I think (from my recollection of the machinery), have had something to do with weaving. But though thus humble in his calling, he brought up a large family reputably, and was always, as I have heard, much respected by his fellow-townsmen.

It was some time in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him in her laughing moods, "You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you." At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnson's Court, Grafton Street, Dublin; the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received I rather think some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier Street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford Street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born.

Immediately after this event, my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of the birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact, nothing more than a large crown-piece, which she had caused to be smoothed so as to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children's ages, she had kept always carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her, on 16th Feb. 1831; and when she evidently felt we were parting for the last time. For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child's age I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic chil-

dren, left to parents no other mode* of recording them than by some such method as this fondest of mothers devised.

At a very early age I was sent to a school kept by a man of the name of Malone, in the same street where we lived. This wild, odd fellow, of whose cocked hat I have still a very clear remembrance, used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. He would then generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers. I was myself, however, a special favorite with him, partly, perhaps, from being the youngest boy in the school, but chiefly, I think, from the plan which then, and ever after, my anxious mother adopted, of heaping with all sorts of kindnesses and attentions, those who were in any way, whether as masters, ushers, or schoolfellows, likely to assist me in my learning.

From my natural quickness, and the fond pride with which I was regarded at home, it was my lot, unluckily perhaps,—though from such a source I can consider nothing unlucky,—to be made at a very early age, a sort of *show* child; and a talent for reciting was one of the first which my mother's own tastes led her to encourage and cultivate in me. The zealous interest, too, which to the last moment of her life, she continued to take in the popular politics of the day was shown by her teaching me, when I was not quite four years old, to recite some verses which had just then appeared against Grattan, reflecting severely upon his conduct on the question of simple Repeal. This short eclipse of our great patriot's popularity followed closely upon the splendid grant bestowed on him by the House of Commons; and the following description of an apostate patriot, in allusion to this circumstance, I used to repeat, as my mother has often told me, with peculiar energy:—

> "Pay down his price, he'll wheel about,
> And laugh, like Grattan, at the nation."

I sometimes wonder that it never occurred to me, during the many happy hours I have since passed with this great and good man, to tell him that the first words of rhyme I ever lisped in my life, were taken from this factious piece of doggerel, aimed at himself during one of those fits of popular injustice, to which all fame derived from the populace is but too likely to be exposed.

One of the persons of those early days to whom I look back with most pleasure, was an elderly maiden lady, possessed of some property, whose name was Dodd, and who lived in a small neat house in Camden Street. The class of society she moved in was somewhat of a higher level than ours; and she was the only person to whom, during my childhood, my mother could ever trust me for any time, away from herself. It was, indeed, from the first, my poor mother's ambition, though with no undue aspirings for herself, to secure for her children an early footing in the better walks of society; and to her constant attention to this object I owe both my taste for good company, and the facility I afterwards found in adapting myself to that sphere. Well, indeed, do I remember my Christmas visits to Miss Dodd, when I used to pass with her generally three whole days, and be made so much of by herself and her guests: most especially do I recall the delight of one evening when she had a large tea-party, and when, with her alone in the secret, I remained for hours concealed under the table, having a small barrel-organ in my lap, and watching anxiously the moment when I was to burst upon their ears with music from —they knew not where! If the pleasure, indeed, of the poet lies in anticipating his own power over the imagination of others, I had as much of the poetical feeling about me while lying hid under that table as ever I could boast since.

About the same time, or it might be a year or two later, I was taken by my mother on a visit to the country-house of some friend of ours, whose name was, I think, MacClellan, and who, though with all such signs of wealth about them, as a carriage, horses, country-house, &c., left on my memory the impression of being rather vulgar people.

Though I was, by all accounts, a very quick child, I was still perfectly a child; nor had the least consciousness of being different from any other child in this respect. One tribute, however, to my precociousness struck my fancy too much to be unheeded or forgotten by me. A Captain Mahony, who was at this time one of the guests at our friend's, used to

* I have, not long since, been told by my sister that there *does* exist a registration of my birth, in the book for such purposes, belonging to Townsend Street Chapel, Dublin.

say, laughingly, to my mother, that he was sure I passed all my nights with the "little people" (meaning the fairies) on the hills; and at breakfast he would often, to my great amusement, ask me, "Well, Tom, what news from your friends on the hills? It was a fine moonlight night, and I know you were among them."

I have said that Miss Dodd was the only person to whom my mother would trust me for any time away from herself; but there was also a family of the name of Dunn, long intimate with ours, with whom I once or twice passed some part of my holidays, at a small country-house they had at Dundrum. In the middle of a field, near the house, stood the remains of an old ruined castle, and some of my playfellows—who they were I now forget—agreed among themselves to make Tommy Moore the king of that castle. A day was accordingly fixed for the purpose; and I remember the pleasure with which I found myself borne on the shoulders of the other boys to this ruin, and there crowned on its summit by the hands of some little girl of the party. A great many years after, when I was in Dublin with my family, we went one morning along with my mother, to pay a visit a few miles out of town, to the daughter of her old friends the Dunns. I had not been apprised that her house was in the neighbourhood of that formerly occupied by her father; but as I stood by myself at the bottom of the garden, and looked at the field adjoining, there seemed something familiar to me in the whole scene, as if it had passed often before me in my dreams, and at last the field where I had been crowned came vividly into my memory. I looked in vain, however, for any signs of the castle that once stood in it. On my return into the house, I asked Mrs. Graham (the former Miss Dunn) whether there had not formerly been a ruin in the field next her garden? "There was, indeed," she answered, "and that was the castle where you were crowned when a child."

As soon as I was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that I should go to the best then in Dublin,—the grammar school of the well-known Samuel Whyte, whom a reputation of more than thirty years' standing had placed, at that time, at the head of his profession. So early as the year 1758, a boy had been entrusted to this gentleman's care, whom, after a few years' trial of his powers, he pronounced to be "a most incorrigible dunce." This boy was no other than the afterwards celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and so far from being ashamed of his mistake, my worthy schoolmaster had the good sense often to mention the circumstance, as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children.

The circumstance of my having happened to be under the same schoolmaster with Sheridan, though at so distant an interval, has led the writer of a professed memoir of my life, prefixed to the Zwickau edition of my works, into rather an amusing mistake:—"His talents," he is pleased to say of me, "dawned so early, and so *great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan*, that," &c. &c.

The turn for recitation and acting which I had so very early manifested was the talent, of all others, which my new schoolmaster was most inclined to encourage; and it was not long before I attained the honour of being singled out by him on days of public examination, as one of his most successful and popular exhibitors,—to the no small jealousy, as may be supposed, of all other mammas, and the great glory of my own. As I looked particularly infantine for my age, the wonder was, of course, still more wonderful. "Oh, he's an old little crab," said one of the rival Cornelias, on an occasion of this kind, "he can't be less than eleven or twelve years of age." "Then, madam," said a gentleman sitting next her, who was slightly acquainted with our family, "if that is the case, he must have been four years old before he was born." This answer, which was reported to my mother, won her warm heart towards that gentleman for ever after.

To the drama and all connected with it, Mr. Whyte had been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the other ornaments of the Irish stage in the middle of the last century. Among his private pupils, too, he had to number some of the most distinguished of our people of fashion, both male and female; and of one of the three beautiful Misses Mont-

gomery, who had been under his tuition, a portrait hung in his drawing-room. In the direction of those private theatricals which were at that time so fashionable among the higher circles in Ireland, he had always a leading share. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the *dramatis personæ* himself; and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished by his pen. Among the most memorable of the theatricals which he assisted in, may be mentioned the performance of the "Beggar's Opera," at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, on which occasion the Rev. Dean Marley, who was afterwards Bishop of Waterford, besides performing the part of Lockit in the opera, recited a prologue of which he was himself the author. The Peachum of the night was Lord Charlemont; the Lucy, Lady Louisa Conolly; and Captain Morris (I know not whether the admirable song writer) was the Macheath.

At the representation of "Henry the Fourth," by most of the same party at Castletown, a prologue written by my schoolmaster had the high honour of being delivered by that distinguished Irishman, Hussey Burgh; and on another occasion, when the masque of Comus was played at Carton, his muse was associated with one glorious in other walks than those of rhyme,—the prologue to the piece being announced as "written by Mr. Whyte, and the epilogue by the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan."

It has been remarked, and I think truly, that it would be difficult to name any eminent public man, who had not, at some time or other, tried his hand at verse; and the only signal exception to this remark is said to have been Mr. Pitt.

In addition to his private pupils in the dilettante line of theatricals, Mr. Whyte was occasionally employed in giving lessons on elocution to persons who meant to make the stage their profession. One of these, a very pretty and interesting girl, Miss Campion, became afterwards a popular actress both in Dublin and London. She continued, I think, to take instructions of him in reading even after she had made her appearance on the stage; and one day, while she was with him, a messenger came into the school to say that "Mr. Whyte wanted Tommy Moore in the drawing-room." A summons to the master's house (which stood detached away from the school on the other side of a yard) was at all times an event; but how great was my pride, delight, and awe,—for I looked upon actors then as a race of superior beings,—when I found I had been summoned for no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Campion, and to have the high honour of reciting to her "Alexander's Feast."

The pride of being thought worthy of appearing before so celebrated a person took possession of all my thoughts. I felt my heart beat as I walked through the streets, not only with the expectation of meeting her, but with anxious doubts whether, if I did happen to meet her, she would condescend to recognise me; and when at last the happy moment did arrive, and she made me a gracious bow in passing, I question if a salute from Corinne, when on her way to be crowned in the Capitol, would in after days have affected me half so much.

Whyte's connection, indeed, with theatrical people was rather against his success in the way of his profession; as many parents were apprehensive, lest, being so fond of the drama himself, he might inspire too much the same taste in his pupils. As for me, it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor, and my poor mother, who, sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Catholic disabilities, had destined me to the bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage.

Among the most intimate friends of my schoolmaster were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife,—she was the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This lady, who had a good deal of the talent of her family, with a large alloy of affectation, was, like the rest of the world at that time, strongly smitten with the love of acting; and, in some private theatricals, held at the house of a Lady Borrowes, in Dublin, had played the part of Jane Shore with considerable success. A repetition of the same performance took place, at the same little theatre, in the year 1790, when Mrs. Lefanu being, if I recollect right, indisposed, the part of Jane Shore was played by Mr. Whyte's daughter, a very handsome and well-educated young person, while I myself—at that time

about eleven years of age,—recited the epilogue; being kept up, as I well remember, to an hour so far beyond my usual bed-time, as to be near falling asleep behind the scenes while waiting for my *début*. As this was the first time I ever saw my name in print, and I am now "myself the little hero of my tale," it is but right I should commemorate the important event by transcribing a part of the play-bill on the occasion, as I find it given in the second edition of my Master's Poetical Works, printed in Dublin 1792:—

"Lady Borrowes' Private Theatre,
Kildare Street.
On TUESDAY, March 16th, 1790,
Will be performed
the Tragedy of
JANE SHORE:
Gloucester, Rev. PETER LEFANU.
Lord Hastings, Connsellor HIGGINSON,
etc., etc.,
And Jane Shore by Miss WHYTE.
An OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE, Mr. SNAGO.
Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Paul's, Master MOORE.
To which will be added,
the Farce of
THE DEVIL TO PAY:
Jobson, Colonel FRENCH,
etc., etc.

The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English, a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggrel described it,—

"The ladies, too, when in the streets, or walking in the GREEN,
Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien."

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aid-de-camps of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket's account, must have been a member of the Irish House of Commons. "I remember," said Lord Plunket, "being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee." This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face, "Well, let who will get on in this world, *you* certainly will not." So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory.

To return to my small self. The next effort at rhyming of which I remember having been guilty, sprung out of that other and then paramount fancy of mine, acting. For the advantage of sea-bathing during the summer months, my father generally took a lodging for us, either at Irishtown or Sandymount, to which we young folks were usually sent, under the care of a female servant, with, occasionally, visits from my mother during the week, to see that all was going on well. On the Sundays, however, she and my father came to pass the day with us, bringing down with them cold dinners, and, generally, two or three friends, so that we always had a merry day of it.

Of one of those summers in particular I have a most vivid and agreeable recollection, for there were assembled there at the same time a number of young people of our own age, with whose families we were acquainted. Besides our childish sports, we had likewise dawning within us all those vague anticipations of a mature period,—those little love-makings, gallantries, ambitions, rivalries,—which in their first stirrings have a romance and sweetness about them that never come again. Among other things, we got up theatricals, and on one occasion performed O'Keefe's farce of The Poor Soldier, in which a very pretty person

named Fanny Ryan played the part of Nora, and I was the happy Patrick,—dressed, I recollect, in a volunteer uniform belonging to a boy much older, or at least much larger than myself, and which, accordingly, hung about me in no very soldierly fashion.*

It was for this exhibition, which took place a few days before our return to school, that I made that second attempt at versifying to which I have alluded,—having written a farewell epilogue for the occasion, which I delivered myself, in a suit of mourning as little adpated to me as my regimentals. In describing the transition we were now about to undergo, from actors to mere school-boys, my epilogue had the following lines:—

"Our Pantaloon that did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book.
Our Harlequin who skipp'd, leap'd, danced, and died,
Must now stand trembling by his tutor's side."

In repeating the two last lines of kind farewell,—

"Whate'er the course we're destined to pursue,
Be sure our hearts will always be with you,"

it was with great difficulty I could refrain from blubbering outright.

The harlequin here described was myself; and of all theatrical beings harlequin was my idol and passion. To have been put in possession of a real and complete harlequin's dress, would have made me the happiest of mortals, and I used sometimes to dream that there appeared sometimes at my bedside a good spirit, presenting to me a full suit of the true particoloured raiment. But the utmost I ever attained of this desire was the possession of an old cast-off wand, which had belonged to the harlequin at Astley's, and which I viewed with as much reverence and delight as if it really possessed the wonderful powers attributed to it. Being a very active boy, I was quite as much charmed with Harlequin's jumping talents as with any of his other attributes, and by constant practice over the rail of a tent-bed which stood in one of our rooms, was, at last, able to perform the *head-foremost* leap of my hero most successfully.

Though the gay doings I have above mentioned were put an end to by my return to school, my brothers and sisters remained generally a month or two longer at the sea-side; and I used every Saturday evening to join them there, and stay over the Sunday. My father at that time kept a little pony for me, on which I always rode down those evenings; and at the hour when I was expected, there generally came with my sister a number of young girls to meet me, and full of smiles and welcomes, walked by the side of my pony into the town. Though such a reception was, even at that age, rather intoxicating, yet there mingled but little of personal pride in the pleasure which it gave me. There is, indeed, far more of what is called vanity in my now reporting the tribute, than I felt then in receiving it; and I attribute very much to the cheerful and kindly circumstances which thus surrounded my childhood, that spirit of enjoyment, and, I may venture to add, good temper, which has never, thank God, failed me to the present time (July, 1833).

My youth was in every respect a most happy one. Though kept closely to my school studies by my mother, who examined me daily in all of them herself, she was in every thing else so full of indulgence, so affectionately devoted to me, that to gain her approbation I would have thought no labour or difficulty too hard. As an instance both of her anxiety about my studies and the willing temper with which I met it, I need only mention that, on more than one occasion, when having been kept out too late at some evening party to be able to examine me in my task for next day, she has come to my bedside on her return home, and waked me (sometimes as late as one or two o'clock in the morning), and I have cheerfully sat up in my bed and repeated over all my lessons to her. Her anxiety indeed, that I should attain and keep a high rank in the school was ever watchful and active, and on one occasion exhibited itself in a way that was rather disconcerting to me. On our days of public examination which were, if I recollect, twice a year, there was generally a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys; and on the particular day I allude to, all the seats in the area of the room being oc-

* About this time (1790) a general election took place, and Grattan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald were chosen triumphantly to represent the city of Dublin. On the day of their chairing, they passed our house; both seated in one car; and among the numerous heads outstretched from our window, I made my own, I recollect, so conspicuous, by the enthusiasm with which I waved a large branch of laurel, that I either caught, or fancied I caught, the particular notice of Grattan, and was of course prodigiously proud in consequence.

cupied, my mother and a few other ladies were obliged to go up into one of the galleries that surrounded the school, and there sit or stand as they could. When the reading class to which I belonged, and of which I had attained the first place, was called up, some of the boys in it who were much older and nearly twice as tall as myself, not liking what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class, when standing up before the audience all placed themselves above me. Though feeling that this was unjust, I adopted the plan which, according to Corneille, is that of "*l'honnête homme trompé*," namely, "*ne dire mot*,"—and was submitting without a word to what I saw the master himself did not oppose, when to my surprise and, I must say, shame, I heard my mother's voice breaking the silence, and saw her stand forth in the opposite gallery, while every eye in the room was turned towards her, and in a firm, clear tone (though in reality she was ready to sink with the effort), address herself to the enthroned schoolmaster on the injustice she saw about to be perpetrated. It required, however, but very few words to arouse his attention to my wrongs. The big boys were obliged to descend from their usurped elevation, while I,—ashamed a little of the exhibition which I thought my mother had made of herself, took my due station at the head of the class.

But great as was my mother's ambition about me, it was still perfectly under the control of her strong, good sense, as may be shown by a slight incident which now occurred to me. About the beginning of the year 1792, a wild author and artist of our acquaintance, named Paulett Carey, set up a monthly publication, called the Sentimental and Masonic Magazine, —one of the first attempts at graphic embellishment (and a most wretched one it was) that yet had appeared in Dublin. Among the engravings prefixed to the numbers were, occasionally, portraits of public characters; and as I had, in my tiny way, acquired some little celebrity by my recitations at school and elsewhere, a strong wish was expressed by the editor that there should be a drawing of me engraved for the work. My mother, however, though pleased, of course, at the proposal, saw the injudiciousness of bringing me so early before the public, and, much to my disappointment, refused her consent.

Having expatiated more than enough on my first efforts in acting and rhyming, I must try the reader's patience with some account of my beginnings in music,—the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music. While I was yet quite a child, my father happened to have an old lumbering harpsichord thrown on his hands, as part payment of a debt from some bankrupt customer; and when I was a little older, my mother, anxious to try my faculties in all possible ways, employed a youth who was in the service of a tuner in our neighbourhood, to teach me to play. My instructor, however, being young himself, was a good deal more given to romping and jumping than to music, and our time together was chiefly passed in vaulting over the tables and chairs of the drawing-room. The progress I made, therefore, was not such as to induce my mother to continue me in this line of instruction; and I left off, after acquiring little more than the power of playing two or three tunes with the right hand only. It was soon, however, discovered that I had an agreeable voice and taste for singing; and in the sort of gay life we led (for my mother was always fond of society), this talent of mine was frequently called into play to enliven our tea-parties and suppers. In the summer theatricals too, which I have already recorded, my singing of the songs of Patrick, in the Poor Soldier,—particularly of the duet with Norah, into which I threw a feeling far beyond my years,—was received with but too encouraging applause.

About this time (1792) the political affairs of Ireland began to assume a most animated or, as to some it appeared, stormy aspect. The cause of the Catholics was becoming every day more national; and in each new step and vicissitude of its course, our whole family, especially my dear mother, took the intensest interest. Besides her feelings, as a patriotic and warm-hearted Irishwoman, the ambitious hopes with which she looked forward to my future career all depended, for even the remotest chance of their fulfilment, on the success of the measures of Catholic enfranchisement then in progress. Some of the most violent of those who early took a part in the proceedings of the United Irishmen were among our most intimate friends; and I remember being taken by

my father to a public dinner in honour of Napper Tandy, where one of the toasts, as well from its poetry as its politics, made an indelible impression upon my mind,—"May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure!" I recollect my pride too, at the hero of the night, Napper Tandy, taking me, for some minutes, on his knee.

Most of these patriotic acquaintances of ours, of whom I have just spoken, were Protestants, the Catholics being still too timorous to come forward openly in their own cause,—and amongst the most intimate, was a clever, drunken attorney, named Matthew Dowling, who lived in Great Longford Street, opposite to us, and was a good deal at our house. He belonged to the famous National Guard, against whose assemblage (Dec. 9, 1792) a proclamation was issued by the government; and was one of the few who on that day ventured to make their appearance. I recollcet his paying us a visit that memorable Sunday, having engraved upon the buttons of his green uniform a cap of liberty surmounting the Irish harp, instead of a crown. This unfortunate man who, not long after the time I am speaking of, fought a duel at Holyhead with Major Burrow, the private secretary of the Rt. Hon. —— Hobart, was in the year 1798 taken up for treason. In looking lately over the papers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, I found a note or two addressed to his family by poor Dowling, who was in the very prison to which the noble Edward was taken to breathe his last. What became of him afterwards I know not, but fear that he died in great misery.

Among my schoolfellows at Whyte's was a son of the eminent barrister Beresford Burston, who was about the same age as myself, and with whom I formed an intimacy which lasted a good many years. My acquaintance with this family was one of those steps in the scale of respectable society which it delighted my dear mother to see me attain and preserve. Mr. Burston was one of the most distinguished men, as a lawyer, at the bar; and possessing also some fortune by right of his wife, lived in a style not only easy but elegant; having, besides his town house in York Street, a very handsome country villa near Blackrock, at which I used to pass, with my young friend Beresford, the greater part of my vacations. This boy being an only son, was of course an object of great solicitude to his parents; and my mother used always to look upon it as a most flattering tribute to me, that a man so sensible and particular, as was Mr. Burston in all respects, should have singled me out to be his son's most constant associate. In politics this gentleman was liberal, but retiring and moderate; and this moderation enhanced considerably the importance of the opinion which, in concert with the Hon. Simeon Butler, he pronounced, in the year 1792, in favour of the legality of the General Catholic Committee;—an opinion which at that time procured for him very great popularity.

The large measure of Catholic enfranchisement which passed in the year 1793, sweeping away, among various other disqualifications, those which excluded persons of that faith from the University and Bar, left my mother free to indulge her long-cherished wish of bringing me up to the profession of the law. Accordingly, no time was to be lost in preparing me for college. Though professing to teach English himself, and indeed knowing little or nothing of any other language, Mr. Whyte kept always a Latin usher employed in the school for the use of such boys as, though not meant for the University, their parents thought right to have instructed in the classics sufficiently for the purposes of ordinary life; and under this usher I had been now for a year or two studying. It had been for some time a matter of deliberation whether I should not be sent to a regular Latin school; and Dr. Carr's of Copinger Lane was the one thought of for the purpose. But there were advantages in keeping me still at Whyte's, which my mother knew well how to appreciate. In the first place, the person who had been for some time our Latin usher, had, thanks to my mother's constant civilities towards him, and perhaps my own quickness and teachableness —taken a strong fancy to me; and not only during school-time, but at our own house in the evening, where he was always made a welcome guest, took the most friendly pains to forward me in my studies. Another advantage I had was in not being tied to any class; for the few learners of Latin which the school contained, I very soon outstripped, and thus was left free to advance as fast as my natural talent and application would carry me. I was also enabled to attend at the same time to my

English studies with Whyte (far more fortunate, in this, than the youths of public schools in England, whose knowledge of their own language is the last thing thought worthy of attention); and, accordingly, in reading and recitation, maintained my supremacy in the school to the last. An early and quick foresight of the advantages and of the account to which they might be turned, had led my mother to decide upon keeping me at Mr. Whyte's; and I accordingly remained there till the time of my entering the University in 1794.

The Latin usher of whom I have here spoken, and whose name was Donovan, was an uncouth, honest, hard-headed, and kind-hearted man, and, together with the Latin and Greek which he did his best to pour into me, infused also a thorough and ardent passion for poor Ireland's liberties, and a deep and cordial hatred to those who were then lording over and trampling her down. Such feelings were, it is true, common at that period among almost all with whom my family much associated, but in none had they taken such deep and determined root as in sturdy "Old Donovan;" and finding his pupil quite as eager and ready at politics as at the classics, he divided the time we passed together pretty equally between both. And though from the first I was naturally destined to be of the line of politics which I have ever since pursued,—being, if I may so say, born a rebel,—yet the strong hold which the feeling took so early, both of my imagination and heart, I owe a good deal I think to those conversations, during school hours, with Donovan.

It was in this year (1793) that for the first time I enjoyed the honour and glory (and such it truly was to me) of seeing verses of my own in print. I had now indeed become a determined rhymer; and there was an old maid,—old in my eyes, at least at that time,—Miss Hannah Byrne, who used to be a good deal at our house, and who, being herself very much in the poetical line, not only encouraged but wrote answers to my young effusions. The name of Romeo (the anagram of that of Moore) was the signature which I adopted in our correspondence, and Zelia was the title under which the lady wrote. Poor Hannah Byrne! —not even Sir Lucius O'Trigger's "Dalia" was a more uninspiring object than my "Zalia" was. To this lady, however, was my first printed composition addressed in my own proper name, with the following introductory epistle to the editor:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ANTHOLOGIA HIBERNICA."

"Aungier Street, Sept. 11, 1793.

"Sir,—If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader,

"Th—m—s M—re."

TO ZELIA,

ON HER CHARGING THE AUTHOR WITH WRITING TOO MUCH ON LOVE.

Then follow the verses,—and conclude thus:—

"When first she raised her simplest lays
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,
The God a faithful promise gave,
That never should she feel Love's stings,
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

The second copy of verses is entitled "A Pastoral Ballad," and though mere mock-birds' song, has some lines not unmusical:—

"My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes;
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

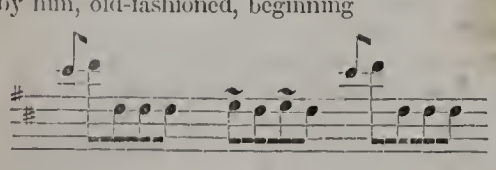
"The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe they all flock to the song;
They deck me with laurels and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

"But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now;
For Celia despises the strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow."

This magazine, the "Anthologia Hibernica," —one of the most respectable attempts at periodical literature that have ever been ventured upon in Ireland,—was set on foot by Mercier, the college bookseller, and carried on for two years, when it died, as all such things die in that country, for want of money and—of talent; for the Irish never either fight or write well on their own soil. My pride on seeing my own name in the first list of subscribers to this publication, "Master Thomas Moore," in full, was only surpassed by that of finding myself one of its "esteemed contributors." It was in the pages of this magazine for the months of January and February, 1793, that I first read, being then a school-boy, Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," little dreaming that I should one day become the intimate friend of the author; and such an impression did it then make upon me, that the particular

type in which it is there printed, and the very colour of the paper, are associated with every line of it in my memory.

Though I began my college course at the commencement of the year 1795, I must have been entered, as I have already said, in the summer of the preceding year, as I recollect well my having had a long spell of holidays before the term commenced; and if I were to single out the part of my life the most happy and the most *poetical* (for all was yet in fancy and in promise with me), it would be that interval of holidays. In the first place, I was not a little proud of being a student of Trinity College, Dublin, which was in itself a sort of *status* in life; and instead of *Master* Thomas Moore, as I had been designated the year before among the "Anthologian" subscribers, I now read myself Mr. Thomas Moore, of Trinity College, Dublin. In the next place, I had passed my examinations, I believe creditably; at least, so said my old master, Whyte, who, in publishing soon after, in a new edition of his works, some verses which I had addressed to him a short time before leaving school, appended to them a note of his own manufacture, stating that the author of the verses had "entered college at a very early age, with distinguished honour to himself as well as to his able and worthy preceptor." This favourable start of mine gave, of course, great pleasure to my dear father and mother, and made *me* happy in seeing *them* so. During a great part of this happy vacation I remained on a visit with my young friend Burston,* at his father's country seat; and there, in reading Mrs. Radcliff's romances, and listening, while I read, to Haydn's music, for my friend's sisters played tolerably on the harpsichord, dreamt away my time in that sort of vague happiness which a young mind conjures up for itself so easily, "pleased, it knows not why, and cares not wherefore." Among the pieces played by the Miss Burstons, there was one of Haydn's first simple overtures, and a sonata by him, old-fashioned, beginning



* Young Burston entered college (as a fellow-commoner) about the same time with myself.

These pieces, as well as a certain lesson of Nicolai's of the same simple cast, I sometimes even to this day play over to myself, to remind me of my young reveries.

Before I enter upon the details of my college life, a few particulars, relating chiefly to the period immediately preceding it, may be here briefly mentioned. Among the guests at my mother's gay parties and suppers, were two persons, Wesley Doyle and the well-known Joe Kelly (brother of Michael), whose musical talents were in their several ways of the most agreeable kind. Doyle's father being a professor of music, he had received regular instructions in the art, and having a very sweet and touching voice, was able to accompany himself on the piano-forte. Kelly, on the other hand, who knew nothing of the science of music, and at that time, indeed, could hardly write his own name, had taken, when quite a youth, to the profession of the stage, and having a beautiful voice and a handsome face and person, met with considerable success. He and Doyle were inseparable companions, and their duets together were the delight of the gay supper-giving society in which they lived. The entertainments of this kind given by my joyous and social mother could, for gaiety at least, match with the best. Our small front and back drawing-rooms, as well as a little closet attached to the latter, were on such occasions distended to their utmost capacity; and the supper-table in the small closet where people had least room was accordingly always the most merry. In the round of singing that followed these repasts my mother usually took a part, having a clear, soft voice, and singing such songs as "How sweet in the woodlands," which was one of her greatest favourites, in a very pleasing manner. I was also myself one of the performers on such occasions and gave some of Dibdin's songs, which were at that time in high vogue, with no small éclat.

My eldest sister, Catherine, being at this period (1793–4) about twelve or thirteen years of age, it was thought time that she should begin to learn music. The expense of an instrument, however, stood for some time in the way of my mother's strong desire on the subject. My poor father, from having more present to his mind both the difficulty of getting money and the risks of losing it, rather shrunk from an expenditure that was not ab-

solutely necessary. My mother, however, was of a far more sanguine nature. She had set her heart on the education of her children; and it was only by economy that she was able to effect her object. By this means it was that she contrived to scrape together, in the course of some months, a small sum of money, which, together with what my father gave for the purpose, and whatever trifle was allowed in exchange for the old harpsichord, made up the price of the new piano-forte which we now bought.

The person employed to instruct my sister in music was a young man by the name of Warren (a nephew of Dr. Doyle), who became afterwards one of the most popular of our Dublin music-masters. There had been some attempts made by Wesley Doyle and others, to teach me to play, but I had resisted them all most strongly, and, whether from shyness or hopelessness of success, *would not* be taught; nor was it till the piano-forte had been some time in our possession that, taking a fancy voluntarily to the task, I began to learn of myself.

Not content with my own boyish stirrings of ambition, and the attempts at literature of all kinds to which they impelled me, I contrived to inoculate also Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany (my father's two clerks) with the same literary propensities. One of them, Tom Ennis, a man between twenty and thirty years of age, had a good deal of natural shrewdness and talent, as well as a dry vein of Irish humour, which used to amuse us all exceedingly. The other, John Delany, was some years younger, and of a far more ordinary cast of mind; but even him, too, I succeeded in galvanising into some sort of literary vitality.

As our house was far from spacious, the bed-room which I occupied was but a corner of that in which these two clerks slept, boarded off and fitted up with a bed, a table, and a chest of drawers, with a bookcase over it; and here, as long as my mother's brother continued to be an inmate of our family, he and I slept together. After he left us, however, to board and lodge elsewhere, I had this little nook to myself, and proud enough was I of my *own* apartment. Upon the door, and upon every other vacant space which my boundaries supplied, I placed inscriptions of my own composition, in the manner, as I flattered myself, of Shenstone's at the Leasowes. Thinking it the grandest thing in the world to be at the head of some literary institution, I organised my two shop friends, Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany, into a debating and literary society, of which I constituted myself the president; and our meetings, as long as they lasted, were held once or twice a week, in a small closet belonging to the bed-room off which mine was partitioned. When there was no company of an evening, the two clerks always supped at the same time with the family; taking their bread and cheese, and beer, while my father and mother had their regular meat supper, with the usual adjunct, never omitted by my dear father through the whole of his long and hale life, of a tumbler of whisky punch. It was after this meal that my two literary associates and myself, used (unknown, of course, to my father and mother) to retire, on the evenings of our meetings, to the little closet beyond the bed-room, and there hold our sittings. In addition to the other important proceedings that occupied us, each member was required to produce an original enigma, or rebus, in verse, which the others were bound, if possible, to explain; and I remember one night, Tom Ennis, who was in general very quick at these things, being exceedingly mortified at not being able to make out a riddle which the president (my august self) had proposed to the assembly. After various fruitless efforts on his part, we were obliged to break up for the night leaving my riddle still unsolved. After I had been some hours asleep, however, I was awakened by a voice from my neighbour's apartment, crying out lustily, "a drum, a drum, a drum;" while at the same time the action was suited to the word by a most vigorous thumping of a pair of fists against my wooden partition. It was Tom Ennis, who had been lying awake all those hours endeavouring to find out the riddle, and now thus vociferously announced to me his solution of it.

This honest fellow was (like almost all those among whom my early days were passed) thoroughly, and to the heart's core, Irish. One of his most favourite studies was an old play in rhyme, on the subject of the Battle of Aughrim, out of which he used to repeat the speeches of the gallant Sarsfield, with a true national relish. Those well-known verses, too, translated from the Florentine bishop, Donatus,

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame," were ever ready on his lips.

Though by the bill of 1793 Catholics were admitted to the University, they were still (and continue to be to this present day) excluded from scholarships, fellowships, and all honours connected with emolument; and as, with our humble and precarious means, such aids as these were naturally a most tempting consideration, it was for a short time deliberated in our family circle, whether I ought not to be entered as a Protestant. But such an idea could hold but a brief place in honest minds, and its transit, even for a moment, through the thoughts of my worthy parents, only shows how demoralising must be the tendency of laws which hold forth to their victims such temptations to duplicity. My mother was a sincere and warm Catholic, and even gave in to some of the old superstitions connected with that faith, in a manner remarkable for a person of her natural strength of mind. The less sanguine nature and quiet humour of my father led him to view such matters with rather less reverent eyes; and though my mother could seldom help laughing at his sly sallies against the priests, she made a point of always reproving him for them, saying (as I think I can hear her saying at this moment), "I declare to God, Jack Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

We had in the next street to us (Great Stephen Street) a friary, where we used to attend mass on Sundays, and some of the priests of which were frequent visitors at our house. One in particular, Father Ennis, a kind and gentle-natured man, used to be a constant sharer of our meals; and it would be difficult, I think, to find a priest less meddling or less troublesome. Having passed some time in Italy, he was able, in return for the hospitality which he received, to teach me a little Italian; and I had also, about the same time, a regular master, for the space of six months, in French, —an intelligent emigré named La Fosse, who could hardly speak a word of English, and who, on account of my quickness in learning, as well as my mother's hospitable attentions to him, took great delight in teaching me. To such a knowledge of the two languages as I thus contrived to pick up, I was indebted for that display of French and Italian reading (such as it was) which I put forth about five or six years after, in the notes to my translation of Anacreon.

I cannot exactly remember the age at which I first went to confession, but it must have been some three or four years before I entered the University; and my good mother (as anxious in her selection of a confessor for me as she was in every step that regarded my welfare, here or hereafter), instead of sending me to any of our friends, the friars of Stephen Street, committed me to the care of a clergyman of the name of O'Halloran, who belonged to Townshend Street Chapel, and bore a very high character. Of this venerable priest, and his looks and manner, as he sat listening to me in the confessional, I have given a description, by no means overcharged, in the first volume of my Travels of an Irish Gentleman. It was, if I recollect right, twice a year that I used to sally forth, before breakfast, to perform this solemn ceremony—for solemn I then certainly felt.—and a no less regular part of the morning's work was my breakfasting after the confession with an old relation of my mother, Mrs. Devereux, the wife of a West India captain who lived in a street off Townshend Street; and a most luxurious display of buttered toast, eggs, beefsteak, &c., I had to regale me on those occasions. To this part of the morning's ceremonies I look back, even now, with a sort of boyish pleasure; but not so to the trying scene which had gone before it. Notwithstanding the gentle and parental manner of the old confessor, his position, sitting there as my judge, rendered him awful in my eyes; and the necessity of raking up all my boyish peccadilloes, my erring thoughts, desires, and deeds, before a person so little known to me, was both painful and humiliating. We are told that such pain and humiliation are salutary to the mind, and I am not prepared to deny it, the practice of confession as a moral restraint having both sound arguments and high authority in its favour. So irksome, however, did it at last become to me, that, about a year or two after my entrance into college, I ventured to signify to my mother a wish that I should no longer go to confession; and, after a slight remonstrance, she sensibly acceded to my wish.

The tutor under whom I was placed on entering College was the Rev. — Burrowes, a man of considerable reputation, as well for clas-

sical acquirements as for wit and humour. There are some literary papers of his in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; and he enjoyed the credit, I believe deservedly, of having been the author, in his youth, of a celebrated flash song, called "The night before Larry was *stretched*," i. e. *hanged*. Of this classical production I remember but two lines, where, on the "Dominie" (or parson) proposing to administer spiritual consolation to the hero,—

> "Larry tipped him an elegant look,
> And pitch'd his big wig to the devil."

The fame of this song (however Burrowes himself and his brother dominies might regret it) did him no harm, of course, among the younger part of our college community.

Having brought with me so much reputation from school, it was expected, especially by my anxious mother, that I should distinguish myself equally at college; and in the examinations of the first year, I *did* gain a premium, and I believe a certificate. But here the brief career of my college honours terminated. After some unavailing efforts (solely to please my anxious mother), and some memento of mortification on finding myself vanquished by competitors whom I knew to be dull fellows, "*intus et in cute*," and who have, indeed, proved themselves such through life, I resolved in the second year of my course to give up the struggle entirely, and to confine myself thenceforth to such parts of the course as fell within my own tastes and pursuits, learning just enough to bring me through without disgrace. To my mother this was at first a disappointment: but some little successes which I met with out of the direct line of the course, and which threw a degree of éclat round my progress, served to satisfy in some degree her fond ambition. It was a rule at the public examinations that each boy should produce, as a matter of form, a short theme in Latin prose upon some given subject; and this theme might be written when, where, or by whom it pleased the Fates; as the examiners seldom, I believe, read them, and they went for nothing in the scale of the merits of the examined. On one of these occasions I took it into my head to deliver in a copy of English verse, instead of the usual Latin prose, and it happened that a Fellow of the name of Walker, who had the credit of possessing more literary taste than most of his brotherhood, was the examiner of our division. With a beating heart I saw him, after having read the paper himself, take it to the table where the other examiners stood in conference, and each of them I observed perused it in turn. He then came over to the place where I sat, and, leaning across the table, said to me in his peculiar methodistical tone, "Did you write those verses yourself?" "Yes, sir." I quietly answered; upon which, to my no small pride and delight, he said, "Upon my word the verses do you much credit, and I shall lay them before the Board,* with a recommendation that you shall have a premium for them." He did so; and the reward I received from the Board was a copy of the "Travels of Anacharsis," in very handsome binding,—the first gain I ever made by that pen which, such as it is, has been my sole support ever since. The distinction, I rather think, must have been one of rare occurrence; as I recollect that when I waited upon the Vice-Provost (Hall) to receive my certificate of the honour, he took a long time before he could satisfy his classical taste as to the terms in which he should express the peculiar sort of merit for which I was rewarded; and, after all, the result of his cogitations was not very felicitous, the phrase he had used being "propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum."

About the third year of my course, if I remember right, an improvement was made in our quarterly examinations by the institution of a classical premium distinct from that which was given for science; and myself and a man named Ferral (who was said to have been a tutor before he entered college) were on one occasion competitors for this prize. At the close of the examination, so equal appeared our merits, that the examiner (Usher) was unable to decide between us, and accordingly desired that we should accompany him to his chambers, where, for an hour or two, he pitted us against each other. The books for that period of the course were the Orations of Demosthenes and Virgil's Georgics; and he tried us by turns at all the most difficult passages, sending one out of the room while he was questioning the other. At length, his dinner-hour having arrived, he was obliged to dismiss us without giving any decision, desiring that we

* The provost and senior fellows.

should be with him again at an early hour next morning. On considering the matter as I returned home, it struck me that, having sifted so thoroughly our power of construing, he was not likely to go again over that ground, and that it was most probably in the history connected with the Orations he would examine us in the morning. Acting forthwith upon this notion, I went to an old friend of mine in the book line, one Lynch, who kept a ragged old stall in Stephen-street, and, borrowing from him the two quarto volumes of Leland's Philip, contrived to skim their contents in the course of that evening, notwithstanding that a great part of it was devoted to a gay music-party at a neighbour's. When we reappeared before Usher in the morning, the line of examination which he took was exactly what I had foreseen. Returning no more to the text of either of our authors, his questions were solely directed to such events of the reign of Philip as were connected with the Orations of Demosthenes; and as the whole was floating freshly in my memory, I answered promptly and accurately to every point; while my poor competitor, to whom the same lucky thought had not occurred, was a complete blank on the subject, and had not a word to say for himself. The victory was, of course, mine *hollow;* but it was also in a more accurate sense of the word *hollow*, as after all I did not carry off the premium. It was necessary, as part of the forms of the trial, that we should each give in a theme in Latin verse. As I had never in my life written a single hexameter, I was resolved not to begin bunglingly *now*. In vain did Usher represent to me that it was a mere matter of form, and that with my knowledge of the classics, I was sure to make out something good enough for the purpose. I was not to be persuaded. It was enough for me to have done well what I had attempted; and I determined not to attempt anything more. The premium accordingly went to my opponent, on his producing the required quantum of versicles; and as my superiority over him in the examination had been little more than accidental, his claim to the reward was nearly as good as my own.

That the verses were meant as a mere form,—and a very bungling form too,—may be believed without any difficulty; our fellows, in general, knowing little more of Latin verse than their pupils. Indeed, neither in the English nor the Latin Parnassus did these learned worthies much distinguish themselves. Dr. Fitzgerald, one of the senior fellows in my time, was the author of a published poem called "The Academic Sportsmen," in which was the following remarkable couplet,—

> "The cackling hen, the interloping goose,
> The playful kid that frisks about the house;"

and Dr. Browne,—a man, notwithstanding, of elegant scholarship, and who is said to have ascertained accurately the site of Tempe, though never in Greece*,—was rash enough to publish some Latin poems, which, as containing numerous false quantities, were of course miserably mauled by the "aucupes syllabarum" of the English Reviews.

Another slight circumstance, during my course, which gave me both pleasure and encouragement, took place one morning at one of these comfortless Greek lectures which are held at so early an hour as six o'clock, and which, from not being a resident member of the college, I was seldom able to attend. Our Greek task at that period was the Πως δει ιστοριαν συγγραφειν of Lucian, and, as usual, I had prepared my translation in the best English I could stock my memory with,—a labour which was left in general to its own reward; as the common run of our examiners, particularly at that early hour in the morning, were but little awake to the niceties or elegancies of style. Our Greek lecturer, however, on this occasion, was Magee,—the highflying archbishop of after-days,—a man much beyond his compeers both in learning and taste. The usual portion of translation which each boy had to scramble through during the lecture was about half a page or so, lengthened out by constant interruptions from the examiner; and in this manner the operation had proceeded on the morning I am speaking of, till the book came to my turn, when, from the moment I commenced, Magee stood silently listening, and allowed me to go on translating, page after page, to the amount of perhaps four or five; when expressing in a marked manner his regret at being obliged to interrupt me, he passed the book on to my neighbour. From Magee's high reputation, I felt this compliment very sensibly; nor can I help saying that his being

* He proved, if I recollect right, in this Essay, that Pococke had actually passed through Tempe without knowing it.

so alive to a sense of taste or duty—whichever it might have been—at so early an hour, on a raw candle-light morning, was in a high degree creditable to him.

It was, I think, towards the end of the second year of my course, that a crack-brained wit, Theophilus Swift,—the same who called out, and was wounded by Col. Lennox, after the duel of the latter with the Duke of York,—commenced a furious pamphlet war against the fellows of our university, in consequence of some injustice inflicted, as he thought, by them on his son. The motto to his chief pasquinade was "Worth makes the man, and want of it the *fellow*;" and the most galling part of the attack was his exposure of the shameless manner in which the fellows, most of them, contrived to evade that statute of the university which expressly forbade their marrying. This they effected by the not very seemly expedient of allowing their wives to retain their maiden surnames, and thus living with them as if they were mistresses. The wife of my tutor, Burrowes, for instance, went about with him in society by the name of Mrs. Grierson,—she being the daughter of Grierson, the King's printer. Magee's wife was called Mrs. Moulson; and so on. One of the points, indeed, enforced coarsely, but bitterly, by Swift was, that none of these ladies were, in the eyes of the law, really married; and that, in case of crim. con., their husbands would not be entitled to damages. In speaking of the lady of Burrowes, Swift commenced a sentence thus:—"If I or some more youthful adventurer were to be caught in an amour with Mrs. Letterpress," &c.

I forget whether any legal proceedings were taken by any of the fellows against Swift. But Burrowes, my tutor, being tempted to try his wit, in a retort upon his assailant, published a squib in verse, with notes, for which he was prosecuted by Swift, and sentenced to confinement, for about a fortnight, in Newgate [Dublin]. I remember paying him a visit during the time of his imprisonment; and it was undoubtedly a novel incident in academic history for a pupil to visit his reverend preceptor at Newgate. Swift's son (who had been christened Dean for the honour of the name) joined also in a literary onset with his father, and wrote a poem called the "Monks of Trinity," which had some smart lines. In one, where Magee was styled a "learned antithesis," he seems to have prefigured the sort of scrape in which this ambitious priest got involved, some years after, by the use of that same figure of rhetoric. In a famous charge of his, soon after he became archbishop, in speaking of the difficult position of the Irish establishment, between the Catholics on one side and the Dissenters on the other, he describes it as placed "between a Church without a religion and a religion without a Church."* Of this pithy sentence he was made to feel the rebound pretty sharply; and one of the ablest of Dr. Doyle's pamphlets was written in answer to Magee's charge.

I am now coming to a period of my youthful days when a more stirring and serious interest in public affairs began to engage my attention, both from the increasing electric state of the political atmosphere, and my own natural predisposition to catch the prevailing influence. But before I enter upon this new epoch, a few recollections of my course of life, *out* of the walls of college, during the period we have just been considering, will not perhaps be unwelcome. In pursuance of the usual system of my mother, the person who instructed my sister in music—Billy Warren, as we familiarly called him—became soon an intimate in the family, and was morning and night a constant visitor. The consequence was that, though I never received from him any regular lessons in playing, yet by standing often to listen when he was instructing my sister, and endeavouring constantly to pick out tunes—or *make* them—when I was alone, I became a piano-forte player (at least sufficiently so to accompany my own singing) before almost any one was in the least aware of it.

It was at this period,—about the second year, I think, of my college course,—that I wrote a short masque with songs, which we performed before a small party of friends in our front drawing-room. The subject of the masque, as well as I can recollect—for not a trace of the thing remains—was a story of a lady (personated by my eldest sister Kate), who, by the contrivance of a spirit (Sally Masterson, an intimate friend of my sister), was continually haunted in her dreams by the

* "A church without what we can properly call a religion, and a religion without what we can properly call a church." This, if I recollect right, is the correct version of this belligerent antithesis.—J. R.

form of a youth (myself) whom she had never beheld but in this visionary shape. After having been made sufficiently wretched by thus having a phantom which haunts her day and night, the lady is at last agreeably surprised by finding the real youth at her feet as full of love as herself,—having been brought thither by the kind spirit, who knowing that he had long loved her at a distance, took this method of preparing his mistress's heart to receive him. The song sung by the spirit I had adapted to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, in his Canzonets, and the lady had a ballad beginning "Delusive dream," which was very pleasingly set to music by Billy Warren, and continued long to be very popular as sung by myself at the piano-forte.*

The notoriety I had already acquired by my little attempts in literature, as well as my own ambition to become known to such a person, brought me acquainted, at this time, with Mrs. Battier, an odd, acute, warm-hearted, and intrepid little woman, the widow of a Captain Battier, who, with two daughters and very small means, lived, at the time of my acquaintance with her, in lodgings up two pair of stairs, in Fade Street; and acquired a good deal of reputation, besides adding a little to her small resources, by several satirical pieces of verse, which she from time to time published. Her satires were chiefly in the bitter Churchill style, and struck me,—*then*, at least,—as possessing no small vigour. What I should think of them now, I know not. Of all some admired so much in her writings, only two couplets remain at present in my memory. One was, where, in speaking of the oratory of Sir Lawrence Parsons (the late Lord Rosse), she said,—

> "When Parsons drawls in one continuous hum,
> Who would not wish all baronets were dumb?"

This summary wish to silence *all* baronets, because *one* was a bore, strikes me even now as rather comical. The other couplet relates to Curran, and commemorates in a small compass two of his most striking peculiarities, namely, his very unprepossessing personal appearance, and his great success, notwithstanding, in pursuits of gallantry. The following is the couplet—

> "For though his monkey face might fail to woo her,
> Yet, ah! his monkey tricks would quite undo her."

There were also six or eight lines which she wrote about myself, and which I certainly ought not to have forgotten, considering the pleasure which they gave me at the time. They were written by her after one of my college examinations, in which it was supposed (perhaps unjustly) that the examiner,—a dull monk of Trinity, named Prior, still alive,—had dealt unfairly by me, in order to favour a son of the vice-provost, who was my opponent. Of course, we all thought the verses both just and witty.

As this lady (Mrs. Battier) was much older than my own mother, and, though with a lively expression of countenance, by no means good-looking, it is some proof of my value for female intellect, at that time (though I have been accused of underrating it since), that I took great delight in her society and always very gladly accepted her invitations to tea. One of these tea-parties I have a most lively remembrance of, from its extreme ridiculousness. There had lately come over from some part of England one of those speculators upon Irish hospitality and ignorance which at that period of Dublin civilisation were not unfrequent,—a Mrs. Jane Moore, who had come upon the double speculation of publishing her poems, and promulgating a new plan for the dyeing of nankeens. Whether she had brought letters of introduction to Mrs. Battier, or had availed herself of their common pursuit (in *one* at least of their avocations) to introduce herself, I cannot now say; but having expressed a wish to read her poems to some competent judges, she was invited by my friend to tea for the purpose, and I was, much to my gratification, honoured with an invitation to meet her. I rather think that poor Mrs. Battier was reduced to a single room by the state of her circumstances, for I remember well that it was in the bed-room that we drank tea, and that my seat was on the bed, where, enthroned as proudly as possible, with these old poetesses (the new arrival being of the largest and most vulgar Wapping mould), I sate listening while Mrs. Jane Moore read aloud her poems, making havoc with the *v*'s and *w*'s still as she went,

* At the very moment when I am writing these lines, my poor sister Kate, who is here spoken of, lies suffering in a state of protracted, and I fear hopeless, illness; and though we have for many years seen little of each other, the thoughts of our early days together, and of what she may now be suffering, comes over my heart with a weight of sadness which it would be difficult to describe.

while all the politeness of our hostess could with difficulty keep her keen satirical eyes from betraying what she really thought of the nankeen muse.

I remember another English impostor of the same kind, who came out at a somewhat later period, for the purpose of giving lectures on literature. He had brought letters to some fellows of the college, and there was on the first day of his proposed course a small but very select audience brought together to hear him. While waiting for the company to collect, some of the most literary of those present were employed in conversing with the lecturer; and I myself ventured to sidle up to the group, and put in a little word now and then, though with a heart beating from nervousness at the thought of conversing with a distinguished English lecturer. The fellow was not a whit better than the poetical Mrs. Jane Moore. One of the questions I ventured to put to him was, "You know, of course, Sir, Shenstone's School-mistress?" "Yes," he answered, "but ha'n't seen her of some time." The lecture itself was quite with a piece of this specimen. Quoting a passage (from Lucan, I believe) which he said was counted, by some critics, very "helegant and hingenious,"—the passage being, according to his reading of it, "The evens hintomb im oom the hearth does not hinter,"—he declared his own opinion that it was neither "helegant nor hingenious." It is almost incredible that such a cockney should have contrived, thus even for once, to collect around him an assembly among whom were some of the most accomplished of the fellows of our university.

My recollections of poor Mrs. Battier have brought back some other events and circumstances of this period, with which she was connected. There was a curious society, or club, established in Dublin, which had existed, I believe, for some time, but to which the growing political excitement of the day lent a new and humorous interest. A mere sketch of the plan and objects of the club (to which most of the gay fellows of the middle and *liberal* class of society belonged) will show what a fertile source it afforded, not only of fun and festivity, but of political allusion and satire. The island of Dalkey, about seven or eight miles from Dublin, was the scene of their summer *réunions*, and here they had founded a *kingdom*, of which the monarchy was elective; and, at the time I am speaking of, Stephen Armitage, a very respectable pawnbroker of Dublin, and a most charming singer, was the reigning king of the island. Every summer the anniversary of his coronation was celebrated, and a gayer and more amusing scene (for I was once the happy witness of it), could not be well imagined. About noon on Sunday, the day of the celebration, the royal procession set out from Dublin by water; the barge of his majesty, King Stephen, being most tastefully decorated, and the crowd of boats that attended him all vying with each other in gaiety of ornament and company. There was even cannon planted at one or two stations along the shore, to fire salutes in honour of his majesty as he passed. The great majority, however, of the crowds that assembled made their way to the town of Dalkey by land; and the whole length of the road in that direction swarmed with vehicles all full of gay, laughing people. Some regulations were made, if I recollect right, to keep the company on the island itself as select as possible, and the number of gay parties there scattered about, dining under tents, or in the open air, (the day being, on the occasion I speak of, unclouded throughout) presented a picture of the most lively and exhilarating description.

The ceremonies performed in honour of the day by the dignataries of the kingdom, were, of course, a parody on the forms observed upon *real* state occasions; and the sermon and service, as enacted in an old ruined church, by the archbishop (a very comical fellow, whose name I forget) and his clergy, certainly carried the spirit of parody indecorously far. An old ludicrous song, to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," was given out in the manner of a psalm, and then sung in chorus by the congregation; as thus,—

"And then he up the chimney went,
The chimney went—the chimney went;
And then he up the chimney went,
And stole away the bacon."

There were occasionally peerages and knighthoods bestowed by his majesty on such "good fellows" as were deserving of them; on this very day which I am describing, Incledon, the singer, who was with a party on the island, was knighted under the title of Sir Charles Melody. My poetical friend, Mrs. Battier,

who held the high office of poetess laureate to the monarch of Dalkey, had, on her appointment to that station, been created Countess of Laurel. I had myself been tempted, by the good fun of the whole travestie, to try my hand (for the first time I believe) at a humorous composition in the style of Peter Pindar, and meant as a birthday ode to King Stephen. Of this early *jeu d'esprit* of mine, which, I remember, amused people a good deal, I can recall only a few fragments here and there. Thus, in allusion to the precautions which George the Third was said to be in the habit of taking, at that time, against assassination, I thus addressed his brother monarch, Stephen,—

> "*Thou* rid'st not, prison'd in a metal coach,
> To shield from thy anointed head
> Bullets, of a kindred lead,
> Marbles, and stones, and such hard-hearted things."

In another passage, a rather trite joke is thus with tolerable neatness expressed,—

> "George has of wealth the dev'l and all,
> *Him* we may King of Diamonds call;
> But *thou* hast such persuasive arts,
> We hail *thee*, Stephen, King of Hearts."

On the very morning after the celebration at which I was present, there appeared in the newspaper which acted as his majesty's state gazette, a highly humorous proclamation, offering a reward of I know not how many hundred crobanes, or Irish halfpence, to whatsoever person or persons might have found and would duly restore his majesty's crown, which, in walking home from Dalkey the preceding night, and "measuring *both* sides of the road," according to custom, he had unfortunately let fall from his august head.

But "hæ nugæ seria ducent in mala." Most serious and awful indeed were the times which followed these gay doings. The political ferment that was abroad through Ireland soon found its way within the walls of our university; and a youth destined to act a melancholy but forever-memorable part in the troubled scenes that were fast approaching, had now begun to attract, in no ordinary degree, the attention both of his fellow-students and the college authorities in general. This youth was Robert Emmet, whose brilliant success in his college studies, and more particularly in the scientific portion of them, had crowned his career, as far as he had gone, with all the honours of the course; while his powers of oratory displayed at a debating society, of which, about this time (1796–7), I became a member, were beginning to excite universal attention, as well from the eloquence as the political boldness of his displays. He was, I rather think by two classes, my senior, though it might have been only by one. But there was, at all events, such an interval between our standings as, at that time of life, makes a material difference; and when I became a member of the debating society, I found him in full fame, not only for his scientific attainments, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners.

Besides this minor society, there was also another in college, for the higher classes of students, called the Historical Society, established on the ruins of one bearing the same name, which had some years been (on account of its politics, I believe) put down by the fellows, but continued in defiance of them to hold its sittings *out*side the walls. Of this latter association, Charles Bushe, the present witty Chief Justice, was, if I am not mistaken, one of the most turbulent, as well as most eloquent, members.

Of the political tone of *our* small debating society, which was held at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion; one of which was, I recollect, "Whether an aristocracy or democracy was most favourable to the advancement of science and literature;" while another, still more critically bearing upon the awful position of parties at this crisis, was thus significantly put,—"Whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey the orders of his commanding officer?" On the former of these questions, the power of Emmet's eloquence was wonderful; and I feel at this moment as if his language was still sounding in my ears. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was found afterwards necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took, of course, ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the great republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of literature and the arts, hastened, lastly, to the grand and perilous example of the young republic of France; and, re-

ferring to the story of Cæsar carrying with him across the river only his sword and his Commentaries, he said, "Thus France at this time swims through a sea of blood, but while in one hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the interests of literature uncontaminated by the bloody tide through which she struggles." On the other question, as to the obligation of a soldier to obey, on all occasions, the orders of his commanding officer, Emmet, after refuting this notion as degrading to human nature, imagined the case of a soldier who, having thus blindly fought in the ranks of the oppressor had fallen in the combat, and then most powerfully described him as rushing, after death, into the presence of his Creator, and exclaiming, in the agony of remorse, while he holds forth his sword, reeking still with the blood of the oppressed and innocent, "Oh God, I know not *why* I have done this." In another of his speeches, I remember him saying. "When a people, advancing rapidly in civilisation and the knowledge of their rights, look back after a long lapse of time, and perceive how far the spirit of their government has lagged behind them; what then I ask is to be done by them in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people."

I forget whether I myself ventured upon any oratorical effort while in this society, but rather think I did not; and the practice of giving in compositions for prizes was not, if I recollect right, one of our usages. It must have been about the beginning of the year 1797 that our little society came to a natural dissolution, most of the members having dropped off or become absorbed in the larger institutions; so that at last there not being left a sufficient number to support the society by their subscriptions, those who remained resolved to divide among them the small library which had been collected (chiefly through gifts from different members), and to declare their meetings at an end. I have to this moment a copy of Bruce's Travels which fell to my lot in the partition, and there is written in it, "The gift of Sir E. Denny, Bart., to the Deb. Soc. Trin. Coll."

To form any adequate idea of the feverish excitement of the public mind at this period (1797), one must not only have lived through it, as I did, but have been also mixed up, as I was, with the views, hopes, and feelings of every passing hour. Among the oldest acquaintances and friends of my father and mother were some of those, as I have before stated, who were the most deeply involved in the grand conspiracy against the government; and among the new acquaintances of the same description added this year to our list were Edward Hudson, one of the committee seized at Oliver Bond's in 1798,—and the ill-fated Robert Emmet. Hudson, a remarkably fine and handsome young man, who could not have been, at that time, more than two or three and twenty years of age, was the nephew of Hudson, a celebrated Dublin dentist. Though educated merely for the purposes of his profession, he was full of zeal and ardour for everything connected with the fine arts; drew with much taste himself, and was passionately devoted to Irish music. He had with great industry collected and transcribed all our most beautiful airs, and used to play them with much feeling on the flute. I attribute, indeed, a good deal of my own early acquaintance with our music, if not the warm interest which I have since taken in it, to the many hours I passed at this time of my life *tête-à-tête* with Edward Hudson,—now trying over the sweet melodies of our country, now talking with indignant feeling of her sufferings and wrongs.

Previously to this period my chief companions of my own standing had been Beresford Burston and Bond Hall,—neither of them at all studious or clever, but Hall full of life and good-nature, and with a natural turn for humour which made me take great delight in him. Had I been at all inclined to pedantic display in conversation, the society of this pair would have most effectually cured me of it, as the slightest allusion to literature or science in their presence was at once put down as something not fit to be listened to; and by Hall, with such good fun and *badinage* as I myself very much preferred to mere learning. Indeed, such influence have early impressions and habits upon all our after lives that I have little doubt the common and ordinary level of my own habitual conversation (which, while it disappoints, no doubt, Blues and *savans*, enables me to get on so well with most hearty and simple-minded persons) arises a good deal from having lived chiefly, in my young days, with

such gay, idle fellows as Bond Hall, instead of consorting with your young men of high college reputation, almost all of whom that I have ever known were inclined to be pedants and *bores*.

Whether at the desire of my mother, or from my own wish to distinguish myself—probably from a mixture of both these motives—I went in, in this year, as a candidate for one of the vacant scholarships, though well knowing, of course, that my labour would be in vain; as though I were to come furnished with all the learning of an Erasmus, I should still,—being, like Erasmus, a Catholic,—have been shut out from all chance of the prize. Among the examiners on this occasion was Dr. Kearney, who became soon after Provost, and was, as will be seen, a most kind friend and patron of mine. It was in Horace, if I recollect right, he examined me, and though seemingly well pleased with my manner of construing and answering, evidently winced, more than once, under my slips of prosody,—being one of the few fellows of our college who had made this branch of classical learning their study; and when I have since read of Vincent, the head-master of Westminster, who was said to have been killed by "false Latin," I could not help remembering the half comic, half lugubrious face which Kearney used to put on when any confusion of "longs and shorts" occurred in his presence. On the list of those who were adjudged worthy of scholarships I obtained a pretty high place, but had only the barren honour of that place for my reward. How welcome and useful would have been the sixty or seventy pounds a year, which I believe the scholarship was worth, to the son of a poor struggling tradesman—struggling hard to educate his children—I need hardly point out; nor can any one wonder that the recollection of such laws, and of their bigoted, though, in some cases, conscientious, supporters, should live bitterly in the minds and hearts of all who have, at any time, been made their victims.

In the course of this year, though I cannot exactly say at what period of it, I was admitted a member of the Historical Society of the University, and here, as everywhere else, the political spirit so rife abroad continued to mix with all our debates and proceedings, notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, and of a strong party within the society itself which adhered devotedly to the politics of the government, and took part invariably with the Provost and fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent among the supporters of power were a young man, named Sargeant, of whose fate in after days I know nothing; and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be throughout life, highly respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side in the society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from among the subjects of debate all questions likely to trench upon the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful in this respect were the speeches of Emmet, and so little were the most distinguished speakers among our opponents able to cope with his eloquence, that the Board at length actually thought it right to send among us a man of advanced standing in the University, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate what they considered the mischievous impressions produced by them. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers was, if I remember right, Geraghty; and it was in replying to a speech of his, one night, that Emmet, to the no small mortification and surprise of us who gloried in him as our leader, became embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and (to use the parliamentary phrase) broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior (for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave), he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sat down.

A struggle in which I myself was, about this time, engaged with the dominant party in the society, may be worth dwelling on for a few moments,—the circumstances attending it being, in no small degree, perhaps characteristic as well of the good as the bad qualities of my own character at that time of life. Besides

the medals given by the society to the best answerers in history, there was also another for the best compositions sent in at stated periods, either in prose or verse. These productions were all to be delivered in anonymously, and on the night when they were to be read aloud for the judgment of the society, a reader for each was appointed by rotation from among the members. Taking it into my head to become a candidate for this medal, I wrote a burlesque sort of poem, called an "Ode upon Nothing, with Notes by Trismegistus Rustifustius, etc. etc." My attempts at humorous writing had not been many, and the fun scattered throughout this poem was in some parts not of the most chastened description. On the night when it was to be read, whether by mere accident, or from a suspicion that the poem was by me, I was voted by the society to be the reader of it; and as I performed my task *con amore*,—though tremblingly nervous during the whole operation,—and in some degree *acted* as well as *read* the composition, its success was altogether complete; applause and laughter greeted me throughout, and the medal was voted to the author of the composition triumphantly. I then acknowledged myself in due form, and the poem was transcribed into the book of the society appointed to receive all such prize productions.

Being now open to the cool inspection of the members, the objectionable nature of some parts of this extravaganza began to be more seriously viewed,—at least by the party opposed to me in politics—my own side, of course, seeing nothing wrong whatever in the matter,—and at length notice was regularly given of a motion to be brought forward in the following week "for the expunging of certain passages in a composition entered on the books of the society, entitled 'An Ode upon Nothing, etc. etc." On the night appointed the charge was brought forward with all due solemnity by a scholar, I think, of the name of Whitty,—one whom, in enumerating the ablest of the party opposed to us, I omitted before to mention. At the conclusion of his elaborate charge I rose to answer him, and having prepared myself for the occasion, delivered myself of a speech which amused exceedingly my auditors on both sides. Speaking as the friend of Dr. Trismegistus Rustifustius, I stated that immediately on receiving notice of this motion, I had waited on the Doctor himself to learn his feelings on the subject, and to take instructions as to the line he wished me to adopt in his defence. The description of my interview with this ideal personage, and the ludicrous message which I represented him to have sent by me to his critics and censors, excited roars of laughter throughout,—though not a trace of them now remains in my memory,—and I sat down amidst triumphant cheers. In proportion, however, as my own party was pleased with the result, they were in like degree doomed to be disappointed by the turn which the affair afterwards took. In order to do away with the effect of my speech, two or three of the gravest and most eloquent of the antagonist party rose in succession to answer me; and the first of them (who was, I rather think, Sargeant) began by saying in a complimentary strain, "I well knew what we were to expect from that quarter; I was fully prepared for that ready display of wit and playfulness which has so much amused and diverted the attention of the society from the serious, etc. etc." This tone of candour disposed me to listen to the speeches of my accusers with respect; and the solemn earnestness with which they pointed out the ill consequences of affording encouragement to such productions, by not only conferring upon them rewards, but even suffering them to remain as models on the society's books, all fell with due weight upon my mind. Accordingly, in the few sentences which I spoke in reply, I freely acknowledged the serious impression which my accuser's words had made upon me, as well as the sincere pain I should feel at being thought capable of *deliberately* offending against those laws prescribed alike by good morals and good taste. I do not pretend to remember accurately the words which I used, but such was in substance their import; and though I disappointed not a little, by this concession, the more ardent spirits of my own faction, who had looked forward to a tough party struggle on the occasion, I was certainly not made to feel by the other side that they took any very overweening credit to themselves for the result, or at all abused their triumph; for immediately on hearing my speech, they voluntarily, if I recollect right, withdrew their motion, without pressing it to a division, and the whole terminated without any further discussion. This, at least, is the

strong impression produced on my memory; and I remember also that as soon as the excitement of the affair had passed away, I myself, in order to prevent any recurrence to the subject, took an opportunity of quietly removing the composition from the books.

In the autumn of this year (1797) the celebrated newspaper called "The Press" was set up by Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis that was fast approaching. This memorable paper, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent; the bold letters written by Emmet (the elder) under the signature of "Montanus," being almost the only compositions I can now call to mind as claiming notice for literary as well as for political merit. But it required but a small sprinkling of the former ingredient to make treason at that time palatable; and I can answer from the experience of my own home for the avidity with which every line was devoured. It used to come out, I think, three times a week; and on the evenings of publication, I always read it aloud to my father and mother during supper. It may easily be conceived that, between my ardour for the cause, and my growing consciousness of a certain talent for writing, I was not a little eager to see something of my own in these patriotic and popular columns. But my poor mother's constant anxiety about me,—a feeling far more active than even her zeal for the public cause,—made me fearful of hazarding anything that might at all agitate or disturb her; the aspect of the times being, in itself, sufficiently trying to her, without the additional apprehension of my being involved in their dangers. I had ventured indeed, one night, to pop a small fragment of mine into the letter-box of the paper,—a short imitation of Ossian. But this passed off quietly, and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I soon ventured, however, on a much bolder flight; and without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, addressed a letter "to the students of Trinity College," written in a turgid, Johnsonian sort of a style, but seasoned with plenty of the then favourite condiment, treason; and committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected that it would make its appearance; but, lo and behold, on the next evening of publication, when seated, as usual, in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my father and mother, there was my own letter staring me full in the face, occupying a conspicuous station in the paper, and of course one of the first and principal things that my auditors wished to hear. I possessed then, I take for granted, the power which I have often experienced on far more trying occasions, of appearing outwardly at my ease while every nerve within me was trembling with emotion. It was thus that I managed to get through this letter without awakening the least suspicion in my auditors that it was my own composition. I had the gratification, too, of hearing it much praised by them; and might have been tempted, I think, into avowing myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of it were considered by both to be "very bold." I was not destined, however, to remain long concealed. On the following day, Edward Hudson,—the only person, as I have said, intrusted with the secret,—called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room conversing with my mother, when, looking significantly at me, he said, "Well, you saw ——." Here he stopped; but my mother's eye had followed his with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. "That letter was yours, then, Tom?" she instantly said to me, with a look of eagerness and apprehension, and I of course acknowledged the fact without further hesitation; when she most earnestly entreated of me never again to venture on so dangerous a step, and as any wish of hers was to me law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required of me.

A few days after, in the course of one of those strolls into the country which Emmet and I used often to take together, our conversation turned upon this letter, and I gave him to understand it was mine; when with that almost feminine gentleness of manner which he possessed, and which is so often found in such determined spirits, he owned to me that on reading the letter, though pleased with its contents, he could not help regretting that the public attention had been thus drawn to the politics of

the University, as it might have the effect of awakening the vigilance of the college authorities, and frustrate the progress of the good work (as we both considered it) which was going on there so quietly. Even then, boyish as my own mind was, I could not help being struck with the manliness of the view which I saw he took of what men ought to do in such times and circumstances, namely, not to *talk* or *write* about their intentions, but to *act*. He had never before, I think, in conversation with me, alluded to the existence of the United Irish societies, in college, nor did he now, nor at any subsequent time, make any proposition to me to join in them, a forbearance which I attribute a good deal to his knowledge of the watchful anxiety about me which prevailed at home, and his foreseeing the difficulty I should experience —from being, as the phrase is, constantly "tied to my mother's apron-strings,"—in attending the meetings of the society without being discovered.

He was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the piano-forte, while I played over the airs from Bunting's Irish collection; and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up as if from a reverie while I was playing the spirited air "Let Erin remember the Day," and exclaiming passionately, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty-thousand men marching to that air."

The only occasion on which, at this fearful period, I received any direct intimation of the existence of United Irish societies in college, was once in returning from evening lecture, when * * * *, a man now holding a very high legal station, and of course reformed from all such bad courses, happening to accompany me a part of the way home, not only mentioned the fact of such associations being then organised in college, but proposed to me to join the lodge to which he himself belonged. Nothing more passed between us on the subject; but it will be seen, at a subsequent period, how fatal might have proved the consequences of this short conversation, both to myself and to all connected with me.

While thus, in political matters, such abundant fuel for excitement surrounded me, I was also in another direction of feeling thrown in the way of impressions and temptations, to any of which my time of life, vivacity of fancy, and excitable temperament, rendered me peculiarly susceptible.

I had long before this begun by translating the odes attributed to Anacreon,—I say "attributed," because there are but slight grounds, I fear, for considering them to be his,—and had even, so far back as the beginning of 1794, published a paraphrase of the fifth ode in the Anthologia Hibernica. But it was now that the notion of undertaking a translation of the whole of the odes occurred to me, and I had at this time made considerable progress in the work. I had been also in the habit of frequently availing myself of a permission of which I was not a little proud, to read in Marsh's library during the months when it was closed to the public, a privilege I obtained through my acquaintance with the son of the librarian, Dean Cradock; and to the many solitary hours which I passed, both about this time and subsequently, in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I was indebted for much of the odd, out-of-the-way sort of reading that may be found scattered through some of my earlier works.

The line of study that at this time chiefly attracted me was that which accorded most, not only with the task on which I was engaged, but unluckily also with one of the feelings then most dominant over my mind. I say "one of the feelings," for it would be difficult to conceive a much greater variety of excitement than that with which, at this most combustible period of life, I was beset. The great Irish conspiracy, in which almost all the persons most intimately known and valued by us were embarked,—though of more than the mere outline of its objects and organisation we were ourselves ignorant,—was then awfully hastening to its *dénouement;* and, vague and unsearchable as was the future which it promised, this very uncertainty but rendered it the more exciting, as well as more capable of being heightened by a young and prospective fancy. Then the constant rumors and alarms that every succeeding day gave rise to,—some of them involving the safety of friends in whom we were deeply interested,—all this was fully sufficient to furnish no ordinary amount of stimulus, without taking into account any of the other sources of excitement to which I was exposed. The new stirrings of literary am-

bition, accompanied by the sense of pride and pleasure which the first exercise of power of any kind is sure to afford; the delight with which my early attempts at composition were welcomed by her whom it was *my* delight to please,—my dear and excellent mother; the bursting out of my latent passion for music, which was in reality the source of my poetic talent, since it was merely the effort to translate into words the different feelings and passions which melody seemed to me to express;—all this formed such a combination of mental stimulants as few, I think, of the same period of life have ever been surrounded by; nor can I conceive of a youth much more delightful and interesting to have ever fallen to any one's lot.

My first tutor, Burrowes, having a little before this time retired on a good living—the *euthanasia* of most of the monks of old Trinity,—I was placed under a lay fellow of the name of Phipps, a civil and zealous man, though far more collegiate in mind and manners than the destined Dean * whom I had left. Being also, however, a much more warm-hearted person, he took a very kind and active interest in all my concerns; and showed this interest, by a step which though at the time not a little painful to me, I afterwards learned to appreciate as it deserved. Requesting a few minutes with my father and mother, he advised confidentially and strenuously that I should avoid being seen so much in public with Robert Emmet; hinting at the same time that our intimacy had been much noticed, and that there were circumstances which rendered it highly imprudent. Though not aware at that time of the extent to which Emmet was implicated in the Irish conspiracy, we knew quite enough to enable us to understand this friendly warning, though if I recollect right, we but in a very slight degree acted upon it.

There was now left, however, but little time either for caution or deliberation, as the fearful drama of "The Plot Discovered," in all its horrors, soon after commenced; and one of the first scenes the curtain rose upon, was that formidable Inquisition held within the walls of our college by the bitterest of all Orange politicians, the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon. I must say in fairness, however, that strong and harsh as then appeared the measure of setting up this sort of tribunal, with the power of examining witnesses on oath, in a place dedicated to the instruction of youth, yet the facts that came out afterwards in the course of evidence but too much justified even this inquisitorial proceeding; and to many who like myself were acquainted only with the general views of those engaged in the conspiracy, without knowing, except in a few instances, who those persons were, or what were their plans and resources, it was really most startling and awful to hear the disclosures which every new succeeding witness brought forth.

There were a few,—and among that number were poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two Corbets,—whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that daily followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the transactions now about to be inquired into. But there was one young friend of mine whose appearance among the suspected and examined, quite as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. This was Dacre Hamilton, the son of a Protestant lady, a widow, with very small means, but of highly respectable connections; and he himself, in addition to his scholarship and talents, being one of the most primitively innocent persons with whom I was acquainted; and accordingly producing often among those who were intimate with him that sort of amusement mixed with affection, which the Parson Adams class of character is always certain to inspire. He and Emmet—both of them my seniors in the University—had long been intimate and attached friends; their congenial fondness for mathematical studies being, I think, a far stronger bond of sympathy between them than their politics. For whatever interest poor Dacre Hamilton may have taken *speculatively* in the success of the popular cause, he knew quite as little, I believe, of the definite objects of the United Irishmen, and was as innocent of the plans then at work for their accomplishment, as I can truly allege I was myself. From his being called up, however, on this first day of the inquiry, when, as it appeared, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there can be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the College authorities must have had some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the conspiracy. In

* Burrowes was, some time after, made a Dean.

the course of his examination some questions were put to him which he refused to answer (most probably from their tendency to involve or criminate others), and he was dismissed, poor fellow, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects were all utterly blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was to be not merely banishment from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions.

The proceedings, indeed, of the whole day had been such as to send me home to my anxious parents with no agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given compromising even the lives of some of those friends whom I had been most accustomed to regard both with affection and admiration; and what I felt even still more than their danger,—a danger ennobled at that time in my eyes, by the great cause in which it had been incurred,—was the degrading spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them; persons who themselves had, of course, been implicated in the plot, and now came forward, either as volunteer informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences to secure their own safety at the expense of their associates and friends.

I remember well the gloom that hung over our family circle on that evening, as we talked over the events of the day, and discussed the probability of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest father and mother came was, that overwhelming as the consequences were to all their prospects and hopes for me, yet if the questions leading to the crimination of others which had been put to almost all examined that day, and which poor Dacre Hamilton alone refused to answer, should be put also to me, I must in the same manner, and at all risks, return a similar refusal.

I forget whether I received any intimation on the following morrow that I should be one of those examined in the course of the day, but I rather think that some such notice was conveyed to me; and at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of the terrific tribunal. There sat the formidable Fitzgibbon, whose name I had never heard connected but with domineering insolence and cruelty; and by his side the memorable "Paddy" Duigenan, memorable, at least, to all who lived in those dark times, for his eternal pamphlets sounding the tocsin of persecution against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. "I have an objection, my lord," said I, in a clear firm voice, "I have an objection to taking this oath."—"What's your objection, sir?" he asked, sternly. "I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to affect others; and I must say that I despise that person's character who could be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates." This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so felt. "How old are you, sir?" I told him my age, between seventeen and eighteen, though looking, I dare say, not more than fourteen or fifteen. He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him in an under voice. "We cannot," he resumed, again looking towards me, "We cannot allow any person to remain in our University who would refuse to take this oath."—"I shall, then, my lord," I replied, "take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described."—"We do not sit here to argue with you, sir," he rejoined, sharply, upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness's chair.

The following were the questions and answers that then ensued; and I can pretty well pledge myself for their almost verbal accuracy, as well as for that of the conversation which preceded them. After having adverted to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, "Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?"—"No, my lord." "Have you ever known of any of the proceedings which took place in them?" "No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "Oh, no, my lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and after a few words with him, resumed: "When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?" "I have already told you, my lord, my chief reasons; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and it was, I think, a very natural hesitation." I was told afterwards that

a fellow of the college, named Stokes (a man of liberal politics, who had alleged, as one of the grounds of his dislike to this inquisition, the impropriety of putting oaths to such young men) turned round, on hearing this last reply, to some one who sat next him, and said, "That's the best answer that's been given yet."

I was now dismissed without any further questioning, and, though tolerably conscious in my own mind, that I had acted with becoming firmness and honesty, I yet could not feel quite assured on the subject, till I had returned among my young friends and companions in the body of the hall, and seen what sort of verdict their looks and manners would pass on my conduct. And here I had certainly every reason to feel satisfied; as all crowded around me with hearty congratulations, not so much, I could see, on my acquittal by my judges, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception at home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description; it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish.

* * * *

It was while I was confined with this illness, that the long and awfully expected explosion of the United Irish conspiracy took place; and I remember well, on the night when the rebels were to have attacked Dublin (May, 1798), the feelings of awe produced through the city, by the going out of the lamps one after another, towards midnight. The authorities had, in the course of the day, received information of this part of the plan, to which the lamp-lighters must, of course, have been parties; and I saw from my window, a small body of the yeomanry accompanying a lamplighter through the streets to see that he performed his duty properly. Notwithstanding this, however, through a great part of the city where there had not been time to take this precaution, the lights towards midnight all went out.

Among the many fearful and painful events that had, before then, succeeded each other so rapidly, there was none that had more surprised and shocked us than the apprehension of our manly and accomplished young friend, Hudson, among the delegates assembled at Oliver Bond's. That meeting was, if I recollect right, to be the last before the delegates should disperse each to his allotted quarters, for the great general outbreak; and the watch word of admission (which Reynolds betrayed to the Government) was, "Where's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?" Major Sirr was, I believe, the officer who knocked at the door and gave this watchword; and I have heard from authority on which I could depend, that when he entered the room, my poor friend Hudson fainted; showing how little a stout heart and Herculean frame (both of which Hudson possessed) may be proof against sudden alarm, or exempt their owner from such outward signs of feminine weakness.

Of the events that occurred between this period and my first departure to London as a Templar, I shall not attempt any regular detail; but merely state, as they rise in my mind, whatever scattered recollections of that interval may occur to me. I have not mentioned, I believe, that among the efforts made by my dear mother to provide me with means of instruction, she had employed a French master, named La Fosse, to attend me; a most civil and intelligent poor emigrant, who, like all my other teachers, became a sort of friend in the family, and was always welcome to a share of our tea and *barne-breac* of an evening. When I had been about five months taking lessons of him, he proposed to me to write a short essay in French upon a subject which he suggested; and not long after I began to try my hand at French verse; and, among other daring attempts in that line, ventured a *Conte* in the manner of La Fontaine, in which I proceeded to the extent of about thirty or forty verses. There were at this time some emigrant officers of the Irish Brigade in Dublin, and two of them, named Blake and Ruth, were constant visitors at our house. From Blake, who played remarkably well on the Spanish guitar, I took some lessons on that instrument, but never made any progress with it.

Among the young men with whom I formed an intimacy in college, some were of the same standing with myself, others more advanced. One of the latter, Hugh George Macklin,—or, as he was called from his habits of boasting on all subjects, Hugo Grotius Braggadocio,—had attained a good deal of reputation both in his collegiate course, and in the Historical Society, where he was one of our most showy speakers. He was also a rhymer to a consid-

erable extent; and contrived, by his own confession, to turn that talent to account, in a way that much better poets might have envied. Whenever he found himself hard run for money,—which was not unfrequently, I believe, the case,—his last and great resource, after having tried all other expedients, was to threaten to publish his poems; on hearing which menace, the whole of his friends flew instantly to his relief. Among the many stories relative to his boasting powers, it was told of him that, being asked once, on the eve of a great public examination, whether he was well prepared in his conic sections,—"Prepared," he exclaimed, "I could whistle them." In a mock account, written some time after, of a night's proceedings in our Historical Society, one of the fines enforced for disorderliness was recorded as follows:—"Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, fined one shilling, for whistling conic sections."

My life from earliest childhood had passed, as has been seen, in a round of gay society; and the notice which my songs and my manner of singing them had attracted led me still more into the same agreeable, but bewildering, course. I was saved, however, from all that coarser dissipation into which the frequenting of men's society (particularly as *then* constituted) would have led me; and this I owed partly to my natural disposition, which always induced me (especially in my younger days) to prefer women's society infinitely to men's; and partly to the lucky habit, which I early got into, of never singing but to my own accompaniment at the pianoforte. I thus became altogether dependent on the instrument, even in my convivial songs; and, except in a few rare cases, never sung a song at a dinner-table in my life. At suppers, indeed, and where there were ladies to listen and a pianoforte to run to, many and many have been the songs I have sung, both gay and tender; and, at this very moment, I could sing "Oh the merry days that are gone," while thinking of those times.

It was in the year 1798 or 1799 (I am not certain which) that I took my degree of bachelor of arts, and left the University. Owing to rumours which had for some time prevailed, apprehensions had been felt in our home circle that the lord chancellor would object to admitting to degrees some of those who had been summoned to the Visitation; and it was not without a feeling of nervousness that I now presented myself before him. As soon as he saw me he turned round to the provost, who was seated by his side, and said, "Is not that ——." I could hear no more of his question, but the provost answered him in the affirmative; and I could perceive that there was at least nothing unfriendly in the inquiry he had made about me. This, at the time, was an exceeding relief; and I had afterwards, indeed, good grounds for believing that the impression I had made upon him at the Visitation was far from being unfavourable.

That the provost himself, Dr. Kearney, was kindly disposed towards me, I had, through many years, very gratifying proofs; as an acquaintance from this time commenced between us, which was to me not only honourable (considering all the circumstances), but also useful, and in a high degree agreeable. His house was the resort of the best society in Dublin; and his wife and daughters were lively, literary, and fond of music; while he himself, in addition to his love of letters, had a fund of dry drollery about him, which rendered him a most amusing and agreeable companion.

I had at this time made considerable progress in my translation of the Odes of Anacreon; and having selected, if I recollect right, about twenty, submitted them to the perusal of Dr. Kearney, with the view that, should they appear to him worthy of a classical premium, he should lay them before the Board of the University. The opinion he gave of their merits was highly flattering; but he, at the same time, expressed his doubts whether the Board could properly confer any public reward upon the translation of a work so amatory and convivial as the Odes of Anacreon. He strongly advised me, however, to complete the translation of the whole of the odes, and publish it, saying that he had little doubt of its success. "The young people," he added, "will like it."

With my early friend and companion, Beresford Burston, I still continued on intimate terms; but we had both of us now begun to form acquaintances in the world, and in widely different lines, which detached us a good deal from each other. There was, indeed, no sympathy in our tastes, as regards either literature or society; and there remained, therefore, little more than the habits of early intimacy to

keep up much intercourse between us. So early as the year 1795 or 1796, his father had entered both our names at the Middle Temple; and, as I left college before him, I was the sooner ready to proceed to London to keep my terms.

Among the kind and agreeable acquaintances which I formed in Dublin, either now or after my first short visit to London, were the families of Mr. Grierson, the King's printer, and of Joe Atkinson, the lively and popular secretary of the Ordnance Board. The Griersons, with a fine house in Harcourt Street, and a handsome country-seat at Rathfarnham, lived at the full stretch of their income, or rather, I should say, a good deal beyond it, in a constant course of hospitality and gaiety. The Atkinsons, at a somewhat more regulated pace, but still with no less taste for social enjoyments, lived very much the same sort of singing, dancing, and dinnering life. It was also at this time, or perhaps a few months after, on my return from London, that I became acquainted with Sir George Shee* and his lady,— very amiable people, and she an accomplished musician,— and was by them asked (to me a most eventful circumstance) to meet Lord Clare, the arch-foe of my friends the rebels, at dinner. There was no other company, if I recollect right, at dinner, except some persons belonging to Sir George's own family, and, as Lord Clare, therefore, must have been apprised that I had been asked to meet him, the circumstance was the more remarkable. I took but little share, at that time of my life, or, indeed, for many years after, in general conversation, owing to a natural shyness, which, hackneyed as I have been since in all sorts of society, and, little as it may appear in my manner, has, strange to say, never left me. Of course the presence of such a man as Lord Clare was not very likely to untie my tongue; but, in the course of dinner he, with very marked kindness, asked me to drink a glass of wine with him. I met him once afterwards in the streets, when he took off his hat to me; and these two circumstances, slight as they were in themselves, yet following so closely upon my trying scene before him in the Visitation Hall, were somewhat creditable, I think, to both parties.

All this time my poor father's business continued to be carried on; nor, to do my fine acquaintances justice, did any one of them ever seem to remember that I had emerged upon them from so humble a fireside. A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she could scrape together towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple. A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also another treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it is called), or small bit of cloth blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.

My journey was in so far marked by adventure, that I met with a travelling companion in the stage-coach, who, I have little doubt, belonged to the swindling fraternity, and conceived that in me he had found (in a small way) a fitting subject for his vocation. I have all my life looked younger than my years justified, and must then have appeared a mere schoolboy. When we stopped on our way at Coventry to sleep, he enquired of the waiter whether his portmanteau had arrived; and when informed that it had not, expressed great disappointment. Then, looking at my portmanteau, which was nearly as large as myself, he seemed to speculate on a friendly share of its contents. But I thought it wiser to bear the inconvenience of wanting toilet myself than to run the risk of sharing with him my whole stock of worldly treasures. I had been consigned to an old friend of ours named Masterson, then living in Manchester Street, Manchester Square, and to reach them was my first and immediate object, notwithstanding all the persuasions of my companion, who had set his heart, he said, at our dining together at our inn (Charing Cross), and then going to one of the theatres in the evening. "You ought to see a little of London," he said, "and I'll show it you." Allowing him to remain under

* Then holding some official station in Dublin.

the impression that all this was likely to happen, I yet ventured to say that I must *first* visit those friends whom I have mentioned; and to this he considerately acceded, saying that he would himself, after we had breakfasted, walk with me part of the way. To this, not knowing how to get rid of him, I very unwillingly assented; and accordingly, arm in arm with that swindler (as I have no doubt the fellow was), I made my first appearance in the streets of London.

The lodging taken for me by my friends, the Mastersons, was a front room, up two pair of stairs, at No. 44 George Street, Portman Square, for which I paid six shillings a-week. That neighbourhood was the chief resort of those poor French emigrants who were then swarming into London; and in the back room of my floor was an old curé, the head of whose bed was placed *tête-à-tête* with mine; so that (the partition being very thin) not a snore of his escaped me. I found great convenience, however, in the French eating-houses, which then abounded in that vicinity, and of which their cheapness was the sole attraction. A poor emigrant bishop occupied the floor below me; and, as he had many callers and no servant, his resource, in order to save trouble, was having a square board hung up in the hall, on one side of which was written in large characters, "The Bishop's at home," and on the other, "The Bishop's gone out;" so that callers had but to look up at this placard to know their fate.

I had already, through the introductions I brought with me from Ireland, made several acquaintances, all of whom (being chiefly Irish) were very kind to me, and some occasionally asked me to dinner. Of this latter serviceable class was Martin Archer Shee; while his brother-in-law, Nugent, an engraver, and not very prosperous, poor fellow! was always a sure card of an evening for a chat about literature and a cup of tea. There was also a Dublin apothecary, named M'Mahon, who had transported himself and gallipots to London, and whose wife, at least, I ought not to forget, as, on some trifling difficulty arising respecting my fees at the Middle Temple (the money I brought with me, though painfully scraped together, being insufficient for the purpose), she took me aside one evening, and telling me in confidence of a small sum which she had laid by for a particular use, said it should be at my service until I was able to repay her. I got through my difficulty, however, without encroaching upon her small means; but such generous offers come too rarely in this world to allow themselves to be forgotten.

I have no very clear recollection of the details of this, my first, visit to London, nor even of its duration. All that I *do* recollect,—and that most vividly,—is the real delight I felt on getting back to dear home again. One of the forms of my initiation into the Middle Temple was a dinner, which, according to custom, I had to give to a small party of my brother Templars. But not being acquainted with a single creature around me, I was much puzzled how to proceed. I was soon relieved, however, from this difficulty by a young fellow who had, from the first, I saw, observed my proceedings (most probably with a view to this ceremony), and who, addressing me very politely, offered to collect for me the number of diners generally used on such occasions. I was much pleased, of course, to be relieved from my difficulty, and between this new friend of mine to provide the guests, and my poor self to pay the reckoning, we got through the ceremony very lawfully; and I never again saw a single one of my company. All this, as I find from the dates of some old letters in the year 1799, took place during the same period I made acquaintance with Peter Pindar, at the house of a Mrs. Cologan. Though I had long enjoyed his works, and was delighted, of course, to find myself face to face with such a *lion*, I thought him coarse both in manners and conversation, and took no pains to know anything more of him.

Having gone through all the forms of my initiation at the Temple, and likewise arranged through the medium of one of my earliest friends, Dr. Hume, that Stockdale, of Piecadilly, was to be the publisher of my translation of Anacreon as soon as the work was ready, I returned with delight to my dear Dublin home.

It was, I believe, on my next visit to England, that, having through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donington Park, on my way to London. This was of course, at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English re-

collections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me, himself, to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house.

HERE THE MEMOIRS END.

LETTERS.

1793—1806.

A Case for the
Opinion of Counsellor Burston.
1793 [T. M.].

"I am of opinion that the within copy of verses is a very good attempt, and does great honour to the young poet.

"B. Burston."

27th January, 1793.

[No. 1.] TO HIS MOTHER.

August 12th, 1793.

We all expected your arrival, at least to-night, when your letter of to-day quashed our hopes of a sudden, and informed us you were still in Wexford. For God's sake will you ever be home? There's nothing here heard but wishes for your return.

"Your absence all but ill endure,
And none so ill as

"Thomas Moore."

N. B. Excuse my scrap of rhyme; for you know poets will out with it. Poets! very proud, indeed; but don't mention it.

[No. 2.] TO HIS MOTHER.

I have at length (Heaven be praised!) got something like a home; and any commands for me will be most *thankfully attended to* at No. 44 George Street. I assure you that I felt extremely delighted after my long journey to find myself at length a *fixed star*. The lodging which Mr. Masterson provided for me is a very comfortable little room on the second floor, at six shillings per week; which they tell me is rather cheap, considering the present time of the year, when the world is flocking to London. The woman who keeps the house washes for Mrs. Masterson, and some others; this, you know, is also a convenience to me. My journey up was exceedingly expensive, though Mr. M. tells me it does not exceed the usual calculation. One circumstance, which certainly added to the expense, was my being obliged to take the mail from Chester instead of the coach, which I told you in my letter I expected would set off next morning; but I was mistaken; I should have waited till the morning after that, and two days and three nights passed *alone* in Chester, in the state of mind in which I then was, would have been too much for me to support; so I took to the mail; that was three guineas and a half, which, with *1l. 16s. 6d.* from Holyhead, the guinea for my passage, and the other contingent expenses (in which I was obliged to conform to the other passengers) has made the whole about eight guineas. Mr. M. tells me that the Parkgate way is not by the half so much. So *that* shall be the way by which I shall return, for I will certainly, with God's will, see you in summer.

"The summer will come when the winter's awa,
And I'll be to see thee, in spite of them a'."

Let me have a letter immediately. Write to me that you are all well; that you expect to see me in summer; and I shall be as happy as absence from all that I hold dear will allow me to be. Yours ever.

P. S. Mr. and Mrs. M. are uncommonly attentive. I have not given any of my letters yet. Love to my dear father, my dear Catherine, and my dear little Ellen. Never was mortal in such a hurry as I am.

[No. 3.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday.

I have only this half sheet of paper to write upon, dearest mother, and it will easily hold all the news I have to tell you. I am at this moment in very ill humour with myself for having been seduced into three days' idleness, which has done my health and spirits no harm I confess, but has robbed me of so much profitable addition to my work, and added a little link to the long chain that is between us. However, I shall make up for it without difficulty. I was presented this morning to Mr. Foster, who recollected having known me before, and was civil. I go to his house this evening. Never was anything half so kind or good-natured as dear Lady Donegal. I must tell you a trait of my landlady in Bury Street. A few days before I came here, I happened to ask her about some tailor she knew, saying at the same time, that I meant to change mine, on account of his not treating me well, in urging me for the *small balance* of a *very large* bill I had paid him. The good woman took that opportunity of telling me that all her money was at her banker's, and would be much better to be employed by me than to lie idle, and that she requested I would make use of any part of it to any amount I might have occasion for. I could not help crying a little at such kindness from a stranger, told her I did not want it, and went and thanked God upon my knees for the many sweet things of this kind he so continually throws in my way. It is now terribly long since I heard from home. God bless you all. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 4.] TO HIS MOTHER.

5th April, 1799.

Friday, 44 George Street, Portman Square.

I hope Warren was time enough to correct the omission which I made with regard to my residence. You cannot conceive how impatient I am to hear from you, and you ought not to let me remain long ungratified. Tell me whether you think my lodging is very dear; I assure you I find it extremely comfortable; they have my breakfast laid as snug as possible every morning, and I dine at the traiteur's like a prince, for eightpence or ninepence. The other day I had soup, bouilli, rice pudding, and porter, for ninepence halfpenny; if that be not cheap, the deuce is in it. I am sure you will be delighted, too, when I tell you that Mr. Masterson has lent me a piano; that which he had in Ireland; a very good one; for Sally has one of Longman's by hire, and, indeed, she has made a wonderful proficiency. She has a very nice harp also, and is beginning to learn on it. Would you believe it? Mr. M'Mahon is here, and as deep in the gallipots as ever; apothecary and man-midwife! no less. I have dined with him, and find him exceedingly friendly. Nugent, to whom Mr. Dowling introduced me, has been particularly attentive. I scarcely saw any one of the persons to whom my letters were directed, but left the letters with my address. I have had three or four notes from them, regretting their not having been at home, and expressing a wish that I should call on them, but all in *the morning*.

I have been but at one play since I came, for I do not like going alone, and I have not found any one that would accompany me. As I have not, therefore, yet much interesting description to give you, I will tell you one or two anecdotes of my journey, by which you may conjecture how a novice like me was annoyed, and which will account for the gloomy letter which I wrote to you from Chester. We came into Holyhead at night, after a most tedious and sickening passage. The first thing to be done was to get a place in the Chester mail of next morning. The mail was full, but a gentleman told me that he would wish to resign his place, and that if I chose I might personate him, and answer to his name. I accordingly paid him, and when the names of the passengers were called over, answered to his. Before I went to bed, Mr. Patrickson represented to me strongly the danger of such counterfeiting in times like the present, which you may be sure prevented me from much sleep that night, but in the morning I contrived to have my proper name inserted. Well, when I was at Chester, I felt myself particularly unpleasant. Alone, and as sooty as a sweep, I wandered like a culprit through the streets, though conscious that nobody knew me. While I was at breakfast in the inn (for you

know I stayed there a day) a frantic fellow came in, who had just ridden post from Warrington, and after chasing the maids all about the house, and beating them, came into the room where I was, sat down with me, told me that he had just escaped from a strait-waistcoat, boasted of having killed a woman and child the night before in the theatre of Warrington, and finally, as he had never been in Chester before, he would wait for me, and we should walk through the streets together! Well, well! with some difficulty I got rid of this dangerous gentleman, and met very soon with one still more so, for a sharper is surely more dangerous than a madman. The mail set off from Chester with only two passengers; we took up two more at Northampton, one of whom, though a young man, soon appeared to be, what my father calls, an *old stager*. He had been on the Continent lately, talked of his hunters (though rather shabby in his appearance), and was going to London then only to get rid of a little money. When he knew that I was going to the Temple, and had never been in London before, he thought he had found a *nice subject*, and paid the most servile attentions to me. "He would show me the pleasures of the metropolis, we should go to the play together, dine together," &c. By the bye, it came out in conversation that he had been up all the night previously playing cards. In fact, he forced me to put up at the same inn (when we arrived) at which he did; was so *glaringly civil* as to offer to carry my portmanteau for me; ordered a room for himself and me; and bid the waiter take my coat, and brush it well, while we were at breakfast. When I mentioned my wish to go to a friend's in Manchester Street, who, I expected, had a lodging provided for me, he advised me to devote two or three days *to seeing* London. Observe, he said that he had sent his portmanteau before him, but, strange to tell, *it had not arrived!* He cursed the fellow that he gave it to—and what could he do? He could not go out without a clean cravat and shirt. Hints upon hints demanded the loan of them from me. I, however, did not open my portmanteau. When I was resolved to go to Manchester Street he accompanied me, and extorted a promise that I should meet him in a couple of hours. Well, well, well! now came another embarrassment. The first question almost Mr. M. asked was, "What have you done with your luggage?" "Left them at the inn." "Did you give them in charge to the master of the house?" "No." "Did you get them booked?" "No." "Have you the key of the room?" "No." Off he sent me in a hackney coach; and, to be sure, I was not a little trembling for my portmanteau. Well, well, well, well! I got my luggage, left word for the kind gentleman that it was not in my power to meet him, and I have never seen him since. This one circumstance will make me believe all that I shall ever be told of the schemers of London. There were a thousand other little traits about him, which I have not time to detail, but they confirmed me in his character. Give my love to my father; *mille choses à Catherine et Ellen.* Yours to eternity.

[No. 5.] TO HIS FATHER.

April 29, 1799.

I received your letter just when I was hurrying out to dinner, but I must stop to acknowledge its reception, and to assure you that nothing could come more seasonably than its contents; for the expenses of my board had left me penniless, and as there are some fees necessary on the first day of dining, I must have lost my term if the remittance had been two days later, as, after Friday, it would be impossible to serve it. Everything, however, is now as it should be. I sat near an hour with Lord Moira this morning, and am to dine with him on Saturday. He is extremely polite; so indeed are all the people to whom I had letters, and I was mistaken when I told you they took little notice of them. I was on Sunday at a little party at Lady Peshall's, and was introduced very particularly to Col. De Bathe and Capt. Plunket (Lord Dunsany's son). I have returned to my old habits of reading and scribbling again. I stay the forenoon always at home, and generally have a little cold dinner in my room, which never costs me more than a shilling. But I am staying too long; I will write to you immediately again, and will certainly answer my little Catherine's letters. I am uneasy that my mother's cough is not better. Remember me affectionately to her, and believe me ever yours.

How are aunt and uncle (J. and J.)? If

you ever see Croker, ask him did he receive my letter.

[No. 6.] TO HIS FATHER.

May 11, 1799.

I am distressed to the very heart at having given you all such uneasiness; but indeed the situation was so new to me, that I am sure you are neither surprised nor angry with me for having expressed myself with such querulous irritation. You have, ere this, received another letter, which I doubt not will amuse you; but I hope that this one will arrive time enough to efface any uneasy ideas that *either* might have excited in your minds. I must confess that I feel I have acted very ungenerously in not having rather suffered a little inconvenience, than distress for a moment, by any melancholy complainings, the hearts of those so affectionately dear to me. I could cry for what I have done; but *do* forgive me. I feel that you live to make *me* happy, and surely I should not embitter *your* peace, my dear, dear father and mother! Oh, when shall I be able to repay your goodness!

I did not receive your letter with Mozart's introduction till last night; or you might have been saved the pain which my last letter may perhaps have given you; but I am convinced your good sense made you rejoice that I had found such an independent method of resource in my difficulties, as only for it I should have forfeited my term. I will now go with my draft to the post office. Everything is as it should be, but I cannot be in spirits till I hear that your uneasiness is dissipated. *Do* write and tell me so. Farewell my dearest, best of fathers. God give you all the happiness which you merit. Yours ever, ever.

(No. 7.) TO HIS MOTHER.

May 15, 1799.

My dearest Mother,—My father's letter of the 8th, which I have just received, has affected me extremely: it shows me how ungenerous, how cowardly were my complaints; and convinces me more and more of the affections of my beloved father and mother. However, forget what I have done, and believe that I want nothing to make me perfectly happy but the assurance that those fears which I so thoughtlessly excited are now completely dissipated. But indeed, my dearest mother, I do not remember that, in the midst of all my foolish despondence, I ever harboured the least suspicion of your neglect; and if I expressed anything like it, be assured it was owing to the agitation of my mind, which was disturbed by the *novelty*, still more than by the *perplexity*, of my situation. But reproach me no more with it. I have repented that letter (Heaven knows!) almost enough to atone for all its imprudence.

I thank my father from my heart for his letter to Mrs. M'M., and will fly with it to her immediately. I have found a very pleasant acquaintance in Mr. Hume: he seems already to feel a particular interest in me, and is a man of considerable talent. I dined last week with Miss Dodd's friend, Mr. Phibbs; and to-day I dine with our friend Harden. I need never be out of company if I chose it; but I rather avoid it, and am reproached on all sides with my neglect of visiting. Lady Peshall's family have been very attentive to me, and so has Mrs. Latouche; indeed, if I had indulged in going out often (though here I cannot call it an indulgence), there is scarce a night that I should not be at some female gossip party, to drink tea, play a little crambo, and eat a sandwich. I have been dancing after Mr. Atkinson this long time, and cannot meet him. I will write to my father immediately, and give him an account of my expenses, and likewise submit to him a few ideas which have occurred to me with regard to my future pursuits. My darling mother, shall we meet in summer? Oh! how I long for it! Tell me that you wish it,—that you approve of it,—and I will fly to you. Make Catherine write whenever my father writes: give my love to little Ellen and all, not forgetting my uncle Joice, and (when you write to her) to my aunt. Heaven preserve my father to us, my dear mother, and may we all deserve such a protector. God bless you, and make you happy. Farewell.

[No. 8.] TO HIS FATHER.

"May 22, 1799.

Now that I know your uneasiness is done away, I want nothing to make me happy except that re-union with those I love, which I hope is not far distant. Mr. Gibson called on me yesterday, and gave me a letter of Catherine's, and Mrs. Grierson's delightful little

present, for which I shall write her a letter to-morrow. I have called two or three times on Mr. Goulding, but have not yet met him: before I seal this letter, I will go to him again. I dined on Sunday with Capt. Otway; he has been extremely attentive to me, and purely from courtesy; for he is one of those men whom I certainly can have no hold upon. Neither music, nor literature, nor any of those things does he seem to have a relish for *himself*, or to know that *I* am any way acquainted with them. My Lord This and my Lady That form the whole subject-matter of his conversation. I am to be at Mrs. Cologan's to-morrow night, where I believe I shall meet Peter Pindar. She is one of the first private performers on the harp. I dined with Mr. —— the Sunday before last. I find him just like other men who are indebted entirely for their education to themselves. Having never had that idea of subordination which the controul of a superior inculcates, and which is so very necessary to chasten self-opinion, they gradually imagine themselves into an all-sufficiency of knowledge, and are generally the most egotising pedants in the world. But a truce with characters; and now for cold calculations of another kind,—my expenses I must confess I have not yet made such an estimate as to enable you to judge with any kind of accuracy. My lodging you know is six shillings a-week, and I pay the man two shillings a-month for cleaning my shoes and brushing my coat. Before I did this I was obliged to pay twopence for my boots every day, and a penny for my shoes. By the bye I let my boots go to the extreme (though I had got them mended), and I have bespoke a new pair, which will cost me twenty-five shillings, which is a low price here. Indeed, I want a total refitment; my best black coat, the only one I have been able to wear, is quite shabby. The usual expense of my dinner I mentioned to you already. Half-a-crown's worth of tea and sugar serves me more than a week. My washing I cannot accurately estimate, but soon will, and shall inform you more precisely in every thing.

I have just been with Mr. Goulding and have got two guineas, so that matter is settled. Give my love to my mother and all. Tell my mother that my next letter shall be to her. Farewell, my dearest father. Believe me, yours most affectionately.

[No. 9.] TO HIS MOTHER.

June 11, 1799.

* * * I received a letter from Croker which pleased me very much. Does he ever call? He is a friend whom I am resolved to cultivate. London is growing insupportably warm, and will be a dreadful place to remain in all the summer. If I return to you, you must none of you be very inquisitive, for I am such an incurious creature that I have not seen half the *lions* of this place. I have not yet been to this wonderful Pizarro of Sheridan's, which is putting all London into fevers.

My father complained of my neglect of writing. The interval between my letters was perhaps too long, but you will perceive that I have not omitted one week. Give my love to my dearest father, and bid him write his decision immediately. Remember me to Catherine, to Ellen, to my uncle, aunt, &c.

I have paid 18*s.* 6*d.* for my last term; and will have the same to pay for this. Farewell, my sweet mother. Yours, &c.

[No. 10.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday.

My dearest Mother.—I got Kate's letter, and it was very good of you to think I should be anxious at not hearing so long from home, but lazy Kate might have stretched her commission a little and given me a longer epistle. I think the wearisomeness of this place is beginning almost to make me bilious; after all, there are few samenesses more disagreeable than that of seeing faces you dont care twopence about, returning periodically and domestically, and mixing themselves as if they belonged to you, with every function of life. Oh solitude! solitude! you hold the very next rank to the society of the few we love, I wish prudence did not keep me away from you, dearest mother, and I should exchange all my fineries for Irish stew and salt fish immediately. Your own, Tom.

[No. 11.] TO HIS FATHER.

Thursday, June 20, 1799.

I forgot to mention, with regard to my coat and pantaloons, that Mr. Nugent, if you please, will settle for them with Mr. Herbert's money, and you may pay *him*. I am wishing very much to hear from you. In reading Warren's letter over again, I perceive what I

did not observe at first; he tells me that my mother is reconciled to my staying during the vacation. Now, as *that* was, I confess, my chief motive for soliciting my return, because I had in a manner promised it to her; if she be *really* reconciled to my absence, and you not very much inclined to my going over, I will endeavour to have the same self-denial, and all my other objections to my remaining will be easily surmounted. I believe I will wait for your answer to this, if something else does not determine me, for I should be sorry to have no arguments for my return, but my own inclinations. If I go, I shall leave a few of my trifling poems with Hume, to get them published: it is more through a wish to get rid of them, than with any hopes of emolument: if the latter *does* result from them, I can rely on Hume for taking advantage of it. Pray let me hear from you immediately on receipt of this. I perhaps may determine, however, before you write. Love to all. Yours, &c.

[No. 12.] TO HIS FATHER.

June 27, 1799.

I was not mistaken in thinking that no immediate emolument would result from those poems. The booksellers shrink from risking anything on a person who has not a *name;* so that one must, at first, sacrifice a little expense, or be content with eternal obscurity; and indeed I am so vexed that I could almost determine to acquiesce in the latter. I think I will set off to-morrow, but if I do not, I will write. Oh father! I hope I may one day or other repay you; but Heaven knows how! I am now in such a disposition that one word from you would decide me in staying here. Perhaps I may receive your answer to my letter, the last but one, before I go away. I will go now to the coach office, and if there be a place to be got, I *will* set off to-morrow. I shall feel happy, *very* happy in seeing you, but indeed I shall feel disappointed at the idea of not having in some manner lightened the burthen which is on you. If I can add, however, one moment of happiness to my poor mother's life by returning, I shall hope that we cannot regret it. Give my love to my sisters, my dear good sisters; and believe me, dearest father, to be your most grateful and affectionate son.

[No. 13.] TO HIS FATHER.

Parkgate, July 2, 1799.

Dear Father.—The packet will not sail to-day, and here I am imprisoned for one night more: the place is insipid, my companion is insipid, and all these circumstances combining with my impatience to see my beloved home, make this delay most dreadfully irksome to me. However, to-morrow morning, Captain Brown has pledged himself to sail, and you may expect me, with Heaven's permission, the day after to-morrow or the next, for the winds are very uncertain, and we will hardly be over in less than eight-and-forty hours. I hope I shall find you all well and happy. Tell Billy Warren that I am afraid to see him, as I bring him no new music, except that of Pizarro, which is rather uninteresting and common.

Yours, &c.

Love to my mother: I am longing to meet her.

[No. 14.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Chester, Oct. 28, 1799.

I have been detained here to-day, by not being able to secure a place last night. However, I have taken my seat for to-night in the mail, and hope to be in London early, Wednesday morning. Poor Hobart was almost shaken to death, during ninety-seven miles, on the outside of the coach. I have been with him to visit some of his Irish friends here; and we expect to be accompanied to the theatre to-night by Miss Beaver, a very pretty little girl. This will diversify the scene to us, and amuse our time till the departure of the mail. I have long wished for an opportunity of seeing the Chester theatre: there are some good actors here. I hope you will contrive to send my books to me very soon: tell Catherine to take Maebean's Ancient Geography out of the bookcase in your room and send it to me. I forgot too to put the *Pastor Fido* among the books: let her look for it in my room. I do not think I have forgot any thing else of importance. The volumes of Anacharsis, Hall, I suppose, has sent home. Our journey was extremely pleasant; very little chequered by adventures, and very little disturbed by accident. I am in very good spirits, and feel very differently from what I felt when I first travelled; except in that affection for you, and that longing to return to you, which, in the

farthest part of the world, never could desert me. Send me what I have mentioned, and remember me; for indeed I am,

Your fond and affectionate,

T. M.

[No. 15.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Manchester, Thursday night, half-past Ten.

My dearest Mother,—I have been obliged to come round by Manchester, from being disappointed last night of a seat on to Litchfield. To-day I came twenty-six miles of my journey in a canal boat, at the cheap rate of *three* shillings; and in about *four* hours hence, I shall be off in the mail for Derby, so as to reach Donington to dinner to-morrow. This is the state of my affairs at present, and but for the uncomfortable hours of darkness I have before me in this night's journey, I am as well and contented as either you or I could wish me to be.

My canal journey to-day was not unpleasant. Contrasted with the rattling of the mail, its movement was as agreeable as it was new, and our way lay through a very pretty country. Love to father and dear girls. Yours, my dearest mother.

[No. 16.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 9, 1799.

Dear Mother,—By some strange error I did not receive Catherine's letter till to-day, when it was given to me with the subsequent one from my father. I was, I confess, extremely anxious, and they relieved me not a little. I should have told you that I took up four guineas from Mr. Goulding, out of which I have bought, in the extra way, a pair of boots (six and twenty shillings) and a little writing portfolio, which I have promised myself this long time. I hope you have got my letter with the enclosure for Cuming; Nugent will write to him immediately. Tell Dr. Stevenson he may expect a letter from me very soon, and that I dine with Ineledon to-morrow, when he promises to introduce me to Irish Johnson.*

Hobart has taken the first floor under me, but does not intend to continue. I wish he would; for I stay at home very much, and our breakfasting together takes off the *ennui* of *total solitude*. I suppose I shall soon have my books over, and shall pay attention to my father's wishes with regard to Mr. Brownrigg. I am very domestic, and have full leisure to think of all my dear friends at home. Do not forget me, any of you. My love to Billy Warren. Warmest remembrances to father and sisters. Yours, yours.

* Moore always writes the name Johnson. In the playbills it was Johnstone.

[No. 17.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 14, 1799.

Dear Mamma,—I have left now so many days of this week without writing, that my letters will come "not single *spies* but in *battalions*."

Beresford Burston and I will dine together to-morrow or the next day, I believe. He appears to me to be drinking deep the intoxications of this place. I was out very late last night at a party at the Honourable Mrs. Gardiner's. She is an *English* woman, but has an *Irish heart*. On Sunday last you know I was to dine at Ineledon's. Johnson and I got very great: he is to introduce me to Coleman, the manager and author. I met there too Dr. Mosely, the king's physician. He took my address, and seemed to wish the cultivation of an acquaintance: he is in the first circles. Poor Ineledon is deplorably hoarse: we might say to him, what he himself said to Peter Duffey (coal factor) the first time he heard him sing, "By the holy St. Peter, you haven't a *note* in your *sack*." Miss Biggs, the present heroine of Drury Lane, dined there, and gave me her orders for the ensuing evening. Lord Moira is in town. I left my card with him yesterday. I am very much afraid that you did not get my letter with the enclosure for Cuming; let me know immediately. I have not got my breakfast yet, and as Shakespere says, "with veins unfill'd we're apt to *pout* upon the morning." Has the music-book been procured from Mrs. Grierson's for Dr. S.? I hope it has. Farewell, my good mother. Believe me, with the tenderest remembrances to my father and my dear little girls, yours ever.

[No. 18.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Dec. 14, 1799.

I had intended to write earlier in the week, but was waiting for the printing of the proposals, the first proof of which I enclose to you. I had yesterday a long visit from a Mr

Biggin—a very famous and very respectable man here. By the bye, it is from *him* the coffee biggins take their name, and from *them* he has taken his money. He has a box at the Opera House, and promises me frequent admission. Johnson, of Covent Garden, I hear, sings some of my songs in company. I wish Cuming would be more active in his drawing. Nugent has begun the head of Anacreon. I am to be at a large party on Wednesday at Mrs. Campbell's, and on Friday at Lady Rich's, and am perfectly stout again. I will write very early next week, and tell you more news. I have got ten guineas from Mr. Goulding, and must immediately get a couple more; but I shall not now require such expense, for dining at home, the hiring of a sofa, which I was obliged to do, rather expensively, and coach-hire, were inevitable expenses. I hope, however, I shall clear at least a hundred guineas, by Anacreon. Love to all. Yours ever.

I shall soon get the rest of the printed papers, and will send them to you.

[No. 19.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Dec. 19, 1799.

I hope the printed papers, which I enclosed, went safe and undamaged: they are very nicely executed, and that I owe entirely to Hume, who has taken the whole negociation with the bookseller for me on himself: he has procured that I shall be announced in the next Reviews: every thing goes on swimmingly; but why is not Cuming's drawing sent out before this? I will enclose him, perhaps to-morrow, a few of the odes for his designs; and pray entreat of him to lose no time, and spare no trouble, in the execution of them. I am getting a good number of names here, and have received *two hard guineas* already from Mr. Campbell and Mr. Tinker, which I hope will be lucky. They are the only guineas I ever kissed; and I have locked them up religiously. Mr. Gardiner sent a paper of my proposals, with a very flattering letter, indeed, to the Duchess of Devonshire, and another to Mrs. Fitzherbert. I must immediately send some of them to Captain Atkinson, Grierson, the Provost, &c., &c. I shall be greatly surprised if my friends in Dublin do not make it an ample subscription. Do not be diffident in your applications. I have learned other things here, but shall be long before I conquer my Irish *mauvaise honte*. Hume has given me the name of Lord Cloncurry (of the Tower), whose physician he is. I dined with Mr. Biggin on Sunday. I was mistaken when I told you that his money was made in the coffee pot business; they were only inventions of his. He is a man of very easy fortune, and quite a virtuoso: he is a great chemist, mechanic, musician, and he has undertaken to eradicate my bilious complaint. A charming woman made the third at a very elegant dinner. She is the most exquisite performer I ever heard on the piano; and he has a beautiful organ, which she plays in the grandest cathedral style. They have lately been at Brussels, and collected all the newest music on the Continent. I never had such a banquet. Dearest mother, are you quite well, and in spirits? Give my love to my best of good fathers, to Catherine, Ellen, my uncle, &c., &c., and believe me, yours.

I got the bill on the merchants: in the next letter I hope to send you a new glee of mine, which Longman is printing!

[No. 20.] DR. LAWRENCE TO DR. HUME.

Dr. Lawrence's remarks on some of my Anacreon before it was published, 1799.

Dec. 20, 1799.

Dear Sir,—I return you the four odes, which you were so kind as to communicate for my poor opinion. They are in many parts very elegant and poetical; and in some passages Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are in not a few places rather more paraphrastical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation. In the 53rd there is, in my judgment, no less a sound than beautiful emendation suggested,—would you suppose it?—by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavoured to express the sense of it in a couplet interlined with pencil. Will you allow me to add, that I am not certain whether the translation has not missed the meaning too in the former part of that passage, which seems to me to intend a distinction and climax of pleasure. "It is sweet even to prove it among the briary paths; it is sweet again, plucking, to cherish with tender hands, and carry to the fair, the

flower of love." This is nearly literal, including the conjectural correction of Mynheer Medenbach. If this be right, instead of

'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence, &c.

I would propose something to this effect:

'Tis sweet the rich perfume to prove,
As by the dewy bush you rove;
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid beauty thence;
To wipe with tender hand away
The tears that on its blushes lay*,
Then to the bosom of the fair
The flower of love in triumph bear.

I would drop altogether the image of "the stems, dropping with gems." I believe it is a confused and false metaphor, unless the painter should take the figure of Aurora from Mrs. Hastings.

There is another emendation of the same critic in the following line, which Mr. M. may seem by accident to have sufficiently expressed in his phrase of "roses *shed their light*." The * * * should be omitted. They ought to be all unnecessary to the learned reader; and there is one which, though it is witty enough, is a little too *open* to be missed by the unlearned reader of either sex, especially as it is marked with italics. The first line of the note will be alone sufficient. It is upon the 29th ode.

I scribble this in very great haste, but fear that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long, minute, and impertinent.

Believe me to be, dear sir, very sincerely,
Your obedient, humble servant,
F. LAWRENCE.

[No. 21.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 6, 1800.

I have just received a very *interesting* letter from my father, in which, though he has not been very eloquent, he has enclosed eight pounds or so. I wrote to you on Saturday a letter which I am sure you did not understand; however, it is now no matter, as the business is settled. I wrote to the Marquis of Lansdowne, to Bath, enclosing my *state* letter of introduction, with some plausible apologies and compliments, and a paper of my proposals. I received a very polite answer from him, requesting that his name should be put down, and that I should call on him any morning about eleven o'clock, when he comes to town, which will be very shortly. Dr. Lawrence has read my Anacreon; paid wonderful attention to it; and has written a Greek ode himself, which he allows me to publish. I have got Mrs. Fitzherbert's name, and Mr. Biggin promises me the Duke of Bedford's. Everything goes on delightfully. Tell Cuming not to let a creature see the odes which I enclosed to him for the designs, but to send them back to me with the drawings; and all as soon as possible. The opening of the opera is deferred every night, on account of some misunderstanding with regard to the license. This annoys me, for I expect I shall be there every night with Mr. Biggin and Mrs. Birom. I am become this lady's pupil in thorough bass.

My next shall positively be to my dear Catherine: she must not, however, be affronted: she ought to consider how much I have on my hands—Anacreon, *thorough bass*, &c. &c.

[No. 22.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Feb. 4, 1800.

I received my father's letter yesterday, and I am sorry to find that your enrolment is diminishing so soon; but he said that he enclosed me a list of subscribers, and I found no such thing in the letter. I have got the Duke of Bedford's name, and I believe I shall have his interest, for Mr. Biggin is to show him some of the work: in short, my list is about fifty, without including Mr. Solly, who is very attentive to me, or Major Archdall, with whom I have dined two or three times, and who has introduced me to a Mr. Cope, of Manchester Square, with whom I am to dine to-morrow. I have not heard anything from Lord Moira; so I shall write to him very soon. Let Cuming send me the drawings immediately. Nugent is very much advanced in the engraving from the Provost's picture. Whatever damp I might have felt at the idea of the subscription slackening was, I assure you, my dear mother, infinitely compensated by being told that your health was better than it had been: Heaven preserve it long to make us happy! As the time approaches for my return, I begin to be

* *Query*, if it ought not to be "lie." The lines might run:

With tender hands the tears to brush,
That give new softness to its blush.

T. M.

still more impatient for it. I find the retouching and finishing my Anacreon to be an increasing and almost endless labour. I am at it night and day; it will soon be in the press, and shall fly over before me to harbinger my return. I hope it will succeed. Success makes every one more welcome, but it cannot make me more so to you, can it, my dear mother? Give the warmest remembrances of my soul to my good, good father.

[No. 23.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, March 20, 1800.

My dearest Mother,—All is well again, and I am again quite stout. Once more laid on my back, under the physicians, I have once more shaken them off, and am drinking bottled porter and old port wine every day. Dearest mother, how anxious I have been at not being able to write to you! and I know now that you are all tremble and anxiety at the long interval there has been between my letters; indeed, the last I wrote was just caught in a lucid interval of case, when I was allowed to sit up for an hour; and happy enough did it make me to avail myself of it in writing to my own darlings. I have not wanted for care and nursing of the best kind. Dr. Baillie, the first physician here, has attended me every second day, and Woolriche, the surgeon, twice a-day. I shall in my next letter tell you fully what was the matter with me. It began like my old pain, in the side, and they first tried calomel, but that failed, and they were obliged to let it form an abscess, which has now completely discharged itself, and I feel as healthy, as full of appetite and spirits as ever; a little weak, that's all. God bless you. Don't be the least uneasy. I am as one in full health.*

[No. 24.] TO HIS MOTHER.

May 14, 1800.

* * * I am just going out to dinner, and then to two parties in the evening—Mrs. Harwood's and Dr. Grant's. This is the way we live in London, no less than three every evening. *Vive la bagatelle!* "Away with melancholy."

* Moore had in fact been in great danger from a large abscess in his side. He evidently diminishes the illness not to alarm his mother.

[No. 25.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday [no date].

My dear Mother,—I have got the Prince's name, and his permission that I should *dedicate* Anacreon to him. Hurra! hurra! Yours ever.

[No. 26.] TO HIS MOTHER.

June 9, 1800.

* * * How I long to return to you: as soon as the books are published and distributed, you shall see me. I have written a Greek ode, which is now before the tribunal of Dr. Lawrence, and, if he approve of it, I shall have it prefixed to the Anacreon. *This*, I hope, will astonish the scoundrelly monks of Trinity, not one of whom, I perceive, except the Provost and my tutor, have subscribed to the work. Heaven knows they ought to rejoice at anything like an effort of literature coming out of their leaden body! I can do without them; but tell Phipps that I will not put F. T. C. D. after his name, as I should be ashamed of the world's observing that but one of the fellows of the university where I graduated, gave his tribute to a classical undertaking of this kind. They are a cursed corporation of boobies! and if it were not for my friend, their Provost, the public should know my opinion of them. * * * I was last night in company with Godwin.

[No. 27.] TO HIS MOTHER.

June 21, 1800.

I am surprised at not having heard from home near this week past. I hope you are all well; and, Heaven knows! I wish I were with you. I have already begun this piece, and only wait for the expression of your wishes to go on with it. It *may* succeed and it *may not;* but still, my dearest mother, you will feel that I have made the effort, and then I shall fly to your arms "like a young bridegroom, dancing to his love." I have been obliged to adopt a particular plot prescribed to me, so that I must be considered as connected in the writing as well as the music. This is one reason that I do not wish it to be known that I am engaged in such a thing; but if a hundred or two hundred pounds be the result of it, why, we shall have no reason to regret it. At all events,

we shall meet, I hope, in the course of a month, and we shall *indeed* be very happy, for *you* deserve to be happy, and I feel that I am, perhaps, not unworthy of it. Farewell, my sweet mother. God bless you.

[No. 28.] TO HIS MOTHER.

July 5, 1800.

My dearest Mother,— * * * I hope you got my Anacreon, which I enclosed to Cocke. How did you look at it? What did you feel? Oh! I know what you felt, and I know how you looked! My heart is with you, though I am so delayed from meeting you. Good God! when we *do* meet, may it be in happiness! Write to me, my dear father and mother; tell me you are in health and content, and I shall then be as happy as absence from you will allow me. Farewell. "Forget me not."

[No. 29.] TO HIS MOTHER.

July 12, 1800.

I am trying every day to be off to you, but distributing this book is taking up my time; and waiting to be introduced to the Prince. I met his brother, Prince William, the other night, at a very elegant party at Lady Dering's, and was introduced to him. A young girl told me, that he had been asking her questions about me and my birth, parentage, &c., with all the curiosity of the royal family. I was obliged that night to sing every one of my songs twice. The day before yesterday I was at a splendid déjeuner of Sir John Coghill's: we had charming music. I sang several things with Lord Dudley and Miss Cramer (sister to Sir J. Coghill). These people I was introduced to by Lord Lansdowne. I got your welcome letter; any account from my dear ones at home is heaven to me. I hope the Anacreon will soon be with you, and the *young boy* soon after them. Oh heavens! how happy we shall meet! God send it,—and immediately, "a *speedy* meeting and *soon*," as an *Irishman* would say. You see how conceited I'm grown. Love to all. My heart is with you.

[No. 30.] TO HIS MOTHER.

July. 28, 1800.

I hope in a very few days to be able to leave London and see all those I have been so long, so tediously separated from. I am delighted to find by my father's letter, that Hume has made your mind so happy in regard to me. He is certainly an inestimable young man. I never met with any one more capable of friendship, or more adapted to cherish it. He has a peculiar delicacy (which must always make him an amiable companion), never to touch upon anything grating to one's feelings. I could write a volume about him, and even if he had not *one* estimable quality, still gratitude for his interest in my welfare should tie me to him. I hope he will dine with you some day; and on that day there will not in Europe be three more honest souls together.

[No. 31.] TO HIS MOTHER.

August 4, 1800.

I was yesterday introduced to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know *a man of my abilities;* and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of Anacreon, he stopped me and said, the honour was *entirely* his, in being *allowed* to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of *enjoying each other's society;* that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a *new coat;* for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours: however, it cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an *old coat*, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds. By the bye, I am still in my other tailor's debt. To change the topic, I have heard Lord Moira's opinion of my Anacreon (not from himself, for, when I saw him, he very elegantly thanked me for a vast deal of gratification which it had given him); but he had spoken a vast deal of it to a gentleman who told *me:* said there were scarce any of the *best* poets who had been so strictly grammatical in language as I had been,—that the notes discovered a great extent of reading,—

and that, in short, it was a very superior work.

Do not let any one read this letter but yourselves; none but a father and a mother can bear such egotising vanity; but I know who I am writing to—that they are interested in what is said of me, and that they are too partial not to tolerate my speaking of myself. * * *

[No. 32.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 3, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—Still at Donington; but I am sure I shall leave it to-morrow. Lord Moira wishes me to stay, but I shall promise in a little time to return here, which is the best way to escape pleasantly. There cannot be anything more delightful than this house,—an inimitable library, where I have the honour of being *bound up* myself, a charming piano, and very pleasant society, What can be more delightful however? I am so anxious to get to London that I *must* fly away. * * *

[No. 33.] TO HIS MOTHER.

London, Jan. 5, 1801.

* * * I was not allowed to leave Donington Park till I had promised that, as soon as leisure allowed me, I should return. They were, indeed, uncommonly polite. The morning I left it, breakfast was ordered an hour earlier than usual to accommodate me, and Lord Moira requested I should return as soon as I could. * * *

[No. 34.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 27, 1801.

Dearest Mamma,—Forgive me for only writing a *billet doux*, but I have written by this post to Capt. Atkinson and Lady Moira, and have not time to say more than that I am very well, and in high spirits. What do you think? Lord Moira, who came to town but yesterday, called on me in person to-day, and left his card: is not this excellent? I got dear Catherine's letter, and shall answer it immediately. Yours totally and eternally.

[No. 35.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Feb. 2, 1801.

* * * I dined on Saturday in company with Suett and Bannister. Read the piece to them. Suett is quite enchanted with his part, particularly the mock bravura.

[No. 36.] TO HIS MOTHER.

March 1, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—You may imagine I do not want society here, when I tell you that last night I had *six* invitations. Everything goes on swimmingly with me. I dined with the Bishop of Meath on Friday last, and went to a party at Mrs. Crewe's in the evening. My songs have taken such a rage! even surpassing what they did in Dublin. Let me know if the Steeles are in Dublin, and write to me oftener. Sweetest, dearest mamma! keep up your spirits and health till we meet, which shall, please Heaven! be in summer. Yours dearly.

[No. 37.] TO HIS MOTHER.

March 6, 1801.

My dearest Mother,— * * * * There is not a night that I have not three parties on my string, but I take Hammersley's advice, and send showers of apologies. The night before last, Lady Harrington sent her servant after me to two or three places with a ticket for the "Ancient Music," which is the king's concert, and which is so select, that those who go to it ought to have been at Court before. Lady Harrington got the ticket from one of the Princesses, and the servant at last found me where I dined. You may be assured I hurried home and dressed for it immediately. These attentions from such great people are no harm, and they are flattering. * * *

[No. 38.] TO HIS MOTHER.

March 18, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—Never was there any wight so idly *busy* as I am—nothing but racketing: it is indeed too much, and I intend stealing at least a fortnight's seclusion by leaving word at my door that I'm gone to the country. I must "tie up my knocker, say I'm sick—I'm dead!" I last night went to a little supper, where the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were: I was introduced to her. * * *

I dine with Lord Moira to-morrow, and go in the evening with Lady Charlotte to an assembly at the Countess of Cork's. I assure you I am serious in the idea of being at least for a fortnight incog. * * *

[No. 39.] TO HIS MOTHER.

March 24, 1801.

I find Grierson leaves this but to-day: he has been so occupied with business that I have

seen very little of him. I never told you that, at the time I came here, I found I was near 70*l.* in Hume's debt: he is now paid by the sale of the copyright, and has left another debt of strong *obligation* behind, for he is a very honest fellow. You see how I push through these matters. Ah! my dear mother, with the favour of Heaven, there is no fear of me; if you are but happy, I have everything I can wish for. I have not been able to get down so far as Keinvan's yet: it is (as Major Swayne says) eight miles into that cursed city! I shall soon, however, take the walk, and get my five guineas. What do you think, young Lord Forbes and another young nobleman dine *with me* to-morrow! This was a thing *put on me*, and I shall do it with a good grace.

I assure you I am six feet high to-day after discharging my debt of 70*l.* yesterday, and I have still some copies on my hand to dispose of for myself. The new edition will soon be out: it will be got up very handsomely: perhaps if I send you over twenty copies of the last which I have, you may pick up so many guineas there for them; but the manner of sending them is the thing. Love to all.

[No 40.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March 28, 1801.

* * * I was last night at a ball, which (as *we* say) *swept the town*—everybody was there—two or three of the Princes, the Stadtholder, &c., &c. You may imagine the affability of the Prince of Wales, when his address to me was, "How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you." * * * I kept my piece back too long. I am afraid they will not have time to bring it out this season, and it is too expensive for Colman's theatre. He has read it, however; is quite delighted with it; and wishes me to undertake something on a more moderate scale for the little theatre, which perhaps I shall do. But, please God, I must, I think, see my dear ones in summer again. Don't let me be forgot in your lodgings: keep a corner for Tom. Love to you all—to the whole rookery.

[No. 41.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, April 1, 1801.

How d'ye do, my dearest mother? Did you see my name in the paper among the lists of company at most of the late routs? This is a foolish custom adopted here, of printing the names of the most *distinguished personages* that are at the great parties, and Mr. *Moore*, I assure you, is not forgotten. I have an idea of going down to Donington Park, to seclude myself for about a month in the library there: they are all in town; but Lord Moira tells me I may have an apartment there, whenever I wish. 'Tis a long time since I heard from you. Are you all well and happy? Grierson has not left this yet. I dined yesterday with George Ogle, and he was there. I met the Prince at supper at Lady Harrington's, on Monday night; he is always very polite to me. You cannot think how much my songs are liked here. Monk Lewis was "in the greatest agonies" the other night at Lady Donegal's, at having come in after my songs. "'Pon his honour, he had come for the express purpose of hearing me." Write to me soon, dearest little mamma, and tell me you are well.

[No. 42.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April 18, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—I go on as usual; I am happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish; not very rich, nor yet quite poor. All I desire is that my dear ones at home may be as contented and easy in mind as I am. Tell me are you all happy and comfortable? I do not hear from you half often enough. The other day I dined with the Dowager Lady Donegal; we had music in the evening. Lady Charlotte Rawdon and I were obliged to sing my little glees three times. I go to Donington in about a week, I think: about that time my poems will be all printed. I suppose Captain A. told you they are coming out as "The poetical works of the late Thos. Little, Esq." You shall have a copy over immediately. I wrote a long letter to *Miss Catherine Little* this week. Make her answer me soon.

[No. 43.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April 25, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—I am expecting every day to leave town, and on Tuesday I hope to effect it. I look to a new vein of imagination entirely in the solitude of Donington. I have seldom, never indeed, been two days alone, and I expect that in such a situation, with the advantage of so fine a library, I may produce something far beyond any of my past attempts.

I dined *en famille* with Lord Moira on Thursday last, and he told me everything was prepared at Donington for my reception. * * * I hope the post will be convenient enough to allow my regular correspondence; indeed, I have no doubt of it, and my darling dears shall hear from the Hermit of the Castle all the progress of his fanciful lucubrations. What delays my little Catherine's letter? I am anxious for it. I shall let you know the day before I leave town, in what manner you are to direct your letters to me. I am well, happy in spirits; thinking hourly of the dear ones at home, and anticipating the pleasure I shall have in rejoining them in summer.

[No. 44.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Tuesday, May 5, 1801.

My time here by no means hangs heavily on me, notwithstanding that I am so little accustomed to solitude. I rise rather early, breakfast heartily, employ the day in walking or *hunting*——among old books, dine off two courses, no less; in the evening sing down the sun like a true Pythagorean, and then seasonably take to my pillow, where I sleep sweetly, nor dream of ambition though beneath the roof of an earl. Such is my diary. * * * My love comes more pure to you now from the clear air of Donington; take it, my dear mother, and believe me yours ever.

[No. 45.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, May 13, 1801.

* * * It is now a fortnight since I came to Donington: it has not by any means seemed tedious to me; and I think another week will be the conclusion of my visit. I shall let you know particularly when I leave it.

[No. 46.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, May 21, 1801.

I am now more than three weeks at Donington, and in that time I have received but one short letter from home,—this is not fair. I am sure *my* regularity ought to be a little better rewarded. My father I excuse. I trust and hope from my soul he has business to keep him from writing; but the little idle gipsy, Catherine, who can have no other employment than to improve herself, ought surely to make correspondence with me one medium of that improvement. I am almost growing anxious from this silence, to *me* so very gloomy; and I sometimes dread that all is not right at home, or the common occupations of the day could never so interrupt your writing to me. Tell me truth, my darling mother, are you all happy and in health? Make Catherine write to me oftener: there are a thousand little nothings of the day's news which I should like to hear, and which it is her province more immediately to communicate. Let her not mind postage either; I throw away many a shilling foolishly, which I should much rather bestow on a little intelligence from dear home.

I never committed a *murder* till I came to Donington, but I've been shooting young rooks every morning for this week past. You cannot imagine how rosy I am grown: these good hours would make an Adonis of me, so that, in pity to the Chloes, I must dissipate when I go to town again. I shall, I believe, make out the month here: next Wednesday I look to leaving Donington, and I think not sooner. Good by, dear mother. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 47.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, June 6, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—

* * * My little poems are very much admired here, and have increased my fame. I hope I shall soon get my shirts and cravats. Atkinson is as cordial and friendly as I could expect almost from my father. We dined together yesterday at Mrs. Fancourt's: we have contrived indeed not to separate in our enjoyments since he came. You cannot imagine how much my name is gone about here: even of those poems' my bookseller sells at the rate of twenty copies a-day; and the shabby demand of Ireland for fifty copies (which Grierson has written over) will surely appear very contemptible to this. It is not his fault, however; and, indeed, I am very indifferent about it, for they are not very liberal to the style of my youthful productions. Lord Moira had one of the first copies.

[No. 48.] TO HIS MOTHER.

June 16, 1801.
46 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

My dearest Mother,—I know you will forgive my irregularities in writing at present,

when you know that I am as well as possible, and as happy as good spirits and a vast deal of pleasant company can make me. The night before last I was at the most splendid ball that has been given this season, at the Duchess of Devonshire's; and I returned at four this morning from another, given by Sir Watkin W. Wynne. This work will soon be over, so you need not dread my having too much of it. Carpenter has thought it most prudent to defer publishing my book till Christmas; the only inconvenience attending this is, that I must be drawing on him in the meantime, without anything going on to liquidate it; but this he has no objection to. I am only afraid it will delay my visit to dear home beyond what I expected, as my only plan now is to go to Donington, to Lord Moira's, where I shall be at less expense than in town. Lord Moira, last night, went a great round out of his way to set me down at Sir Watkin's, from Mrs. Duff's, where we met at a large rout. He is uncommonly kind and attentive. I think the reports about him have again died away. Love to father, dear Kate, and Nell. Yours ever, dearest mother.

[No. 49.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 26, 1801.

My dearest Mother,—* * * I find the papers here have all been quoting passages from my Anacreon for public notice. This your readers of the "*Packet*" in Dublin never could spy out, though they could be lynx-eyed to anything they thought unfavourable. Accordingly, we never heard of this from them. * * *

[No. 50.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Jan. 4, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—This letter I know has been *waited* for, but in leaving Donington I was hurried into the omission of it. I arrived in town yesterday with Curran, who kept me in an uninterrupted fit of laughter all the way. We had a dance at the Park the night before I left it, and I footed it away merrily till four o'clock in the morning. Tell Kate that I, immediately on receiving her letter, copied out the song for Lady Elizabeth, and gave her some lessons in singing it. I shall tell in my next letter what I think about her excursion to Castle Forbes. I was obliged to come to town to try and get this music into hands. The second edition of Anacreon is published, and it is certainly very beautifully got up. The print is universally thought to be like, and he is selling off hundreds of them singly. There is a copy at the binder's for my dears at home. * * *

[No. 51.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Jan. 30, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I am flying off to the Temple this instant to eat my dinner; it's about two miles and a half, so I have little time to write. I don't know which, Kate or I, is generally in the greatest hurry. I go in the evening to a *Blue Stocking* supper at Lady Mount-Edgecumbe's; it is the first this season, and I shall be initiated. The Hon. Mrs. Damer, the Misses Berry, &c. &c., form the *coterie*. I met all my old fashionable friends at a rout last night, the opening of the season,—300 people. I wait my answer from Dalby, Lord Forbes' tutor, to arrange my plans for leaving London; it is necessary to me for some time.

Love to all dears at home. Tell me how Hobart's play comes on. Tell him I have attempted something, but don't like what I have done. I had rather write merely the words, and Stevenson compose the music. * * *

[No. 52.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Feb. 1, 1802.

The idea of Lord Moira's coming into administration begins to be entertained very strongly here. Heaven send it! I have heard from Dalby, and shall about the end of this week go to Donington. The Granards seem to approve very much of my resolution in leaving the seductions of London for a month or two of study. You may have some idea of the increasing popularity that follows my Anacreon, when I assure you that on Saturday last Carpenter sold *ten* copies of the new edition in the course of the day; and so, more or less, every day.

I am going to a rout at Lady Talbot's tonight. There is a volume of designs from the Anacreon, I hear, preparing for publication by some eminent artist. I breakfast with Monk

Lewis to-morrow morning in order to go to see them. Tell Stevenson he could not at present choose anything more likely to catch the public than his publication of the glees from Anacreon: it is universally read, and hardly can be said to have been known till now. I do not hear from you half so often as I should wish. Bid Kate never to wait for a frank, and to write very often. Dear, darling mother, your own boy,

TOM.

[No. 53.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, March 4, 1802.

My darling Mother,—I don't know how I let Saturday pass without a letter, but I believe I was in a little fuss about a civil kind of scrape that the good nature of some of my fashionable friends brought me into. While I was away, they did me the troublesome honour of electing me into a new club they have formed, and it was on Saturday that I thought I had to pay my subscription. However, I have more time for it than I imagined, and, when the debt is discharged, I must get quietly out of the business, highly sensible of the honour they have done to my pocket. I am deferring too long my letter to my dear uncle, but to-morrow I think it shall be done. The people will not let me stay at home as much as I wish, and I sometimes wish all the duchesses and marchionesses *chez le diable.* * * *

[No. 54.] TO HIS MOTHER.

March 6, 1802.

Dearest Mother,—I find, by to-day's paper, that we are all at *loggerheads* again. I believe what my countryman says is true, "that the French can never be at peace but when they are in some war or other." Why is Kate so long silent? She has not acknowledged either of the letters which I wrote to her. I am getting quite rosy with the air of this fine weather. Nothing could take me to town now but *Banti's* benefit. She plays the chief man herself, and Mrs. Billington *la prima donna;* there's a treat! I have some shows myself here; I went last night to look at the satellites of Jupiter, through a telescope, with Dalby; and this morning I was introduced to Dalby's sweetheart! How do you like the way "Lady Fair" is got up? My best love to dear, good father. I pray for you all every night.

[No. 55.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, May 1, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—It is very, very long since I heard from home: what is my little Kate about? The Granards are still lingering here. * * * Lady Granard is uncommonly kind. I think I should rather wish Kate to go with them to Castle Forbes, if I *can* (as I expect) help her to rig herself out for it. London is most killingly gay, and my spirits keep up to its gaiety. Have you got the heads by Maurice Fitzgerald? I dine to-day with Lady Donegal and her sister; *none* but the trio of us. The day of the great illuminations I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor, dined with Lord Moira, and went in the evening to Mrs. Butler's, the Duchess of Athol's, Lady Mount-Edgecumbe's, and Lady Call's, which was a ball, where I danced till five in the morning.

[No. 56.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, June 3, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I this morning received Kate's account of your dance, but she did not tell me who were of the party. The Union Masquerade on Monday was rather a Bartholomew Fair business, though tickets sold for *fifteen* guineas each. Mrs. Fancourt, as *Wowski*, was the best dressed and supported character I ever saw. I accompanied her as Trudge. The Morning Post of to-day, I see, speaks of her, though they do not know her name, and says she was attended by "*Anacreon Moore.*" I had a long conversation with Lord Moira yesterday about going to Brunswick with Lord Forbes: it is his wish decidedly, and he begged me to consider, what beyond my expenses would make it necessary for me to draw on this country. Do not breathe a word of this. I am still looking out for some one to take charge of the dresses for Kate. I am going to publish Memory. It depends now upon Lord Moira how soon I shall visit my dear, dear home; it may be immediately, it may not be for two months or so. See you all, I must, of course, before I arrange any plan whatsoever about Brunswick. Love to my good father, dear Kate, and Ellen. Yours, dearest mother.

[No. 57.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, July 18, 1802.

* * * I am happy to learn that the Catch Club have done themselves so much justice by their tribute to Stevenson. I wish he were here; he would soon, I think, put down Kelly. Poor *Mick* is rather an *im*poser than a composer. He cannot mark the time in writing three bars of music: his understrappers, however, do all that for him, and he has the knack of pleasing the many. He has compiled the Gipsy Prince extremely well, and I have strong hopes of its success.

[No. 58.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Sept. 20, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I have been kept very busily employed in viewing all the beauties of this country, which are, indeed, extremely interesting; and I hope in a very short time to describe them to you by word of mouth. I had the courage the other day to descend into a coal-pit, 360 feet depth; never was anything so true a picture of the infernal regions; very few, except those condemned to work in them, venture to visit them. I was let down in a bucket, and, indeed, expected to *kick* it before I got up again. The deuce take Mr. Holmes, wherever he is; though I hope by this time, at least, the box has arrived. I received Kate's last letter, enclosed to me, from Egham. As soon as I can get off from this place I shall, please Heaven! lose no time in flying to you. Who could Kate have been with at Seapoint? Love to dearest father, and my little girls. The Atkinsons have quite flattered me by the account they gave of Ellen. Good by, dearest mother.

[No. 59.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 17, 1802.

My dearest Mother,—I have come to town just time enough to see Lord Moira, with whom I dined yesterday at the Cocoa Tree. Lord Hutchinson was of the party. Lord Moira expresses very warm regret at the disappointment I have met with; and I feel not a doubt that, as he has now more *power* than before, he certainly has not less *will* to do me service. Every one has met me with smiles; not a frown, even from my tailor! My chief anxiety now is about the money I owe my dear uncle. *Do* bid him write, and set my mind at ease. Let him not consult his delicacy, but say fairly whether he is pressed for it, as I *can* make an effort to pay him immediately. Dearest mother, is it not a pity, when I am brought so near you, that I must deny myself the gratification of instantly being amongst you; but I *must* work off these scores, and, thank Heaven! I have it abundantly in my power. I think I shall go to Donington: there I shall be still nearer home; and when seeing you all is to be the crown of my task, it cannot fail to sweeten and accelerate my labours. I find they have had frequent reports here that I was *dead*. I hope they did not reach *you*. I never was more *alive* in my life.

I am so anxious to get a lesson from dear Kate upon the pianoforte, and to hear little Ellen warble. Well, well! it must be enough for me to know you are all well, for some time at least. God bless you, and my father, and sweet girls.

[No. 60.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday night, March 24, 1803.

My dearest Mother,— * * * I have had a letter from Lord Forbes since he went. From what he says, his uncle's opinion seems to be that war is inevitable! Sad days we are thrown upon: the world will never be in amity, I fear. * * *

[No. 61.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday morning, April 17, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I have been busier than you imagine all this last week, transcribing part of my work for the press. I *do* really think *transcribing* must be the punishment for bad poets in hell; there is nothing so tiresome. It is now a good while since I heard from home, but I know my prattling correspondent is absent, and my father perhaps too much occupied to write: however, I hope to-day's post may tell me you are all well, and as I could wish. I would very gladly give up my solitude now, but I have still a vast deal to do, and must stay a little longer. Lord Strangford is publishing his translation of Camoens with Carpenter. I got some proof sheets of it, which Lord S. sent me here, and I think it will do him very great credit. I hope, my dearest mother, you walk out these glorious days: there never was such fine weather in

the memory of any one about me, at the time of the year. Nobody has told me whether the notes to my uncle and Mrs. Mills arrived: pray, bid my father mention. I believe I told you I had a letter from Lewis. There are no less than three families about this country who are teazing me to spend the spring at their houses: so, you see, I am not without my usual resources. Good by, darling mother.

[No. 62.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, May 14, 1803.

Lady Granard left town on Monday. I sent by her a little enclosure of five pounds for Ellen's music. I hope I shall be able to follow it up more *nobly*. There is nothing but masquerades going on here. I was at Mrs. Orby Hunter's, in the character of a little Irish boy just come to London, and had a vast deal of fun. I go to-morrow night to Martindale's; there are twenty guineas offered on every side for a ticket for this, which is a fête given by one of the Clubs. I am going as Lingo.

[No. 63.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, May 20, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—Yesterday I received my good father's letter: it was quite a cordial to me, and *decided* my conduct instantly. Never could I have had the faintest idea of accepting so paltry and degrading a stipend, if I had not the *urging* apprehension that my dears at home wanted it; but Heaven be praised that you are not in *instant* necessity for an assistance which necessity alone could reconcile. I will do *better* for you, at least *as well*, by means more grateful to my feelings. The manner in which Mr. Wilkham communicated the circumstance to me would disgust any man with the least spirit of independence about him. I accordingly, yesterday, after the receipt of my father's letter, enclosed the Ode for the Birth-day, at the same time resigning the situation, and I slept sounder last night in consequence, than, I assure you, I have done for some time. It would place me on "*a ladder*" indeed, but a ladder which has but the *one rank*, where I should stand stationary for ever. Feeble as my hopes are of advancement under government, I should be silly to resign them, without absolute necessity, for a gift which would authorise them to consider me provided for, and leave me without a chance of any other or further advantage: it would "write me down an *ass*" and a *poet* for ever! Having considered the matter much since I came to town, and found every instant fresh reason to be disgusted with it, I consulted every one I met with upon the subject, and every one, *except* Croker, advised me peremptorily to reject it. Carpenter's conduct is uncommonly liberal. When I told him that my only motive for retaining it was a very particular use to which I had applied the stipend, he insisted I should not hesitate upon that point, as he was ready, abstracted from our business-account, to pay a hundred a-year for me till I could discharge him and pay it myself. So you see my resources. The only thing I was anxious about was Lord Moira and my dear inestimable friend Atkinson, whose interest had been so actively employed to procure it for me; but Lord Moira has totally relieved my mind upon the subject, by assuring me, that whatever resolution I adopted should meet with *his* concurrence; and I trust that Atkinson's good sense and liberality will in the same way induce him to forgive the necessity which obliges me to decline the favour as totally incompatible with my feelings. I shall write to him to-morrow.

There is a very promising *periodical work* to commence in about a month or two, in which I bear the principal part. We have all advanced fifty *pounds* each, and I expect it will very soon *double* the *income* of the laureateship to me: so why should I burthen my mind with a situation whose emolument is so contemptible, compared to the ridicule which is annexed to it. Love to the dear girls when you write. God bless you, good father and mother, and your own,

Tom Moore.

I send this by post, lest any accident happen. I should be glad, if you have no objection, that you would *send* this letter to Captain Atkinson, as I have not time to write to him till to-morrow; and I wish him to be as soon as possible apprised of my resignation.

[No. 64.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, July 16, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I was gratified with a letter from my father, which, I must confess, is rather a *singular* pleasure; but I always console myself with the idea that he is more profitably employed.

I have agreed for the piano for dear Kate: it will be sent off in a few days to Liverpool, and from thence to Ireland. I hope it will arrive safe. It is not by any means as good as I could wish for her, but it is sweet toned, and of course much better than the wretched machine she has at present. I think, as soon as you have received the new one, you had better sell the old trumpery, if any one will give a guinea for it. On Tuesday next I shall be off to Donington. Good by, sweet mother.

[No. 65.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Twelve o'clock, Sunday night, Aug. 7, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I am going to town to-morrow morning on a business which *may* prove as fallacious as all the rest have been, but which I think myself bound to follow up, as it will possibly in the end be productive of something, even if it be not itself a desirable object. Lord Moira told me to-day that he had had a letter from Tierney, offering him the gift of a place which government had left at his (Tierney's) disposal. It must be something far from contemptible, as Lord M. told me, in confidence, Tierney was under obligations to him, and that this was the first opportunity he had of, in any manner, repaying them. I fear, however, it is a situation not in either of these countries; and I fear it *solely* from the violence which a *wider* separation would cause to your feelings, my dearest mother: as for my *own* part, I should not consider any sacrifice of either comforts or society at all to be avoided, if it promised me a permanent subsistence and the means of providing for those I love. I have hopes that even if it *be* necessary to leave this country, the place may be considerable enough to allow you all to accompany me. This would be delightful; but I know nothing certain of it yet. I take a letter to Tierney from Lord Moira, and the circumstances will of course be explained to me. Be assured, however, that I will do nothing without the total concurrence of your *feelings* as well as your *judgment*.

Poor Lord Moira met with a very disagreeable accident the other evening. As he was leaving the judges' dinner at Leicester, he fell in going down stairs and hurt his back, I think, very seriously; for he has been in very great pain ever since, and cannot rise from a sofa without assistance. It is a pity that hearts like his should be perplexed by such common casualties of life, which should be only reserved for the every-day pedlars of this world. He is indeed most amiable. I hope, however, it will not long be troublesome.

This journey is a new expense and perplexity to me, which I, of course, could by no means foresee. However, I am very well able for it both in purse and spirits; and God knows but it may be a "tide in my affairs" which will "lead to fortune." Fortune or not, I am still the same, your own devoted Tom.

[No. 66.] FROM HIS FATHER.

Dublin, Aug. 16, 1803.

My dearest Tom,—I regretted very much not having written to you on the receipt of your letter of the 7th, but I wished to have a fuller account of the situation of this appointment, which we had reason to expect from yourself, and which we have had this day by your letter. Your uncle came here yesterday for the purpose of disclosing the whole secret to your mother, so that we only anticipated what you had done of yourself to-day. There could be no such deception carried on with her, where you, or indeed any one of her family, were concerned, for she seems to know every thing respecting them by instinct. It would not be doing her the justice she well deserves to exclude her from such confidence. Her fears are greatly removed and relieved by the various accounts we have of this island, possessing good air and almost every other advantage that can possibly be wished for: there is nothing unpleasant in it but the distance, and Heaven knows that ought to be reckoned a blessing to be almost any distance from these two countries at present. Poor Kate came to town to-day in consequence of my having written to her on this business, for there is no one ought to be more interested in your affairs than her, and my poor child knows it. However, after all that was natural for her to feel on such a separation, she was quite delighted, and said she wished to accompany you. She returned back to Atkinson's; he, A., does not know of this business, nor do I think it right he should until it's all determined; for though he is, I believe, one of the best of men, he blabs a little too much.

However, you know when and how to let him know of it. Your uncle Joice wrote you yesterday: he is one of the best of creatures; he mentioned his wish to know something certain of the emoluments of this place, which was very natural, but your letter of this day clears up that point. For my particular part, I think with you, that there is a singular chance, as well as a special interference of Providence, in your getting so honourable a situation at this very critical time. I am sure no one living can possibly feel more sensibly than your poor mother and me do at losing that comfort we so long enjoyed, of at least hearing from you once every week of your life that you were absent from us; for surely no parents had ever such happiness in a child; and much as we regret the wide separation which this situation of yours will for some time cause between us, we give you our full concurrence, and may the Almighty God spare and prosper you as you deserve. Your own good sense, I hope, will always direct you. It will be most material, and I hope what you will be able to accomplish, that of being called to the bar either here or in London; for it would give you not only sanction and consequence at present, but give you an honourable profession after. I need not suggest those things to you, for I am sure you will not leave any thing undone. I should be glad you would now write to us more frequently, as you may suppose our anxiety about you will be every day increasing, and I hope you will be able to come to see us before your departure. You will hear from me again in a post or two. Your mother joins me in love to you, and I am, my dearest child, your ever affectionate,

JOHN MOORE.

[No. 67.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Sept. 10, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I have just got my father's letter, which has made me *very happy*. I am quite consoled by the idea of your keeping up your spirits so well, and I entreat of you to let nothing depress them in my absence, for I shall come home, please that Heaven which watches over me, better stocked in constitution as well as pocket than I ever should become by loitering here. I find Bermuda is a place where physicians order their patients when no other air will keep them alive. I am still uncertain about the time of my going, but I pray that Merry may not leave me behind. I could not possibly have such another opportunity. * * * I mentioned to another friend of mine, Woolriche, the surgeon, what I had asked of Atkinson, and he said if it failed, or was not time enough, *he* would contrive to manage it for me. These are Englishmen! without any profession or ostentatious promises, but with a soberly liberal readiness to help the man who is worthy of being helped. Oh! the *gold mines* of sweet Ireland! God Almighty bless you and keep you in health and happiness till I return. I will write again on Monday. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 68.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Sept. 12, 1803.

My dearest Mother,—I enclose you a note I received from Merry yesterday, by which you will perceive that everything is in train for my departure. Nothing could be more lucky. I shall have *just* time to prepare myself; and all difficulties are vanishing very fast before me. Heaven smiles upon my project, and I see nothing in it now but hope and happiness. Tom Hume is arrived, to my very great delight, as his kindness will materially assist in smoothing the path for me. He is a perfect enthusiast in the business, and says that nothing could be presented so totally free from every alloying consideration,—so perfectly adapted to my disposition, constitution, and prospects; and he is right. If I did not make a shilling by it, the new character it gives to my pursuits, the claim it affords me upon government, the absence I shall have from all the frippery follies that would hang upon my career for ever in this country, all these are objects invaluable of themselves, abstracted from the pecuniary. [The rest of the letter is torn away.]

[No. 69.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sept. 1803.

My dearest Mother,—To-morrow morning Merry has fixed on for going to Portsmouth, and to-morrow night I shall follow him. We may be detained there a long time before the ship sails. Tell my dear uncle that I cannot sufficiently thank him for his readiness in supplying my wants; I don't know what I should

have done without him, as there is a number of little contingent necessities for which I should otherwise have been obliged to trench on my hundred pounds. * * * I think I shall find Mr. and Mrs. Merry very agreeable companions. They are but lately married, and she has been a fine woman. Our passage they seem to fear will be tedious; but I shall write to you from on board, and take the chance of meeting some ships which may bring letters for us to England. Among the *lighter* sacrifices I make, the poor pianoforte is included. I shall be strangely at a loss without that favourite resource of mine. However, I must carry music in my heart with me; and if that beats livelily in tune, 'twill supply the want of other harmonies. In case of my finding that I shall stay long in the island, an instrument shall be sent after me. I hope to find Kate advanced in all that is elegant and polished on my return; and the little Nell I expect to see —anything but tall and termagant. God bless and preserve our whole circle.* * *

[No. 70.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Portsmouth, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1803.

Just arrived at Portsmouth, and the wide sea before my eyes, I write my heart's farewell to the dear darlings at home. Heaven send I may return to English ground with pockets *more heavy*, and spirits *not less light* than I now leave it with. Everything has been arranged to my satisfaction. I am prepared with every comfort for the voyage, and a fair breeze and a loud yo-yo-ee! are all that's now wanting to set me afloat. My dear father should write to Carpenter, and thank him for the very friendly assistance he has given me; without that assistance the breeze would be fair in vain for me, and Bermuda might be sunk in the deep, for any share that *I* could pretend to in it; but now all is smooth for my progress, and Hope sings in the shrouds of the ship that is to carry me. Good by. God bless you all, dears of my heart! I will write again if our departure is delayed by any circumstance. God bless you again, and preserve you happy till the return of your

TOM.

Urge Stevenson to send Carpenter the songs; I shall write to him. Sweet mother, father, Kate, and Nell, good by!

[No. 71.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Oct. 10, 1803.

My own dear Mother,—There is a ship in sight which we suppose to be homeward bound, and with that expectation I prepare a few lines, which I trust in Heaven will reach you safe, and find you all well and happy. Our voyage hitherto has been remarkably favourable. In the first week we reached the Azores, or the Western Islands, and though our second week has not advanced us much, from the almost continual calms we have had, yet the weather has been so delicious that there is but little to complain of, and in another fortnight we hope to be landed in America. We are at present in latitude 33° or thereabouts, and in longitude 38°. Though this you cannot well understand yourself, yet you will find many who can explain it, and I know all minutiæ about my situation must be interesting to you now. I have had but one day's sickness, which I feel has been of service to me; and though we are now in as warm a climate as I shall have to encounter, I find not the least inconvenience from the heat, but am convinced it will agree most perfectly with me. Nothing could possibly be more pleasant than the accommodations of this ship; and though I shall never feel much passion for voyaging, yet it scarcely could be made less disagreeable than it is to us. The table we sit down to every day is splendid, and we drink Madeira and claret in common: but I am beginning to gossip with you, when I have hardly time to say what is necessary. Make Stevenson give all the songs he can possibly make out to Carpenter. I hope the packet I sent through Erche, from Portsmouth, has arrived safe. Keep up your spirits, my sweet mother; there is every hope, every prospect of happiness for all of us. Love to darling father, to my own Kate and Nell. I am now near two thousand miles from you, but my *heart* is at *home*. God bless you. The ship is brought to, and our lieutenant is just going aboard, so I must stop. Your own,

TOM.

I wrote a line to Carpenter by a ship we met off the Western Islands: I hope he has got it. Here is a *kiss* for you, my darlings, all the way from the Atlantic.

(No. 72.) TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 7, 1803.

Safe across the Atlantic, my darling mother, after a six weeks' passage, during which my best consolation was the thought and remembrance of home, and the dear hope that I should soon be assured of what I anxiously persuaded myself, that you were all well and happy. We met a ship off the Western Islands, which was bound for Lisbon, and I took the opportunity of sending a letter by it, with, I fear, but very little chance or expectation of your ever receiving it; if, however, it has been so lucky as to reach you, you have some part of that solicitude removed, which you must, dear mother, most cruelly feel at such a new and painful trial of your fortitude. Heaven send that you have not suffered by it! Keep up your spirits, my own dear mother; I am *safe*, and in health, and have met friendship and attention from every one. Everything promises well for your dear absent boy; and, please God! there will be a thousand things to sweeten our re-union, and atone to us for the sacrifice we are making at present; so let me entreat of you not to yield to those anxieties, which I now guess by myself how strongly you must suffer under. Our passage was rather boisterous upon the whole, and by no means kept the flattering promise the first week of it gave us; but the comfort of our accommodations, and the kindness of the captain, which was exhibited towards me particularly, served very much to render it not only supportable, but pleasant. * * * With Cockburn, who is a man of good fashion and rank, I became extremely intimate; and, the day we landed, he took a seal from his watch, which he begged I would wear in remembrance of him. Never was there a better hearted set of fellows than the other officers of the ship: I really felt a strong regret at leaving them,—the more so, as it then, for the first time, appeared to me, that I was going among strangers, who had no common medium of communion with me, and who could not feel any of those prepossessing motives for partiality, which those to whom my name is best known have always found strong enough to make them kind and attentive, almost at first sight, to me. This, I assure you, weighed heavy on me the night I quitted the ship, and though I knew I was to be presented to the British consul here, under the auspices of Mr. Merry, and so might be tolerably sure of every attention, yet I dreaded meeting some consequential savage, who would make me regret the necessity of being under an obligation to him. I was, however, most agreeably disappointed. I found the Consul, Colonel Hamilton, a plain and hospitable man, and his wife full of homely, but comfortable and genuine civility. The introduction I brought him from Lord Henry Stuart was of no little weight, as it told him the light I was considered in in England; and on my mentioning Lord Moira by accident, I understood from him that they were old friends in America, and that he should be happy to show his remembrance and love of Lord Moira by attention to any one whom he honoured with his friendship. I shall, of course, mention all this when I write to Lord M. I am now lodged at the Consul's with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, where we have been entertained these two days, in a manner not very elegant, but hospitable and cordial. * * * They will set off in a day or two for Washington, and on Wednesday next (this is Sunday) I think I shall have an opportunity of getting to Bermudas: it is not a week's passage, and I am so great a sailor now, I shall think nothing of that. Colonel Hamilton will give me letters to every one of consequence in the islands. I am much more hardy, dear mother, than I ever imagined; and I begin to think it was your extreme tenderness that made either of us imagine that I was delicate. In the course of our passage towards the southward, it was so hot, that the thermometer was at 90° in the shade; and about five or six days afterwards, when we came along the American coast, a pair of blankets was scarcely enough at night, the weather became so suddenly cold. Yet this violent change has not the least affected me, and I never was better in health, or had a more keen appetite. I often thought of my dear father's "sea-room" when we were rolling about in the vast Atlantic, with nothing of animated life to be seen around us, except now and then the beautiful little flying fish, fluttering out of the water, or a fine large turtle floating asleep upon the surface. This Norfolk, the capital of Virginia, is a most strange place; nothing to be seen in the streets but dogs and negroes, and the few

ladies that *pass for white* are to be sure the most unlovely pieces of crockery I ever set my eyes upon. The first object I saw on entering Colonel Hamilton's drawing-room was a harpsichord, which looked like civilisation, and delighted me extremely; and in the evening we had a Miss Mathews, who played and sung very tolerably indeed; but music here is like whistling to a wilderness. She played some of dear Kate's lessons, which brought the tears into my eyes with recollection. I saw some of my own songs among the music-books; and this morning I met with a periodical publication full of extracts from my Anacreon and Little's poems, and speaking of me in the most flattering terms of eulogium. All this is very gratifying; it would be so naturally at any time, and is now particularly so, from the very few hopes I had of being cheered or welcomed by any of those little pleasures or gratifications I have been accustomed to so long. They tell me that the people of Bermuda are very musical, and I find Admiral Mitchell and his squadron winter there, so that I shall not be very much at a loss for society; and as I intend to devote all my leisure hours to the completion of my work, my time may be filled up not unpleasantly. From what I have heard, however, since I came closer to the channels of correct information, I strongly suspect that we shall not, dearest mother, be long separated. I am delighted that we all had the resolution to enable me to make the effort, but as that is the chief point, and almost the only one I ever expected to attain by the step, I believe I shall not find enough, otherwise advantageous, to induce me to absent myself long from my home-opportunities of advancement. My foot is on the ladder pretty firmly, and that is the great point gained.

When I was leaving Portsmouth, just on the instant of my coming away, I folded up a packet in a hurry, which I enclosed to Jasper Erche, but (I believe) forgot to direct it inside. There were some songs in it for Stevenson to arrange. I anxiously hope it arrived safe. At the same time I had a letter written to Captain Atkinson, but not having time to fold it ashore, I was obliged to send it back by the boat which left us to return to Portsmouth. This too I have hopes arrived safe; but my confusion was so great, that I cannot now remember what I wrote or what I did. Explain all this to my dear good friend Atkinson, and tell him he shall hear from me by the next opportunity. It astonishes me to find that Colonel Hamilton does not recollect him, for he knows Doyle and Marsh, and all Lord Moira's old cronies. If Atkinson could get Lord Moira to write a few words about me to Hamilton, I think it would be of singular service to me while I remain at Bermuda. Show him this letter, and give him with it the warmest remembrances of my heart. I trust Stevenson has not forgotten me, and that he has by this time furnished poor Carpenter with some means of freeing himself from the incumbrances I feel he has submitted to for me. If any delay has taken place, do, dear mother, conjure him from me to give all the assistance he can in collecting my songs, and forwarding the publication of them. This business I have very much at heart, and shall be extremely grateful to Stevenson if he accomplishes it for me.

I have this instant received an invitation to dinner from one of the Yankees of this place: if the ambassador and his lady go, of course *I* will. Oh! if you saw the vehicles the people drive about in here, white coaches with black servants, and horses of no colour at all; it is really a most comical place. Poor Mrs. Merry has been as ill-treated by the musquitoes as she is by every one else. They have bit her into a fever. I have escaped their notice entirely, and sleep with a fine net over my bed. The weather now is becoming too cold for them, and indeed a little too much so for me. I shall be glad to escape to the mild climate of Bermuda, which I still hear is the sweetest and most healthy spot in the world; but I am sorry to find that meat is rather a scarcity there, and that it is sometimes no fish, no dinner. He that can't feed well, however, upon good poultry, fish, and fruit of all kinds, ought to be condemned to eat roast mutton all the days of his life; and this, my dear mother, in your mind and mine, would be sufficient punishment for him. Tell my beloved, darling father, that if there is anything in the mercantile way which he can learn, that I may assist him or Mr. Gillespie in here, they shall find me a steadier fellow than I am afraid I have hitherto appeared (at least to Mr. G.), and I shall manage for them like a solid man of business. Seriously, though I know nothing at

present about the trade here, it is not impossible but something may occur to Mr. Gillespie in which I may be made useful. * * *

[No. 73.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 28, 1803.

My darling Mother,—By a ship which sailed last week for England, I wrote you the first account of my arrival at Norfolk, safely and prosperously, as I could wish. Heaven speed the letter to you, my sweet mother! It is very painful to be uncertain upon a point so interesting, as the little communication we are allowed must be to us all; but it is impossible to answer for the arrival of my letters, and I shall be doomed to still more uncertainty at Bermuda. I must, therefore, take every opportunity that presents itself, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if some of my communications do not reach you. I have now been here three weeks, waiting for a ship, to take me to Bermuda. I could scarcely have hoped, dear mother, to bear the voyage and the climate so well, as (thank Heaven!) I hitherto have done. Since I left England, I have had but one day's illness, which was the mere ordinary sea-sickness, upon coming on board. There are two or three points I am very anxious about: first, whether you got the packet I sent from Portsmouth, folded in a hurry, and, I believe, not properly directed, but which contained an enclosure of songs for Stevenson; secondly, whether Captain Atkinson received a letter I sent ashore by the pilot-boat, to be put in the post-office; and again, whether you, dear mother, got the letter I wrote you on the passage, by a ship bound for some part of the Continent. If these have been fortunate, all is well. Mr. and Mrs. Merry are gone to Washington, after remaining here more than a fortnight. I am lodged at Col. Hamilton's, the British consul, from whom I have experienced all possible kindness and hospitality; and if any of the squadron off this station touch here in their way from Halifax to Bermuda (where they are to winter), I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world, for I am sure of a passage with them, without expense, and most comfortably. Dear darlings at home! how incessantly I think of you: every night I dream that I am amongst you: sometimes I find you happy and smiling as I could wish you: sometimes the picture is not so pleasant, and I awake unhappy, but surely Heaven protects you for me, and we shall meet, and long be united and blessed together. In that hope I bear absence with a lighter heart, and I entreat of you, sweet mother! to look on it with the same cheerful confidence—the same consoling dependence on that God of all pure affection, who sees how we love each other, and has, I trust, much prosperity in store for us. I shall lose no opportunity whatever that occurs of writing to you, and saying how affairs go on. My dear father, I am sure, will often give me the consolation of seeing his hand. Good Kate and Nell too must not be idle, but show me that their thoughts are frequently employed upon me.

I write this merely as a *duplicate* of my last letter, to tell you of my arrival, and let you know how I am at present situated: never was my health or spirits better.

Tell Capt. A. everything: show him my letters: he has my heart's warmest remembrances, and I will write to him by this or the next opportunity. I kiss you all. God bless you. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 75.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Dec. 2, 1803.

Again, my dearest mother, I avail myself of an opportunity which just offers for Ireland, and again I repeat what I have said in my former letters, lest they should be so dreadfully unfortunate as not to reach you. I arrived here this day month in perfect health; am lodged at the British consul's, where I have found the most cordial hospitality, and only wait an opportunity of getting to Bermuda. When I was leaving Portsmouth I sent off a packet for you, with songs enclosed for Stevenson. I trust they have arrived safe, and that Stevenson has lost no time in assisting Carpenter's publication. I left with the latter some words to be written under the title of "Come, tell me, says Rosa," acknowledging to whom I am indebted for the air: lest he should forget them, let my father write to remind him. I sent too, from Portsmouth, a letter for Capt. Atkinson, the arrival of which I am very anxious about: mention all these points when you write. When you write! Oh, dear mother! think it is now three months since I had the sweet consolation of seeing any memorial of

home. This is a long period, and much may have happened in it; but I hope, I trust, I depend on Heaven that it has preserved you all well and happy for me, and that we shall not long be this dreary distance asunder. My good Father! how often, how dearly, I think of *him*, and *you*, and *all!* I feel how anxious your hearts must be at the long interval you have passed without hearing of me, but the letter I wrote to you in the third week of our passage, and sent by a ship bound for some part of the Continent, if it reached in any reasonable time, must have been a happy relief to your solicitude. I did not regret so much the foul winds we had afterwards, because they were fair for that vessel which bore some tidings of comfort to my dear home. Oh, if the wretches have been neglectful, and not forwarded the letter! But I will hope the best, and think that, long before this, you have seen my handwriting and are comforted, dear mother. The kindness of these good people, the Hamiltons, is fortunate and delightful to me. If I were not so completely thrown upon it though I should be more gratified by, and enjoy it more pleasantly: but is it not a most lucky thing, when I am obliged to remain here, to be received cordially by a family whose hospitality is of that honest kind which sets one at home and at ease, as much as is possible in such a situation? I have been obliged to get a servant, and am fortunate enough to have one who cannot speak a word of English, which will keep me famously alive in my French. It is extraordinary that I cannot, even here, acquire any accurate information with respect to the profts of my registrarship. One thing is *certain*, that a Spanish war *alone* can make it worth a very long sacrifice of my other opportunities, and our government has so long hesitated upon that point, that it seems now more douhtful than ever. However, I am too far from the source of information to guess how polities stand at present. Perhaps we are at this moment engaged in a Spanish war; if so, *tant mieux pour Jeannette*. I know that my friends in Dublin will all be very angry that I do not write to them by the same opportunities I have found for writing to you, but I can't help that; till I have satisfied myself pretty well with respect to *your* certainty of hearing from me, I confess I cannot think much about any one else. This is, however, the third letter I have written since my arrival, and the winds and waves must be cruel indeed if they do not suffer at least one of them to reach you. The next opportunity I shall make use of to write to my dear friend Atkinson. Tell him so, and give him my warmest remembrances: they are not the less warm for being Transatlantic. Absence is the best touchstone of affection: it either cools it quite, or makes it ten times warmer than ever it was; and I can never judge how I *love* people till I *leave* them. This is a strange climate; yesterday the glass was at 70°, and today it is down to 40°. I consider myself very hardy to bear it so well: my stomach has seldom been in such good order, nor my whole frame more braced and healthy. If Bermuda agrees so perfectly with me, I shall return to you the better for my trip. Return to you! how I like to say that, and think it, and pray for it. Dear mother, kiss Kate and Nell for me. I need not bid Kate read, but I bid little Ellen, and they must both apply closely to their music. I expect such a treat from them when I go home; for, indeed, there is a sad dearth of that luxury in these parts. God bless you again and again. The captain waits for the letters; he goes to Cork. Ever your own.

[No. 75.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Norfolk, Virginia, Dec. 10, 1803.

My darling Mother,—You will have received, I hope, long before this arrives, two letters which I wrote since the one I now enclose. I am extremely unhappy at the delay, for I know how you must have suffered in the interval; but the ship Ritson, by which I sent the enclosed letter soon after I landed, returned yesterday so much damaged by the bad weather that she could not get on to England, and had been obliged to put back. Can any thing be more unlucky? I so pleased myself with the idea that you were by this time apprised of my safety, for it is now near five weeks since the Ritson sailed, and to have the letter come back to me thus is quite dreadful. God grant, my dearest and beloved mother, that you have had resolution to combat the solicitude you must have endured so long. I was perfectly happy in the hopes that a quick passage would have attended the ship which bore you the intelligence of my arrival, and every thing else has turned out so fortunate with me, that this

is the only subject of regret I have met with. If you, however, my dear mother, have got well over it, as I trust in Heaven you have, there is nothing else which at present gives my heart one painful thought: is not this delightful for you to hear? The expectation I expressed in all my letters, that some of the ships of war bound for Bermuda would touch here is gratified most fortunately. Captain Compton of the Driver is arrived, and I go with him. Nothing could be more lucky; beside the safety and comfort of such convoy, it saves me between twenty and thirty guineas, which I should have to pay for passage and provision in a merchantman. He gives me a very favourable account of Bermuda, and I have no doubt of passing my time very pleasantly there. Every thing is succeeding to my utmost wishes, and my spirits are as wild as ever you have witnessed them. Till this cursed Ritson returned with my poor dear letter, I had not one uneasy thought, for even my regrets at the distance that separates us was softened by the hope that you would soon hear of my safety, that you would be happy in the promise of good fortune that awaits us, and that no very distant day would see us in the possession of all our hearts wish for.

I have not time, darling mother, to say more, for the ship that takes this goes away in a few hours. In less than a week, I think, Captain Compton sails for Bermuda, and I shall have an opportunity of writing again before we go. God bless you—Father, Kate, Nell, and all dears. * * *

[No. 76.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Bermuda, Jan. 19, 1804.

My darling Mother,—Here have I been more than a week, without any opportunity of sending a letter even to take its chance at sea in some of the cruisers, since none have arrived or left this during that time; and it gives me so much uneasiness to think you should be long without hearing of me, that I am hardly so selfish as to bestow a thought upon my own privation. Yet indeed, dearest mother, it is a very cruel privation to have been now near five months without a whisper of intelligence from home; and if every thing here was as prosperous as I have been flattered into supposing, this dreadful anxiety would embitter it all, and the brightest advantages of the situation would be very dearly purchased. In coming from Norfolk hither we had most tremendous weather; you may guess what it must have been to an inexperienced sailor, when all the officers of the ship declared they seldom, scarcely ever, had encountered such serious and continued gales of wind. The passage, however, was pretty short for this season of the year; we made it in seven days, though for three days of that time we remained without venturing to set a stitch of sail, and of course lost as much as we gained of our way. Yet I bore it all so stoutly, that would you believe it, dearest mother! on the day of the worst gale we had, I eat the heartiest dinner of beefsteaks and onions that ever I have made in my life; though, as during the whole time of the passage, we were obliged to be tied to the table at dinner; and at night, when the ship was rolling her sides into the water, and when it was in vain to think of sleeping from the noise and the motion, I amused myself in my cot by writing ridiculous verses and laughing at them. Sailors, to be sure, think nothing of all these storms; but I *do* say, for a novice, it requires a little philosophy to be so cool and careless in such new and uncomfortable situations. Indeed, there has never been a severer winter than this upon the coast of America, and often, very often, darling mother, have I dreaded that you would see some accounts of the storms and the accidents that have happened, and that your heart, already too apt to catch at an intimation of danger, would find in these accounts too much food for its solicitude. I felt some regret, indeed not a little, in leaving the Hamiltons at Norfolk. Mrs. Hamilton cried, and said she never parted with any one so reluctantly. The colonel gave me the warmest letters of introduction to every one that could be serviceable or amusing to me here; and as I know dear mother loves to see anything which flatters her boy, and shows he is not neglected in his absence from her, I enclose one of these letters, which by the merest accident has returned into my possession, and which, being to one of the young sea captains, I have reason to think is not half so strong as some others.

These little islands of Bermuda form certainly one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that I could ever have imagined, and

the descriptions which represent it as like a place of fairy enchantment are very little beyond the truth. From my window now as I write, I can see five or six different islands, the *most distant* not a mile from the others, and separated by the clearest, sweetest coloured sea you can conceive; for the water here is so singularly transparent, that, in coming in, we could see the rocks under the ship quite plainly. These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them, when, to my great disappointment, I find that a few miserable negroes is all "the bloomy flush of life" it has to boast of. Indeed, you must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the "human face divine" has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid. But I shall refer you for a fuller description of this place to a letter I have written to my good friend Atkinson; and to come to the point which is most interesting to us, dear mother, I shall tell you at once that it is *not* worth my while to remain here; that I shall just stop to finish my work for Carpenter, which will occupy me till the spring months come in, when the passages home are always delightfully pleasant, and that then I shall get upon the wing to see my dear friends once more. I perfectly acquit those whose representations have induced me to come out here, because I perceive they were totally ignorant of the nature of the situation. Neither am I sorry for having come; the appointment is respectable, and evidently was considered a matter of great patronage among those who had the disposal of it, which alone is sufficient to make it a valuable step towards preferment. But this is all; so many courts have been established, that this of Bermuda has but few prize causes referred to it, and even a Spanish war would make my income by no means worth staying for. I have entered upon my business, however, and there are two American ships for trial, whose witnesses I have examined, and whose cause will be decided next month; it is well to be acquainted with these things. I have seen too a little more of the world, have got an insight into American character and affairs, have become more used to inconveniences and disappointments, have tried my nerves and resolution a little, and I think very considerably improved my health, for I do not remember ever to have been more perfectly well than I am at present. All these advantages are to be calculated, and as they reconcile me completely to the step I have taken, I have hopes that my darling father and you will consider it in the same favourable light, and not feel much disappointment at the damp our expectations have experienced. Please Heaven! I shall soon embrace you all, and find you in health and happiness once more; and this will amply, dearly repay me for much more exertion than I have yet made towards your welfare. How I shall enjoy dear Kate's playing when I return! The jingle they make here upon things they call pianofortes is, oh! insupportable. I hope Carpenter has not forwarded my books to America, for, if he has, they run a risk of being lost; let dear father inquire about them. In one of the last English newspapers, I was shocked beyond measure at reading of poor Biggin's death: it made me feel the horrors of absence, which keeps one from knowing these calamities till they come by surprise, and without any preparation to soften their impression. It made me resolve almost not to look into another English paper till I return. In closing my letter now, it is a very uncomfortable feeling to think that, perhaps, not a word I have written will reach you; however, Heaven speed it! I will write by as many chances as I can find, let the letters be ever so short, in order to make it more likely that you will receive some of them; and, accordingly, I shall reserve Atkinson's letter for another ship, which sails soon after the one that takes this. Best love to my adored father: I hope Providence favours his exertions for the dear ones about him. Darling Kate and Ellen have my heart with them always. There is a little thing here very like Nell, only much darker, and I go very often to look at her. Good bless you, sweet mother, for your own, own affectionate,

T. M.

[No. 77.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Bermuda, Jan. 24, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I have written you a long letter, which I sent by the way of Norfolk from this place; but for fear any unfortunate chance should rob you of it, I take the opportunity of a ship going to the West Indies, which at least doubles the likelihood of your hearing of my arrival in Bermuda in health and in spirits, dear mother, as good as I have had ever to boast of. As I have every hope that you will receive the letter I sent to Norfolk, and as I am given but a moment's time for the dispatch of a few words at present, I shall merely repeat the most important things I have to say, and tell you that in *May or June I expect to sail for England!* yes, darling mother, to see and embrace you once more, since there is nothing here worth staying for, and I have acquired every advantage which I looked to in the excursion.

You cannot conceive how much the change of scene and climate has improved my health; and though the pecuniary value of the situation is not enough to authorise my stay here, yet I have derived quite enough of pleasure and instruction from the step to make me by no means regret having undertaken it. Dear, good darlings at home, how I long to hear of you! Oh! think what a painful interval it is, sweet mother, to have been five months without a word from home. I could hardly have hoped to bear it so well, but we shall all meet soon again, please Heaven! and be happy; and the talking over the past will sweeten the present, and the absence we have endured will endear us more closely to each other. It is now near twelve o'clock. I have just returned from a grand turtle feast, and am full of callipash and Madeira: the ship that takes this is to depart before daybreak, and I shall hardly be time enough to send it to the captain; but in full trust and expectation that you will receive the other letter I have written, in which I have told you a few more particulars, I shall kiss you, in fancy, dear mother, and have done, giving a thousand loves to good father and my own Kate and Nell. God bless you. I shall take every opportunity of writing. Yours, yours, most affectionately, darling mother.

[No. 78.] TO HIS MOTHER.

St. George's, Bermudas, Feb. 17, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—Every ship that comes, I look with impatience to, as bringing me some intelligence from some friends at home; but I am still disappointed, and it is now five months since I saw the last dear paper that brought the *odour of home* on it to me. I begin to fear that it is not unlikely I may be on my return to England before any news of you can reach me; for, unfortunately, I did not know myself, nor therefore could I instruct you in, the most frequent and safe method of forwarding letters to me. The address I gave you, however, in everything I wrote from Norfolk (Col. Hamilton, His Britan. Majesty's Consul, Norfolk, Virginia) ought soon to bring me something, and I hope in Heaven it may. From Norfolk I sent you several letters, and this is now the third I have written from Bermudas. In the former one I told you of my resolution to return in the spring, unless some appearances, much more flattering than the present, should make it expedient for me to remain a little longer; though that I scarcely look to, as even a war with Spain would render my situation by no means adequate to the sacrifice I make in absence. My health has never been more perfect or regular than at present; indeed it is almost impossible to be ill in such a delicious climate as this island enjoys in the winter. Roses are in full blow here now, and my favourite *green peas* smoke every day upon the table. I have been extremely fortunate here (as indeed Providence seems to please I should be every where) in conciliating friendship, and interesting those around me in my welfare. The admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, has insisted upon my making his table my own during my stay here, and has promised to take me in his ship to America, for the purpose of getting a passage home to England, there being no direct conveyance from this little corner thither. They threaten me here with an impeachment, as being in a fair way to make bankrupts of the whole island. There has been nothing but gaiety since I came, and there never was such a *furor* for dissipation known in the town of St. George's before. The music parties did not long keep up, because they found they were obliged to trust to me for their whole orchestra; but the dances

have been innumerable, and still continue with very great spirit indeed. The women dance in general extremely well, though, like Dogberry's "writing and reading," it "comes by nature to them," for they never have any instruction, except when some flying dancing-master, by the kindness of fortune happens to be wrecked and driven ashore on the island. Poor creatures! I feel real pity for them: many of them have hearts for a more favourable sphere; but they are here thrown together in a secluded nook of the world, where they learn all the corruptions of human nature, without any one of its consolations or ornaments. The ship by which I send this letter goes to Providence, in the Bahamas, an express having arrived from that place to the admiral for a reinforcement, as they dread an attack from the remains of the French army of St. Domingo, who are at this moment actually preparing at Cuba for a descent. If this conduct of the Spaniards does not produce a war, we have peaceable ministers indeed. But I must not talk to you of politics, darling mother, for I have only time to bid you kiss all the dears around you for me. Tell my darling father, that I shall be able to talk to him about West India trade on my return. Throw your arms about his neck for me, and bless the dear girls from their own remembering and affectionate brother. God bless you all, for yours truly ever,

TOM.

[No. 79.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Bermuda, March 19, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I take every opportunity of writing that offers, though perfectly uncertain whether my letters will ever reach you. This is now the fifth time I have written since my arrival in Bermuda, besides a letter to Atkinson, one to Carpenter, &c., &c., which I beg you will apprise the latter of, in case any accident should have interrupted my communications. Oh! darling mother, six months now, and I know as little of *home* as of things most remote from my heart and recollection. There is a ship expected here daily from England, and I flatter myself with hopes you may have taken advantage of the opportunity, and that to-morrow, perhaps, may bring me the intelligence I pine for. The signal post, which announces when any vessels are in sight of the island, is directly before my window, and often do I look to it with a heart sick "from hope deferred." I am, however, well and in spirits; the flow of health I feel bids defiance to melancholy; and though now and then a sigh for home comes over me, I soften it with sweet hopes, and find in the promises of my sanguine heart enough to flatter away such thoughts. There have been as many efforts at gaiety here as I could possibly have expected in so secluded a nook of the world. We have a ball or two every week, and I assure you the weather is by no means too hot for them; for we have had some days so cold, that I almost expected to see a fall of snow, miraculous as that would be in a region so near the sun as this is. A week or two since I rode into (what they call) the country parts of the island: nothing could be more enchanting than the scenery they showed me. The road lay for many miles through a thick shaded alley of orange trees and cedars, which opened now and then upon the loveliest coloured sea you can imagine, studded with little woody islands, and all in animation with sail-boats. Never was anything so beautiful! but, indeed, the mission I went upon was by no means so romantic as my road. I was sent to swear a man to the truth of a *Dutch invoice* he had translated. "Oh! what a falling off is there." Indeed I must confess that the occupations of my place are not those of the most elegant nature: I have to examine all the skippers, mates, and seamen, who are produced as witnesses in the causes of captured vessels. I should not, you may be sure, think a moment of the inconveniences of the situation, if the emoluments were anything like a compensation for them; but they are not; and accordingly, dear mother, you will soon have me with you again. About May, I dare say, I shall be able to leave Bermuda; and I shall endeavour, if my purse will compass it, to see a little more of America than before I had an opportunity of doing; so that, about the end of summer, darling mother, you may *look to the signal-post* for your Tom, who will bring you back a sunburnt face, a heart not the worse for the wear, and a purse, like that of most honest fellows, as empty as—richer fellows' heads! Never mind, though! I am young and free, and the world is a field for me still. While I have such motives for exertion as *you*, my dear father, and sisters, I may say "warring an-

gels combat on my side." I shall leave this letter open, in case I have anything further to add, as the brig which is to take it, I find, does not sail till to-morrow.

I have but just time to close my letter in a hurry, as the vessel is on the point of sailing. God bless you, my sweet mother, my own dear father, and good, *good* little girls. Write to Carpenter to say I sent a letter to him last month, and that I shall be the bearer of my work to him myself. Give my dearly remembered Joice the best wishes of my heart; and to all those who love or recollect me, say every thing kind that you can imagine me to feel. Again Heaven bless you all, for your own, TOM.

I enclose some letters for people here: the English one you will get franked, and that to Switzerland you must have put into the Foreign Office in London, not in Dublin. I kiss you. darlings.

[No. 80.] TO HIS MOTHER.

New York, May 7, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I have but just time to say, *here I am*, after a passage of nine days from Bermuda; never was better; and the novelty of this strange place keeps me in a bustle of spirits and curiosity. The oddest things I have seen yet, however, are young Buonaparte and his bride.*

My plans are not settled yet. Captain Douglas, of the Boston frigate, who brought me here, sails in a few days for Norfolk, whither I shall accompany him; and my intention is, if I can manage it, to come up by land through the States, and rejoin him at Halifax, from whence I believe he will be sent to England,—a fine opportunity for me, and I anxiously hope it may occur so. I go to the theatre this evening, and to a concert to-morrow evening. Such a place! such people! barren and secluded as poor Bermuda is, I think it a paradise to any spot in America that I have seen. If there is less barrenness of *soil* here, there is more than enough of barrenness in intellect, taste, and all in which *heart* is concerned. * * *

I have no more time; my heart is full of the prospect of once more seeing and embracing you. dear mother, good father, and my own Kate and Ellen. God bless you. I wrote to Carpenter and Lord Moira by the same ship. Your own Transatlantic Tom.

* M. Jerome Buonaparte and Miss Patterson.

[No. 81.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Aboard the Boston,
Sandy Hook, thirty miles from New York,
Friday, May 11, 1804.

My darling mother.—I wrote to you on my arrival at New York, where I have been near a week, and am now returned aboard the frigate, which but waits a fair wind to sail for Norfolk. The Halifax packet is lying along side of us, and I shall take the opportunity of sending this letter by her. At New York I was made happy by my father's letter of the 25th January, and dear Kate's of the 30th, which make four in all that I have received from home. I had so very few opportunities at Bermuda, and they were attended with so much uncertainty, that I fear you may have suffered many an anxious moment, darling mother, from the interruption and delay of the few letters I could dispatch to you. But, please Heaven! we shall soon have those barriers of distance removed; my own tongue shall tell you my "travel's history," and your heart shall go along with me over every billow and step of the way. When I left Bermuda I could not help regretting that the hopes which took me thither could not be even half realised, for I should love to live there, and you would like it too, dear mother; and I think if the situation would give me but a fourth of what I was so deludingly taught to expect, you should all have come to me, and though set apart from the rest of the world, we should have found in that quiet spot, and under that sweet sky, quite enough to counterbalance what the rest of the world could give us. But I am still to seek, and can only hope that I may find at last.

The environs of New York are pretty, from the number of little fanciful wooden houses that are scattered, to the distance of six to eight miles round the city; but when one reflects upon the cause of this, and that these houses are the retreat of the terrified, despondings inhabitants from the wilderness of death which every autumn produces in the city, there is very little pleasure in the prospect; and, notwithstanding the rich fields, and the various blossoms of their orchards, I prefer

the barren, breezy rock of Bermuda to whole continents of such dearly purchased fertility.

While in New York, I employed my time to advantage in witnessing all the novelties possible. I saw young M. Buonaparte, and felt a slight shock of an earthquake, which are two things I could not often meet with upon Usher's Quay. From Norfolk I intend going to Baltimore and Washington; if possible also to Philadelphia and Boston, from thence to Halifax. From Halifax I hope to set sail in the cabin where I now write this letter for the dear old isles of the Old World again; and I think it probable that twelve months from the time I left England, will very nearly see me on its coasts once more.

I thank dear Kate for the poem she has sent me: it is written, I believe, by a Mr. William Smith, some of whose things (extremely pretty) are in the Metrical Miscellany; a collection of poems published by my little friend Mrs. Riddell. But why doesn't Kate say something about Nell?

My first object when I return shall be to discharge my obligations to Carpenter: as I must, for that purpose, seclude myself entirely, the less you say about the time of my return the better. The completion of the work I have in hand will much more than extricate me from all engagements I am under. My dear uncle shall not want his money *one moment* after my arrival: tell him so, with my heart's truest and affectionate remembrances. God bless you, darling mother. Kiss them all round for me, father, Kate, and Nell together. Your own.

T. M.

[No. 82.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Baltimore, Wednesday, June 13, 1804.

I am now, dearest mother, more than three hundred miles from Norfolk. I have passed the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Occoquan, the Potapsio, and many other rivers, with names as barbarous as the inhabitants: every step I take not only *reconciles*, but *endears* to me, not only the excellencies but even the errors of Old England. Such a road as I have come! and in such a conveyance! The mail takes twelve passengers, which generally consist of squalling children, stinking negroes, and republicans smoking cigars! How often it has occurred to me that nothing can be more emblematic of the *government* of this country than its *stages*, filled with a motley mixture, all "hail fellow well met," driving through mud and filth, which *bespatters* them as they *raise* it, and risking an *upset* at every step. God comfort their capacities! as soon as I am away from them, both the stages and the government may have the same fate for what *I* care. I stopped at Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, for near a week: they have been treated with the most pointed incivility by the present democratic president, Mr. Jefferson; and it is only the precarious situation of Great Britain which could possibly induce it to overlook such indecent, though, at the same time, petty hostility. I was presented by Mr. Merry to both the secretary of state and the president. * * *

I hope, my darling mother, that all I write to amuse you may meet your eye, and find your heart in a mood to enjoy it. Oh yes, be happy, my own mother! be *you* but well and happy, and no sorrow can come near any of us. I know, in saying this, I speak for *all;* for my dearest, beloved father, and the sweet, good girls; we all hang on you equally. Never did Heaven form a heart more kind than I have found in Mrs. Hamilton of Norfolk, and she has caught the way to my heart by calling herself my *mother*. She sends a pair of ear-rings by me to Kate with the sincerest affection possible: she loves you all through me. I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on to-morrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, *this country* must have cured him of republicanism. Farewell, my sweet mother; Heaven preserve you to me, and to the dear ones about you, who have always my heart and soul with them. Yours and theirs for ever.

I was going to tell you about writing to me, but that is unnecessary, for in less than six weeks I hope to sail from Halifax for England. I am going to the northward just in right time, before the violent heat sets in, and the Halifax summer is delicious.

Philadelphia, June 16.

I have brought this letter on with me from Baltimore, as there was no opportunity likely to occur from thence. I travelled all night in

one of the most rumbling, wretched vehicles. Oh dear! I am almost tired of thus jogging and struggling into experience. I have seen Edward Hudson: the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married: they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with them to-day. Oh, if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the Consul-general yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has perhaps had reason to confirm him in his politics, and God knows I see every reason to change mine. Good by, sweet mother. Your own everywhere.

[No. 83.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Passaick Falls, June 26, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I *must* write to you from this spot, it is so beautiful. Nothing can be more sweetly romantic than the cascade of the Passaick; and yet I could not help wishing, while I looked at it, that some magic could transform it into the waterfall of Wicklow, and then but a few miles should lie between me and those I sigh for. Well, a little lapse of time, and I shall be, please Heaven! in your arms. But there have ships come, darling mother, from Dublin, and I have received no letters; none with a date more recent than January: perhaps they have been sent on to Colonel Hamilton, and I shall get them at Halifax. God send that I may, but till then I cannot feel at ease. Not a line has reached me from Carpenter since I left England. I sometimes forget the contingencies and accidents which delay and embarrass the forwarding of letters, and almost begin to think myself neglected by those at home; but I ought to recollect how very short a time I have been stationary anywhere, and I shall look with hope to Halifax for the long arrears of comfort which begin to impoverish the treasury of my spirits, rich as it is in stores of consolation and vivacity.

My reception in Philadelphia was extremely flattering: it is the only place in America which can boast any literary society, and my name had prepossessed them more strongly than I deserve. But their affectionate attentions went far beyond this deference to reputation; I was quite caressed while there; and their anxiety to make me known, by introductory letters, to all their friends on my way, and two or three little poems of a very flattering kind, which some of their choicest men addressed to me, all went so warmly to my heart, that I felt quite a regret in leaving them; and the only place I have seen which I had one wish to pause in was Philadelphia.

The Boston frigate, in which I expect to return, is now watching the French frigates (off New York), which are come to steal away young Mister Buonaparte: this, perhaps, will delay her arrival at Halifax, where I hope to be in less than a fortnight. Never was I in better health; I drink scarcely a drop of wine, which is a plan I am determined to adhere to, as I have always found wine heating and injurious to my stomach. * * *

[No. 84.] FROM CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, R.N.

Boston, June 29, 1804.

My dear Friend,—Before I received yours last evening, the boat set off for New York: however, I am extremely happy to find, after all you have experienced (respecting break-neck roads and break-heart girls), that you are as well as can be expected. Now, my good fellow, allow me to advise you not to be *too careless* about the *warm reception you received* at Philadelphia: in my opinion, those new acquaintances ought always to be treated with the greatest *respect* and *attention*. I wish you had come down yesterday, as I do think few of your friends would feel much more gratified by taking you by the hand than myself. Respecting your Niagara expedition, I think you may yet have time; as Capt. Bradley says, before he left Halifax, he was informed that the next ships would not be ready to sail before the first week in August. If you think you can get to Halifax on or before the last day of July, I would advise you to go; but, at the same time, *do not risque* losing your passage with *me*, as that will deprive me of a satisfaction and advantage I should ever regret. Remember me kindly to Col. Barclay's family, and believe me, your true friend,

J. E. Douglas.

[No. 85.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saratoga, July 10, 1804.

My darling mother, I hope, has received the letter I wrote from the Passaick Falls. Since that I have passed a week in New York, but was afraid to write from thence, through fear

you might be uneasy at my being there in so warm a season. Till the day before I left it, there was no appearance of any infection: on that day, some reports of yellow fever *were* made, and indeed I have no doubt the visitation of this calamity will be as dreadful this year, as any that has preceded. I have now come two hundred miles from New York, and if anything can add to the blessing of the health which I feel, it is the idea of having left such pestilence behind me. Oh that you could see the sweet country I have passed through! The passage up the Hudson river gave me the most bewildering succession of romantic objects that I could ever have conceived. When it was calm, we rowed ashore and visited the little villages that are on the river: one of these places they have called *Athens*, and there, you may imagine, I found myself quite at home. I looked in vain though for my dear *gardens;* there were *hogs* enough, but none of *Epicurus's herd.* If you, or sweet Kate could read *Latin*, I would quote you here what I allude to; but you have not "been at the great feast of languages, or *stolen the scraps*," so I'll not tease you with it. Two or three days ago I was to see the Coho Falls on the Mohawk river, and was truly gratified. The immense fall of the river over a natural dam of thirty or forty feet high, its roar among the rocks, and the illuminated mist of spray which rises from its foam, were to me objects all new, beautiful, and impressive. I never can forget the scenery of this country, and if it had but any endearing associations of the heart (to diffuse that charm over it, without which the fairest features of nature are but faintly interesting), I should regret very keenly that I cannot renew often the enjoyment of its beauties. But it has none such for me, and I defy the barbarous natives to forge one chain of attachment for any heart that has ever felt the sweets of delicacy or refinement. I believe I must except the *women* from this denunciation; they are certainly flowers of every climate, and here "waste their sweetness" most deplorably. Dear mother, I know you will be pleased with a little poem I wrote on my way from Philadelphia; it was written very much as a return for the kindnesses I met with there, but chiefly in allusion to a very charming little woman, Mrs. Hopkinson, who was extremely interested by my songs, and flattered me with many attentions. You must observe that the Schuylkill is a river which runs by, or (I believe) through, Philadelphia.

[Here follows,

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,"

already published.]

I am now near the spot where the accomplished but ill-fated Burgoyne incurred the first stain which the arms of England received from the rebel Americans. The country around here seems the very home of savages. Nothing but tall forests of pine, through which the narrow, rocky road with difficulty finds its way; and yet in this neighbourhood is the fashionable resort, the watering-place for ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the United States. At Bell Town Springs, eight miles from this, there are about thirty or forty people at present (and, in the season, triple that number), all stowed together in a miserable boarding-house, smoking, drinking the waters, and performing every necessary evolution in concert. They were astonished at our asking for basins and towels in our rooms, and thought we might "condescend, indeed, to come down to the *Public Wash* with the other gentlemen in the morning!" I saw there a poor affectionate mother who had brought her son for the recovery of his health: she sat beside him all day with a large fan, to cool his "feverish brow," and not a moment did she rest from this employment; every time I passed I saw her at it with the sweetest patience imaginable. Oh! there is no love like mother's love; the sight made me think of home, and recalled many circumstances which brought the tears of recollection and gratitude into my eyes.

I enclose you a scrap from a New-York paper of last week, which will show you I do not pass unnoticed over this waste, and it will please our dear Kate's friend, Mrs. Smith, to see her poem selected even in America. God bless you all. Love to my darling father, and the good girls. From your own devoted son,

TOM.

[No. 89.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Geneva, Genessee Country, July 17, 1804.

I just pause a moment on my way to give one word to my dearest mother. I hope the letter I wrote, four or five days since, from

Scenectady, will find its way to you. Since then I have been amongst the Oneida Indians, and have been amused very much by the novelty of their appearance. An old chief, Seenando, received me very courteously, and told us as well as he could by broken English and signs, that his nation consisted of 900, divided into three tribes, entitled the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle; poor, harmless savages! The government of America are continually deceiving them into a surrender of the lands they occupy, and are driving them back into the woods farther and farther, till at length they will have no retreat but the ocean. This old chief's manners were extremely gentle and intelligent, and almost inclined me to be of the Frenchman's opinion, that the savages are the only well-bred gentlemen in America.

Our journey along the banks of the Mohawk was uncommonly interesting: never did I feel my heart in a better tone of sensibility than that which it derived from the scenery on this river. There is a holy magnificence in the immense bank of woods that overhang it, which does not permit the heart to rest merely in the admiration of *Nature*, but carries it to that something less *vague* than *Nature*, that satisfactory source of all these exquisite wonders, a Divinity! I sometimes on the way forget myself, and even you so much, as to wish for ever to remain amidst these romantic scenes; but I *did not* forget you; you were *all inseparable* from the plans of happiness which at that moment might have flattered my fancy. I can form none into which you are not woven, closely and essentially.

To-morrow we shall set out for the *Falls of Niagara!* After seeing these (which I shall consider an era in my life), I shall lose no time in reaching Halifax, so as to be ready for the sailing of the frigate. I told you in a former letter, that it is this lucky opportunity of a passage *gratis* to England which has induced me to devote the expenses of my return to the acquisition of some knowledge respecting this very interesting world, which, with all the defects and disgusting peculiarities of its natives, gives every promise of no very distant competition with the first powers of the Eastern hemisphere.

We travel to Niagara in *a waggon:* you may guess at the cheapness of the inns in this part of the country, when I tell you that, the other night, three of us had supper, beds, and breakfast, besides some drink for two or three Indians who danced for us, and the bill came to something less than seven shillings for all. I must own the accommodations are still lower than their price; nothing was ever so dirty or miserable; but powerful curiosity sweetens all difficulties. I shall not have an opportunity to write again for some time, but I shall send you thoughts enough, and you must imagine them the dearest and most comfortable possible. When I say "for some time," I mean a fortnight or three weeks. Good by. God bless you, dears. Oh! that I could know how you are at this moment. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 87.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Chippewa, Upper Canada, July 22, 1804.

Dearest Mother,—Just arrived within a mile and a half of the Falls of Niagara, and their tremendous roar at this moment sounding in my ears. We travelled one whole day through the wilderness, where you would imagine human foot had never ventured to leave its print; and this rough work has given a healthier hue to my cheek than ever it could boast in the Eastern hemisphere of London. If you look at the map of North America, you will be able to trace my situation. I have passed through the Genessee country, and am now between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Such scenery as there is around me! it is quite dreadful that any heart, born for sublimities, should be doomed to breathe away its hours amidst the miniature productions of this world, without seeing what shapes Nature *can* assume, what wonders God *can* give birth to.

I have seized this momentary opportunity, dear mother, for writing a line to you, which I will entrust to the waggoner who returns to Geneva, from which place I last wrote to you. Heaven send you may receive all the letters. I feel they would interest even a stranger to me, then what must they be to you! Love to dear father and girls. Your own,

TOM.

I am now on British ground; we arrived yesterday evening to dinner, and drunk the King's health in a bumper. Just going to see the Falls. Good by.

[No. 88.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Niagara, July 24, 1804.

My dearest Mother,—I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. "Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no farther than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22d, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing; imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested at *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara."

* * * * *

Chippewa, July 25.

So much for my journal; but if, notwithstanding all this enthusiastic contempt for matter-of-fact description, you still should like to see a particular account of the Falls, Weld, in his Travels, has given the most accurate I have seen. On the Sunday morning before I left Chippewa, I wrote you a letter, darling mother, which I entrusted to the waggoner (who was going back) to have it forwarded. Oh! if the stupid scoundrel should have neglected it. Since I left New York (July 4), this is the fourth letter I have written to you. How dreadfully provoking if they have miscarried. Never was I in better health than I have been during my journey. This exercise is quite new to me, and I find the invigorating effects of it. My heart, too, feels light with the idea that the moment is approaching when I shall fly on the wings of the wind to the dear embrace of all that is dear to me. God bless you, loves. I pray for you often and fervently; and I feel that Heaven *will* take care of us. A thousand kisses to dear father and the girls, from their own boy on the banks of Lake Ontario. Again God bless you, dearest mother. Ever, ever your

Tom.

[No. 89.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Quebec, August 20, 1804.

My darling Mother,—After seventeen hundred miles of rattling and tossing through woods, lakes, rivers, &c., I am at length upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death-place. If anything can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses.

In my passage across Lake Ontario, I met with the same politeness which has been so gratifying, and indeed convenient, to me all along my route. The captain refused to take what I know is always given, and begged me to consider all my friends as included in the same compliment, which a line from me would at any time entitle them to. Even a poor watchmaker at Niagara, who did a very necessary and difficult job for me, insisted I should not think of paying him, but accept it as the

only mark of respect he could pay to one he had heard of so much, but never expected to meet with. This is the very nectar of life, and I hope, I *trust*, it is not vanity to which the cordial owes all its sweetness. No; it gives me a feeling towards all mankind, which I am convinced is not unamiable: the impulse which begins with *self*, spreads a circle instantaneously around it, which includes all the sociabilities and benevolences of the heart. Dearest mother! you will feel this with me. I cannot write more now; the fleet which sails for England is on the point of sailing. To-morrow or next day I am off for Halifax, where I shall bid my last adieu to America, and fly home to my darlings once more. Love to all. Your own boy.

[No. 90.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Windsor, Nova Scotia, Sept. 16, 1804.

My darling Mother,—I arrived at Halifax last Tuesday week, after a passage of thirteen days from Quebec. I wrote to you while at Quebec; but from what I have since heard of the time of the fleet's sailing from there, it is likely this letter may reach you first. Well, *dears of my heart!* here am I at length, with the last footsteps upon American ground, and on tiptoe for beloved home once more. Windsor, where I write this, is between forty and fifty miles from Halifax. I have been brought hither by the governor of Nova Scotia, Sir J. Wentworth, to be at the first examination of a new university they have founded. This attention is, as you may suppose, very singular and flattering; indeed, where have I failed to meet cordiality and kindness? They have smoothed every step of my way, and sweetened every novelty that I met. The governor of Lower Canada, when I was on the point of leaving, sent his aide-de-camp to the master of the vessel which was to take me, and begged it as a favour he would defer sailing for *one* day more, that I might join a party at his house the next day. All this cannot but gratify my own sweet mother, and she will not see either frivolity or egotism in the detail. All along my route I have seized every opportunity of writing to you, and it will be more than unfortunate if my letters do not reach you. You cannot imagine how anxious I have been lest I should lose the opportunity of the Boston frigate home; for I have been unavoidably detained a month beyond my time, and the orders of service are imperious. I know that with all Douglas's friendship, he could not wait for me, and I almost gave up the hope. But, still lucky, I have found him here refitting, and *in about three weeks we shall sail for England.* How my heart beats with delight to tell you this. I have got Kate's letter of the 29th. God bless her! dear, good girl.

You must not be surprised at such a scatter-brained letter, for I have this instant heard that the packet leaves Halifax before I return thither, and I scribble these dithyrambics (just risen from dinner) to send into town by a gentleman who goes in the morning.

Tell Carpenter I am coming with a volume of poetic travels in my pocket; and tell Kate I have learnt some of the "*Chansons des Voyageurs*," in coming down the St. Lawrence, which I hope before three months, at the utmost, to sing for her. Love to good father and girls, and good by. Sweet mother, your own, TOM.

There is a nephew of Lord St. Vincent's sent out here on the same wild-goose chase with myself; so that it is beyond a doubt they thought them good appointments.

[No. 91.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Plymouth, Old England once more, Nov. 12, 1804.

I almost cry with joy, my darling mother, to be able once more to write to you on English ground. After a passage of eight-and-twenty days, here I am, without a blemish either in heart or body, and within a few hundred miles (instead of *thousands*) of those that are dearest to me. Oh dear! to think that in ten days hence I may see a letter from home, written but a day or two before, warm from your hands, and with your very breath almost upon it, instead of lingering out months after months, without a gleam of intelligence, without any thing but dreams—[here the letter is torn]. If the idleness I have had was voluntary or intentional, I should deserve to pay for it; but without giving me any thing to do, my friends have increased the necessity of my doing something. However, there is one satisfying idea; which is, that I am not at a loss for employment, and that I have it

within my own power, in the course of two or three months, to draw the sponge over every pecuniary obligation I have contracted. How few in a similar situation could say this! and how grateful do I feel to Heaven, and my dear father and mother for those means! * * *

[No. 92.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday [*after my return from Bermuda*].

My darling Mother.—I have only just time to tell you that the Prince was extremely kind to me last night, at a small supper party at which I met him: every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me. His words were these: "I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I heard, I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you (laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time) it was a subject of general concern." Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment. The idea of such reports having reached him—his remembering them upon seeing me, and expressing them so cordially—was all pleasant, and will, I know, gratify my dear father and mother's hearts. I saw him afterwards go up to Lord Moira, and pointing towards me, express, I suppose, the same thing.

It was at Lord Harrington's. I enclose you the invitation I received from Lord Petersham, because it is friendly, and because nothing else could have induced me to break the studious retirement I have adopted. I am delighted I went. God bless you all.

[No. 93.] TO HIS MOTHER.

27 Bury Street, St. James's,
Wednesday, Jan. 11, 1805.

My darling Mother,—I find that London itself, with all its charms, will be unable to seduce me from my present virtuous resolutions. I work as hard as a Scaliger all the morniugs; and a dinner now and then with Lady Donegal or Mrs. Tighe is the utmost excess I allow myself to indulge in. I have often thought, and what I feel now confirms me in it, that I never was in such even spirits, as when employed to some purpose of utility. I don't know though that even the worldly necessity I am under of doing something would be sufficient to urge me so industriously, if I were not impelled by my anxiety to get to Ireland; and, please Heaven! about six weeks hence will, I think, see me on my way thither.

'Tis a long time since I have heard from you. The Moiras are just come to town.

God bless my dear father and mother, and spare them to their Tom.

I have just finished the epistle to Kate. and have talked politics to her in it.

[No. 94.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Feb. 6, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—If I were not so occupied, the time would go very heavily that keeps me from you. It is extremely lucky for me that none of my lounging friends are in town, or I should not have half the leisure I now enjoy, nor look forward to so speedy a release from my business. Though it has been a great sacrifice, I am happy that I resolved not to indulge myself with a sight of home till I completed my task, for it gives me a whet of industry which no other object could inspire; still, where are dear Kate's letters? I have just finished an epistle to Lady Donegal: no one deserves such a compliment better; she is the kindest creature in the world.

Poor Mrs. Tighe has had a most dreadful attack of fever, and a very serious struggle for life: her surmounting it gives me great hopes that she has got stamina enough for recovery.

Are you quite well, darling mother? It is long *indeed* since I heard from you; and perhaps you will complain the same of me; but I am such a stout fellow, there is no need for anxiety about me. God bless you all. Your own, Tom.

[No. 95.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Tuesday, ——, 1805.

I write to-day, merely because I *said* I would—(a reason, by the bye, which I have sometimes been perverse enough to let operate in quite a contrary direction), but it is now half-past five o'clock, and I have been all the day beating my brains into gold-beater's leaf, wherewith to adorn and bedaub the Honourable Mr. Spencer, and the last sound of the bell-man is now fading most poetically upon my ears, so God bless you! Heaven reward you both for the pleasant feelings and sweet recollections you have given me to enliven my

task and my solitude; they are quite a little *Tunbridge lamp** to me, and will throw the softened light of remembrance over everything I shall do or think of. God bless you both again and again. I shall not attempt to tell you the feelings I have brought away with me, but if I have left *one* sentiment behind, of the same family, of the *remotest kin* to those you have given me, I am but too happy. I have not stirred out these two days. The weather is very dreary, and "suits the *scribbling* habit of my soul;" but my fire burns bright, and, we flatter ourselves, so does our poetry; so that between the two, and the sweet, comfortable recollection of my friends at Ramsgate, I contrive to keep both heart and fingers at a proper degree of temperature, just a little below *salamander heat*. Ever your own, and dear Lady Donegal's, T. M.

[No. 96.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March 30, 1805.

My darling Mother,—I gave Mrs. Tighe the little glee yesterday to copy and send to Kate. I am sure it will be popular. I should be glad she would show it to Stevenson, to know if there be anything *glaringly* wrong in the harmony. Perhaps the second voice might be improved at the words "We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn," but I rather doubt it. I cannot see the postman pass my door every morning without a little bit of a grudge to Kate, that he brings nothing from her to me. I have now "sighed away Sundays" more than once since I saw any thing from home but my dear good father's letter.

Every one that I ever knew in this big city seems delighted to see me back in it: this is comfortable, and if the flowers strewed before me had a little *gold leaf* on them, I should be the happiest dog in the world. All in good time; but it is strange that people who value the *silk* so much, should not feed the *poor worm* who wastes himself in spinning it out to them. Lady Donegal is the dearest creature in the world. God bless you all. Your own, Tom.

[No. 97.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday, —— 1805.

Another devilment has just come across me that will prevent my leaving town to-morrow; but on the day after, by all that's least brittle and breakable in the world, by women and wine-glasses, love and tobacco-pipes, I'll be with you by the time the coach arrives, most *punctually:* now pray, believe me this once: besides, I'll tell you what, or (as Lord Grizzle says), "shall I tell you what I am going to say?" General Phipps has made a dinner for me, to meet George Colman in the beginning of next week: now, by stopping in town to-morrow, I shall open a little loophole of escape for myself, and so get off the necessity of returning to town so soon as I otherwise should do. I own I am a little terrified by Rogers's account of your multitudinous company-keeping at Tunbridge, but I hope you are quieter than he represents you. I like Rogers better every time I see him. Yours on Thursday, and always, T. Moore.

* The Donegals were then at Tunbridge.—T. M.

[No. 98.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Friday, May 24, 1805.

"Whate'er they promised or profess'd,
In disappointment ends;
In short, there's nothing I detest
So much as all my friends.

But most of all, you Thomas Moore, the most faithless of men! If I had any spirit at all, but I have not, I would not write you another line. But what can a poor woman do, if the heart will still dictate, and the hand still obey. I would have you to know, however, that the heart dictates nothing but rage and anger and scolding, and luckily the hand can only make use of a pen upon the occasion. Lady Charlotte has bit you, and what use is there in my writing to you: so here I "whistle you down the wind to prey at fortune."

However, if you should beg and pray, prostrate yourself in the dust, and put on sackcloth and ashes, why, I am such an easy, yielding, gentle composition of flesh and blood, to say nothing of being rather foolish into the bargain, that possibly I might be persuaded to forgive you. I should blush for my weakness. But then weakness is very feminine, and blushing not unbecoming. So if you should ask pardon, and I should forgive you, and blush afterwards for my weakness, I shall only look the better for it, that's all. It is very near a fortnight since I wrote to you, and it is very near a month since I heard from you. I hope at least that your time has been well employed,

but I fear that the book will not come out this year. I am quite impatient for it: so pray tell me how far you are advanced.

For us, in this gay world, we go on much as you left us: there are more assemblies, but nothing very pleasant: very few balls; much talk of impeachments, French fleets, and such like matter of fact subjects, which you, mounted in your highest heaven of invention, would not condescend to listen to. Mr. William Lamb is to be married to Lady C. Ponsonby, and Lord Cowper to Miss Lamb, and Miss Call to Mr. Bathurst, and very probably I told you all this before. I suppose conscience smote you about *two hundred and eighty*, and you had not courage to write to me.

Adieu. If you don't answer this, it is the last speech and dying words of the much insulted, cruelly treated, and extremely ill-used, &c., &c. M. G.

Remember me affectionately to Lady Charlotte, though I don't flatter myself that I shall evermore behold her hand-writing.

[No. 99.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Aug. 17, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—Kate's letter has given me a vast deal of pleasure, as it shows me how comfortably you coalesce with my dear uncle's family. Tom Hume goes off at last to-morrow: he has endeavoured to *reason* me into going with him; but when I can resist the *true feelings* that impel me to it, the *false reasons* he brings for such a step have been easily resisted; and *false* they are, for I am bound, not only by *agreement* but by *honour* to Carpenter, to finish this work without any unnecessary delay, and as long as he has the slightest objection, I should consider myself trifling with *both* if I interrupted it. I am getting on very nicely, and I know my darling mother sacrifices with willingness a little present gratification to the pleasure of seeing me with a mind unburdened by any sense of duty unperformed—don't you, dearest mother? Pray let me know in some of your letters what yourself, Kate, and Ellen, are chiefly in want of in the useful way: I should not like to take you any unnecessary, baubles, but wish to turn my *galanteries* to account: you must not be delicate in telling me, for *I* shall not be so in saying whether I can compass what you want. God bless you. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 100.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, August 22, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—I think I shall on Monday go for a couple of days to Tunbridge again: these little trips are of service to me, though, indeed, I am now quite stout and well. I am quite happy at having corresponded with my darling father's wishes in retaining my situation at Bermuda. I have no doubt that it will turn out something to me: the men I have appointed are of the most respectable in the island; and I shall get a friend of mine to write to the new governor, and beg him to have an eye to my little interests in that part of the world. Heaven bless all. Poor Mrs. T.* is ordered to the Madeiras, which makes me despair of her; for she *will not* go, and another *winter* will inevitably be her death. Your own, Tom.

[No. 101.] FROM LORD MOIRA.

Edinburgh, Sept. 12, 1805.

My dear Sir,—With very sincere satisfaction I accept the distinction you are kindly disposed to offer to me by the dedication of your work. It is not the parade of false modesty when I say that I think you ought to have sought some more marked name. Mine has been a life of effort, "signifying nothing;" and its unproductiveness has lasted so long, that folks have made up their minds to consider the character as barren in its nature. At all events, the time has gone by; so that I am only one of the out-of-fashion pieces of furniture fit to figure in the steward's room. Your dedication will be a memorial of me, which will keep me from total oblivion. Judge, therefore, how I am bound to estimate the compliment. Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

Moira.

Thomas Moore, Esq.

[No. 102.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 2, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—It is now near six o'clock, and I have hardly time to say How d'ye do? I have been sitting this hour past with Lady Harrington: she is very kind to me, and says the more and oftener she sees me in Ireland, the better.

The whole town mourns with justice the death of Nelson: those two men (Buonaparte

* Tighe.

and he) divided the world between them—the land and the water. We have lost ours.

I got my dear father's letter, and forgive Tom Hume for the many kind affectionate things my charge has produced from you. Your own. TOM.

[No. 103.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 8, 1805.

My dearest Mother,—This weather is only fit for poets, lovers, and murderers: there is hardly light enough to pursue any other calling. It is now but four o'clock, and I can scarcely see to write a line. I am just going to dine *third* to Rogers and Cumberland: a good poetical step-ladder we make—the former is past forty and the latter past seventy.

I wish I could hope to dance at Eliza A.'s ball. I have not capered much since I left Bermuda; though I forget myself—at Tunbridge, my toe had a few fantastic sallies. God bless you all, dears, and good friends. Your own, TOM.

They say now Lord Powis is going as lord lieutenant. I don't know him at all.

[No. 104.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington, Monday.

My dearest Mother,—* * * I was at a beautiful little fête champêtre at Mrs. Siddons's cottage on Saturday evening: it was the most fairy scene I ever witnessed; and even the duchesses and countesses looked romantic in the illuminated walks. Bless you, darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 105.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1806.

Dearest Mother,—The town has been a good deal agitated to-day by various reports about Mr. Pitt's death. It still seems uncertain; but every one appears to agree that he cannot live. What a strange concurrence of circumstances we have witnessed within this short period. Something bright, I hope, will rise out of the chaos; and if a gleam or two of the brightness should fall upon me, why, Heaven be praised for it!

I am quite stout again, but have not yet ventured upon wine. Nothing ever was like the ferment of hope, anxiety, and speculation that agitates the political world at this moment. They say the King will certainly offer the premiership to Addington, but it is strongly expected that Addington will refuse it.

Good by. God bless you all. Your own, TOM.

[No. 106.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1806.

My darling Mother,—I am quite in a bewilderment of hope, fear, and anxiety: the very crisis of my fortune is arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power, and my fate now depends upon his sincerity, which I think it profanation to doubt, and Heaven grant he may justify my confidence. Tierney goes to Ireland, so *there* a hope opens for dear father's advancement. In short, everything promises brilliantly; light breaks in on all sides, and Fortune looks most smilingly on me. "If that I prove her haggard," no hermit or misanthrope has ever fled further or more heartily from the commerce of mankind than I shall from the patronage of grandees. But this sounds like doubt of Lord Moira, which I hate myself for feeling. I have not seen him yet, nor do I expect it for some days; but the instant anything turns out one way or other, you shall know it.

God bless us all, and turn this dawn of our hopes into full daylight, I pray of him. Your own, TOM.

[No. 107.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, Feb. 8, 1806.

My darling Mother,—I this morning breakfasted with Lord Moira, and have had all my doubts about his remembrance of me most satisfactorily removed; he assured me in the kindest manner that he had not for an instant lost sight of me; that he had been a good deal burdened by the friends of others (alluding to the Prince); but that he still had a very extensive patronage, and would certainly not forget me. What gave me most pleasure of all, and what I am sure will gratify *you*, dearest mother, is his saying that he could *now* give me a situation immediately, but that it would require residence abroad, and he added, "We must not banish you to a foreign garrison." I answered, "that, as to occupations, I was ready to undertake any kind of business whatever." —"Yes," says he; "but we must find that business *at home* for you." I deferred writing

till to-day that I might have this interview to communicate to you, and I know you will share my satisfaction at it. God bless you, dears.

Your own, TOM.

I have hopes that Tierney will go chancellor of the exchequer to Ireland, which will give me an opportunity of putting in a word for father.

[No. 108.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Feb. 14, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—I can hardly trust or listen to the hopes which every one is forcing upon me now from the change that is taking place in administration. Certainly, if Lord Moira comes in, I may look with confidence to something good. He has so often assured me (and particularly once, when he believed he was just about to join the government, and when I could not doubt of his sincerity), that I cannot let my heart mistrust his interest in my advancement for an instant. Darling mother! think how delightful if I shall be enabled to elevate you all above the struggling exigencies of your present situation, and see you sharing prosperity with me while you are yet young enough to enjoy it. God bless you, dears. A little time will determine the success of my friends, and their goodwill towards me. I am quite stout again.

Your own, TOM.

My best congratulations to dear uncle and aunt on their new relation.

[No. 109.] TO HIS MOTHER.

April 30, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—I cannot help now thinking of the poor Negro, who said when he was going to be hanged, what a hard thing it was for a poor man "to die and he no sick." With all the feelings of health about me, and such roses and *even* lilies in my face as there were never there before, I am obliged to lie up again for a week or so, in order to give the *coup de grace* to my maladies; in short, the abscess, though quite well, would not close, and I have within these two hours undergone a little operation for the purpose of closing it, which has given me more pain than I have felt yet, and will confine me for about eight days. It is a good thing to know, however, that, at the end of those eight days, I shall be turned out sound and perfect as I ever have been in my life.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Tighe, and shall answer it when I get off my back.

Now that I have written this letter, I feel almost afraid that you will be fool enough to be alarmed at it; but if you saw my cheeks at this moment, almost bursting with health and cheerfulness, you would even *laugh* at the little pain that I feel. Your own, TOM.

[No. 110.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, May 5, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—Here I lie, fat and saucy, eating and drinking most valorously, reading and writing most wisely, but not stirring an inch. On Monday or Tuesday I am to be relieved from this impalement, and after two or three days, which it will take me to heal, I shall be quite well again. Lord Moira sent Lord Ranelifle to me this morning, to ask me to dinner; but of course I can't go.

I am glad to see that the elements are taking the opportunity of my illness (or rather confinement), and are amusing themselves with all sorts of rain, hail, and inclemency; for that makes me hope that they will be able to afford me a little sunshine, when it will please my surgeon to rid me of this *stitch in my side*. In order that you may understand this joke, I must inform you that I have at this moment a large skein of cotton passed through my side in the most seampstress-like manner possible. God bless you all. Best love to dear uncle and aunt. Your own, TOM.

[No. 111.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, May 8, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—Lord Moira sent Lord Ranelifle to me the other day, to say that he had a small appointment to give away, which I might have till something better offered. I weighed the circumstances well, and considered both the nature of the gift and the advantages it would bring to me: the result of which deliberation was, that I determined to decline the offer. I wrote, however, a very long letter to Lord Moira upon the subject, explaining the reasons of my refusal, and stating the circumstances of my present situation; from all which it appeared to me better to wait till

something worthier both of *his* generosity and *my* ambition should occur: at the same time I suggested how much less difficulty there would be in finding some appointment for my dear father, which, while it relieved my mind from one of its greatest causes of anxiety, would make me even much more devoted and grateful to him than any favour conferred on myself. The enclosed note is in answer to my letter; and it gives me much pleasure, as showing me both his approbation of my bold and manly language about myself, and his attention to the solicitude which I expressed about my father. Good by. God bless you all. I believe I shall be let out to-morrow. Your own, TOM.

[No. 112.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, May, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—I missed one letter this last week, for which I cry "*peccavi;*" but I enclose something now to you, which will, I think, make you feel very happy; and I hope that, by the time this reaches you, Atkinson will be returned and at hand to arrange every thing about my father's appointment. You must not say a word to any one about this promise of Fox's, as it would be wrong on many accounts.

I believe I told you the kind things the Prince said to me about my book.

I feel uncommon spirits, which I hope every thing will justify me in. All around me looks bright and promising, and the respectability of the situation they intend for me flatters my hopes most delightfully.

God bless you all. Best love to dear uncle and aunt. You may tell *them* of Fox's promise. Your own, TOM.

Why does not saucy Kate write to me about my book?

[No. 113.] FROM LORD MOIRA.

June 21, 1806.

My dear Sir,—I have completed the arrangement for your father's being fixed in the barrack-mastership at Dublin. Let me know his Christian name, that the warrant may be made out. Faithfully yours, MOIRA.

[No. 114.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, ——, 1806.

My dearest Mother,—I have seen Lord Moira, and presented him my father's thanks. He told me, that it is one of the *Irish* commissionerships I am to have, and that these will not be arranged till those in England are settled. He spoke with the utmost kindness to me; and I am sure, when he has it in his power, I need not doubt his good-will to serve me. He said, at the same time, that there was nothing to prevent my visiting Ireland, as he should not forget me; so that, I think, in about a fortnight I shall take flight for the bogs. Darling mother! how happy I shall be to see you!—it will put a new spur on the heel of my heart, which will make life trot, for the time at least, sixteen miles an hour. I trust in Heaven that you are recovering, and that I shall find you as you ought to be. Ever your own, TOM.

Love to uncle and aunt.

[No. 115.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Wednesday, July, 1806.

I certainly may say to *you* as Cowper says to one of his correspondents, that "you understand trap," for nothing was ever more skilfully anticipated than the scolding which you know you deserved from me, and which you were resolved to be beforehand with. Sheridan himself could not manage an impeachment against money-defaulters with a more unblushing brow of innocence, than you have assumed in charging me with neglect; after your having remained a fortnight at Worthing, with nothing on your hands but your gloves, and nothing to distract you but Chichester, and yet, during that whole time, not feeling *one twitch* of the pen (a disorder too that I know you to be at other times so subject to), nor thinking it necessary to bestow one moment of your idleness upon the "poor forsaken *gander*" whom you left *hissing hot* upon the pavement of London, with a pain in his side and the windcolic in his heart, with the dust in his eyes and the devil in his purse, and in short with every malady, physical, pthisical, and quizzical, that could shake the nerves of a gentleman, or excite the compassion of a lady; and there are you, between *sunbeams* and *mists*, between *Ossians* and *Chichesters*, taking a whole fortnight to consider of it, before you would even say, "How are you now, sir?" Well—I forgive you, though I cannot help thinking it the very refinement of Irish modesty, the very

quintessence of the bogs, to follow up such delinquency with an attack instead of an apology; it is like Voltaire's Huron, who, when they send him to confession, seizes the unfortunate priest, whirls him out of his sentry-box, and forcing him down upon his knees, says, "Now, *you* must confess to *me!*"

Now as to *Worthing*, when *am* I to visit you? I *solemnly and assuredly* hope to leave London for Ireland *about the latter end of next week, or the beginning of the following one.* Lord Moira has told me that my absence will not interfere with anything that he has in prospect for me; that the commissionership intended for me is to be in Ireland; and that, *if there are any such appointments*, I am to have one of them. Such are my plans, and such my hopes. I wait but for the arrival of the Edinburgh Review, and then "a long farewell to all my greatness." London shall never see me act the farce of gentlemanship in it any more, and, "like a bright exhalation in the evening," I shall vanish and be forgotten. Say how and when I am to go to you. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Saturday, if you have got to Worthing, I think I shall be able to go down to you: this at least imposes upon you the task of writing to me to-morrow to let me know.

DUEL WITH JEFFREY.

1806.

Particulars of my hostile Meeting with JEFFREY in the Year 1806.

SOME letters of my own, written in the year 1806, having lately fallen into my hands, which contain allusions to my hostile meeting, in that year, with my now sincerely regarded and valued friend Jeffrey, I suspend the regular course of the Memoir of myself commenced in these pages, in order, while yet all the circumstances are fresh in my memory, to note down some authentic particulars of a transaction concerning which there has been a good deal of foolish mis-statement and misrepresentation.

In the month of July, 1806, I had come up to London from a visit to Donington Park, having promised my dear and most kind friend, the late Dowager Lady Donegal, to join her and her sister at Worthing. The number of the Edinburgh containing the attack on my "Odes and Epistles" had been just announced, and, as appears by the following passage in one of my letters, I was but waiting its arrival to set off to Worthing. "I wait but for the arrival of the Edinburgh. * * * Say how and when I am to come to you." The Review did not, however, reach me in London; for I have a clear recollection of having, for the first time, read the formidable article in my bed, one morning, at the inn in Worthing, where I had taken up my sleeping quarters, during my short visit to the Donegals. Though, on the first perusal of the article, the contemptuous language applied to me by the reviewer a good deal roused my Irish blood, the idea of seriously noticing the attack did not occur to me, I think, till some time after. I remember, at all events, having talked over the article with my friends, Lady Donegal and her sister, in so light and careless a tone, as to render them not a little surprised at the explosion which afterwards took place. I also well remember that, when the idea of calling out Jeffrey first suggested itself to me, the necessity I should be under of proceeding to Edinburgh for the purpose, was a considerable drawback on my design, not only from the difficulty I was likely to experience in finding any one to accompany me in so Quixotic an expedition, but also from the actual and but too customary state of my finances, which ren-

dered it doubtful whether I should be able to compass the expense of so long a journey.

In this mood of mind I returned to London, and there, whether by *good* or *ill* luck, but in my own opinion the *former*, there was the identical Jeffrey himself just arrived, on a short visit to his London friends. From Rogers, who had met Jeffrey the day before at dinner at Lord Fincastle's, I learned that the conversation, in the course of the day, having happened to fall upon me, Lord F. was good enough to describe me as possessing "great amenity of manners;" on which Jeffrey said, laughingly, "I am afraid he would not show much amenity to *me*."

The first step I took towards my hostile proceeding was to write to Woolriche, a kind and cool-headed friend of mine, begging of him to join me in town as soon as possible; and intimating in a few words the nature of the services on which I wanted him. It was plain from his answer that he considered me to be acting from the impulse of anger; which, though natural to conclude, was by no means the case; for, however boyish it might have been of me to consider myself bound to take this sort of notice of the attack, there was, certainly, but little, if any, mixture, either of ill-temper or mere personal hostility, with my motives. That they were equally free from a certain *Irish* predilection for such encounters, or wholly unleavened by a dash of *vanity*, I will not positively assert. But if this sort of feeling *did* mix itself with my motives, there certainly could not have been a more fitting punishment for it than the sort of result that immediately followed.

As Woolriche's answer implied delay and deliberation, it did not suit, of course, my notions of the urgency of the occasion; and I accordingly applied to my old friend Hume, who, without hesitation, agreed to be the bearer of my message. It is needless to say that, feeling as I then did, I liked him all the better for his readiness, nor indeed am I at all disposed to like him a whit the less for it now. Having now secured my second, I lost no time in drawing up the challenge which he was to deliver; and as actual combat, not parley, was my object, I took care to put it out of the power of my antagonist to explain or retract, even if he was so disposed. Of the short note which I sent, the few first lines have long escaped my memory; but, after adverting to some assertion contained in the article, accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers, I thus proceeded: "To this I beg leave to answer, You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance, in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for your own satisfaction that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine." I am not quite sure as to the exact construction of this latter part of the note, but it was as nearly as possible, I think, in this form.

There was, of course, but one kind of answer to be given to such a cartel. Hume had been referred by Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Horner, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning at Chalk Farm. Our great difficulty now was where to obtain a case of pistols; for Hume, though he had been once, I think, engaged in mortal affray, was possessed of no such implements; and as for *me*, I had once nearly blown off my thumb by discharging an overloaded pistol, and that was the whole, I believe, of my previous acquaintance with fire-arms. William Spencer being the only one of all my friends whom I thought likely to furnish me with these *sine qua nons*, I hastened to confide to him my wants, and request his assistance on this point. He told me if I would come to him in the evening, he would have the pistols ready for me.

I forget where I dined, but I know it was not in company, as Hume had left to me the task of providing powder and bullets, which I bought in the course of the evening at some shop in Bond Street, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score of duels. I then hastened to Spencer, who, in praising the pistols, as he gave them to me, said, "They are but too good." I then joined Hume, who was waiting for me in a hackney-coach, and proceeded to my lodgings. We had agreed that for every reason, both of convenience and avoidance of suspicion, it would be most prudent for me not to sleep at home; and as Hume was not the man, either then or at any other part of his life, to be able to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly (having let myself in by my key, it being then between twelve and one at night) took the sheets off my own bed, and, huddling

them up as well as I could, took them away with us in the coach to Hume's.

I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say his "party," for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number), who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him, and were hovering about the spot.* And then it was that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, "What a beautiful morning it is!" "Yes," I answered, with a slight smile, "a morning made for better purposes;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations; upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?"

Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crestfallen, to Bow Street.

On our way thither Hume told me, that from Horner not knowing anything about the loading of pistols, he had been obliged to help him in the operation, and in fact to take upon himself chiefly the task of loading both pistols. When we arrived at Bow Street, the first step of both parties was to dispatch messengers to procure some friends to bail us; and as William Spencer was already acquainted with the transaction, to him I applied on my part, and requested that he would lose no time in coming to me. In the meanwhile we were all shown into a sitting-room, the people in attendance having first inquired whether it was our wish to be separated, but neither party having expressed any desire to that effect, we were all put together in the same room. Here conversation upon some literary subject, I forget what, soon ensued, in which I myself took only the brief and occasional share, beyond which, at that time of life, I seldom ventured in general society. But whatever was the topic, Jeffrey, I recollect, expatiated upon it with all his peculiar fluency and eloquence: and I can now most vividly recall him to my memory, as he lay upon his back on a form which stood beside the wall, pouring volubly forth his fluent but most oddly pronounced diction, and dressing this subject out in every variety of array that an ever rich and ready wardrobe of phraseology could supply. I have been told of his saying, soon after our rencontre, that he had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together in

* One of these friends was, I think, the present worthy Lord Advocate, John Murray.

the field; and I can truly say that my liking for him is of the same early date.

Though I had sent for William Spencer, I am not quite sure that it was he that acted as my bail, or whether it was not Rogers that so officiated. I am, however, certain that the latter joined us at the office; and after all the usual ceremony of binding over, &c., had been gone through, it was signified to us that we were free to depart and that our pistols should be restored to us. Whether unluckily or not, it is hardly now worth while to consider; but both Hume and myself, in quitting the office, forgot all about our borrowed pistols, and left them behind us; and, as *he* set off immediately to join his wife who was in the country, I was obliged myself to return to Bow Street, in the course of a few hours, for the purpose of getting them. To my surprise, however, the officer refused to deliver them up to me, saying, in a manner not very civil, that it appeared to the magistrate there was something unfair intended; as, on examining the pistol taken from me, there was found in it a bullet, while there had been no bullet found in that of Mr. Jeffrey.

Recollecting what Hume had told me as to the task of loading the pistols being chiefly left to him, and observing the view taken by the officer, and, according to his account by the magistrate, I felt the situation in which I was placed to be anything but comfortable. Nothing remained for me, therefore (particularly as Hume had taken his departure), but to go at once to Horner's lodgings and lay all the circumstances before him. This I did without a moment's delay, and was lucky enough to find him at his chambers. I then told him exactly what the officer had said as to the suspicion entertained by the magistrate that something unfair was intended; and even at this distance of time, I recollect freshly the immediate relief which it afforded me when I heard Horner (who had doubtless observed my anxiety) exclaim, in his honest and manly manner, "Don't mind what these fellows say. I myself saw your friend put the bullet into Jeffrey's pistol, and shall go with you instantly to the office to set the matter right." We both then proceeded together to Bow Street, and Horner's statement having removed the magistrate's suspicions, the officers returned to me the pistols, together with the bullet which had been found in one of them; and this very bullet, by-the-bye, I gave afterwards to Carpenter, my then publisher, who requested it of me, (as a sort of *polemic* relique, I suppose), and who, no doubt, has it still in his possession.

The following letter, which I wrote immediately to Miss Godfrey (she and her sister, Lady Donegal, being among the persons whose good opinion I was the most anxious about), will show, better than any words I could now employ, what were my feelings at that time.

[No. 116.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Monday.

I have just time to tell you that this morning I was fool enough (as I know you will call it) to meet Mr. Jeffrey by my own invitation, at Chalk Farm, and that just as we were ready to fire, those official and officious gentlemen, the Bow Street runners, appeared from behind a hedge, and frustrated our valorous intentions, so that we are bound over to keep the peace for God knows how long. William Spencer is the cause of this very ill-judged interruption, though he pledged his honour to keep the matter as secret as the grave. I never can forgive him; for at this moment I would rather have lost a limb than that such a circumstance had happened. And so there is all my fine sentimental letters which I wrote yesterday for posthumous delivery to your sister, you, &c., &c., all gone for nothing, and I made to feel very like a ninny indeed. Good by. I have not yet had time to read your letter. Best love to Lady Donegal and your sister.

Ever your TOM Fool till death.

What I asserted in this letter, namely, that it was through Spencer's means the meeting had been interrupted, was communicated to me by Rogers, and, I have no doubt, was perfectly correct. Spencer dined alone with the Fincastles, and, after dinner, told all the circumstances of the challenge, the loan of the pistols, &c., to Lord Fincastle, who (without, as it appears, communicating his purpose to Spencer) sent information that night of the intended duel to Bow Street.

The manner in which the whole affair was misrepresented in the newspapers of the day is too well known to need any repetition here; but I have been told, and I think it not im-

probable, that to a countryman of my own (named Q——), who was editor of one of the evening papers, I owed the remarkable concurrence in falsehood which pervaded all the statements on the subject. The report from Bow Street was taken first (as I have heard the story) to the office of the paper in question, and contained a statement of the matter, correctly, thus:—"In the pistol of one of the parties a bullet was found, and nothing at all in the pistol of the other." Thinking it a good joke, doubtless, upon literary belligerents, my countryman changed without much difficulty, the word "bullet" into "pellet;" and in this altered state the report passed from him to the offices of all the other evening papers.

By another letter of my own, written on the following day, to Lady Doncgal, I am enabled to give to my narrative not only authenticity, but a good deal of the freshness of the feeling of the moment to which it refers.

[No. 117. TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday.

You will see that I am doomed inevitably to one day's ridicule, by the unfortunate falsehood which they have inserted in all the morning papers, about the loading of our pistols; but, of course, a contradiction will appear to-morrow, signed by our seconds, and authorised by the magistrate. This is the only mortifying *suite* that this affair could have, and Heaven knows it has given me unhappiness enough. Do not scold me, dearest Lady Donegal; if the business was to be again gone through I should feel it my duty to do it; and all the awkwardness that results from it must be attributed to the ill-judged officiousness of the persons who were sent to interrupt us. To be sure, there cannot be a fairer subject for quizzing, than an author and a critic fighting with pellets of paper. God bless you. Tell every one as industriously as you can the falsehood of to-day's statement, and stem, if possible, the tide of ridicule till our contradiction appears. Love to your dear sisters. Ever your attached T. M.

The statement announced in this letter was regularly drawn up, signed by Horner, and authorized by the magistrate; but, alas! never appeared. My friend Hume (now again my friend, though his conduct on that occasion caused a severance between us for more than thirty years) took fright at the ridicule which had been brought upon the transaction, said that he did not like to expose his name; that he "did not know who Mr. Horner was;" in short, he refused to sign the paper; and the only effort made at public explanation was a short letter on the subject from myself, which, of course, to those who did not know me personally, went deservedly for nothing.

Through the kind offices of Rogers, a treaty of peace was negociated between Jeffrey and myself; I mean those formalities of explanation which the world requires, for in every other respect we already understood each other. In the two letters that follow will be found some particulars of the final arrangement of our strife.

[No. 118.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Aug. 29, 1806.

I have been looking for a frank (like that best of all thrifty good girls, Miss J* * *), in order to send you back Hayley's letter, which is as pretty a specimen of the old gentleman's twaddling as I could wish to see. But the last person I asked for a frank was Humphrey Butler; and he told me if I had applied before the Union he could have given me one,—which, however satisfactory it was, made me resolve to keep Hayley's letter from you a little longer, and I shall return it the instant I get a cover, and not a soul shall see it, I assure you. Lord Moira has written to me a very kind note, in consequence of my communicating to him the explanations which I had from Jeffrey, and he assures me he feels "uncommon satisfaction that it has terminated so pleasantly." If I were just now seated upon the couch, with my legs turned up, I could show you this letter; but, as I am not, I must only give you an extract from it, thus:—"I feel perfectly for you how disagreeable it is to be obliged to start one's self as the butt for all the wild constructions of the public; misrepresentation, in some way or the other, is the inevitable lot of every one who stands in such a predicament; but the squibs against you were only momentary, and a *fair tribute to the spirit with which you vindicated your character will remain.*

This high Spanish approbation of my con-

duct has given me much pleasure, as I know it will to you; indeed, nothing can be more gratifying than the generous justice which every friend whose opinion I value has done to my feelings upon this occasion. I was particularly happy to hear that Horner, the other day, at Holland House, spoke warmly in praise of what he called "the mixture of feeling and fortitude which my conduct exhibited."

I met your friend the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, in a dinner party of eight only the other day at Harry Greville's. In short, I do nothing but *dine;* yesterday at Ward's, to-day at Lord Cowper's, &c. Somebody told me, and made my heart flutter not a little, that you are coming to town before your Tunbridge trip. I believe it was Chichester that "*whispered* the flattering tale," but I am almost afraid to believe it. I should in that case see you once before I go to bury myself among my St. Chrysostoms and Origens, and to shake hands with a dearer father than whole centuries of such fathers. Carpenter is to give me forty pounds for the Sallust, and I wait but for this forty-pounder to discharge me at one single shot to Dublin.

Best love to dear Mary (why shouldn't I call her Mary, as well as that old ridiculous Hermit), and to sister Philippa, too, a thousand remembrances. Ever yours, most truly,

T. M.

I suppose you have heard of this officious clerk of the Bank's accusation of Lord Moira. I know no more than you have read in the papers.

[No. 119.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, August, 1806.

I have the pleasure to tell you that this morning I had a pacific meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, at Rogers's, and received from him the most satisfactory apologies for the intemperance of his attack upon me. He acknowledged that it is the opinion, not only of himself but his friends, that the Review contained too much that was exceptionable, and that he is sincerely sorry for having written it. He has given me a statement to this purpose in his own autograph, which concludes thus: "I shall always hold myself bound to bear testimony to the fairness and spirit with which you have conducted yourself throughout the whole transaction." Is not this all pleasant? I know you will be glad to hear it. The letter which you will see in to-morrow's Post was a very necessary step, and will put an end to every misconstruction of the affair; so that (for the first time since I took the business into contemplation) I feel "my bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne," and the sooner I receive your congratulations upon the subject the better. Ever yours, T. M.

I have now done with these *bulletins*, and shall write you *letters* hereafter.

[No. 120.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Tunbridge, Oct. 2, 1806.

Well, how are you after your sea-sickness, and how do you feel yourself in Dublin, after your brilliant career here among the learned and the dissipated? If it were not for the extreme joy which I know you feel at being with your family again, I should grieve for the change; but you have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home, fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise: it is a perfection that never goes alone, and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all. We have had the whole history of your affair with Jeffrey from Rogers, even to the slightest particulars. If I had never known you, the story would have interested me, the way he tells it. He makes you out a perfect hero of romance, and your conduct quite admirable. But what pleased me most was, to hear that Jeffrey took a great fancy to you from the first moment he saw you in the field of battle, pistol in hand to kill him. I believe Rogers to be truly your friend upon this occasion. Lord Clifden says he has heard the affair talked of by several people, and that you had got universal credit for the manner in which you had conducted yourself throughout the whole of it. In short, I am quite agreeably surprised to find the turn it has all taken in your favour. You don't know how happy we feel at it, for I am sure you don't know to this good day how much we care for you. But never take a pistol in your hand again while you live. I dare say in Ireland, where you have *beaucoup d'envieux*, every pains has been taken to misrepresent and blacken you. I desired Philly to write

Rogers's whole account of it to Miss Crookshank, that she may tell your friend Joe of it, and spread it about in her society; for it is in that line of life that the prejudices against your writings, and the envy of your talents, are the strongest. The old ones have more morality, and the young ones more pretensions than one finds in the higher ranks of life. All I want is to have justice done to you, perhaps a little more than justice. But I would have all the world to understand, that I am a very moral woman; and I must honestly confess to you by the way, that all my illusions about the beautiful Susan have vanished, and left not a wreck behind them. We are all very tame this year, and neither blindman's buff, or puss in a corner, have yet made their appearance amongst us; but as Souza is expected, there is no knowing how soon the revels may begin. The place is quite full, and many more people of our acquaintance than were here last year; but we would give them all rank and file for you, and there's the sea rolling away between us, as satisfied as if it were doing the thing in the world we liked the best. Philly was offended with you for leaving her name out in your last letter.

I suppose your sister is quite delighted to have you with her. I hope you found her and all the rest of your family happy and comfortable in their new situation. Tell me something of your way of life in Dublin. Adieu! Sincerely yours, M. G.

LETTERS.

1807—1818.

[No. 121.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Dublin, Monday, Feb. 23, 1807.

I am quite ashamed of myself—at which you ought to be very much delighted, because it humiliates me most profoundly before you, and gives you ten times more merit in my eyes than I would condescend to allow you if I felt that I had exactly done what I *ought* to do; but, indeed, if you knew the efforts I am obliged to make to throw some sort of *ballast* into the little pleasure-boat of my existence—if you knew how difficult I find it to *square* the gains and losses of *time*, and set off the savings of the morning against the expenditures of the night, you would not be very hard upon me, but would be very glad to hear that I have contrived to study about three hours and a half every day since I came here. And though I have said every morning, in going to old Patrick's Library, "Well, I shall return time enough to-day for the post," yet once I get into that bewildering *seraglio*, what with making real love to one, flirting with some, and merely throwing my eye upon others, the whole day has passed in dalliance, and I have hardly had time enough afterwards to make myself decent for company. I have now, however, bid adieu to this harem, and have made up my mind for a week's idleness before I leave Ireland, which will be, I hope, on Friday or Saturday next, and then once more for Donington, for the Muses, and for *you!*—dear Donington! dear Muses! and dear *you!* Sorry am I to think, however, that both *you* and the *Muses*, however you may visit my thoughts, must be equally *invisible* to me; and I would willingly give up the society of my whole *Nine* just to be, as I could wish, with my *Two* in Davies Street. By my Two here I mean you and your sister Philly, for Lady Donegal has long forgotten me.

I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss * * *, the apothecary's daughter. Odds pills and boluses! mix *my* poor Falernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild* the *pill* a little; but it's no such thing. I have nothing to do with either Sal. Volatile, or Sall * * *; and I don't know *which* would put me

into the greatest *purgatory*, *matrimony* or *physic*. The Novice of St. Dominick is bringing out an opera here, for which I am most wickedly pressed to write a prologue; but I shall run from it, and leave Joe to do it.

What you communicated to me about Jeffrey pleases me extremely, because it justifies my conduct most amply, and does honor to both of us. I have written nothing since I came here, except *one song*, which every body says is the best I have ever composed, and I rather prefer it myself to most of them. When am I to sing it to you? Oh! *when, when?* I am an unfortunate rascal, that's certain.

You may direct your answer to this to Donington, and I have full reliance on your being my *sick heart's nurse* while I am there. God bless you. Very much yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I would have sailed with *Miss Linwood* the other night, only I was afraid she would give me a *stitch* in my *side!!*

[No. 122.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Monday night, March, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here on Sunday to dinner, after a very pleasant journey, during which Crampton recovered from his trance, and gave us the plots of all the new pantomimes, &c. I parted with him at Birmingham, and gave a sigh towards London as I turned out of the road; but it is all for the better. I am here re-established in *all* my former comforts, and though most of my old friends are gone, yet the two or three that remain know me well enough to be attentive. I was a little dismayed at entering, as the place never before in my time looked half so deserted; but I am quite comfortable now, and shall not stir from this except for Ireland, unless some good star should shine out upon the London road to justify, by golden reasons, my resignation of solitude.

I forgot to bring Bunting's Irish Airs with me; get them from Power; and if any one that you know is coming, they can bring them for me as far as Lichfield, and send them from thence by the coach to Derby. Get Miss Owenson's too; the Atkinsons will give them to Kate for me. Love to all dears. God bless you. TOM.

[No. 123.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Thursday, March, 1807.

My darling Mother,—It maketh me marvel much that I do not hear from home; but I suppose Kate is writing such long letters to Anne Scully, that she has not a scrap of paper left to say, "How d'ye do" on to *me*. I have not heard yet from Mrs. Tighe, but of course you have sent to inquire, and will let me know how she is. The day before yesterday (St. Patrick's) was kept here with great festivity: of course I *bled* freely for the saint; a kind of blood that works more miracles than even St. Januarius's. I am, indeed, quite tranquil and happy here, and shall not feel the least wish to leave it till summer, if I find that I can with any decency remain.

I danced away among the servants on Tuesday night with a pretty lacemaker from the village, most merrily.

Old Cumberland has devoted a page of his Memoirs in the second edition to *me*, which pleases me more than I can tell you. What he says is so cordial, considerate, and respectful, and he holds such a high and veteran rank in literature. God bless you. Yours, TOM.

[No. 124.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Donington Park, Loughborough, Friday morning, March, 1807.

Though I think you do not care much to know "my whereabout," or I should have had a letter here as I petitioned, yet I cannot help telling you that here I am, and here shall be, for God knows how long. I am made very comfortable, and it certainly is friendly of Lord Moira to do me these little kindnesses; but the main point is still wanting: "*Il me donne des manchettes, et je n'ai point de chemise.*" I read much more than I write, and think much more than either; but what does it all signify? The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way. It is a dreadful thing not to be necessary to one's friends, and there is but *one* in the world now to whom I am anything like a *sine quâ non*. While that one remains, *il faut bien que je vive;* when that one goes, *il n'y a plus de necessité*. You see I have brought no wife with me from Ireland, notwithstanding all

that the kind match-makers of this world did for me. I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's Day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lace-maker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay.

Have you met with old Cumberland's second edition? He has spoken of me in a way that I feel very grateful for, and if you ever see him, I wish you would tell him so. How go on Spenser and Rogers, and the *rest* of those agreeable rattles, who seem to think life such a treat that they never can get enough of it?

Write to me immediately upon receiving this; and to bribe you, after such a stupid letter, I will write you an epitaph that will make you laugh, if you never heard it before:

"Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at law;
And when he died,
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

Yours, T. M.

[No. 125.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, March, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—We know nothing decisive yet about the ministry. The last accounts gave me rather a hope that Lord Moira would stay in, though I don't know whether one would wish him for his own sake to continue, after his public vow not to serve with the Duke of Portland: if, however, as it is said, the Prince takes the part of the new arrangement, he will most certainly stay in. It is all a bad business for the country. Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one. I see Lord Hardwicke is very active in the business, so I suppose he will return to Ireland. I got Kate's *one* letter in the course of three weeks, and congratulate her much on her activity. Love to all. Your own, Tom.

[No. 126.] FROM LORD MOIRA.

London, April 9, 1807.

My dear Sir,—You will have been well aware of all the occupation which has attended our expulsion from office; therefore, I think, you will have ascribed my silence to that cause, and not have charged me with inattention. Had you been here on the spot, your pen might have been exercised with great effect in displaying the importance of the constitutional question which we have been defending. The matter, however, will now be at an end before any publication could appear; and in the vehemence of contest all real consideration of the point at issue will be lost. Most sincerely do I lament that I had not the means of obtaining some fit situation for you before we were turned out. Perhaps your prospects are not worse now than they were; for my own patronage afforded nothing of a kind to suit you, and my colleagues had too many objects of their own to fulfil.

I will thank you if you will send up Barrow's Travels hither, that I may have the second volume bound correspondently with that which is at Donington; and I shall be obliged if you will examine if there be a quarto edition (the Princeps) of Ossian in the library. I have the honour, dear sir, to be your very obedient servant, Moira.

[No. 127.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday, April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—The time flies over me here as swift as if I was in the midst of dissipation, which is a tolerable proof that I am "arm'd for either field," for folly or for thought, for fiddlers or philosophers. The family do not talk of coming till June, and, if that be the case, I shall not budge. From this to Ireland shall be my only move. Tell the Atkinsons that, to show them I have not forgot their choice scraps, I send them one which I found in a paper of last year, and which I think too good to be lost. I am anxious to hear whether my packet of letters, which I entrusted to Jane, arrived safe.

Good by. I have been writing letters since eight o'clock, and my breakfast is coming up. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 128.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Donington Park, Monday, April 27, 1807.

"We are commanded (says Cosmo de Medici) to forgive our *enemies*, but I cannot find that we are any where ordered to forgive our *friends*." Now, though this is a very deep and good saying of Cosmo's, yet it is not at all applicable to you; for, notwithstanding that I *did* suspect you of a sort of *lese amitié*, a kind of compassing and imagining the death of our friendship, yet I now entirely acquit you, and hope everything from your loyalty in future. As to absence, I have said very often, and I believe to you among others, that recollections are too like the other perishables of this world, and that it is hard even for those who take the best care of them, to keep up a stock without a supply now and then; so that, though I feel I am strong in that article at present, yet I trust for all our sakes I shall be able to open shop in Tunbridge this year, and shall come back "laden with *notions*," as the Americans call their fancy goods. I suppose you will only allow *love* to come under the head of *fancy* goods, but I am afraid all the feelings of our heart have but too much of *her* manufacture in them. I am here very busy, and yet if I were to try and tell you about *what*, it would puzzle me a little: only this I must inform you "to God's pleasure and both our comforts," that I am not writing *love-verses*. I begin at last to find out that *politics* is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better even to *rebel* against government, than have nothing at all to do with it; so I am writing politics: but all I fear is, that my former ill-luck will rise up against me in a new shape, and that as I could not write *love* without getting into ——, so I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason*. As to my gaiety and dissipation, I *am* to be sure *very* dissipated, for I pass my whole time among *knowing-ones* and *black-legs*, the former in the *library*, the latter in the *rookery*: it is true, I see some *white* legs now and then upon the lawn, but I have nothing at all to do with them, I assure you.

I had a long letter from America the other day; and what do you think? My Epistles were, in January last, going through their *third* edition there! and Carpenter is only just now getting out his *second*, of which I have seen some proof-sheets, and they are very beautiful. My correspondent tells me that, to the last edition that had come out in America, there was prefixed "some account of the author," but he had not yet seen it. A pretty account, I dare say, it is; but there is some glory in being even abused so generally; and I have that at least in common with most of the great men who have lived, just as I am little like Horace, and love dozing in the morning like Montaigne: it is comfortable to resemble great men in anything. Tell Miss Godfrey that I cry "*peccavi*," and beg pardon for what I said in my last billet, but that I said it merely for the pleasure of transcribing that epigram, which I knew she would like, and which is written by her friend, the man that wrote "*Mille fois*," &c. I shall send her a palinode in a day or two, that is (for fear she should expect anything great from this hard Greek word) my recantation, justification, and renunciation of the *aforesaid* and all other errors thereunto belonging and appertaining, and what not. You must know I have been reading law very hard, and you must not wonder at its breaking in in my style. *I am determined on being called to the Irish bar next year*. Best remembrances to your dear sisters, and believe me, yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 129.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I take both exercise and your Spa in plenty. What put it into Kate's head, or rather into her *hand*, to write me such a *beautiful* letter last time? I never saw anything like it; it was quite a picture. Seriously, it was very nice writing, and if she keeps to that the girl may do.

Sweet weather this. The May thorns are beginning to open their eyes. The new ministers are in full blossom of folly and prosperity, and the *snows* and the *Parliament* have dissolved away. I wish I were in Dublin now, and I would make speeches on the hustings for Grattan. Good by. God bless you all. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 130.] TO HIS MOTHER.

April, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I don't know what your Irish skies have been doing all this month (I suppose *raining*, as usual), but *here* we

have had the severest frost and snow till yesterday, when I think a change in the administration of the weather took place: before then it was what Dr. Duigenan would call a *white-boy* administration, for we had nothing but snow. My "Pastor Fido," Dalby, has been prevented from coming to see me as he used to do, by his wife's illness, which is a great loss to me; but the time never hangs heavy, and reading, writing, walking, playing the pianoforte, occupy my day sufficiently and delightfully, without either "the tinkling cymbal" of talk, or "a gallery of moving pictures" about me.

You need not mind Miss Owenson's airs; for I can do without them till I go to Ireland.

God bless you, dearest mother. I got Kate's letter on Monday. Ever your own,

TOM.

Best love to the barrack-master.*

[No. 131.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April, 1807.

I send an inclosure for Power, which you will forward to him immediately. Carpenter is preparing a second edition of the Poems, to be printed splendidly by Ballantyne, of Edinburgh. I hope these *fellows* will get in again; but if the King dissolves Parliament, their chance, I fear, is but indifferent. However, my resolution is taken, and I care no longer about them. If I am to be poor, I had rather be a poor counsellor than a poor poet; for there is ridicule attached to the latter, which the former may escape: so make up your minds to having me amongst you. I shall exchange all my books for a law library, and knock down my music with the first volume of Coke upon Lyttleton. Why does not Nell write to me? She promised when I came away. God bless you all. Your own, TOM.

[No. 132.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Tuesday night, May 26, 1807.

These good people are come down upon me at last; so there is an end at once to all my musings and meditations. They have brought so many *Misses* with them too, that my muse, I think, must shut up her *paper*-mills and go into the *linen*-trade. But there is *one* thing, I assure you, I write to you with some pleasure now, because I *want* you more. Except when I *actually* HAVE the society of those I love, I am never so much *with* them as when I am alone; and though this may sound very Irish, I flatter myself it is Irish in much more than sound. All my pursuits, all my thoughts in solitude have a reference to my dear and distant friends. I enjoy my own feelings *best*, when I think *they* would sympathise in them, and am never proud of what I do, except when I can hope *they* will approve of it; but in the bustle of such society as I have now, neither my feelings or my business are worthy of being associated with such friends as you are, so that I begin to miss you exceedingly, and am glad to fly to a quiet moment like this, when I can call you back and tell you that my heart is fit to receive you. There is another circumstance by which you are a gainer in my present situation, and that is *comparison*. Oh the sweet happy days of friendship and boiled mutton! how unlike were you to the disguised hearts and dishes, the iced wines and looks, of my present dignified society. But I am beginning to talk too sentimentally for your wag-ship. You must know I shall soon leave this; but I wish to Heaven either I or you could know that I shall leave it for Tunbridge. I am afraid, alas! that Ireland must be my destination again, and that I must leave our friendship to take care of itself, without any looking after, for six or seven months longer: this is a hard case, but the *softest* hearts meet with the *hardest* cases in this world. I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with "This is glass" written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind, she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us. She would see that *I* ought to be allowed to go to Tunbridge, and that *you* ought to be without ache or ailment to receive me there. You always speak so *waggishly* about your own grievances (and, indeed, other people's) that I cannot collect from what you say of your illness, whether you are really very bad or not; but I sincerely hope it was more fatigue than ill-health that you complained of. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Thursday I shall be *seven and twenty* round years:* drink my health, and more sense to me.

* His father.

* In fact, according to the medal, twenty-eight.

[No 133.] TO HIS MOTHER.

May, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—There is a fishpond here, which Lord Moira has always been trying to fill; but he couldn't; and it has long furnished me with a very neat resemblance to *my own pocket*, which I dare say he would like to do the same with, but couldn't. This pond however, in the late rain, has got the start of my pocket, and is brimful at this present writing, which will delight his lordship so much that I am afraid he will come down in a hurry to look at it. Believe me, your own,

TOM.

[No. 134.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Thursday night, June, 1807.

My dearest Mother,—I beg, when you write to Kate, you will scold her, for making Melfield a pretext to avoid writing to me. I get on here very well. The ice begins to thaw on all sides, according as we know each other better; and if idleness were not the root of all evil to me at present, I could lounge away my time here very agreeably. We still have no other man amongst us but Lord Moira and the old Duke de l'Orge.

I wait but for some supplies I expect to decide upon my movements from home. London I certainly shall avoid, though Carpenter presses me very hard to go there; and the only excursion I can possibly be tempted to, before I set out for Ireland, is to Tunbridge, to see Lady Donegal. However, even this is by no means probable at present, and I think, in about a fortnight, you may count upon seeing me. I wish, dearest mother, you would have a look-out in the neighbourhood, for either two tolerable rooms or one very excellent, large bed-room for me, where there would be some one merely to bring me up breakfast. I shall work very hard all the summer. Love to all dears. From your own,

TOM.

[No. 135.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Saturday, 1807.

Not one letter this long time, my darling mother. I should think Kate sleeps even longer than she used to do and doesn't get up till post-time is over. (Here I was thinking of London post-time, which I wish to Heaven you were as well acquainted with as I am.) Dublin is again, I find, or rather *still*, the seat of wrangle and illiberal contention. The Roman Catholics deserve very little, and even if they merited all that they ask, I cannot see how it is in the nature of things they should get it. They have done much towards the ruin of Ireland, and have been so well assisted by the Protestants throughout, that, between them, Ireland is at this instant as *ruined* as it need be.

Lord Moira is again called to town; I suppose upon some errand quite as useless as the rest. He takes Buxton in his way; and I suppose will return here from London to escort his lady to Edinburgh.

I should be glad they were all there now, for I thrive in my solitude amazingly. God bless you, dearest mother. I hope your health is better than I think it. Love to my good father, and the girls. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 136.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Saturday, 1807.

That racketting old Harridan, Mother *Town*, is at last *dead:* she expired after a gentle glare of rouge and gaiety at Lady L. Manners' masquerade, on Friday morning, at eight o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering-places immediately. I hope I shan't meet the perturbed spirit at Tunbridge, for this is to notify that, in *the course of to-morrow*, you will see your humble servant on the ——; what's the name of the place? No matter, but *there* I shall be to-morrow, if Fortune have but one smile left, or if Joddrel's barouche can hold me. Yours, most faithfully, T. MOORE.

[No. 137.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 30, 1807.

Well monk, hermit, philosopher, misanthrope (or whatever title please thine ear), what are you about? My pen would naturally fall into its old habits of accusing you of forgetting absent friends, and not caring for any thing that was not stuck upon its chair before your eyes, if I had not made an effort over myself, and taken up a new system. I intend from this day forth and for evermore, to form myself upon the model of Charity, which, as St. Paul tells us, "suffereth long, and is kind, believeth all things, hopeth all

things, endureth all things." So I suffer your long silence and seeming forgetfulness, and yet am kind; and I believe that you care for us, and I hope that you care for us: but as to enduring, I don't know what to say; it is an ugly word, and I am sorry I wrote it down. The beautiful Miss Fawkeners came here yesterday and went away to-day. I did not see them; but they told Harry Greville, who asked me if it were true, and I said it was a lie, that you were actually married to an attorney's daughter with a large fortune. Miss Joddrel and her mother arrived here yesterday. The girl asked a thousand questions about you, and desired many pretty things to be said to you. She is in great beauty just now, and I thought in your little cottage you might be glad to hear that you were regretted by your former belles; and to show you that you are remembered by others also, I have cut out of a newspaper a copy of baddish sort of verses for your edification. What are you about now? every body asks us, and we can tell nobody. I should like to know for my own satisfaction, and I would keep it a most profound secret if you wished it; for when discretion and secrecy are required from me, I am without an equal upon this wide earth. So you live near an obelisk that I used to drive out to with the Crookshanks when I was last in Ireland: a dreary spot it is, as well as I recollect, without tree or bush to shelter you from sun or wind. I grieve at your banishment from this country, for I think you are thrown away in Ireland; and life is so short, and youth still shorter, that it is melancholy not to be able to enjoy it all, and still more melancholy to be obliged to live at all for the future in such times as these, when the future may come so frightful to us as to give us nothing but regrets for not having enjoyed the past while there was any good to enjoy. And yet you were wise too, and I have your real welfare too much at heart not to be glad for your sake at the sacrifice you have made, but I lament that it was necessary to make it. I hope nothing will prevent your return here this winter. You are so popular that I am afraid your head will be turned at the joy which your arrival in London will create among all your friends and acquaintance. You will find them all pretty much as you left them; hardly any chances or changes having occurred since you turned your back upon this gay world last summer, except that for the women, *un an de plus, et une grace de moins* are something. You have of course seen and heard the Catalani. What do you think of her? She had outlived her fame in this country. Her voice astonished at first, but when the novelty was over they said she was more surprising than pleasing, and that she sung out of tune. She asked and got more for singing at concerts than anybody ever got before. She never went anywhere without her odious husband at her elbow, who never could bear that she should sing without being paid for it. Mr. Knight gave her some gay dinners, as he was one of her greatest admirers. I saw her at the Fincastles and the Berrys, where she was made much of, and sang, and appeared good-natured. La Canné and she hated each other, and would never sing at the same parties. Have you read Madame de Stael's new novel, Corinne? Read it, if you have not; it will amuse you in your cottage. You will hate the heroine, for you like to chain women down to their own firesides; and provided that they are beautiful and foolish, you ask nothing more. Now, I don't quarrel with you about the fireside and the beauty, but I think it a pity you should protect and preach up folly. And note, I don't love Corinne myself, but I was interested in the book, for I like a fine, exaggerated, extravagant passion, that breaks one's heart, such as one never sees in the natural course of human affairs. But you can't deny, much as you are disposed to dispute all my wise opinions, that in the natural course of human affairs things go on dully and stupidly enough, and that to-day is too much the ditto of yesterday. When once I take up the pen to write to you there is no getting rid of it; it sticks to my fingers, and keeps moving on, in spite of me; and here I have written you a long letter about nothing, and have never told you of the miserable anxiety of every one about our expedition to Copenhagen, which is, however, the only subject that any one talks of. What do you say to King Jerome Napoleon marrying our king's great niece, the Princess of Wirtemberg? Her mother was daughter to the Duchess of Brunswick, and sister to the Princess of Wales, so his son will be presumptive heir to the throne of England. I hope it will be a very wet day, and that you may be

tired of books and writing, when you receive this letter, and that you may be glad of anything to make a little variety in your life; then perhaps you may welcome this with all its dulness. A thousand kind things to you from us all. Never, while you live, forget us. Adieu!

M. G.

[No. 138.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, April 29, 1808.

Though I don't much care how light and inconsiderate I may seem to the world in general, yet with regard to the opinion of *friends* I am not altogether so indifferent; and therefore, though I allow the good people of Dublin to think (as indeed I have told them) that it was the toss-up of a tenpenny token which decided me against going to London, yet to *you* I must give some better signs and *tokens* of rationality, and account for my change of mind in somewhat a more serious manner. As this task, however, is very little to my taste, seeing that I would rather vindicate any one else than myself, the present *exposé* must serve for "all whom it may concern;" and I therefore enjoin you to make the said document known unto our friend and *cozen*, Miss Mary, not forgetting our trusty and well-beloved Rogers, to the end that we may be no farther troubled therewith. In the first place, then, my motives for going to London may be comprised under the heads of *pleasure* and *ambition*, and the purest part of the former object you must take solely to yourselves, for (though, I confess, the taste of pleasure has not *quite* yet left my lips) the strongest attraction that my Epicureanism would have in London at present is the pleasure of being near you, with you, and about you,—"About you, goddess, and about you." Well, then, there's the *pleasure* of the thing settled. Now, with respect to the *ambitious* part, I don't know that I can be quite so explicit upon that head, for the objects of all *ambition* are generally as vague as they are distant; and luckily for the humble people of this world, those joys that give most pleasure to the heart are easiest defined and easiest attainable. I thought, however, that by republishing those last poems with my name, together with one or two more of the same nature which I have written, I *might* catch the eye of some of our patriotic politicians, and thus be enabled to serve both *myself* and the *principles* which I cherish; for to serve one at the expense of the other, would be foolish in one way and dishonourable in the other. Though, however rash it would be to sacrifice myself to my cause, I would rather do it a thousand times than sacrifice my cause to myself. How happy when the two objects are reconciled! Well, against these motives of pleasure and ambition, I had a sad array of most cooling considerations; indeed, many of the reasons why Austria should not go to war, were the very reasons why *I* should not go to London—an *exhausted treasury*, *dilapidated resources*, the necessity of seeking subsidies from those who would fleece me well for it in turn, the unprepared state of my *capital*, &c. &c. "I have here a home, where I can live at but little expense, and I have a summer's leisure before me to prepare something for the next campaign, which may enable me to look *down upon* my enemies, without *entirely looking* up to my friends; for, let one say what one will, *looking up* too long is tiresome, let the object be ever so grand or lovely, whether the statue of Venus or the cupola of St. Paul's." Such were my reflections, while I waited for the answer to a letter which I had written to Carpenter, sounding him upon the kind of assistance which he would be willing to give me, and suggesting that, as it was entirely *for his interest* that I should go over (to get the work through the press which I left in his hands), I thought he ought at least to defray my expenses. His answer was so niggardly and so chilling, that it instantly awakened me to the folly of trusting myself again in London without some means of *commanding* a supply, and I resolved to employ this summer in making wings for myself against winter to carry me completely out of the mud. I have not time to add any more to this, which I have written in a great hurry, and have not now time to read over again; but I trust you will be able to make out from it very good and sufficient reasons for the sacrifice which I have doomed myself to make in not going to London this year. With respect to sister Mary's intelligence of my being in love, I shall answer that charge to herself, and shall only say that I wonder *she* is not sick of imputing to me a sensation of which, I am sorry to say, I have

not felt one flutter these three years. Do not forget me; above all things do not forget me.

T. M.

[No. 139.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, August, 1808.

Dearest Mother,—For fear you should think I love to tantalize, I shall say no more about my departure till I am quite fixed upon the time; but one thing, I hope, will give you pleasure, and that is, that I have a task before me, which will keep me pretty long amongst you; but I must contrive to have lodgings in town, as my chief business will be with the libraries: so pray have your eye about for something comfortable.

This next year, with a little industry and economy, will, I expect, make me quite independent even of friends (I mean of my debts to them); for I have been offered *a thousand pounds* for a work which I think I can finish within the year, and which I intend to dedicate to Rogers. God bless you, dearest mother. Ever your own, TOM.

I quite threw away the Melodies; they will make that little smooth fellow's fortune.

O Kate! the laziest Kate in Christendom!

[*The following letter only came into my hands very lately. It relates to the marriage of Mr. Richard Joyce Codd, Mr. Moore's maternal uncle. I insert it here as it relates to the same person whose death forms the subject of the letter immediately following. He was very little older than Mr. Moore.*—J. R.]

[No. 140.] TO RICHARD J. CODD, ESQ.

Donington Park, Monday.

My dearest Uncle,—Though my pen has been slow to congratulate you, my heart, I assure you, has not been behind-hand in the interest we must all feel in whatever regards your happiness; but I have been obliged to keep my wits in such a hot-house for this work, that plain prose is a thing I have hardly time to condescend to, and I could have written you a dozen of epithalamiums at shorter notice than one letter. While *you* are so well occupied with one fair one, no less than *nine* are tormenting *me*,—the nine Miss Muses, from the cold country of Parnassus, with nothing but their wits to keep them in pin-money! Seriously, my dear uncle, nothing has ever come nearer to my heart than the joy I have felt at your progress to happiness in every way. In taking to yourself what you love, you have secured the only sweet consolation in this world for those rude shocks which the hard corners of life must give now and then even to him who most cautiously turns them. *Few* may those corners be to *you*, dear uncle, and that love may *cover* them with *velvet* for you is my prayer and my confidence. I am quite anxious to see and know your chosen one. I dare not yet say when that can be, but I look to a happy summer amongst you with delight, and I trust to your goodness for conciliating her kind opinion of me. My dear mother and Kate, I know, love her, and I am sure will come as close as she can draw them to her, and altogether I think there will not be *one inequality* on the *perfect little circle* of affection we shall form.

God bless you. Best and dutiful love to my dear aunt, and believe me, my good uncle, yours most truly, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 141.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday morning, 1809.

My dearest Mother,—From what I have heard of our poor Richard, I fear you must prepare your heart for *the worst;* and I am happy to think that you have not been very sanguine in your hopes for his recovery, as this will soften your feeling of a calamity, which, I own, requires *all* the softening that philosophy and preparation can give it. As for myself, he is the first dear friend it has ever been my fate to lose; and though he did not bring me close enough into intimacy to leave any very sensible void in my life, yet I am too well convinced of his worth and his warmth, and the zeal with which he would have stood by us in every extremity, not to feel his loss most deeply and sorrowfully. It is for *you* however, dearest mother, that I most particularly feel it. Those who die as he did, are not to be pitied; but I know how much and how justly you will lament him. You must not, however, let it sink too deep, darling mother; but while you mourn for the dead as he deserved, remember what you owe to the living. Indeed I dread less from your *grief* than I did from your *anxiety:* the latter had *hope* to keep it alive, while the former will naturally

yield to time and good sense and consolation. It is for *us* who are still left to you to do all in our power to make you forget the melancholy loss which you have suffered, and as those who are deprived of *one sense* have generally the *remaining ones* more lively and exquisite, so I trust you will find in the love of those who still live for you, but an increased sensibility to everything in which your happiness is concerned.

I mean to go out on Sunday to you, and shall stay till your mind has recovered a little from the first feelings of this event. Dearest mother, your own, TOM.

[No. 142.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Jan. 3, 1810.

I was quite sorry to hear from Rogers that you have had another attack of those sad fainting fits which used to annoy you so last year, and think you are very right in trying Baillie, instead of your old *state* physician Sir Francis. I shall be more anxious than, I fear, you will give me credit for, till I hear that you are recovered; and if you do not let me know immediately, even by a short bulletin, how you are getting on, I will never play Paddy O'Rafferty for you again. You will perceive by my seal that death has been a visitor in my family; and indeed it is the first time that I have had to lament the loss of any one very dear to me. My poor uncle, who went to Madeira, with but faint hopes of recovery from a decline, died there in four days after his arrival. I am so hourly prepared for these inroads on our social happiness, that the death of even the healthiest friend about me could, scarcely, I think, take my heart by surprise; and the effect which such calamities are likely to have upon me will be seen more in the whole tenor of my life afterwards, than in any violent or deep-felt grief of the moment: every succeeding loss will insensibly sink the level of my spirits, and give a darker and darker tinge to all my future hopes and feelings. This perhaps is the natural process which many a heart goes through that has to survive its dearest connections, though I rather think it is not the commonest way of feeling those events, but that, in general, the impression which they make is as *short* as it is keen and violent; and surely it is better to have one moment *darkly blotted*, with the chance of the next moment's washing it all out, than to possess that kind of sensibility which puts one's whole life into mourning. I am not doing much; indeed, the downright necessity which I feel of doing something is one of the great reasons why I do almost nothing. These things should come of their own accord, and I hate to make a *conscript* of my Muse; but I cannot carry on the war without her, so to it she must go. London is out of the question for me, till I have got ammunition in my pocket, and I hope by April to have some combustibles ready. How a poor author is puzzled now-a-days between quantity and quality! The booksellers won't buy him if the former be not great, and the critics won't let him be read if the latter be not good. Now, there are no two perfections more difficult to attain together, for they are generally (as we little men should wish to establish) in inverse proportion to each other. However, I must do my best.

Take care of yourself for *my* sake, best and dearest friend; and with warm remembrances to our well-beloved Mary, believe me, most faithfully yours, THOMAS MOORE.

Many a year of happiness and good health to you both.

[No. 143.] TO MR. POWER.

Dublin, 1810.

My dear Sir,—If you have no objection, I rather think I shall take the liberty of drawing upon you very soon for whatever sum you may find it convenient to accommodate me with, and I shall discharge the obligation, *partly* in songs, or *entirely*, as you may think fit. I shall wait your answer, and propose, with your consent, to draw upon you either at *two* months for thirty pounds, or at *three* for fifty: in the latter case I shall take up *twenty* of the same myself, as I should not have songs enough for the whole; and in return for the kindness of the accommodation, I shall not avail myself of your offer of twelve guineas, but content myself with *ten*. I have some idea of writing a song for Braham, and *that*, if it succeeds, shall be among the number.

I have no objection to your brother knowing this negotiation between us, but I would rather have the telling of it to him myself, as, without some explanation, he would have a right

to think me very extravagant of late, knowing how much he has accommodated me in; but the truth is, a very expensive honor has been conferred upon me, in the shape of admission to our leading club house here, which urges me more than I expected at this moment. Your answer as soon as possible will oblige.

Yours very truly, THOMAS MOORE.

You will of course consider these particulars between us as sacred from everybody except your brother: he already is aware that it is my intention to give you songs occasionally, according to the promise I made you. Direct to me, 22 Molesworth street, Dublin.

[No. 144.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Bury Street, Saturday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here on Wednesday; but was so hurried at first that I had scarcely time to send for pen, ink, and paper to write. I bid Power, however, to whom I wrote about business, let you know of my arrival; and you may be assured of my continuing frequent and punctual as usual. I have written a most pathetic little letter to Connor, which I would hope will make my dispatches pass glibly through his hands. Lord Moira is out of town, and so is Rogers. Lady Donegal, however, is at her post, and as steady as ever. It is strange that two years should have made so very little difference. I came into my rooms as if I had left them but last week; my flannel-gown airing at the fire; my books lying about the tables; and the very same little girl staring in at me from the opposite windows. I found Miss Godfrey asleep in the evening, as usual; and, as usual, she wakened with a joke. I found my landlady as fond of me; and Carpenter as fond of himself as ever. In short nothing seems altered but myself.

The King has got bad again within these two days past. God bless you my dearest mother. Ever your own, TOM.

I hope you got my letters from Holyhead and Birmingham.

[No. 145.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—I am told that the report of the physicians is very unfavourable, and that a regency will be proceeded on immediately with no other change for some time, however, than the introduction of Lord Moira into the cabinet. I left my name this morning at Carlton House.

You would be amused if you knew all the letters and visits I am receiving from booksellers, music-sellers, managers, &c., with offers for books, songs, plays, &c. I rather think I may give something to Covent Garden; but I know you will be happy to hear that I am able to *keep* myself *up*, without any precipitate engagement or involvement of any kind, and that I am not hurried or urged from *any quarter*. Best love to father and the dear girls. From ever your own, TOM.

I have seen the Sheddons about my Bermuda treasury, and they say I may expect to receive something very shortly.

[No. 146.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—I am going on very quietly here, and have, as yet, seen nobody but the Donegals.

My cough is a good deal better; and I begin to think that the little waterfalls in Mrs. Booth's room tended considerably to keep me coughing.

They say now there will be measures taken for a regency; but, for some time, I do not think there will be any material change in the Ministry. Lord Moira is still out of town.

I am happy to find, dearest mother, by Kate's letter, that you have got better of the illness you had after I left you. If my letters are any medicine to you, you shall have the dose regularly, "as before;" and I hope, in the course of some time, I may have something *cordial* to mix up with them. Ever yours,

TOM.

[No. 147.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, Dec. 1810.

My dearest Mother,—The plot begins to thicken here very fast, and yesterday was expected to be a hard-fought day. I have not heard yet what was the result, but I think some time must yet elapse before there will be such a change of administration as I can take advantage of.

I have often *said* I was careless about the

attractions of gay society, but I think, for the first time, I begin to *feel really* so. I pass through the rows of fine carriages in Bond Street, without the slightest impatience to renew my acquaintance with those inside of them.

Best love to all dears about you. Ever affectionately your own, TOM.

[No. 148.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Jan. 3, 1811.

I wonder whether you have as beautiful a day before your eyes this moment as I have. "The green blood dances in the veins" of the young rose trees under my window, and the little impudent birds are peeping out as boldly as if it were May-day. I am afraid, however, it is rather a rash speculation of theirs: like Spanish patriots, they are bursting out too soon, and General *Frost* will some night or other steal a *march* upon them. You may conclude from all this that I write to you from a garden; and so I do, from a garden most romantically situated at the end of Dirty Lane, which leads out of Thomas Street, well known in the annals of insurrection for

"The feast of treason and the flow of punch."

On my right is the "hanging wood" of Kilmainham, and from my left I catch the odoriferous breezes of a tanyard; so that you must not be surprised if such a sweet and picturesque situation should inspire me with more than usual romanticity. I am certainly, somehow or other, in most sunshiny spirits to-day; and I believe the principal reason of it is, that I have resolved this morning to be in Davies Street in the course of a fortnight. *Don't tell any one*, but I think my having *resolved* it is the *only thing* likely to prevent its taking place. I cannot find in my heart to let you have a revolution, without being up in town to attend it. You know most Irishmen are amateurs in that line, and I have not a doubt but John Bull soon means to give us a specimen of his talents for it. What will your friend the Duke* turn to? He may become a schoolmaster, like Dionysius, and instruct young gentlemen in the "art of polite letter writing;" and if he will condescend to join the *Quakers*, we shall have another union of the houses of York and Lancaster. I am afraid you will be angry with me for laughing in this manner at such serious events and such illustrious people, but I cannot help it; at least *to-day* I cannot help it; and if I do not send off this letter till to-morrow, you shall have a most loyal and dismal postscript to make up for my profane and "unparliamentary" levity. It is some comfort to you to think that *all* your countrymen are not such refractory reprobates as I am, and that there is but little fear of our incurring much suspicion for honesty or independence, while Messrs. B. and C. are alive to vindicate our characters. But why do I talk politics to you (in which we don't agree) when there are so many pleasanter things in which we *do?* One of them, I flatter myself, is the wish to see each other, and in that I seriously think we shall soon be gratified. Now be sure you meet me with all your heart and soul, for my stay will be but short. I stay a good deal at home with my father and mother here, eating boiled veal and Irish stew, and feeling very comfortable; in short, very much the same diet and feelings which I was used to in Davies Street; only that those about me *know* how much I love them, which you and *Mary* sometimes *pretended not* to know.

Rogers has not answered my letter, but I shall fire another at him soon.

This little note is a specimen of the sort which I intend to write to you *often* now; for, indeed, it is a sad thing to be long without knowing how this hard world deals with those who are away from us; and though I would willingly dispense with telling you about myself, yet it is a cheap price after all to pay for the delight of hearing from you.

Tell me something, when you write, about the political *secrets* of London, and particularly say whether you have heard any thing about the *Plenipo's* difference with the Prince Regent. Ever yours, T. M.

Best love to sister. Many happy returns of this year.

I have been waiting in awful suspense for a letter about the tickets, but I fear that Fortune's usual *blindness* to *merit* will leave *us* in the lurch as well as many other excellent people. "Call me not fool till Heaven shall send me fortune," is as much as to say that we wise personages need never expect a 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery. But how *very*

* The Duke of York.

convenient it would be! How much it would brighten up all my views of politics, law, divinity, &c. For what *I* cared, they might send Mr. Percival to be second in command to St. Narcissus, or employ Sheridan's nose in bringing about a *thaw* for the armies in Finland; but there's nae sic luck for us, I fear. You are very right in saying that every pursuit is a lottery, and *my* ticket-wheel is my *head*, from which I draw ideas sometimes *blank* enough, God knows; but the fact is, I have kept Cupid too long for my drawing-boy, and as he is quite as blind as Fortune, it is no wonder that nothing *capital* has come forth, but I have dismissed him this good while.

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[No. 149.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Feb. 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I forgot whether I told you that my excellent friend Douglas was among the many persons enriched by the old Duke of Queensbury's will.* He has been left 10,000*l*. I saw him this morning for the first time these six years; I believe, *five* at least: he has never written a line to me during that time, and after an hour's conversation to-day, he said, "Now, my dear little fellow, you know I'm grown rich: there is at present seven hundred pounds of mine in Coutts's bank; here is a blank check, which you may fill up while I am away, for as much of that as you may want." I did not of course accept this offer, but you may imagine what my feeling was at this unexampled instance of a man bringing back the warmth of friendship so unchilled, after an absence of five years. I never heard anything like it.

I got dear Ellen's letter, which is beautifully written, and I hope she will often let me have such. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 150.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I dined with Lord Holland on Wednesday, and yesterday with old Sheridan, who has been putting us off from day to day as if we were his creditors. We had yesterday Lord Lauderdale, Lord Erskine, Lord Besborough, Lord Kinnaird, &c., &c. My old friend, Lady A——, still faithful in her faithless way, took me to dinner in her carriage. I have at last got a little bedroom, about two miles from town, where I shall fly now and then for a morning's work. It was quite necessary for me, if I did not mean to starve gaily and fashionably in London, though, indeed, the starvation part is not very likely.

I have found a method of getting a second-hand paper, or rather a second-*day* paper, at rather a cheap rate, and I have long been wishing for it, in order to indulge you, my darling mother, with a sight of London paper and type once more. I send the first to-day, and direct it to my father at Island Bridge. It is the Morning Post, a terrible hack in politics: however, I have some hopes of getting it exchanged soon for a more liberal paper. Best love to all dears about you. From your own affectionate, TOM.

[No. 151.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, April, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I have been so busy preparing the enclosed packet for Power, that I have hardly left myself time to say more than that I am very impatient to hear from you; as I long to know whether you have taken my prescription of airing and jolting, and whether it has made you stout again.

I am just now in a quandary of doubt about the levee. To dress or not to dress, that is the question: whether 'tis nobler keeping in my pocket seven guineas, which 'twill cost me for a waistcoat, or &c., &c. If Lord Moira was in town I would consult him and ask him to take me, which is another weighty point to be looked to. I rather believe, I shall wait till there is another levee. Ever yours, darling mother,

TOM.

[No. 152.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I have been these two or three days past receiving most flattering letters from the persons to whom I sent my Melologue. I was, however, much better pleased to get dear Kate's letter with news from home, as the long silence you all kept was beginning to make me a little uneasy.

Jeffrey, my Edinburgh friend, is in town: we have called upon each other, and I am to meet him to-morrow morning at breakfast with

* Charles, Duke of Queensbury, died in December, 1810.

Rogers: to-day, I shall touch the two extremes of anarchy and law, for I dine with Sir F. Burdett, and go in the evening to Lord Elleuborough's.

Tell Kate I cannot give any opinion of Miss Owenson's novel; for *one* reason, *i. e.* because I have not read a line of it. Ever yours, my dearest mother, TOM.

[No. 153.] TO HIS MOTHER.

May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I have just seen Lady Donegal, as kind and delightful as ever. Her praises of *you*, too, were not the *worst* recommendations she returned with. She came last night. I breakfast with her on Monday, and dine to meet her at Rogers's on Tuesday; and there is a person to be of both parties whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce to your notice next week.* God bless you, my own darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 154.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—You will be sorry to see this letter unfranked; but Connor has written to me to say, that he did not authorise any one to tell us that the channel of the War Office was again opened: he has added, civilly, that he regrets it very much, &c. &c: however, do not fear, darling mother; I shall find some ways of letting you have your two letters a-week notwithstanding. It was but two days ago I got my dear father's letter about the letting of the house. If I thought, for an instant, that this resolution arose in any degree from any feeling of *hopelessness* or disappointment at my marriage, it would make me truly miserable; but I hope, and, indeed, am confident, dearest mother, that you do me the justice to be *quite* sure that this event has only drawn closer every dear tie by which I was bound to you; and that, while my readiness to do everything towards your comfort remains the same, my power of doing so will be, please God! much increased by the regularity and economy of the life I am entering upon. Indeed, *I may* be a little too alive to apprehension; but it struck me that there was rather a degree of coldness in the manner in which my dearest father's last letter mentioned my marriage; and if you knew how the cordiality and interest of all my friends has been tenfold increased since this event, you would not wonder, my darling mother, at the anxiety which I feel lest those, whom in this world I am chiefly anxious to please, should in the least degree withhold that full tribute to my conduct which my own conscience tells me I deserve, and which the warm sympathy of all my other friends has given such a happy and flattering sanction to; but I know I am (like *yourself*) too tremulously alive upon every subject connected with the affection of those I love, and I am sure my father by no means *meant* to speak coldly.

With respect to letting the house, I do believe (if you really *like* to leave it) that it would be the best thing you could do. I know you want a little society, and in lodgings more convenient to those you are acquainted with you could have it. Besides, I should think my father might get something handsome by letting it, as that neighbourhood has become so much more promising since he took the place. All I want is, that you should not leave it from any fear that I shall be unable to do anything in future towards helping you through any occasional difficulties you may encounter; for, on the contrary (even if the present change in politics does not do all it ought to do for me), I have every prospect of having it more in my power to assist you, in my little way, than ever; and, if my father wants some money now, let him only apprise me, and draw on Power for it without hesitation.

I have not a minute to write more: my next letter shall go through Lord Byron. Ever yours, dearest mother,

TOM.

[No. 155.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, June 21, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I ought to have written yesterday, but I was in bed all day after the fête, which I did not leave till past six in the morning. Nothing was ever half so magnificent; it was in *reality* all that they try to imitate in the gorgeous scenery of the theatre; and I really sat for three quarters of an hour in the Prince's room after supper, silently looking at the spectacle, and feeding my eyes

* Mr. Moore was married to Miss Dyke, on March 25, 1811, at St. Martin's church in London.

with the assemblage of beauty, splendour, and profuse magnificence which it presented. It was quite worthy of a Prince, and I would not have lost it for any consideration. There were many reports previous to it (set about, I suppose, by disappointed *aspirants*), that the company would be mixed, &c., &c.; but it was infinitely less so than could possibly be expected from the strange hangers-on that all the Royal Brothers have about them, and of course everything high and noble in society was collected there. I saw but two unfortunate ladies in the group (mother and daughter) who seemed to "wonder how the devil they got there," and everybody else agreed with them. While all the rest of the women were outblazing each other in the richness of their dress, this simple couple, with the most philosophic contempt of ornament, walked about in the unambitious costume of the breakfast-table, and I dare say congratulated each other, when they went home, upon the great difference between their becoming simplicity and the gaudy nonsense that surrounded them. It was said that Mr. Waithman, the patriotic linendraper, had got a card; and every odd-looking fellow that appeared, people said immediately, "That's Mr. Waithman." The Prince spoke to me, as he always does, with the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance.

This is a little *gossiping* for you, dearest mother, and I expect some in return from Kate very soon. God bless you. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 156.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, —— 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I did not write on Saturday, as I was a little nervous about my reading to the manager; but I came off with him ten times better than I expected, as I have indeed very little confidence in my dramatic powers. He was however very much pleased, and said its only fault was, that it would be too good for the audience, that it was in the best style of good comedy, and many more things, which, allowing all that is necessary for *politeness*, are very encouraging, and I begin to have some little hopes that it may succeed. I was very much amused by Kate's astonishment at my full-dated and full-signed-letter. I suppose I had been writing a few *formal* epistles before it. Kate says that Boroughes is very curious about *franking;* but he has rather a curious mode of doing it, as the letter of my father's (which she says he franked the week before) I *never got*, and this last one of hers (which she says he *also* franked) I paid postage for. By the bye, I had begun to feel a little uneasy at not having heard from my dear father so long, and the only consolation I had was seeing some of his directions of the newspapers at Power's.

I am right glad to hear that little Dolly's lover, after holding out as long as Saragossa, has surrendered to her at last. Ever your own, my dearest mother, TOM.

Do not mention my opera to any one, and bid Kate muzzle old Joe upon the subject.

[No. 157.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Friday, ——, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I got Kate's last letter here from town, and am delighted to think that you are all well and happy. Nothing can equal the luxury of this house, especially since *Monsieur's* arrival. I can imagine that it *may* be surpassed, but I am sure it *seldom* is: the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Bourbon have come with him.

How does Herbert's play go on? Tell him I wish to have a particular description of the situation in which he desires to have the *song* introduced, and I shall endeavour to make out something suitable to it.

If I could, I should like very much to return to Ireland with Lord and Lady Granard; but it is not very probable. Send the enclosed letter to Mrs. Mills: it will save her so much postage, and I ought to have written to her.

Love to Kate, dear father, and yourself.

TOM MOORE.

[No. 158.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, August 17, 1811.

* * * * * *

The season is now, indeed, so far gone, that I should not wonder if I were yet to have you witnesses of my first plunge; and oh! if I could pack a whole audience like you, with such taste for what is good, and such indulgence for what is bad; but I think there is not in the world so stupid or boorish a congregation as the audience of an English play-

house. I have latterly attended a good deal, and I really think that when an author makes them laugh, he ought to feel like Phocion when the Athenians applauded him, and ask what wretched *bêtise* had produced the tribute. I have been a good deal and most *loyally* alarmed, lest a certain catastrophe should interrupt the performances at the playhouses; but I believe there is no fear whatever, and that I may be very well satisfied if my piece is not dead and d—d before he is—(N. B. before he is *dead*, I mean—don't mistake me). His conversation latterly has been all addressed to George the First.

Your sister bids me give an account of my mode of living, and I promise to do so in my next letter, which, now that I am released from my joke-manufactory, shall follow up this in closer order than I have hitherto preserved; but, in the meantime, I know I cannot tell you too often, that I am more rationally happy than ever I was; that, to compensate the want of worldly advantages, I have found good sense, simplicity, kind-heartedness, the most unaffected purity, and *rightness* of *thinking* upon every subject connected with my welfare or comfort.

I have no news for you. Rogers is still at his brother's in Shropshire. I suppose you saw the account in the paper of the apartments at Windsor into which the poor King was turned loose, and suffered to range blindly and frantic about, like Polyphemus in his cave. I never read anything more melancholy; the mockery of *splendour* which, they said, was preserved in these preparations (that he might knock his head royally against velvet and satin), made the misery of his situation so much more glaring and frightful, that I am quite happy to find it was all a fabrication.

I shall write to *dear Mary* next week. I have *told my Bessy* that you know it, therefore you may write without restraint. Ever most truly yours,

T. M.

I would enclose this through the War Office, but the paper is too *thin* for stranger eyes.

[No. 159.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Killarney, September 22, 1811.

You are so severe upon your poor opera, that, upon first opening your letter, we gave it up for lost, and thought it must certainly go to the regions below. However, upon going a little further on, it was an agreeable surprise to find it had succeeded; and, upon turning to the Globe, the paper which we get, we had great consolation in seeing that it had been very well received, and was likely to go on with great success. What more would you have? If you had written something that had pleased yourself and half a dozen people of taste very much, that had been full of sentiment and refinement, and not a vulgar joke in it, it might have been very delightful for the above-mentioned seven people, but the public would not have borne it the second night. You wrote to please the public and not yourself; and if the public are pleased, upon their heads be the sin and shame, if it be unworthy of giving pleasure. An author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure. I dare say, however, that this piece has a great deal more merit than you allow that it has, and that whenever you could give your taskmasters the slip you have put in something excellent in your own way. At all events, the Globe gives us a very good account of it, and I'll stick to that; and I hope we shall see it next November with a great deal of pleasure, and I am sure we shall with a great deal of interest. Pray don't let Mr. Arnold cheat you: it really is too bad that everybody cheats you, and makes money of your talents, and that you sit smiling by, not a farthing the better for them.

It gave us both great satisfaction to hear so pleasant an account of your domestic life, as that which your last letter to Bab contained. Be very sure, my dear Moore, that if you have got an amiable, sensible wife, extremely attached to you, as I am certain you have, it is only in the long run of life that you can know the full value of the treasure you possess. If you did but see, as I see with bitter regret in a very near connection of my own, the miserable effects of marrying a vain fool devoted to fashion, you would bless your stars night and day for your good fortune; and, to say the truth, you were as likely a gentleman to get into a scrape in that way as any I know. You were always the slave of beauty, say what you please to the contrary: it covered a multitude of sins in your eyes, and I never can cease wondering at your good luck after all said and

done. Money is all that you want, and it is very provoking to think how much that detestable trash has to do with our happiness here below. What between my sister's lawsuits, and settling my brother's affairs, we are sick of the word money, and I hope I shall live to see the day when it may never be mentioned in my hearing. We reckon upon leaving this place towards the end of October. We stay later than we intended on account of my brother, who has not been well; and we have great pleasure in thinking that we have been of material service to him in every way, and have contributed as much to the restoration of his health as to the tranquillity of his mind. I like this county a thousand times better than any part of Ireland; and the common people are delightful. They are savages, with the strongest feelings and the most intelligent minds I ever met with, and so alive to kindness, and so unused to it, that they seem to adore any one that treats them with humanity. To be sure they cheat whenever they can, and they have not the smallest value for their own lives and the lives of others; and as they have strong feelings of gratitude, they have also strong feelings of resentment, so that murder too often occurs amongst them. But I intend to prove to your satisfaction when we meet, that their vices are the work of the gentlemen of the country, and their virtues all their own; so wait till then, and bless your good fortune in escaping my reasoning for the present. The beauty of all this part of the country is not to be told. The lake does not belong to this world at all, but is certainly some little corner of heaven that broke off, and fell down here by some accident or other; and the musical echoes can only be produced by some of the choirs from heaven, who fell with this little corner, but don't choose to show themselves to mortal eyes. You think, I dare say, in England that we are all in an uproar about the proclamation, and the Roman Catholic petitions. I really don't believe that there are fifty people in all Ireland that think upon this subject after the meetings are over, and the resolutions sent to the paper. There is not depth or steadiness enough of character in Irishmen to make great patriots of them. They talk much and do little: this, too, to be proved to you when we meet. This is one of the most Roman Catholic counties in Ireland, yet none of the leading ones attended the meeting, for they condemn all violence. I must say we set an example of toleration in this country worthy of a more enlightened people. Bab has got great credit for asking the Roman Catholic and Protestant bishop to the same party at her house. I suppose, because she is a courtier, they expected her to be a bigot. I wish I could say as much for the rest of Ireland upon the same subject as I can for this county, but I can't; and unless they all turn Mahometans, I see no chance of their living together like Christians. And so now God bless you. If you intend to write soon, direct here; if not, to 11 Leinster Street, Dublin. Bab sends you a thousand kind things, such as loves, and friendships, and good wishes. And if you like to say anything from us to Mrs. M., we give you a *carte blanche* to say everything you would like for us to say to your wife, and when the time comes for saying it to herself, we will with pleasure. Adieu, cher Tom,

M. G.

[No. 160.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, Oct. 28, 1811.

My opera has succeeded much better than I expected, and I am glad to find that Braham is going to play it at Bath; but I have been sadly cheated. What a pity that we "swans of Helicon" should be such geese! Rogers is indignant, and so am I; and we ring the changes upon * * * and * * often enough, God knows, singing of them like Cadet Roussel's children, "*L'un est voleur, l'autre est fripon—ah! ah!*" &c. &c., but it all won't do.

I suppose you have heard that I have had the magnificent offer of Lucien Bonaparte's poem to translate, and that I have declined it. I wrote to ask Lord Moira's advice about the matter, and his answer contained one thing most comfortably important in my opinion, as showing his thoughtfulness about my future interests; he bid me, in case I should find the poem unobjectionable in its political doctrines, to mention the circumstances to McMahon, and get the Prince's assent to my translating it, adding, that if I could wait till he arrived in town, he would mention it to the Prince himself.

The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street, leading direct from it to Carlton House. This is one of the

"Primrose paths of dalliance" by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart.

I have nothing more to say now, but that I am as tranquil and happy as my heart could wish, and that I most anxiously long for the opportunity of presenting *somebody* to you. If you do not make haste, I shall have *two* somebodies to present to you. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 161.] TO MR. LONGMAN.

Wednesday, Bury Street, St. James's, 1811.

My dear Sir,—I am at last come to a determination to bind myself to your service, if you hold the same favourable dispositions towards me as at our last conversation upon business. To-morrow I should be very glad to be allowed half an hour's conversation with you, and, as I dare say, I shall be up all night at Carlton House, I do not think I could reach your house before four o'clock.

I told you before that I never could work without a retainer. It will not, however, be of that exorbitant nature which your liberality placed at my disposal the first time I had the honour of applying to you; and I still beg, as before, that our negotiations may be as much as possible between ourselves. Whatever may be the result of them, I shall always acknowledge myself indebted for the attention I have already experienced from you, and beg you to believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

Thomas Moore.

[No. 162.] TO HIS MOTHER.

——, 1811.

My dearest Mother,—I find the Master of the Rolls is in town, and, if possible, I shall go in to meet him. There is so much call for the opera, that I have *made* a *present* of it to little Power to publish; that is, *nominally* I have *made* a *present* of it to him, but I am to have the greater part of the profits notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons—*one*, that it looks more dignified, particularly after having made so light of the piece myself; and the *second*, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter, yet do not think it worth breaking with him till I have something of consequence to give Longman. Little Power is of wonderful use to me, and, indeed, I may say, is the first *liberal* man I have ever had to deal with. I hope both for his own sake and mine, that his business will prosper with him. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 163.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, Jan. 4, 1812.

I did not like to write to you during the first moments of your unhappiness, because indeed there is nothing harder than to know what to say to friends who are in sorrow, and the best way is to feel with them and be silent. Even now, I am afraid if I speak honestly, I shall confess that a selfish feeling is predominant with me, and that I am much more grieved by your absence, which is *my* distress, than the cause of it, which is *yours*. This after all, however, is very natural, and I am sure you will give me more credit for sincerity in *missing* you, whom I know and love, than in mourning over your brother, whom I scarcely was lucky enough to be even acquainted with. Most happy shall I be to see you back once more from a country which could have but little charms for you at any time, but which the sadness and perplexity you have met there now must render particularly gloomy and disagreeable. I shall be the more happy at your taking your leave of it for ever, as I have every hope and thought of being able to live in England myself; and the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I should want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it: so that I own I shall not be *quite* easy till you are once more upon English ground.

I have been living very quiet and very happy, with the exception of those little apprehensions which I must naturally feel at the approaching trial of poor Bessy's strength. She is very delicate indeed, but her spirits and resolution are much better than they were at first.

I was going to talk to you about being godmother, but as you will not be here at the time, we shall wait till the *next*, though I sincerely hope they will come "like angel visits, *few* and *far between*."

Rogers has been at Lord Robert Spencer's this fortnight past, but I have this instant got a note from him, asking me to a tête-à-tête dinner.

On Sunday last I dined at Holland House. Lord Moira took me there and brought me

back. There is no guessing what the Prince means to do: one can as little anticipate his measures as those of Buonaparte, but for a *very different reason*. I am sure the powder in his Royal Highness's hair is much more settled than anything in his head, or indeed heart, and would stand a puff of Mr. Perceval's much more stoutly. At the same time I must say, that there are not the same signs of his jilting Lord Moira, as there are of his deserting the rest of the party. Lord M. is continually at Carlton House, and there was a reserve among the other statesmen at Holland House on Sunday in talking before him, as if they considered him more in the *penetralia* of the sanctuary than themselves: it was only in groups after dinner that they let out their suspicions upon the subject. Lord Moira has not, for a long time, been so attentive to me as since his last return to London.

I never am let to write half so much as I wish; but now that I have broken the chilling ice which the last sad misfortune cast between our communications, you shall hear from me constantly. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 164.] TO HIS MOTHER.*

Saturday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I never had such a *flattering*, but embarrassing scene as yesterday. I dined at Lord Holland's, and there were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Morpeth, &c. Their whole talk was about my poem, without having the least idea that I had written it: their praises, their curiosity about the author, their guesses, &c., would have been exceedingly amusing to me, if there had been *no one* by in the secret; but Lord Holland knew it, which made me a good deal puzzled how to act. Nothing for a long time has made such a noise. The copy I had for you has been forcibly taken away from me by Lord Holland this morning; but I dare say it will be in the papers to-day or to-morrow, and at all events I will not close this letter till I try whether I can get Rogers's copy, or Lord Byron's, for you.

Rogers has this instant sent me a present of a most beautiful reading-desk, which puts the rest of my room's furniture to the blush. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

I am going to dine with Croker on Monday.

* On the appearance of his Parody of the Prince's Letter.

[No. 165.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Saturday, 1812.

I take advantage of a frank, and have but one moment to say that I am a papa! and, contrary to my express intentions, it is a little girl.* It is well for you that I have not time now to tell all I feel about your neglect of my last letter. *You* I forgive a little, because you don't like writing; but it is so unlike dear Mary, that I am afraid I am beginning to be forgotten. The Berrys and C. Moore hear continually, and Rogers, indeed, very often taunts me with the preference shown to them; but I tell him I have no doubt they deserve it, however I may lament that I have *lost* such *valued ground* to them. *Will* you be godmother to my little girl? I would not add to your responsibilities in the child line, if the god-father, who is rich and generous, did not *ask* to stand for the very purpose of taking care of the little one, if any thing should happen to us. Therefore it is the high, precious, *heart-felt sanction* (the *honour* I would say, if it were not too cold a word), the *sanctification* which your name would give to my present happy tie. This is what I want, and what I am sure you will grant me.

I hardly know what I write, but I shall be more collected next time. We are all doing well. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

* Mr. Moore's eldest daughter, Anne Jane Barbara, was born on the 4th February, 1812.

[No. 166.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

—— 1812.

I wrote to you last week; at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's "Ode to Posterity," will never be delivered according to its address. Instead of directing to Leinster Street, as you bid me, I have dispatched it to *Killarney*, with the same idea of shortness that the Irishman had when he said, "my name is Tim, but they call me O'Brallaghan *for shortness*," I dare say it will be some weeks before it reaches you, which, however, I hope it *will* do at last, as there

were some little family details in it not quite fit for the eyes of the uninitiated: for instance, there is an account of a *birth*, and rumours of a *christening*, and a modest request that you would take the poet's first production under your patronage; seriously, I have been unreasonable enough to ask that you would allow me to give your name to my little daughter; and I have at the same time told you, that I would not have added to your responsibilities in this way, only that the god-father, who is rich enough to buy all Parnassus, has taken the worldly risk entirely upon himself, and left only the spiritual and godly responsibilities to your ladyship, who will, I am sure, be as *willing* as you are *able* to undertake it.

I also threatened you with a little overflowing of my heart on the subject of your silence to me; but this I feel too deeply to venture upon in a letter. Charles Moore tells me that you are certainly coming in April, and Charles Moore has been indebted to my anxiety to know something about you, for two or three visits, which otherwise I might not perhaps have paid him; for, after all, though I can bear *participation* in what I value, I am very impatient of *monopoly*, and nothing but my real wish to know that you are well and happy could make me submit to inquire news of you from a person who so *totally* engrosses your attention. You never before left a letter of mine so long unanswered as the one I last sent to Leinster Street.

One thing is pretty certain, that you will soon be rid of me. In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances of power, I see an end to the long hope of my life; and my intention is to go far away into the country, there to devote the remainder of my life to the dear circle I am forming around me, to the quiet pursuit of literature, and, I hope, of goodness. It will make me very unhappy to be forgotten by you, but not half so much so as I should be if I thought I *deserved* it. I have not time for more. Ever your sincere friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

I have not time to look over this, but I fear there is a little *spleen* in it; and the truth is, that the political events of these few days, so suddenly breaking up all the prospects of my life, have sunk my spirits a little, so forgive me if I am either unjust or ill-natured.

[No. 167.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Friday, March 6, 1812.

Your letters have made ample amends for your silence, and I am always ready to believe, at a minute's notice, the kindest assurances of recollection which you can make me; indeed, I cannot hear them renewed too often, and I should not wonder if there were at the bottom of all my *complainings* a little lurking wish to draw these kind professions from you rather than any serious supposition that I am *really* either forgotten or supplanted. No, I believe I have a ninety-nine years lease of your hearts, which is *pretty nearly* as long a term as I shall want them for; and you may set up the sign of the *Angel* over them afterwards. I suppose I can tell you nothing in politics that you have not heard already; but I dare say I should give a very different colouring to my intelligence. Your correspondent is one of the *livery-servants* in politics, and his sentiments of course take the colour of his *facings;* but *I*, thank Heaven! (and it consoles me for my poverty) am free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I find him, and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege. You seem to think, both Lady Donegal and you, that the late events are likely to depress my spirits; and I am not sorry that you *did* think so, because the affectionate things it has made you say to me are too sweet to be lost; but I rather believe, if you were here to see with what a careless spirit I bear it all, you would be of opinion that consolations and condolences are thrown away upon me. The truth is, I feel as if a load were taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me in for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-Wisp* to me all my life, and the only thing I regret is that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance. My intention now is, as I have told you already, to live in the country upon the earnings of my brains, and to be as happy as love, literature, and liberty can make me. I think of going somewhere near Lord Moira's for the sake of the library; and though I shall have but few to talk *to* me, I will try to make many talk *of* me. This now shall be my only ambition, and I mean to lay the whole *lever* of my mind to

it. Lord Moira has behaved with all that delicate highmindedness, which those who know him well expected from him. When he told the P. that in a very short time he should make his bow and quit the country, this precious gentleman began to blubber (as he did once when he was told that Brummel did not like the cut of his coat), and said, "You'll desert me then, Moira?" "No, sir," says he; "when the friends and counsels you have chosen shall have brought your throne to totter beneath you, you will then see me by your side to sink, if it should so please God, under its ruins with you!" He is certainly going to Vienna.

(TO LADY D.)

Your answer about my little girl was so long coming, and mamma was so impatient to have her made a Christian (seeing, as she said, that "children always *thrive better* after it"), that I was obliged to take my chance for your consent; but not wishing to presume too much, we have not placed you in the *van* of responsibility, but merely made you bring up the rear in the following long army of names, "Anne Jane Barbara Moore."

We are all well, at least *pretty* well, for poor Bessy is sadly altered in looks; indeed, so totally, that, though she says nothing ails her, I cannot think how health can be compatible with such pale emaciation, and am therefore not a little anxious about her. I hope you will come before we leave London. Ever most sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 168.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday night, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—After long wishing and waiting, I got a letter from my dear father to-day, and I quite jumped at it with impatience, after the long silence you have all kept. I hope *now*, however, since I have told you of the convenience of inclosing to Lord Byron, that you will let me hear a *little* oftener about you; for, indeed, all this time that Kate has been with you, you have been three writers in family, and I am but one; besides *I* write for the public, and Kate and Nell have little other authorship than gossiping now and then to me, which I hope they will afford me oftener.

I think of taking a little tour the beginning of next week, to look for some rural retreat somewhere, as I am quite weary of London, and I find my friend Dalby is confined with an illness which may prevent him for some time investigating the neighbourhood of Donington for me.

I wish, whenever you have a good opportunity, dear mother, you would send me the remainder of my books, as I am collecting a library, and am resolved to get all together that I can. Tell Kate she must leave her Boileau to me in her will. I owe her many books still, and, as soon as I can get an opportunity, I will send her Lord Byron's book (which is *every thing* now), and one or two more new publications.

My Lord Byron liked so well the way I conducted my *own* affair with him, that he chose me as his friend the other day in a similar business, and I had the happiness of bringing him through it without going to extremities. When I say that "he liked so well," &c., I don't mean that he gave that as a reason for employing me, but I think it was a tribute that amounted to pretty much the same thing, and I was flattered by it accordingly.

I am quite sorry, my darling mother, to find that you have had your winter cold; but the sweet season that we feel now will, I trust, quite restore you.

I shall take care and not write any thing in the papers. Poor Hunt is *up* for his last article but one against the Prince. God bless you, darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 169.] TO HIS MOTHER.

—— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have not had an answer from Dalby yet, but am in the same mind about retiring *somewhere*, and I should prefer Donington both from the society and the library. Lord Moira told me himself that he meant to withdraw entirely from politics, so that I look upon all hope from him in this way as completely extinguished, and must only look to myself for my future happiness and independence; indeed, I rather think, from the appearance of the times, that the best of the great ones hold their places and possessions by a very precarious tenure, and he that has nothing to *fall from* is the only one that has

nothing to fear. I don't know whether I told you before, (and if I did not, it was my uncertainty about it for some time which prevented me), that the Powers give me between them *five hundred* a-year for my music; the agreement is for seven years, and as much longer as I choose to say. This you will own (however precarious, as depending on their success in business) is very comfortable as long as it lasts, and shows what may be done with my talents, if exerted. You will not mention this much. As soon as I have leisure to finish a long poem I have in hand, I shall get a good sum for it, which will, I hope, enable me not only to pay my debts, but to assist my dearest father with something towards *his* establishment. So you see, darling mother, my prospect is by no means an unpromising one, and the only sacrifice I must make is the giving up London society, which involves me in great expenses, and leaves me no time for the industry that alone would enable me to support them: this I shall do without the least regret.

My friend Lord Byron's poem is doing wonders, and there is nothing talked of but him every where; he certainly is * * * [*The rest of the letter has been lost.*]

[No. 170.] FROM MR. DALBY.

Castle Donington, March 31, 1812.

My dear Moore,—Your determination to quit the great city, and take up your residence among humble villagers equally delights and surprises me. From the hint you gave me in your first letter, that you intended to explain your plan to Lord Moira, I formed a hope that you would be *made* to abide in the very centre of attraction, the house at the Park, with your books all around you. This, however, was not by any means the cause of my delaying to give you an answer in due time. One of the worst colds I ever had, in combination with a long series of the worst weather I ever remember, absolutely prevented me from making that industrious search after a house for you in this neighbourhood, which I no less wished, than you seemed to require me to make. I could, indeed, at once have said that there is no house in Donington to be had for you, that is, which would suit you; but this "not satisfactory" answer was what I could not, in obedience to my own feelings, think of sending you. As soon as my present unwelcome visitor, that has detained me in the house for the last fortnight, has taken its leave, I intend to form a complete circle with a radius—(when a poet talks of "ratio," surely one that fancies himself something of a mathematician may indulge himself with his "circle and radius")—of three miles round the library at the Park, and industriously examine every point of the whole superficial contents to find out a house, neither too large nor too small, with a garden to it, that will do for the residence of a poet. By the bye, you don't say whether it must be a flower-garden or a potato-garden; and, between the poet and the Irishman, I am at a loss to determine which. This you must determine for yourself; and therefore you may, in good earnest you may, depend upon it, that the moment I have found a house which appears to me in any manner suitable for you, I shall give you information.

I have had two or three letters from Lord Moira since the restrictions expired, but he does not say one word of his disappointments. I am, dear Moore, most sincerely yours,

JNO. DALBY.

Lord Byron writes a worse hand than I ever saw before. It is almost impossible to believe that English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was originally written in so vile a hand.

[No. 171.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, May 23, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I send you the commencement of our fifth number, and I am glad we have begun so auspiciously, as I think it will make a very pretty and popular duet.

Many thanks for your inquiry at the inn, but we have got our things. They were carried by mistake to Derby.*

I have written two more verses to the inclosed air, as I mean now to finish as I go on.

You cannot imagine what a *combustible* state this country is in—all the common people's heads are full of revolution. Yesterday the bells of this and the neighbouring villages were ringing all day for the change of Ministry. Pray, let me know everything curious that comes to your knowledge in music, literature, and politics. Bessy sends best regards. Ever yours, THOMAS MOORE.

* Mr. Moore settled in Kegworth in the spring of 1812.

[No. 172.]

FROM LADY DONEGAL AND MISS GODFREY.

May, 1812.

The sight of your handwriting does one good; and the general joy which even a line from you diffuses throughout the house, would, I think, give you pleasure if you could witness it. But as you cannot, you must take my word for it. We are happy to find that your journey was performed without accident, and that Bessy is so much pleased with her new habitation, though I dare say that its greatest charm is its distance from London, and seclusion from the "haunts of man." I hope that your friends will not officiously break in upon you; but I hear that Lord Byron meditates a visit to Kegworth, as Rogers has told you in the enclosed note. He (Rogers) talks of you both in the most amiable manner, and Lord Moira and Lady Loudon * * * As usual, here am I, the poor *pis aller*, to tell you the rest, for she was obliged to go off in the midst of what she was saying, and I must supply her place as well as I can; and so, as she was saying, everybody that you care about speaks and thinks and feels about you precisely in the very way you would like. And for that most ungrateful of Bessys, she has made the most favourable impression upon all those hearts she was in such a hurry to run away from. I hope you are all unpacked and settled comfortably by this time; and that you both find everything exactly as you like it should be in this best of all possible worlds. You have a happy talent of persuading yourself that you *intend* to write the longest letters containing the fullest details of every interesting particular about yourself to your intimate friends in the course of *next week*. But for my part, I have long heard talk of those long letters and that next week; as to seeing them, I have never yet had that pleasure. However, to be just to you, you are not near so bad as you were before you married, and I live in hopes of Bessy's making you wiser and better every day. I dare say you are almost mad with delight and fit to be tied, at the thoughts of Mr. Wortley's success. The poor departed Ministers were thunderstruck, for he was their supporter through many a year of hard labour to keep their places. Lord Wellesley, they say, will move heaven and earth to make up a Ministry with Lord Holland, Lord Moira, Lord Lansdowne, and Canning. His first measure, to give the Catholics all they ask; his second, to send every soldier he can lay his hands on to Spain, and to make a sublime effort there; and his third, to tax us within an inch of our lives. If we live to tell the story, we shall tell it grandly, and you had better get ready your epic poem for the occasion. If we die, we shall die like demi-gods, but what'll become of your poem?

Yesterday, at the levee, Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Hertford were leaning on a writing-table which broke, and down they came: that good honest man, that nobody cares for because he is honest, Lord Sidmouth, caught at the table to prevent the fall, and got his hands all over ink. "Well," he said, "I did hope to have gone out of office with clean hands." In the Prince's interview with Lord Wellesley and Canning, when he was trying to persuade them to join with the relics of Percival, he tried all ways to soften them, and finding them inflexible upon the Catholic question, he rubbed his hands and said, "I must try then to get Liverpool and Eldon to give up this point." Bab thinks you may enclose once more to Lord Glenbervie when you have a large packet, but he is tottering with the rest, and I suppose only holds his place till arrangements are made. She has got two packets from Power for you; they came yesterday; but she has not yet been able to get a large frank for them, but will for Monday's post.

I am in a violent hurry, so make the best of my blots and scratches, and give our love, downright, honest love, to Bessy; and we send the same to yourself, wishing you places and pensions in this new order of things. Yours ever, M. G.

Bab will really write soon.

[No. 173.] TO MISS GODREY.

Kegworth, Wednesday——1812.

This is *not* "the long letter next week," so don't mistake it for it. Campbell, you know, says that "coming events cast their shadows before;" so this is only the *shadow* of the coming letter, which you shall have, please pen and ink, before next Tuesday. The first glass of wine of *my own* that I've drunk since I came here was the day before yesterday to

the late Ministry, and (as we say in Ireland) "sweet bad luck to them," I feel more indifferent about chances and changes than ever I did in my life, which makes it more likely, perhaps, that I shall get something good out of them, for Fortune is one of those ladies who are piqued by indifference, and generally makes her advances to those who could contrive to do very well without her.

I took Bessy yesterday to Lord Moira's, and she was not half so much struck with its grandeur as I expected. She said, in coming out, "I like Mr. Rogers's house ten times better;" but she loves everything by association, and she was very happy in Rogers's house. By the same rule, I think 56 Davies Street would excel, in her eyes, every mansion in the Lady's Almanack.

Good by. I was very near forgetting though, that you have kept me in sad suspense about a packet (one of those that were sent to you) which comes from Bermuda, and which, I shrewdly suspect, contains *money;* if you had had a suspicion of this, I know you would have contrived, somehow or other, to put wings to it for me; but I dare say you sent it flying yesterday. Good by again. Ever yours, THOMAS MOORE.

I am sorry the old *Woodman** is going out; but we shall get somebody else perhaps.

Since I wrote the above, I have received the packet from you, and it *is money* indeed! Bessy imputes this luck entirely to a little robin redbreast that has haunted us these two days.

[No. 174.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Wednesday,——1812.

My dearest Mother,—You missed one letter from me last week on account of my bustle in town, but now that I am returned (and right happy to get back), you shall have your weekly dues as regular as ever. I came yesterday morning, very much fatigued indeed with sitting up all night, and I found Bessy and the little one pretty well. Bab *had* been very ill during my absence, on account of something wrong they gave her to eat at Dalby's, but she is now getting round again.

I dined with Lord Moira again a day or two before I left town, and from what I could collect from him and others, I do not think there is much probability of his going over to Ireland. He will not go without full powers of emancipation, and those they will not give him. The Chancellor is the dire stumbling-block in the way both of him and the Catholics.

This little trial of London has only made me love my quiet home and books better. Indeed, I want but *you*, darling mother, and my good father and Ellen with me, to confine all my desires within this dear circle. My friends in London were astonished at my *fat*. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 175.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I dined with Lord Moira yesterday, and I fear I shall be obliged to go there again to-morrow. I say "I *fear*," because I do not like to leave Bessy alone; and, besides, she is always so anxious about my returning at nights, which are now growing dark: however, to-morrow is Lady L.'s birthday, and as they will most probably be off in a day or two more, I think I shall go. I believe I told you about her kindness in undertaking to consult her own physician in London about Bessy's health. She is to call upon us the day after to-morrow, for the purpose of hearing accurately from Bessy herself the state of her health, and getting Dr. Clarke's opinion upon it when she arrives in town. I got the paper my dear father sent me with Curran's speech. I am delighted to find that Lord Moira is regaining so fast the popularity which he lost for a moment with the Catholics; and, indeed, from the general aspect of affairs, I don't think it at all improbable that we shall see him lord lieutenant of Ireland this next year.

I have had a very kind letter from my friend Colonel Hamilton. Bessy was to have written to-day, but she has Mary Dalby with her, and therefore only sends her love. Ever your own, TOM.

Let me know whether my letters go regularly now.

[No. 176.] TO MR. POWER.

Friday, —— 1812.

My dear Sir,—I got the parcel yesterday, which I find you had sent off before you received my letter through Lord Glenbervie. I shall therefore despatch this by post, lest there

* Lord Glenbervie.

should occur any delay in its reaching you; and I have to ask pardon for having omitted answering two or three questions in your former letters. In the first place, with respect to a subject for the engraving to this number, I agree with you that the Minstrel Boy would be a very good subject, and more simple than Love, Wit, and Valour, which occurred to me as offering a tolerable field for the fancy of a good artist; but the other is, as you say, very national, and I should suppose you mean the boy to be taken when fallen on the ground and tearing away the strings of his harp. The title of "Merrily oh!" I would have as follows: "The Tyrolese Song of Liberty; a national air, arranged with English words, and dedicated to Miss Rawdon:" but I should like to see it as arranged for a single song before you print it, if that be not already done, or at least a proof of it.

With respect to which of the songs I mean for the *Book*, that is entirely as you may think proper yourself; you are the best judge of the mode in which they will tell to the most advantage. The order of the Melodies I shall think over against Tuesday, when I will send you those back you may wish for, through Lord Glenbervie. Let me know by letter tomorrow, which of the manuscripts you sent you wish returned.

If you have a verse of "Oh! see those Cherries," beginning "Old Time thus fleetly," it is all I have written or intend to write to it.

I shall finish the number of the Melodies this month. I am sorry to find that there is no air in it at all likely to suit my own singing, which does not tell well for the number. When I write to your brother, I will bid him send me some more: there is one lately published by him with words of Curran's, but it is no great things.

I looked over Gardiner's preface as you desired me, and if the subject you were thinking of be a New Version of the Psalms, I am afraid that is a task that would be sure to bring disgrace upon me, for I agree with Dr. Johnson, that such a work must "necessarily be bad." But I'll tell you what I should be very glad to undertake with Stevenson, and that is, a series of Sacred Songs, Duets, &c.; the words by me, and some of the airs. If you think this would do, I shall very readily join him in it.

I am still without any further intelligence about Lord Moira's plans. Ever yours, my dear sir, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 177.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, June, 1812.

I send you the Tyrolese air, which I have just written words to, and I think it goes beautifully. Pray let me know whether anything more is done with Stevenson; if not, I shall send you up a letter, which you must forward to him with my songs to be arranged. The second verse of "Cease, oh! cease," is to be thus:

"Say, oh! say no more that lover's pains are sweet,
I never, never can believe the fond deceit.
Thou lov'st the wounded heart,
I love to wander free;
So, keep thou Cupid's dart,
And leave his wings to me."

This will sparkle better in the page. Ever yours, T. M.

[No. 178.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, June 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I hope you got my little parcel last week with the Tyrolese air, and that I soon shall hear from you about Stevenson. I got the proofs you sent through Lord Glenbervie; but unfortunately it was most deceitful intelligence that Joe Atkinson gave me about the War Office being again opened to me, for it is as shut as ever; and all I can do is to send my packet back to Lord Glenbervie, and get him to frank it to Ireland. You shall have the proofs at the same time. I wish we could get the Irish airs your brother has. Pray write to him about them.

What an unexpected turn these long delayed arrangements have taken! I cannot suppose, however, that the House of Commons will allow these *invalided* gentlemen to go on with the Ministry. The tone in which you write about *my* political expectations is as liberal as usual, and very cheering to me. I do not think I ever met any one who feels so rightly about me as you do.

Do you think do the Americans mean *seriously* to put a few hundreds a year in my pocket?

Within this week past I feel something like settlement to business; *and ten days shall seldom pass over my head* without your seeing some proofs of my industry.

Mrs. Power is very good-natured to think of little Nanny, and Bessy means very soon to write her a long account of all our domestic felicities. You certainly *must* come down to us: we have already a room which is called Mr. Power's room.

Believe me, with the best regards of Bessy and myself to Mrs. Power and you, ever sincerely yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 179.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday night, —— 1812.

My dear Sir,—I am sincerely sorry to put any *drag* upon the *wheel* of a business, which seemed to run so glibly and prosperously to-day; but, upon mentioning the kind of *forms* which we had used in our agreement to the friend with whom I consult about everything of this kind, he made me feel the very great irregularity I had been guilty of, in putting myself totally in the power of your brother and you, while I had not a *line* in return to give me the least claim or binding upon *you*. I need not tell you how much I wish our compact to depend solely upon the good-will and convenience of all those concerned in it; but still it is rather sinking *me* into a comparative nothingness in the arrangement to make me write a formal agreement to *your* terms, without letting me have one line in writing from *you* to guarantee an equal observance of the stipulations on your side. Indeed, I am well convinced that it is only from oversight that you or your brother could have proposed such a very unequal arrangement, and I therefore feel less hesitation in begging that you will both return me the letter I have written you, and let us strike out some mode of giving a form to our government, in which the securities may be somewhat more regular and reciprocal. I am, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 180.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Kegworth, June, 1812.

This is merely an experiment to try how I can get at you through the Woods and Forests*, and as soon as I have cleared the vista, we shall have many a peep at each other. We arrived here safe and tired, though, I must say, I never made a journey with less fatigue, for we had the inside of the stage to ourselves, and it was like travelling in the family coach. Bessy is quite pleased with our new house and runs wild about the large garden, which is certainly a delightful emancipation for her after our very limited domain at Brompton. But we are still in all the horrors of settling, and if a life could be found worse than that of "buttoning and unbuttoning," it would be packing and unpacking. We talk often over your kindness to us the morning we came away, and *I* think often of your kindness to me every morning I have ever seen you. God bless you for it all; and, as I intend now to go to church every Sunday, you shall have many a prayer offered up for you; none of your worn-out devotions, that have been hacked till they are good for nothing, but bran new prayers, that (at least *in church*) are very little the worse for the wear. Love to dear Mary and your sister, from theirs and yours ever,

T. M.

* Through a kind friend of mine, Lord Glenbervie, we long continued to enjoy this privilege.

[No. 181.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

June, 1812.

I had much rather be hanged than write to you, for you treat my letters with the utmost contempt, and always answer them to Bab, which is as much as to say, "I implore you not to write to me any more." But yet, being as good-natured a fool as you ever had the pleasure of knowing, I will give you a few lines, because Rogers says you want to know the whys and the wherefores, and the on dits of all these late political follies. It will puzzle me to tell you *why* Lord M., from a high-flown sense of honour, quite above the common flight of common understandings, has thought it right, and loyal, and patriotic to keep in a set of Ministers, whom he has hitherto appeared to think knaves and fools, and to be the champion of Lord Yarmouth, &c., for whom he feels a thorough contempt. And when he thought the salvation of the country depended upon the Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Orders of Council, in short, upon a total change of men and measures, *why* he sacrificed his poor dear country, and only thought of saving Lord Hertford's and Lord Yarmouth's places, and all in the name of *honour*, is what I never can tell you; at least, I can only tell you that his friends say it was all

honour; that Lord Yarmouth had behaved particularly ill to him, and that he felt it was a *point of honour* not to allow the Prince to dismiss him, lest it might be supposed he was actuated by personal pique; that it would be acknowledging that he believed in the influence of the house of Hertford over the Prince if he recommended their dismissal; that Lord Grey and Lord Grenville insisted upon it in so high a tone, that yielding to them was lowering the Prince; so that, over and above his own tremendous honour, he took the Prince's also under his protection—*c'étoit bien peu de chose.* There he made his stand. And I am firmly persuaded that he acted a most disinterested part, and that he has been the dupe of his own honourable feelings, and the Prince's tears. To these he must believe he has sacrificed his country, for he has long said these Ministers and their measures were ruining it. He may set up for a pattern of an honourable man and devoted friend, but as to a patriot or statesman, I suppose he cannot. Do you think he can? The Opposition are also condemned for not coming in without saying a word of the household; and, after arranging the Ministry, they might have dismissed the household with impunity, for the Prince would then have been afraid to object. Lord Ellenborough says, they have lost the game with four by honours and the odd trick in their hand. Mr. Sheridan is accused of having acted so unaccountable a part, that he thinks it right to come forward with explanations in the House of Commons. Lord Yarmouth says he told him he intended to resign the moment the Opposition came in, on purpose that he might inform them of it. Sheridan says he heard him make such a declaration, but it appeared to him to arise from the pettish feeling of the moment, and that he was not authorized to repeat it. Lord Yarmouth says he was. So the story is to be told in the House of Commons. In the meantime I am now persuaded that the ministers we have are as good as any others. They manage their own affairs so well, that I live in hopes of their outwitting Buonaparte, as they have outwitted the Opposition. And as to patriots, I don't believe in the existence of any such creatures. Don't write any more good things. Lord Moira says the P. must no longer be trampled on,—that he must be kept up to the people. There are some ill-natured remarks now and then upon potato-heads, and sneers at the word honour, which grieve me, for I think highly of the man—but, alas for the statesman!! I might just as well have spared you all this, for you may read it in the papers. Rogers put it into my head to write, though I have but little to say. Our kindest remembrances to Bessy. Yours sincerely,

T. M.

There was a fine scene about the ribbon that the P. took off his own shoulders to put on Lord Moira's at the installation. Tears ensued.

[No. 182.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Monday, June 22, 1812.

You must take every line I write to you now as pure matter of friendship, without one grain of self-interestedness in it, for my Lord Glenbervie has given me free leave to make use of him *on my own account*, and so I am now independent of you, and might crack my fingers at you, if it were not for a little sneaking kindness that makes me think of you even when you are *not* doing me services; a sort of repose, in which you so seldom indulge yourself, that I ought to avail myself of every such short opportunity as you allow me for the display of my disinterestedness.

I thank you very much for the pamphlet, and if you think the Quarterly Review will come within the limits of Lord G.'s privilege and good-nature, Power shall now and then trouble you with one for me. I would not ask you to send me the Edinburgh, because that is growing too heavy to be franked.

They are preparing at Donington for Lord Moira, but I should suppose he is tied too fast by the ribbon to come away; and, in the mean time, I meet very good company at the Park, both ancients and moderns, Greeks and Persians; and the best of it is, I have the privilege of bringing home as many of them as I please to a visit with *me.*

I have heard nothing whatever of Lord Byron, and I dare say he will return to London without my seeing him. Lord Tamworth called upon me yesterday, but I was at church!

From what I see of this place, I have the pleasure to tell you that I think we shall be able to live very cheaply in it. There is no

fear of my getting too fat with eating; the market is as bad nearly as that of Bermuda, where they ring a bell to announce the *event* of their going to kill a *creatur*.

Bessy is plagued with headaches. *You* never say anything about your health, but I think often of those vile attacks you have, and wish you would tell me whether they are less frequent. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I shall write to Rogers this week, but I am ill myself to-day with a pain, something like rheumatism, in my shoulder: it may, however, be a strain which I have got in *hoisting* little Barbara. How is *your* little Barbara?

No. 183.] FROM LORD GLENBERVIE.

London, June 25, 1812.

Dear Sir,—I can assure you it will give me very sincere pleasure to be in any respect instrumental in enabling you to continue, with your accustomed periodical regularity, the exercise of that tender office in which your filial affection has been so long engaged. I request that you will not deprive your mother of the comfort of hearing from you as often as formerly from any scruple in making me the channel of your correspondence. I lost, too early in life, the blessing you have still the happiness to possess, to have personally experienced the gratification you seem so worthy of enjoying. I have, however, ample domestic observation to confirm what our earliest feelings teach us, that there is no sentiment so tender, so permanent, and so pure as the reciprocal sympathy of filial and maternal love. Believe me, dear sir, most sincerely yours,

GLENBERVIE.

[No. 184.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Kegworth, Monday, June 29, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—Do not think that I did not deeply *feel* your letter because I have been slow in acknowledging it. I am one of the ruminating animals, you know, and chew the cud of a letter long after others would have swallowed and forgotten it. Really and sincerely the most solid benefit you could do me (and I know no one who would be more ready to do me one) could not affect me more strongly than the kind, prompt, and cordial feeling with which you received the intelligence of my marriage. It has been a happy marriage indeed, my dear Dalton, and I doubt whether I could have arrived at a wife by any other process that would have made me equally sure of her attachment, purity, and disinterestedness. You know we found, with some degree of pleasure upon both sides, that Mrs. Dalton and she had taken a strong fancy to each other, even at the distance by which they were then separated; and it will give me the most heartfelt pleasure to see them side by side, a sort of *companion pictures* in friendship to *you* and *me*. I don't know when this time will arrive, but, whenever it does, it will be sure to make me happy.

I am ashamed to say a word about the "*olim promissum carmen*" for the club, except that I own it cooled my zeal a little to find that Power and Corry have never heard a syllable about it; and as I know, of course, that they would be among the first of the *élite*, I thought that nothing but your abandonment of the idea could have kept them from knowing something about it. I have written a song very lately, which I think would suit Mrs. Dalton, and I intended it should accompany this letter, but I find I *must* write again to you in a day or two about some business with Stevenson, and the song shall go then.

What a mess you must have made of poor M. P., in Dublin! They are playing it, I see, at the Lyceum again.

I wish (as you have so often thought of retirement in England) that you would come and live near us here, and let us be happy and musical together. Lord Moira's library, which I will insure you the use of, and the use of *my* voice as a third, now and then, in our old favourites, Haydn and Mozart, would make a country life pass, not only pleasantly but profitably. Living here is as cheap as any poet or musician could wish; and, for myself, I see every prospect of being able, in a few years, to be *just* to my friends as well as grateful, and gradually to emancipate myself from debts of all kinds. But I am forgetting all this time your plaguy plan, which of course will keep you in Ireland, and put an end to the vision of having you here completely.

Our little child, which is quite a *fairy*, and was very puny at first, is getting as fat and merry as a young sucking cherub.

You shall hear from me again very soon,

and in the meantime believe me ever, your sincere friend, THOMAS MOORE.

I did intend to send this to Corry for you, but as it is doubtful whether he is in Dublin, you shall pay postage for it.

[No. 185.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

—— 1812.

I have not much to say to you, but as I have said nothing to you since I received your last note, which was a very amiable production, I feel disposed to give you a few lines to-day as I can get a frank. Your retirement will soon be broke in upon, I suppose, by your great neighbours, who are either gone, or just going, to Donington. You will also soon see Rogers, who will tell you all about this gay world that you have so wisely quitted. You will still like, I hope, to hear something of us poor fools who yet remain in it. I wish you had pitched your tent within reach of Tunbridge, that you and *Bessy* might make us a visit there. We mean to go there about the middle of August. I dare say you feel much more indifferent about politics, and all the ambitious pursuits of men, now that you have got out of their way, than you did when you were in the midst of the bustle; and if Heaven has blessed you with a fine large tree and a seat under it, you sit there rejoicing on a fine evening with your wife at your side, your child at your feet, and a book in your hand, and wondering at poor foolish man that can wish for more; and many is the word of contempt you bestow upon your poor fellow-creatures who keep toiling on their weary way. I am sure these are the moments in which men think themselves wisdom itself; and I believe they are right, but why abuse the rest of mankind? Dear Tom, look upon us all with kindness from under the shade of your oak tree. May one venture to hint to you, how the rest of the world employ themselves? I'll try, and you can but go to sleep, or burn my letter. There are people whose spirits are greatly revived by this war in the north, and who foresee all sorts of happy results. One cause of hope is the part Bernadotte takes. They say he has formed a very fine Swedish army, and that he directs the Russian campaign. It is the first time that Buonaparte has had one of his own generals opposed to him, which at least makes a change in the state of things. In Spain Lord Wellington has got a *carte blanche*, and he is for the future to pursue his own plans, unchecked by Ministers at home. He complains that the English papers give too much information to the enemy, who have no other intelligence from Spain but what they get through this channel. I saw a French gentleman yesterday, who is lately arrived in this country, and I am told one may believe everything he says. He gave a very entertaining account of Buonaparte's impatience to have the English papers translated to him. While his secretary is translating them, he stands looking over his shoulders, reading every word as fast as he writes; not a word must be omitted upon any account, not even the paragraphs against himself. This gentleman, and a Russian, who has arrived within the last week, say nothing can equal the enthusiastic admiration that is felt for Lord Wellington all over the Continent, and that they can take back no present to their friends which would be half so much liked as a print of him. I wonder if Lord Moira will talk to you about his unfortunate negotiation, and I should like to know if he has yet any suspicion how much he was the Prince's dupe. If one may judge from the outside of things, he appears to have been treated with the most mortifying neglect also. The Thursday after his negotiation with the Opposition ended, when he had accepted the Garter, and the present Ministers secured their places, there was a drawing-room at which the whole house of Moira was; the Prince went about inviting company to Carlton House that evening, but never asked any one of that family; which, considering all the tears he shed at the reconciliation, might have been expected as a thing of course. On the Friday, Lord M. went to the levee, and was installed. The next day the Prince had a great dinner of what he called friends, to which Lord M. was *not* invited. And three times that day, both before and after dinner, he declared that if Lord Grenville had been *forced* upon him he should have *abdicated*. This was his expression. A friend of ours was there, and asked if this declaration was to be kept a secret, and one of the Princes who was present told him not, that the Regent wished to have it known. This is an absolute fact, and shows what a dupe poor Lord M. was.

The Prince also, as we heard the other day, now declares that he never did hold out any hope to the Irish Catholics; and he says he has written to Lord Kenmare to tell him so, and to beg he will contradict the report of such a declaration in their favour ever having been made to him. And he desires to have his letter and Lord Kenmare's answer published in the Dublin Evening Post. I think it is hardly possible that this can be true, but yet we were assured that it came from himself. This is all that I have to tell you at present, but I dare say Rogers will have a thousand amusing anecdotes for you.

My sisters both desire their kindest remembrances to you and Bessy, and so do I. Ever sincerely yours, M. G.

[No. 186.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Tuesday, July, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I have but just time to thank you for your beautiful book, which I am playing through with the greatest delight. The subjects are most tastefully selected, and admirably arranged. Your copy for Lord Moira I will willingly take charge of, and you had better lose no time in sending it, as it is doubtful how long they will stay at Donington Park.

I find I shall have an opportunity of forwarding your Sermons to you in the course of the week. Yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 187.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Aug. 13, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I was in hopes I should be able to send to you the ballad for Mr. Ashe to-day, in order that Stevenson might have it to take with him to Cheltenham to-morrow. I have not, however, been able to please myself in it; but by to-morrow's post I think I shall at least succeed so far as to send you *one verse*, which you can forward after him, if he is gone, and I can write the remainder afterwards, one verse being quite enough for him to set to. In the meantime I shall write at the other side some words, which I think, with a gay and elegant air, might be made popular. I could add a third verse if it was thought absolutely necessary; but the idea is so completely put into the *two*, that I had much rather leave it as it is, and I think there is enough of it. Bid Stevenson take pains with it, and not repeat *too often* the last line. Am I to see him here? If he does not think it worth while to take Kegworth in his wanderings, I shall never have a good opinion either of his *taste* or his *friendship*.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from us both. Bessy has just had visits from Lady Tamworth and Lady Rumbold. We are unluckily in the *thick* of fine people here. Ever sincerely yours, THOMAS MOORE.

1.

"She has beauty—but still you must keep your heart cool;
She has wit—but you must not be caught so:
Thus *Reason* advises—but Reason's a fool,
And 'tis not the first time I have thought so,
Dear Fanny!
'Tis not the first time I have thought so.

2.

"She is lovely—then love her, nor let the bliss fly,
'Tis the charm of youth's vanishing season:
Thus *Love* has advis'd me, and who will deny
That Love reasons much better than Reason,
Dear Fanny!
Love reasons much better than Reason."

My name may be put to these words. I intend to alter the second line of the second verse.*

[No. 188.] TO MR. POWER.

—— 1812.

My dear Sir,—I send to you the song for Braham in this parcel. I feel almost sure he will like it. You had better take my copy to him, and tell him that what I have put as bass now must be turned into accompaniment. He may alter as he likes, and, as soon as I know he approves of it, you shall have the second verse, which I will make applicable to any purpose he may wish it for. I am just going into Ashbourne with this parcel, and to get my bill changed: if I succeed, I will send it by the morning's post. Yours ever, T. M.

First Verse.

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet.
Does Time with his cold wind wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune! hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* It does not appear that the verse was ever altered. It is not so melodious as Moore's lines usually are.

[No. 189.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Kegworth, —— 1812.

I have only time to say two words, and that is to beg you will send me a kiss a-piece by Rogers, who, you know, is coming down to me on Sunday next. I forget who the man was that set fire to his house after the Constable Bourbon had been in it; but I believe I shall do the same by mine (though from a different reason) after this memorable visit. I shall be so happy to have had a right good, excellent friend under my *own* roof!

The Moiras are come, and I am just going to do the honours of the country to them. Millions of thanks for your last letter. I knew your head was bad, though you would not tell me of it. Ever yours, T. M.

N. B.—This is *really* only a note; but such a letter as will follow it!

[No. 190.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I know you must be anxious about your little grand-daughter's (only think—your grand-daughter!!) getting over her weaning, and I have great delight in telling you that she hardly seems to have missed the nurse at all, but has taken to the bread and milk as naturally as if she and it were old acquaintances.

I believe I shall have to fly up to London in a day or two about some business with Power and Stevenson, and I shall avail myself of the opportunity of calling upon the Sheddons about my deputy at Bermuda, though I rather think now there will be no American war.

A draft which I sent out to Colonel Hamilton some time ago (in payment of money which he quite *forced* upon me when I was going upon my tour in America) shared the fate of my other arrears from my old deputy, and was never paid; so that I have been obliged, since his arrival, to produce *forty pounds!* Nothing could be more kind about it than my old friend the colonel, for he never mentioned the circumstance, and it was only by a round-about way I found out that he had not been paid.

God bless my darling mother. Lady Loudoun and Lord M. called upon us on their way to town, and brought us pine-apples, &c. How shockingly Lord M. has been treated in the Edinburgh Review. It quite goes to my heart to think of his having exposed himself to such profanation of abuse. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 191.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington Park, Thursday night, 1812.

My dearest Mother,—To-day I drove Bessy over to our own house to see dear little Barbara, whom we found quite well and in high spirits. I think it would have pleased you to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady Loudoun's crimson travelling cloak round her to keep her comfortable. It is a glorious triumph of good conduct on both sides, and makes my heart happier and prouder than all the best worldly connections could possibly have done. The dear girl and I sometimes look at each other with astonishment in our splendid room here, and she says she is quite sure it must be all a dream. Indeed, Lady Loudoun's attentions are most kind and delicate. We think of going on with Rogers the day after to-morrow to see Matlock, which is a most beautiful place, within four-and-twenty miles of this.

God bless you, my darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 192.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Thursday, 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I am just returned from a most delightful little tour with Rogers. We left Donington on Sunday (poor Bessy being too ill and too fatigued with the ceremonies of the week to accompany us), and went on to Matlock, where I was much charmed with the scenery, and from thence proceeded to Dove Dale, which delighted me still more. It is the very abode of Genii. I parted with Rogers at Ashbourne, and came home yesterday evening. I found Bessy by no means well, but the little thing in high spirits. We are both right glad to be quietly at home again. Nothing could equal the kind attentions of Lord M. and Lady Loudoun; the latter gave Bessy the most cordial advice about her health. The day we were coming away, Lord M. took me aside, and asked me in his own delicate manner about the state of my

pecuniary affairs; and when I told him that I had every prospect of being comfortable, he said, "I merely inquired with respect to any *present* exigence, as I have no doubt there will soon be a change in politics, which will set us all on our legs." This was very pleasant, as being a renewal of his pledge to me, though I fear the change he looks to is farther off than he thinks. Ever your own,

TOM.

I am afraid, on account of my *tour*, you will be stinted to *one letter* this week.

[No. 193.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Wednesday night, twelve o'clock.

My dear Sir,—I send you my last parting words. To-morrow morning we are off, and be assured that we leave some of our best recollections with *you*. Hall the carrier will take you your books on Saturday, and I hope they may arrive safe.

I am in your debt for my comforts the last winter, but I hope to pass through Leicester at no very distant period, when this and *higher matters* shall be settled between us.

I can scarcely see to write, so weary with the fatigues of packing, bill-paying, &c. &c. Bessy joins in best remembrances to you, with yours very truly, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 194.] TO EDWARD DALTON, ESQ.

Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—This evening we are off; and if you knew the demands I have had upon every thought and moment during the last week, you would not have written me so cross a letter. I did not *enumerate* to you the various obstacles there were to my going to Beau-Parc, because I thought you would give me credit for *wishing* it *heartily*, and for not allowing mere "laziness" or "want of stimulus," to prevent me. In the first place, there was my sister, who came up, at very great risk, to have a few days of us, before our departure. In the next place, there was little Power from London, full of fuss and fury, about Cymon, Sacred Melodies, his brother, &c. &c.; and in the last and chief place, there was my daily and hourly anxiety about our little girl, lest the efforts making to prepare her for the journey, by air and exercise, might expose her to cold and bring on a relapse of the complaint. Notwithstanding all this, and the offence I knew it would give my sister, to leave her after the effort she had made to come out of a sick bed to take leave of us, your letter was in such a tone of accusation, that I had made up my mind to set off on Sunday for Beau-Parc (of which Corry and Joe Atkinson will be my witnesses), when the arrival of little Power from London on Saturday totally put it out of my power, and has made my last moments here one uninterrupted paroxysm of bustle, wrangling, and anxiety. Now that I have explained everything, I must say you owe me a kind and prompt atonement for the unreasonably angry tone of your last letter; and let me have it by return of post, directed to Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Be particular in telling me all about your health, and believe me, with best regards to Mrs. D., ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 195.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Thursday, ——, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—Just when I received your letter, and almost ever since, I have been occupied by a *job* which has taken up all my thoughts and time; but now I am free to think of goblets and flowers again, without the *amari aliquid* of business to embitter them; and the first thing I shall do will be your Charter Glee, if I can get time enough to anticipate that *consummation* of all Baviuses and Mœviuses—Mason. At all events, I will write the words; and even though they should not be time enough to get the dip in the *baptismal* font of your club, they will do for the ceremony of *confirmation*. I have not a moment now to say more. I am off to-morrow night to Donington, where I shall not, however, make any long stay.

The beginning of next week you shall have a *Plenipo* letter from me. Best remembrances to Mrs. D. from hers and yours ever and ever, T. MOORE.

[No. 196.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I have only time to tell you that I arrived safe and sleepy yesterday morning, and to ask a thousand pardons for having left you so much in the style of a schemer, for

I find I did not even pay for my *washing*, and the salt-fish gave likewise *leg-bail* for itself; but I don't know which it was, my shortness of *time* or of *money*, that occasioned these oversights; whichever it was, I am sure you will forgive me.

I have found here a letter from your brother announcing to me the intelligence that he has had his little child christened *Thomas Moore:* what do you think of that? *Yours*, if a little girl, will of course be Miss *Melody Power*, to keep him in countenance.

I have found Bessy and the little thing *only* pretty well; but (notwithstanding you made me so comfortable) I am right glad to get back.

You shall soon have more Melodies. Ever yours, T. Moore.

[No. 197.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1812.

My dear Dalton,—I was in London when your letter arrived here, or it should have been answered sooner, and now and then I have been *dreaming* of answering it *in person* at Kilkenny; but it has been *only* dreaming, for the thing would be quite impracticable. I would not give a rush to go without taking Bessy with me, and that would be "double, double toil, and trouble," which I never could attempt; besides, she is not in a portable state at present; but how I should have delighted to exchange places with the dear girl, and see her in the boxes and myself on the stage.

I, of course, saw a good deal of Stevenson in London, and, if he "in aught may be believed," we may expect him down here to pass some days with us: he is as boyish and paradoxical as ever, and makes the grave matter-of-fact Englishmen stare wherever he goes. I have one or two *inert* subjects to play him off upon here, and expect a good deal of amusement from it. I see the run of Code's piece is already interrupted after only six or seven nights in sequence; indeed, but for the base abuse of Buonaparte, and the clap-trap allusions to the Spaniards, it could not have stood at all, for it is *pestilently bad*, and Stevenson's music is seldom at all worthy of him.

I had heard of your fame with the commissioners before you mentioned it, and heartily congratulate you not only upon your enjoyment of the *sweets* of place, but (much more) upon your keeping yourself free from its *corruptions*. Every day more and more convinces me that there is but *one* RIGHT way of thinking upon political subjects, and that few take the wrong one who have not some flaw in their *hearts* as well as their *heads*. There was some faint negotiation, I believe, lately with Lord Moira, about the lord lieutenancy of Ireland; but he will not *always* be their dupe, and I only hope he may live long enough to prove, that, though he forgot himself, he has never forgot his country. I don't know whether I have written to you since Bessy and I were on a visit at Donington Park, but it would give you, I am sure, heartfelt pleasure to see the kind, the familiar, and cordial attentions with which both Lord Moira and Lady Loudoun treated her. Lady L. has written to her since she went to town, and there is a degree of good feeling and good taste in the unformal and hearty manner she writes, that will always make me both respect and love her; for she has with others the character of being cold and high, which makes her relaxation in this instance more amiable and well-intentioned.

I am flattered more than I can tell you, by Mrs. Dalton's anxiety to get the song I promised, and must tell you how truly flattered I felt at Stevenson's saying (when I sung him another I have done since), "How finely Olivia would sing that!" but, I fear, you must wait till you either see *them* in print, or *me* in Dublin; for I thought it but right to sound little Power with regard to the propriety of giving copies, and he did not seem to wish it. This must also be an answer to your request of a song for Kilkenny, though I doubt whether I have one that would suit your purpose.

Tell Power that I called on my *fellow-labourer* Cardon when I was in town, and was sorry to find that he had been very ill, and obliged to go to the country. If I have a right to make any request of the manager, it is that he will not too hastily determine this to be the last season: tell him this, and with my hearty good wishes to him and all his merry men, and a hope that I may be sometimes remembered over their claret, believe me, my dearest Dalton, ever your attached friend,

Thomas Moore.

My Bessy's best regards to you and Mrs. Dalton.

[No. 198.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy has received your letter, and if you could witness the pleasure it gave both her and me, you would think it was the only one thing in this world which we wanted to make us *quite* happy; but there is still more wanting, and that is the delight of our being all together in love and quiet: and, please God! I trust that happiness is not very far distant; though on every account it would be imprudent of me to break in upon the leisure and profitable retirement I am enjoying at present. I shall let you pay the postage of this letter, as I shall not trouble Corry till my next. I feel a little compunction about him, as his letters do not go free; but their postage is all paid by the board. However, once or twice a week will not break the Great Linen Board of Ireland. You shall have a letter from Bessy herself with my next, but to-day she is very busy preparing for a tea and supper party which she gives to-morrow evening to some of the *Natives* here. I am much afraid that Lord Moira has ruined his reputation as a statesman. The only thing that can save him is (what I suppose he reckons upon) the present Ministry giving up the Catholic question; in which case he will, of course, go to Ireland. But if they deceive his hopes in this respect, I look upon him as a gone man with the Catholics, the country, and, what is worse, *himself*. I shall send a letter for Kate with my next packet. God bless my dearest mother and father. With the best love and duty of our hearts, believe me, ever your own,

TOM.

Love to dear Nell.

[No. 199.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dear Sir,—I suppose you have heard this (to *me*) very important news of Lord Moira's being appointed governor-general of India. Himself, Lady Loudoun, and the three eldest children are to sail in January next. What effect this will have upon *my* destinies I cannot at present conjecture, but it must be something very tempting indeed which would take me so far from all I have hitherto loved and cultivated. He could, of course, get me something at home by exchange of patronage, but I cannot brook the idea of taking anything under the present men; and, therefore, it will be either *India* or *nothing* with me. If he goes off without me, which is most probable, all I have left for it is, hand in hand with you, to make my own independence, and, I trust, contribute to yours: there will be an end then to all expectation from patronage, and *our plan* will be the only object to attract all my attention and energy. I am at present, as you may suppose, in rather a fidgetting suspense, and shall be till my fate is decided one way or the other, which cannot be till I see Lord Moira himself, and he intends, I find, coming down here in a fortnight.

I inclose you the last letter I had from your brother. You perceive he still clings to the idea of separate deeds. Did you tell him I had written a poem to prefix to my picture? I am glad he is thinking of an engraving from it; and think it was not a bad plan to induce him to let us have it.

Bessy and I have been passing these five last days very merrily at the high sheriff's, eating turtle and turbot, singing, dancing, &c.

I am going to attack Savourna Deilish: it is a hazardous effort after Campbell, but I will put my shoulders to it. Best regards to Mrs. Power, from hers and yours ever,

T. MOORE.

[No. 200.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Nov. 2, 1812.

You may say what you will against it, but I maintain that there is nothing like my vituperative style (I return you your own hard word, not a bit the worse for wear, as I never made use of it since), for, after all, I am indebted to it for a very cross, scolding, amiable note, which all my former begging and praying, and humbly entreating, had not been able to extort from you. So I give you warning that I shall scold and growl without shame or remorse for the rest of my life, whenever I have any point to carry by it with you. And I recommend the same amiable practice to Bessy's consideration: if she does not rule you with an iron rod, woe be to her. We are all in great anxiety to know what the governor-general and commander-in-chief of India will do for you. Will he make you viceroy over him, or poet-laureate of all the Indies? But do tell us seriously whether he has said anything to

you, and whether you have any hopes or are forming any plans. Pray do not keep us long in suspense, as you know how impatient we shall be to hear. We earnestly hope he may not think of taking you to India with him, but that he may serve you, as I suppose he might do, by some exchange of patronage at home. In short, tell us all about it, and soon, or the *growl* shall begin again; for you know better than I can tell you, with what warm hearts we enter into all your hopes and fears; and I need not for ever repeat what you have so often heard, and so well believe. I think poor Lord Moira must go to his splendid banishment with a heart loaded with sorrows and regrets. At his time of life, giving up friends and country and old habits must be a painful effort, and nothing, in all probability but the ruined state of his affairs, and the disappointment he must feel from the Prince's conduct, could have decided him to accept of a place which he may suspect is given to him to get rid of him. If he were young, and had never hoped for place and power and distinction under a Prince for whom he has sacrificed so much, it would have been a very fine thing to have been commander-in-chief and governor-general of India; but as it is I pity him. How severely the Edinburgh Review treated him! Bab had a letter from Rogers some time since, dated from the Dunmore's: he seemed very much pleased with his tour * * * I hope you are advancing in your poem, and that you are not refining its life and soul out. I wish we could hear it. I dare say it will be very beautiful. We heard of your being in London from Mr. Blachford. Why didn't you put yourself into the stage, and come here for a day or two? Our house is in so backward a state that we are afraid we must remain on here till after Christmas. Don't you think the mighty Buonaparte begins to tremble? What do you say to the success of Ministers in the elections? The Opposition have certainly lost ground with the people. I am with the people upon the occasion, and am quite come round to Ministers. I wish you would come round with me; there is no use in sticking to a set of men who can't play their own game. As you said nothing about Bessy's health in your last, we hope she is quite well. Please say very kind things to her. Farewell. Let us hear very soon from you. God bless you!

M. G.

[No. 201.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Friday, Nov. 6, 1812.

I take the opportuity of an inclosure to Lord Glenverbie to say a word or two in answer to my dear Mary's letter, which I received yesterday. I have, as yet, had no communication whatever from Lord Moira on the subject of his appointment, which proves at least that he has no idea of taking me with him, because little men require some time for preparation as well as great men, and he is to sail the beginning of January. Neither do I think it very probable (eaten up as his patronage will be by the hungry pack of followers who surround him) that he will be able to procure me anything at home worth my acceptance: what's more, if he *were* able, I doubt whether I would accept it. My reasons for this another time. But, notwithstanding my expectations are so far from sanguine, I cannot help feeling a good deal of anxiety till the thing is determined one way or other.

Poor Lord Moira! his good qualities have been the ruin of him.

"Que les vertus sont dangereuses
Dans un homme *sans jugement*."

They must keep him out of the reach of all Indian *princes*, or the Company's rights will be in a bad way. A shake by the hand from a *tawny* prince-regent, and a plume of *heron's feathers* to wear upon birthdays, would go near to endanger our empire in India. This is too severe, but it is *wrung* from me by his criminal gullibility to such a —— as the Prince.

I have not a moment more to lay about me at my friends, or *you* should come in for a lash or two. Do you think you ever do? No, by the pure and holy flame of friendship, *never!* And so good-by to both of you. Ever your attached,

T. M.

[No. 202.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have heard nothing more about Lord Moira's plans yet; his stay in India is to be but three years, and I should hope that that time will be sufficient to bring his finances round again. I have had a letter from the Donegals, full of anxiety about *my* hopes and views upon the subject. I do not

think myself that Lord Moira (eaten up as his patronage must be by the hungry pack of followers he has about him) will be able to offer me anything of that importance that would tempt me to go so far from home; but, certainly, if he offered me any place of great emolument, I do not think I should be just either to myself or any of those who depend upon me to refuse it. In this, however, my darling mother, I shall consult *your* wishes first and chiefly. You will never find me otherwise than your obedient and affectionate Tom: and though I took *one* important step of my life without consulting you, it was one which I knew you would approve when it could be explained to you; and you shall always guide me as you did when I was a baby at your apron-string.

My good Bessy is quite at my disposal in everything, though naturally not without her fears of the unknown seas and distant regions. I shall let you know the moment I hear anything.

We are quite anxious about poor Kate. Ever yours, T. Moore.

[No. 203.] FROM LORD MOIRA.

London, Nov. 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,—The inference you drew from my acceptance of the appointment to India was too just. The Catholic claims,—I write confidentially—if they cannot be overborne, are to be baffled. I can take no part in such a system: and it is to me desirable to be out of the way when the unavoidable consequences of such policy should break forth. I could not support the Prince against my principles and my feelings; it would be the extreme of distress to me to go into ranks hostile to him; and I could not hope that I should be suffered to remain in any retreat. It is better I should escape these difficulties. I have undertaken my task as a military engagement; the functions of governor-general being, in truth, expletive to the other. No negotiation upon it passed between me and Ministers; and it is only within a week that I have had the formal visits of those whose offices give them interference with the business. I told them that if the Catholic question came forward before my departure, as would probably be the case, it would have the most energetic support I could give it: to which they answered it was only what they took for granted.

We shall be at the Park next week: in the beginning of it, if a severe cold of Lady Loudoun's shall not hinder travelling so soon. Present my compliments to Mrs. Moore; and believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

Moira.

[No. 204] TO MR. POWER.

Nov. 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,—I have but just got your letter, and have only time to say, that if you can let me have but three or four pounds by return of post, you will oblige me. I would not have made this hasty and importunate demand on you, but I have foolishly let myself run dry without trying my other resources, and I have been the week past literally without one sixpence. Ever, with most sincere good-will, the penniless, T. M.

[No. 205.] TO HIS MOTHER.

—— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have heard nothing more since I wrote last. The newspapers have all had it that I am going to India, and some of them have been kind enough to give me a salary of four thousand a-year. I believe, however, the fact is, what was in the Morning Chronicle of yesterday, that Lord Moira has not yet made any appointments. We expect him down here every day, and then all uncertainty will be cleared up. In the meantime, my darling mother, I think you need not have the slightest dread of my being tempted out to India, as I am quite sure Lord M. will not be able (even if he be willing) to offer me anything important enough to justify me in submitting to such banishment. I wish he would only let me live at the Park while he is away, and I should be satisfied. However, there is no speculating upon what he will do till I see him, and it is as likely as anything that he will *do nothing*.

We are still very anxious about Kate. My Bessy is much better, and the little thing breasts this frosty weather as hardy and rosy as a young winter-cherub, if there *be* such an animal. Love to all. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 206.] TO MR. POWER.

Langley Priory, Thursday, Nov. 18, 1812.

My dear Sir,—It was most ungracious of me to send you such a hurried and begging scrawl as I did yesterday, after receiving such letters from you as never had their equal for kindness and solidity of friendship; but the truth is we have been kept on a visit at a house where we have been much longer than I wished or intended, and simply from not having a shilling in our pockets to give the servants in going away. So I know you will forgive my teazing you—and now to return to your letters with respect to my India hopes. I cannot at all express to you how deeply, and *thoroughly*, I feel the prompt and liberal kindness which you have shown on this occasion; I shall *never* forget it. I do not think it at all probable, however, that I shall have to draw upon the rich *Bank of Friendship* I possess in you; for Lord Moira's not having sent me any communication as yet shows, that at all events he does not look to taking me out with him in any situation, for such an intention would require my being apprised of it in time to prepare. However, he is expected here on Monday, and I shall then know all.

My being here at a distance from my manuscripts makes it impossible for me to send you any inclosure, but as soon as I return, I shall attack business industriously again.

You may laugh at my ridiculous distress in being kept to turtle-eating and claret—drinking longer than I wish, and merely *because* I have not a shilling in my pocket—but however paradoxical it sounds, it is true. Best regards to Mrs. Power. Ever yours, my dear sir,

THOMAS MOORE.

You will not get this till Saturday, but I dare say between this and then I shall hear from you.

[No. 207.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, —— 1812.

Your contribution of ten pounds came very seasonably, and was just sufficient to release me from my turtle-eating confinement, and pay about a month's house expenses at home. I gained one point beside the turtle at the High Sheriff's; for upon my singing one song that pleased him very much, he said, "By God! I'll exempt you from the militia to-morrow;" and he did accordingly, on the next day (which was the meeting for the purpose), with "*military commission*," under my statement with respect to Bermuda, and I am exempt. I had a long letter from Lord Moira on Friday last, and (what you will think very extraordinary) there was not a single word in it about me, or any *expectations* I might have from him. It was merely and solely to explain to me *why* he had taken the appointment, the little negotiation he had with Ministers upon the subject (it being the act entirely of the Prince), *the utter hopelessness of justice being done to Ireland*, and his own determination, expressed to Ministers, to give the Catholic cause his most energetic support if it should be brought on before his departure. All this elaborate explanation shows not only his own sensibility upon the subject, but certainly proved very flatteringly the anxiety he felt with respect to my good opinion of his conduct. I cannot, however, but think it very singular that, after the renewed pledges and promises he made me so late as the last time he was here, he should not give the remotest hint of either an intention, or even a wish, to do anything for me. I shall be exceedingly mortified, indeed, if he should go away without giving me an opportunity of at least *refusing* something, which is most probably the way I would treat any offer he could make me; but I should like to have at least this gratification. However, as he tells me at the end of his letter that he will be here the beginning of this week, I must suspend all further opinion till he comes. For one reason, however, I shall most heartily rejoice at his appointment, and that is, for its having brought forth your friendship, my dear sir, and exhibited it to me in such fulness of heart, as was never before surpassed. I return you your letters. With respect to "Fortune may frown," I shall like to talk to Stevenson about it: but if he is determined not to come down, we must only let it take its chance. By-the-bye, you mentioned his saying "that it could not be better." Had you it to show him, or have *I* it? I shall make a search to-day, and shall let you know more about it in my next. I like the way he has done the songs you sent very much. You may place them just as you please, putting the grave and gay alternately, and I think you had better begin with "Oh, the Shamrock!" or, if you like better, "The

Minstrel Boy." I should like to reserve for the last places (in the hope that we may get something better), "The Valley lay smiling," "One Bumper at Parting." and "Oh! had I a bright little Isle." I object to the latter for its music only, as the words are among my happiest, but the air is not elegant. The deficient line in "If e'er I forget Thee," is "That e'en the past errors of boyhood may be."

The following is the second verse of "Oh! see those Cherries:"—

"Old Time thus fleetly his course is running,
(If bards were not moral, how maids would go wrong).
And thus thy beauties, now sunn'd and sunning,
Would wither if left on their rose-tree too long.
Then love while thou'rt lovely, e'en I should be glad
So sweetly to save thee from ruin so sad:
But, oh! delay not, we bards are too cunning
To sigh for *old* beauties, when young may be had."

Yours ever, my dear sir, most faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

All I say to you about Lord M. is, of course, in confidence.

[No. 208.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, ——— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—Lord Moira arrived at the Park yesterday evening, and I am just now preparing to call upon him, so that we soon shall be put out of suspense, though I have made up my mind pretty well to expecting *very little*. Captain Thompson, an old American comrade of his, has been appointed private secretary; and that, you know, was the place which all my friends would have it, right or wrong, was to be mine. Indeed, when I say, I expect *very little*, I mean that I expect *nothing;* for, as he disclaims all connection with Ministers, there is nothing to be looked for to his interest with them, even if I were inclined to wish that he should exert it for me; and, as to India, he will offer me no situation important enough to tempt me to emigrate to such a distance; so that I am most likely to remain as I am; and, please God! there is no fear of me.

We are so anxious about Kate. Bessy *is* even more than I, for she has a deep horror of what Kate has to go through. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 209.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, ——— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I have as yet only seen Lord Moira for a moment; he was shooting in his fields, and merely said, "You see a school-boy taking his holiday;" and he must be most happy to get a little repose and relaxation after London.

We were so delighted to hear of darling Kate's happy delivery. God send they may both continue well!

I am just now setting off with Sir John Stevenson (who came down to me, accompanied by Power, on Tuesday) for a concert and ball at Leicester.

I am quite sure Lord Moira will do nothing whatever for me. Your own, *own*,

TOM.

[No. 210.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday, ——— 1812.

I have but just time to tell you that I have at last had an interview with Lord Moira. He has fought very shy of me ever since he came here. I had heard that he had nothing left to give, the Royal Family having *put upon him* three clerks, the only remaining places of his household that he had to dispose of; so that I was well prepared for what occurred between us. He began by telling me that he "had not been *oblivious* of me—had not been *oblivious* of me!" After this devil of a word there was but little heart or soul to be expected from him. He was sorry, however, to add that all the Indian patronage he was allowed to exercise *here* was already exhausted; if, however, on his going to India, he should find anything worth my going out for, he would let me know. In the meantime, he had a right to expect that Ministers would serve his friends here, in exchange for what he could do to serve their friends in India, and that he would try to get something for me through this channel. To this I replied, that, "from *his hands* I should always be most willing to accept anything, and that perhaps it might yet be in his power to serve me; but that I begged he would not take the trouble of applying for me to the patronage of Ministers, as I would rather struggle on as I was than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."

Thus the matter rests, and such is the end of my long-cherished hopes from the Earl of Moira, K. G. &c. He has certainly not done his duty by me: his *manner*, since his appointment, has been even worse than his deficien-

cies of *matter;* but (except to such friends as you) I shall never complain of him. He served my father when my father much wanted it, and he and his sister took my dear Bessy by the hand most cordially and seasonably; for all this I give him complete absolution; and, as to disappointment, I feel but little of it, as his late conduct had taught me not to rely much upon him.

If you can read this, you will be very ingenious; I shall write more legibly very soon; and, with best love to my dearest Mary, I am ever yours, T. Moore.

[No. 211.] TO MR. POWER.

Dec. 4, 1812.

My dear Sir,—Stevenson left us this morning, and we had great difficulty indeed in getting all his distracted commodities together for him. He copied out, "Oh, fair! oh, purest!" yesterday, and wrote rather a pretty glee to some words I selected for him. He also tried a song to Rogers's "Once more, enchanting Girl;" but he failed in it completely. I had not the least idea that the Spanish things had not been done by him in town, and therefore was careless about looking over them with him, knowing how little they required; but upon examining them since he went away, I find they are just in the same state as when I wrote them. I must, therefore, send him the only two of them that will want correction. We dined at my friend the rector's yesterday, which took up almost all of the little time we had after your departure.

On Saturday I was equally unlucky at Lord Moira's as on the former day. Lord M. was out shooting, and Lady Loudoun ill; but this morning he has *at last* written me a note, expressing his expectation that I would have stayed and dined last week; and sending us a large basket of hares, venison, pea-fowl, &c. We regretted it did not come while you were here to share it with us; the more so, as this basket of game is all. I am sure, I shall ever get from his lordship. I hope you found Mrs. Power well. Ever yours. T. M.

[No. 212.] TO MR. POWER.

Kegworth, ——1812.

My dear Sir,—Many thanks for your *truly eloquent* letter. I have since written to Lord Moira (in order to put the matter upon record) the substance of what I said to him, and have added that, with respect to his promise of letting me know if anything good should occur in India, I must beg he would dismiss *that too* entirely from his thoughts, as it was too late in the day for me to *go on expecting*, and that I must now think of working out my own independence by industry. Between ourselves, my dear friend, I have not so much merit in these refusals as I appear to have, for I could see very plainly, through Lord Moira's manner, that there was very little chance of his making any proper exertion for me whatever, and, putting conscience out of the question, policy itself suggested to me that I might as well have the merit of declining what it was quite improbable would ever have been done for me. After this, what do you think of his lordship? I cannot trust myself with speaking of the way he has treated me. Gratitude for the past ties up my tongue.

I certainly never wrote a second verse to Mrs. Ashe's song; but here is one fresh from the mint, and not bad either:

"If haply these eyes have a soul underneath,
By whose flame their expression is lighted;
A mind that will long like an evergreen breathe,
When the flower of the features is blighted.
And if soul be the tie of those fetters of bliss,
Which last when all others are breaking;
Oh! talk not of beauty—but love me for this,
And I'll think of you sleeping and waking;
Dear youth!
I will think of you sleeping and waking."

If I had had the air I might perhaps have suited the words to it better. Let these words be copied correctly, and call the song "I'll think of you sleeping and waking." "Savourna Deilish" is on the anvil. You shall have it this week.

I have had another letter with another proposal from your brother, but there is no time now to enter upon it. When I write next, you shall know it. Ever yours, with best regards and anxious wishes for Mrs. P.,

Thomas Moore.

I have got a tolerably pretty air out of Crotch's book for the Melodies, which I have *half written* words to.

[No. 213.] TO MR POWER.

Sunday, Dec. 21, 1812.

My dear Sir,—The above is the air from Crotch, and it has puzzled me more than any

air we have had since the commencement of the Melodies, except perhaps the "Fairy Queen." It is to be sure a most irregular strain. The only way I could get over the difficulty was by those convenient triple rhymes, "Wearily," &c.; but I find it very hard to find ones equally tripping and graceful for the second verse. The above has taken me four days in twisting and altering, and I am yet far from satisfied. I mean it as the song of a *Leprechaun;* little Irish fairies, you know, that will stay as long as one looks at them, but the moment you look aside they are off. My next shall certainly be "Savourna Deilish," and then *Lochaber*, which Croteh gives as an Irish air. If the Tyrolese air be not in hand, pray let Mr. Bennison alter the melody to the way I had it originally (see at the bottom of the music lines on the other side): as, though I took Stevenson's advice in changing it for the glee, I feel it is much more characteristic for the song as I had it at first.

I had a very pleasant and good-natured letter from Stevenson in answer to mine. He says he hopes to meet me in London in March I mean to send him the two Spanish airs to Ireland, if you have no objection, as he has promised to send them back by *return of post.* I did not like venturing them to Sandbach till I knew he was there, and then it was too late.

I shall be much obliged by your sending the Quarterly Review with the parcel you are making up, and pray send to Carpenter for my Edinburgh one, and let it come too. You will find I shall be very busy in my vocation from this on't, and few weeks, if *any*, shall pass, without your seeing some proofs of my activity. I do not forget the four original songs I have to do yet, but I suppose you will not be very angry if you do not get them till January: *you* are always in *advance*, and *I*, alas! in *arrears;* but time will make all even. Yours ever, with best regards to Mrs. P.,

Thos. Moore.

[No. 214.] TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

Friday, —— 1812.

My dear Dalton,—I am quite distressed at the serious tone in which you speak of my silence. I flattered myself that you were so sure of your place in my heart and mind, that however you might be angry with me (and I own deservedly so) for not writing to you on this occasion, you would impute it to anything but the *least little* shade of change in my most fixed and never-altering regard for you. A cloud or two should not make the barometer sink, and it will not be *my* fault if it does not remain up to *clear, settled, sunshiny* weather between you and me for ever. I have written to two persons on the subject of my interview with Lord Moira (Bryan and P. Crampton), and I should not have *repeated* the detail to the *latter*, if I did not know that the two channels had no sort of communication with each other, and that they would each serve as a conduit for the statement in very opposite directions. I most heartily hate a dry repetition of "says he" and "says I," and it is entirely my wish that all my friends should know the particulars. Even now, my dearest Dalton, all I shall do is to refer *you* to one of the above channels or conduits; Bryan's pipe, I believe, being nearest to you. My writing so soon to Bryan upon the subject arose from his having launched a most wrongful sarcasm at me for a flourishing little tirade which I gave him in one of my letters about the unambitious happiness of my present life, and the independence I felt of all places, princes, and patrons. To this he answered by asking me, "whether the grapes were not rather sour?" This was before Lord Moira had the least prospect of coming into power; and though I had perfectly made up my mind as to what should be my conduct on such an event, I did not like to boast any further of a virtue which was so little likely to be put to the test. As soon, however, as I had done what I thought right, I felt, I own, a little impatient to give my very best *practical* refutation of Bryan's sarcasm, and hence arose my speedy communication to him. You need not mention to him my telling you this. I have no doubt he meant it sincerely, and even kindly, though certainly his letter in approbation of what I *have done* is much slower in coming than his suspicion of what I *would* do. As to Crampton, my letter to him was in answer to a very anxious and urgent inquiry which he wrote to me on the subject. So now, my dear Dalton, I hope I have explained enough to convince you, that it is not from any *preference* of others for my confidential communications,

that the circumstances should have reached you from anybody but myself.

I am happy to tell you that Lord Moira has shown no disapprobation whatever of the tone in which I have thought it right to decline his interest for me with Ministers; so far from it, I have within these few days received a present from him of fifteen dozen of excellent wine. Tell Stevenson this. I know he will be glad to hear that my threatened abandonment of the black-strap is deferred a little longer.

I mean to be in town about April or May to pass a month. If you will let me know your movements in time, I shall shape mine to meet them. Bessy expects to be confined in February, and as soon as she is well enough to be left alone, it is my intention to go to town.

I most anxiously wish to hear (and so does Bessy) that your dear Olivia is well over her crisis. Stevenson *did* seem to like my wife, and it shows his taste, for she is a girl "*comme il y en a peu.*"

I don't see why you should not come and take me up here in your way to London. Ever yours, T. Moore.

[No. 215.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Tuesday, Dec., 1812.

My dearest Mother,—We have been very much affected, indeed, by poor Kate's loss; and the only consolation we can either feel or suggest, is its having occurred before the poor child could have taken any more than its natural hold upon her affections. A little time hence it would have been a sad loss indeed, as we can well feel when we look at little Barbara, whose rosy cheeks, however, and dancing eyes, forbid us, thank Heaven! to have any such apprehensions.

The Moiras set off for town yesterday; they called here in passing, and Lady Loudoun was very kind, indeed, to Bessy. Lord M. told me he had given orders for game, &c., to be brought to me; and Lady L. made me a present of a book, which she recollected me expressing a wish for about five or six months ago, with her own name in it. I was glad of all this for one reason, because I had written Lord Moira a letter since I saw him last, repeating the substance of what I had said in our interview; and, also, begging him to dismiss from *his* mind, as I should from *mine*, his promise with respect to considering of a place for me in India, as it was *too late* in the day for me to *go on expecting*, and I must now think of working out my own independence by industry. The letter, though written respectfully and gratefully, was in a tone which he must have felt a good deal, and which, therefore, I thought might possibly displease him; but, if it did, he concealed it, and was full of kindness.

My chief uneasiness at the misfortune that has happened at home, dearest mother, is the shock that it has given you, and my fears that it may hurt you; but, for God's sake, let no such circumstance rob us of one moment of your dear health or happiness.

I hope my father got my letter desiring him to draw upon Power in the Strand (Mr. James Power, 34 Strand), for twenty-five or thirty pounds, whichever he chooses, or indeed, for the whole fifty, if necessary; but I rather think I shall be able to send him the remainder in cash about the beginning of January. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 216.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Tuesday, —— 1812.

My dearest Mother,—I had a very kind letter from Rogers on Sunday, enclosed in one from Lord Byron. Rogers has seen a good deal of Lord Moira, and gives a lamentable account of his low spirits, and the sort of self-consciousness of failure there hangs about him. I pity him most sincerely. Rogers tells me that he hears nothing but praises of my conduct; which is very pleasant to be told, though I want nothing but my own heart and conscience to tell me I have acted rightly.

Dalby went up to London yesterday to take leave of the Moiras: I believe, only for Bessy's state, I should have paid them the same mark of respect myself. Good by, my own darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

Our little Barbara is growing very amusing. She (what they call) *started* yesterday in walking; that is, got up off the ground by herself, and walked alone to a great distance, without any one near her. Bessy's heart was almost flying out of her mouth all the while with fright, but I held her away, and would not let her assist the young adventurer.

[No. 217.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I received the proofs, &c. and shall make a parcel of them to-morrow for you, with "Merrily oh!" The alteration I wish in the latter is not of much consequence; indeed, though the other is the real and most characteristic melody, I rather think the way it *is* will be most easy and popular. I shall also send you to-morrow a very pretty Sicilian air, which I met with this last week, and which turned me aside from my Melodies. The words are at the other side, and I hope you will like them.

Bessy is in expectation of a letter to-day announcing the happy result of Mrs. Power's Christmas-box. She thanks you very much for the music.

You will be glad to hear that Bessy has consented to my passing next May in town alone. To take her would be too expensive; and, indeed, it was only on my representing to her that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* with you, if I did not go up in the gay time of the year and give them life by singing them about, that she agreed to my leaving her. This is quite my object. I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition*, which will do more service to the sale of the songs than a whole year's advertising.

I have a plan when I return to London *for good* (that is for our grand project) which I hinted once to you, and which cannot fail to make money, both by *itself* and the publication that will result from it,—which is a series of lectures upon poetry and music, with specimens given at the pianoforte by myself; very *select* you know, by subscription among the highest persons of fashion: it would do wonders. Ever yours, T. Moore.

[No. 218.] TO MR. POWER.

Friday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I dare say you will be surprised at not hearing from me so long, but the truth is I have been *stealing* a week or ten days from you to do a little job,* which I think will get me out of Carpenter's debt, and, if I can make a good bargain with him, put money in my pocket. I have collected all the little squibs in the political way which I have written for two or three years past, and am adding a few *new ones* to them for publication. I publish them, of course, anonymously, and you must keep my secret. Carpenter being the Prince's bookseller, is afraid to publish them himself, but gets some one else. I am much mistaken if they do not make a little noise. What a pity it is that such things do not come from *our book-shop* in the *Strand*, but *these* would not *keep*, and there is no fear but I shall find *more* against that is opened. I consider every little reputation I can make, my dear sir, as going towards the fund I am to throw into our establishment, and though I shall, of course, *deny* the trifles I am now doing, yet, if they are liked, I shall be sure to get the credit of them.

In the mean time I have not been idle in the musical way, but have an original song nearly ready for you, and after I have dispatched my politics, you shall see what a fertile month I shall make February. I would not have turned aside for my present job, only that I found I had a little time over, and that, indeed (as I have already said), everything that I can get fame by tells towards our future prospects; it is like establishing a credit.

We were of course delighted to hear of Mrs. Power's safe arrival of a boy; we had been indeed sincerely and unaffectedly anxious about her.

I shall send your copy of Walker's answer when I have something to send with it; or do you want it immediately?

What I enclose for Carpenter is the beginning of my squibs. It is to be called "Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag."

Will you find out for me how many ponies Lady B. Ashley gave the Princess Charlotte; or, at least, how many the latter drives. Ever yours, Thomas Moore.

[No. 219.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I am sending a good many letters off to-day, and have only time to say God bless you. I got my darling father's letter yesterday, and am delighted to find that you are recovering your fatigue and anxiety. My poor uncle Garret! I had a letter from

* In the year 1813, Mr. Moore published the "Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag." The dedication to "Stephen Woolriche, Esq.," is dated the 4th of March of that year. The work is reprinted in the collection published by Longman of Mr. Moore's Poetical Works. It is full of fun and humour, without ill-nature.

him about six weeks ago, asking me to get his two sons out in Lord Moira's suite.

My cold is quite well, and poor Bessy, though she gets but little sleep at night, is keeping up pretty well. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 220.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I had a long letter yesterday from Rogers, who is returned from his northern tour. He says, with reference to my interview with Lord Moira, "You have acted, my dear Moore, quite nobly and like yourself." He assigns a number of excuses for Lord Moira's conduct, which indeed are all very just; and even what I most complained of (the shyness and distance he kept with me) appears to Rogers, and even now to myself, as the very natural result of his inability. Rogers has told Lord Holland the circumstances, who thinks of it all as we do.

Bessy is doing I think very well now: much better.

[No. 221.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We got my darling father's letter a day or two ago, and Bessy was delighted at its being such a long one. I am almost sorry that you are letting poor Kilmainham Lodge, and I would enter my protest against it, only that I think, by getting into town, your spirits, my dearest mother, will have a much better chance of being kept alive. As to paying me back any of what you have had, don't think about it; when I want it *very badly*, I will tell you. I forgot, in my two or three last letters, to ask of my father what was the date of the bill he drew upon Carpenter. Let him write to tell me on receipt of this, and not mind paying postage at any time.

You shall have immediate intelligence when poor Bessy is over her confinement. We have had repeated letters from Stevenson's friend, Mrs. Ready, of the most *cordial* description. She is within forty or fifty miles of us, and is very earnest indeed in her invitations to us to go there. Nothing could be more seasonable than her invitation, for I wanted exactly just such a quiet place to leave Bessy at when I go to town. There are people enough immediately near us that would be too glad to have her, but there is not one of them without some objections, except the Peach's at Leicester, and they, I believe, will be away from home. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 222.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—Having *broke* the *neck* of my job for Carpenter, I am returning to my other pursuits, and yesterday wrote a little song, which I hope you will think pretty. I shall give you the words at the other side, and you shall have the air on Friday.

Walter Scott's Rokeby has given me a renewal of courage for my poem, and once I get it brilliantly off my hands, we may do what we please in literature afterwards. Rogers's criticisms have twice upset all I have done, but I have fairly told him he shall see it no more till it is finished. Did you ever see much worse songs than those in Rokeby? Ever yours, my dear sir, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

1.

"The brilliant black eye
May, in triumph, let fly
Its darts without caring who feels 'em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Tho' it scatter wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals 'em,
Dear Jessy.

2.

"The black eye may say,
'Come and worship my ray;
By adoring, perhaps, you may move me!'
But the blue eye, half hid,
Says from under its lid,
'I love, and am yours if you love me!'
Dear Jessy.

3.

"Oh! tell me, then, why,
In that lovely blue eye,
No soft trace of its tint I discover?
Oh! why should you wear
The only blue pair
That ever said 'No' to a lover?
Dear Jessy."

mJm

[No. 223.] TO MR. POWER.

Monday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—As I shall have a pretty large packet to send to-morrow for Lady Donegal through my old Woodman, I write *now* in an-

swer to yours of yesterday. I should have sent you the music of "The brilliant black eye" on Friday, but I found I had put it in the wrong time, and have been obliged to copy it over again. You shall have it next Friday, with another I am about.

From the state of my poem, and the industry I mean to carry it on with this year, I think we need not look to a more distant period than next year (1814) for the commencement of our book-concern; as the poem (if it succeeds well enough to encourage you to the undertaking) will be the last thing I shall put out of my own hands. I should like, therefore, with your permission, to make the *Dictionary of Music* my object this year, for two reasons, first, because, being prose, it will enable me to give my fancy more undistractedly to my poem; and secondly, because, being a kind of mixed work, between literature and music, it would be a good thing to begin with, and would slide us quietly from your present business into the other. All this, however, we shall discuss more fully together in April, and in the mean time I shall continue to make my notes and preparations for the Dictionary.

Bessy still up. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 224.] TO MR. POWER.

My dear Sir,—I send you the "Rose Tree," which are the prettiest words I've written for some time; also the Finland air.

Ever yours,
T. Moore.

[No. 225.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I have only time to enclose a little duet, and to say that I have been disappointed in not hearing from you for so long a time. I told you a little *fib* about the Examiner, and the reason was (as I had not seen the paper) I had no idea he would have taken notice of what I thought a very foolish thing, and was ashamed to acknowledge even to *you;* that is, "Little Man and little Soul," the *only squib* I have sent Perry since I left town. The other thing about Sir J. Murray is *not mine;* and, bad as the former one is, I am sorry still more he could impute such a dull thing to me as this parody on Sir J. Murray's letter; there is hardly one bit of fun throughout it. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 226.] TO MISS DALBY.

Tuesday, March 16, 1813.

My dear *Mary*,—About six o'clock this morning my Bessy produced a little girl about the size of a twopenny wax doll.* Nothing could be more favourable than the whole proceeding, and the mamma is now eating buttered toast and drinking tea, as if nothing had happened. Ever yours, T. Moore.

I have been up all night, and am too fagged to write more.

[No. 227.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I have written to Corry to send me a piece of Irish linen, and, by whatever opportunity he sends it, you can let me have my Boileau that Kate left, and some of my other books, particularly the three volumes of Heyne's Virgil: he will let you know, I dare say, when he finds the opportunity.

I enclosed a dispatch for my Bermuda deputy to Croker yesterday, to send out for me. I was glad to see a pretty good list of ships taken the other day, but I find the admiral and squadron have gone there later this year than ever they did before, which was very uncivil of them.

Little Bab is somewhat restless with her eye-teeth, but is otherwise quite well. Poor Bessy is very weak, but is altogether much better than she was with Barbara. Ever your own, Tom.

Do you get my two letters a-week regularly?

[No. 228.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—As I gave you a long letter last time, I may the better put you off with a short one now, particularly as I have so many to write this morning.

Bessy is getting on amazingly, and already looks better than she has done for a long time;

* Anastasia Mary, born at Kegworth, March 16, 1813.

indeed, she says she has not felt so well since her marriage.

I do not know whether I told you that our worthy friend the rector has offered to be godfather to the little girl: it was his own free offer, and is a very flattering testimony of his opinion of us. Ever your own, TOM.

I suppose Lord Moira is off. Carlo Doyle has sent me, as a keepsake, four very pretty volumes of French music.

[No. 229.] TO MR. POWER.

March 23, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I received the proofs yesterday, and shall send them back under cover to Lord Glenbervie to-morrow. You will hardly believe that the two lines which I had (with many hours of thought and *glove tearing*) purposed to insert in the vacant place, displeased me when I wrote them down yesterday, and I am still at work for better. Such is the *easy* pastime of poetry! You shall have four more Melodies ready this week, so that you will not be delayed for me. I agree with Stevenson in not very much liking the air from Croteh, but I cannot at all understand why your brother, when he communicated this piece of intelligence, did not send a better air in its stead from his boasted Connemara stock. Perhaps some will come with the proofs: if so, for God's sake! lose no time in sending them, as I again say I am far from satisfied with the number as it is.

You are very good to think so much about poor Bessy.

It was my intention to ask of you and Mrs. Power to do us the favour of standing sponsors for the little girl, as it would create a *kind* of relationship between us, and draw closer (if they require it) those ties which, I trust, will long keep us together. But I am obliged to confine the request to *Mrs.* Power, and leave *you* for some future and (I hope) very-far-off little child; for our rector, Doctor Parkinson, very kindly *offered*, of himself, to be godfather, and it is such a very flattering tribute of his good opinion to us, that I could not hesitate in accepting it. I have a long letter to write to you about my schemes for going to town; my heart almost failed me about it; but it appears to me so very *useful* a *measure* for the *concern*, that, after much fidgetting consideration of the subject, I have devised a plan, which I think will enable me to do it without much distressing any of us.

I am afraid the Post Bag will not do. It is impossible to make things *good* in the very little time I took about that, and Carpenter, with his usual greediness, has put a price on it far beyond what it is worth; so that, I suppose, it will go to sleep. I have, however, taken pretty good care, in the preface, to throw it off my shoulders, and the only piece of waggery I shall ever be guilty of again is a Collection of Political Songs to Irish airs, which, you know, I mentioned once to you, and which I should like very much to do. Your brother would be afraid to display them in Dublin, I think; but what say you? More to-morrow. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No 230.] TO MR. POWER.

Sunday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I received the Melodies yesterday evening, and am very well satisfied with the whole *number*, except (and it is a dreadful exception) the air of "Oh! doubt me not," which is played the very deuce with by the omission of Stevenson's flat B. As it stands now, it is quite disgraceful to him and all of us, and it is by no means my fault. I asked Mr. Benison indeed *whether* it would do with the omission of the flat, but I left the decision entirely to him, without examining the music myself, and he ought to have known enough to see that the air and harmony agree together like cat and dog, as they are at present. One ought to leave nothing to another's eye, but I am always too diffident of my own opinion in the musical part. Now we are in this scrape, however, you must be industrious in getting out of it, and the flat must be put in with a pen in every copy you send out, and if you could recall those that are gone for the purpose of correction, it would be advisable. The flat must be marked at the words "season" and "reason," and in the accompaniment of the fourth bar, where it occurs with C. This latter correction must be made too in the second voice of the duet. There is an F to be made *sharp* too in the single voice setting, at the words "only shook." It was Stevenson's devilish whim of putting in the flat that originally made all this bungling, and it departs so much from the true setting of the air, that I

really think it would be right to have a little slip printed with an explanation of the whole mistake, which you can insert in binding, or let lie between the leaves of those that are bound. Write me word immediately whether you think it worth while, and I will send it off to you by the next morning's post.

We got the parcel too late last night for me to look over the airs till this morning, or I should not have let a post pass without apprising you of this mistake.

God bless you, my dear friend. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 231.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, March, 1813.

My dearest Mother,

* * * * *

You know it was this day week she lay in. Well, on Sunday morning last, as I was at breakfast in my study, there came a tap at the room-door and in entered Bessy, with her hair in curl, and smiling as gaily as possible. It quite frightened me, for I never heard of any one coming downstairs so soon, but she was so cheerful about it, that I could hardly scold her, and I do not think she has in the least suffered for it. She said she could not resist the desire she had to come down and see how her crocuses and primroses before the window were getting on.

My father's letter yesterday gave us great pleasure.

I am sending notice of quitting, to my landlord, this month. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 232.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Thursday night, 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I write this over night, because I am obliged to go early in the morning to Donington Park, as I want to consult the library for many things before we set off. Only think of my anonymous book: it goes into the *fifth* edition on Saturday or Monday. This puts me quite at ease about the money my father has had, and I *insist* that he will dismiss it entirely from his mind. Little *Statia* went through her christening very well, and we had the rector, curate, and Mary Dalby to dinner afterwards. You have, of course, long perceived that they are both, Barbara and she, *little Protestants.*

I have great hopes that this will be a prosperous year with me, and that I shall gradually be able to get rid of all my debts. Mrs. Ready (who seems to be a most warm-hearted person), upon my writing to her that we were quitting our house, and meant to look out for a pleasanter one and a cheaper, wrote back that she was most happy to hear it, and that we need not look further than Oakhanger Hall (her place) for a residence, that she was fitting up half of the house to receive us, and that we *must* make it our home as long as we lived in the country. Was not this unexampled kindness? She also offered herself as sponsor to the little child, and begged we would defer the christening till we came to her, when their son-in-law, the new dean of Exeter (who, with his wife, is to meet us there) would perform it; but this was impossible, as we had already godfathers, godmothers, and parson provided.

There never was anything like the rapid sale of my Post Bag. There was great praise of it in a very clever paper of Sunday last, which, if it is not gone astray, I will send you in the morning. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 233.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send the proofs; and, by the next time of my enclosing, I shall have four Melodies more for you. In order to give you a little idea of the difficulty I have in pleasing myself, I have written down at the top of the proof as many of the *rejected* couplets as I could remember; they are *not one third* of those I have manufactured for the purpose; so that you see I do not *write* songs quite as easily as our friend the Knight composes them. Tear off these lines before you send them to the printer.

With respect now to my going to town, I must first premise, that it is chiefly from my persuasion of your wishing it very much that I am so anxious to effect it; because, though of course there is nothing I should like myself much better, yet, in the present state of my resources, I should consider it proper (if only my own *gratification* were concerned) to sacrifice my wishes to prudence; and, understand me, my dear sir, I say this, not from any vulgar idea of enhancing, or making a compliment of my going; I hope you think me too sensi-

ble to have any such silly notion; but it is for the purpose of impressing on your mind how much I *begin* to set *business*, and the interests of *our concern*, above every other consideration, either of pleasure or convenience. In this respect I hope and feel that you will find me improve every year.

Now you know it has always been my intention to give notice to my landlord this month, and Mrs. Ready (Stevenson's friend) has given us so many and such pressing invitations to pass the summer with her, that I mean to take her at her word; and indeed am quite happy to have such a place to leave Bessy in while I am in town, for she would not like staying at home (besides the saving of house expense while she is out), and there are objections to every one of the places to which she has been invited in this neighbourhood. So that the offer of such a quiet, goodly retreat as Ready's is every way convenient. What do you think of this? Having arranged all this, you will observe there will be left scarcely two months of my remaining six, to occupy this house; and my idea is, before we start, to sell off whatever furniture we do not mean to move, to employ the intervening time in looking out for a house both cheaper and pleasanter elsewhere; and so to have done with this entirely. I have sucked pretty well out of the library, and shall be able, I think, to wean myself of it without injury; indeed, I have got quite sufficient materials out of it for my poem; and as to my musical works, it has nothing to assist me there, so that I now consider myself free to choose where I can live cheapest and most retired during the remainder of my rural exile. We are too much in the midst of my fine acquaintances here, and are obliged to keep up an appearance which might be dispensed with in a more retired situation. Now turn these things over in your mind for me. I am at my wits' ends for *the supplies*, and would give a good deal to have a little conversation with you about the best means of getting through the difficulties which this next month, April, has in store for me. This is what I hinted I should like to run up for a day or two soon to talk with you about, and I think it not unlikely I shall; but, observe me, I do not intend to let you suffer one minute's inconvenience by my *derangement*. The sale of my *immoveables* here will pay all bills, and get me up to town; but your brother's bill, my aunt's, my father's!! do not be alarmed; I am safe from all these but your brother's; but I want (if I can) to take them from the shoulders they are on to my own. There is my rent too, which, I believe, I ought to pay immediately. Ever yours, T. Moore.

[No. 234.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Kegworth, Wednesday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We are just returned, and I have missed my regular day of writing; but Sir Charles Hastings (Lord Moira's cousin) came over for us to Donington on Monday, and made us go to Wellesley Park, his place, and dine and sleep there: indeed, he wanted us to stay a month, and it was only by promising we should go again that he let us away at all. Lady Hastings was very kind to Bessy.

We brought Mary Dalby with us to stay a week. I shall write again on Friday. Love to dearest father and Nell. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 235.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We have had a very kind invitation from Honeybourne (Joe Atkinson's brother-in-law, who lives within twelve or thirteen miles of us) to go and pass some days with him. On Monday we are asked to dine at Rain's, and though we sent an apology, saying we expected some visitors, they wrote back again to request we would bring the visitors; so that I don't know how we are to get off: but, without a carriage, these distant trips to dinner are very bad proceedings.

Mary Dalby has left us, and Barbara says, "*Koopsch gone.*" Our green paling is up—our gravel walks are nearly made, and we begin to look very neat and snug.

Poor Bessy is not very well these two or three days past, but Barbara is quite stout.

Good night, my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 236.] TO MR. POWER.

—— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send you the four more Melodies. You see I have changed my mind about "Oh! had I a bright little Isle;" the fact is, I thought the words too pretty for the

air, and have been at the *bother* of writing two convivial verses for it, which now go for nothing, as I hit upon a second verse to the former words, which makes it altogether (I *will* say) so *pretty* a *poem*, that I think it will grace our pages more than the convivial one. Mind, when I praise my own things in this way, it is only by comparison *with* my own; and in this way I have seldom done anything I like better than the words of "Oh! had I," &c.

I am very glad you sent me "You remember Ellen;" as I have been in great perplexity between "One Bumper" and "The Valley lay smiling;" but what you now have are certain, and arranged as I wish.

Did I send you the names of "Ellen" and "The Minstrel Boy?" I must look for them. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 237.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,— I have been thinking ever since I got your last very kind letter, what plan I could hit upon for something popular for you; and I think I have it. There is one Mr. Tom Brown, whose name now would bring him (I well know) any sum of money, and you shall skim the cream of his celebrity; these shall be ready for publication, soon after my book (not before for the world). "The First Number of Convivial and Political Songs, to Airs original and selected, by Thos. Brown the Younger, Author of the 'Twopenny Post Bag.'" Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 238.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—With respect to the Spanish airs, I like the title you propose for the Song of War very well, but not the other. I think it would be better, perhaps, to put "Vivir en Cadenas, a celebrated Spanish air," &c. As to the words, I certainly did not intend to put any more verses, but if they are too short as they are, or, if you wish it, of course I shall lose no time in writing more, and, while I wait your answer, I shall be trying what I can do. Ever yours,

Thomas Moore.

Did I tell you that Murray has been offering me, through Lord Byron, some hundreds (number not specified) a year to become editor of a Review like the Edinburgh Quarterly? Jeffrey has fifteen! I have, of course, not attended to it.

[No. 239.] TO MR. POWER.

—— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send you a second verse to "Vivir en Cadenas," and I am glad that I have written it, for I think it is *not bad*. I have written it under the notes, as I suppose it will be engraved with the music. Here follows the second verse to "Oh! remember the Time:"

"They tell me, you lovers from Erin's green isle
Every hour a new passion can feel;
And that soon, in the light of some lovelier smile,
You'll forget the poor Maid of Castile.
But they know not how brave in the battle you are,
Or they never could think you would rove;
For 'tis always the spirit most gallant in war,
That is fondest and truest in love."

With respect to Murray's proposal, I feel (as I do every instance of your generosity) the kindness and readiness with which you offer to yield up our scheme to what you think my superior interest; but, in the first place, I do not agree with you, that this plan with Murray would be more for my ultimate advantage than that extensive one which I look forward to with you; and, in the next place, I do not think I would accept now *ten thousand* pounds for anything that would interfere with the finishing of my poem, upon which my whole heart and industry are at last fairly set, and for this reason, because, *anticipated* as I have already been in my Eastern subject by Lord Byron in his late poem, the success he has met with will produce a whole swarm of imitators in the same Eastern style, who will completely *fly-blow* all the novelty of my subject. On this account I am more anxious than I can tell you to get on with it, and it quite goes between me and my sleep.

I have not time now to write more; but good night, and God bless you! Ever yours most sincerely. Thomas Moore.

[No. 240.] TO MR. POWER.

Monday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I write to you with "Going, going," in my ears, and it has occurred to me, as the product of the sale is very uncertain,

and it is a great object for us to be off on Thursday, it is just *possible* that, after paying our bills, we may not have money enough to carry us on, for we have been obliged to get clothes, &c., and even I (from being disappointed by Campbell) have been compelled to employ a Donington tailor. All these things must of course be discharged before we go, and as it is of some moment to us (from what I told you about the income tax) to get away immediately, I should be glad, for certainty's sake, that you could contrive to send me a few pounds by to-morrow's post. I have great hopes we shall not want it, and in that case I will send it back to you.

I am sorry you have altered your own arrangement about the music, as I dare say it is better than mine.

I was going to say I would send "The Valley lay smiling" to-morrow, but I have great fears that Bessy has put it up; therefore, to make sure, enclose a proof to-morrow, and you shall have it back, with the words on Thursday. I expect "Savourna Deilish" back from your brother every day, and then we shall be quite done. The Lord send us safe out of Kegworth. Ever yours, T. M.

I'LL THINK OF YOU WAKING AND SLEEPING.

"You love me, you say, for the light of my eyes,
And if eyes would for ever shine clearly,
You need not, perhaps, give a reason more wise,
For loving me ever so dearly.
But beauty is fading, and eyes, I'm afraid,
Are jewels that spoil in the keeping,
So love me for something less likely to fade,
And I'll think of you waking and sleeping:
Dear youth!
I'll think of you waking and sleeping!"

Here is a verse, my dear sir, which I hope Stevenson will be able to make something of; it will require that mixture of lightness and feeling which no one knows better than his knightship. You ought to have had it by yesterday's post, but I got a sudden summons the day before to dine at the Park, and celebrate the Prince's birthday, which you may suppose I did, with all due solemnity and sincerity. The wine was good, and my host was good, so I would have swallowed the toast if it had been the devil! The second verse of the above song ends, "I'll think of you sleeping or waking, dear youth," which I think makes a good burden and title. I expect my *Quarterly* from you; send it by the coach immediately. Ever yours, T. M.

[No. 241.] TO HIS MOTHER.

—— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I am going to send this through my old channel, Lord Glenbervie, because there is some music in it which I wish to arrive at its destination as soon as possible. I had a letter yesterday from Bessy; they are all well, except that the parrot has bit one of little Bab's fingers.

I must contrive some way of sending you my Post Bag: it is now in the seventh edition; but I am sorry to find that Carpenter has not kept the secret of its being mine as faithfully as he ought.

I have been busy ever since I came to town about the Melodies, and have not appeared or visited any one yet.

I hope, my own dear mother, that you are all as well and happy at home as my heart wishes you to be, though this you can hardly be. However, take care of yourself and keep up your spirits, my darling mother: I hope we may yet all live together. I was sorry to find my father saying that his hand begins to shake. God send him long life to bless us all. Ever your own.

Tom.

[No. 242.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, Saturday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—Within these few hours I have succeeded in taking a cottage; just the sort of thing I am likely to like,—secluded and among the fields, about a mile and a half from the pretty town of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.* We are to pay twenty pounds a-year rent, and the taxes about three or four more.

Mrs. Ready has brought us on here in her barouche, and we have had a very pleasant journey of it.

Bessy bids me make a thousand apologies to dear Nell for not writing, but she has been so bustled about she has not had a moment.

You must direct to me now, Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

Best love to all from your own,

Tom.

* Mayfield cottage, near Ashbourne.

[No. 243.] TO MR. POWER.

Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire,
Tuesday, July 1, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in telling you that I have got a cottage very much to my liking, near the pretty town of Ashbourne. I am now, as you wished, within twenty-four hours' drive of town, and I hope, before the summer is over, we shall see you at Mayfield. I have much to do, and many efforts to make, before I can put the cottage in a state to receive us. More in a day or two. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

I have had a most flattering letter from Whitbread, entreating me earnestly to write something for Drury Lane.

[No. 244.] TO MR. POWER.

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday evening,
July 17, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I thought to have sent you a song by this post, but I cannot finish it without a pianoforte. I am, however, to get one upon *hire* next week, and in the mean time I am touching up the preface. It will not be *quite* as long as Twiss's.

I think it is better for me to pay half-a-guinea a month for a pianoforte, than venture upon a new one. Recollect I am in your debt eight or nine pounds upon the last one.

This is the first day I have been able to establish a sitting-room for myself, so you may suppose I have not been able to do much.

I hope you liked the second verse of the Finland song. I have one or two old things of mine to send you, when I get the pianoforte. Poor *M. P.*, I see, is on again. Ever yours,
T. MOORE.

[No. 245.] TO MR. POWER.

—— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I have drawn upon you again, as I dare say before this you know. I am also, with your permission, going to take another liberty with your name, and that is (do not be frightened) to draw upon you at *six* months for fifty pounds. It is merely as a *matter of form*, for the upholsterer at Derby, to whom I am to give it, means to let it lie in his desk, and I am to pay it off by instalments; he did not demand this of me, and therefore, if you dislike it, there is no necessity; but I should feel more comfortable, and less under obligation to him, if he had this in his hands till I can gradually get out of his debt. We are resolved to take our furniture with us, whenever we go to London, as this buying and re-buying is a very losing concern. You shall next week have the first symptoms of my returning industry for the shop, and I must do something every week now, to make out my task for the year, which is nearly at an end. Indeed, if I had no one but yourself to deal with, I should not scruple now to ask for three or four months total liberty from you; as I am convinced, with your spirit and our united views, you would see how amply such time lost in one way would be made up to us in another; but I dread your brother, and while I should not like to ask the favour of him, I feel that he would not have the same prospective interest in granting it, so that my best way is to do as much as I can, and then, after the Book, I am "yours till death." Indeed, I am not quite sure that this book (at least a great part of it) must not be yours also. I am still writing away *songs* in it, and how the property of them is to be managed, God and you only know. But no matter; you cannot have too much for what you *merit* of me; and if you can but get me through my debts to friends gradually, and keep this cottage over my head, you may dispose of me and mine as you please. An operatic drama will be the first thing the moment the Book goes to press, and I will set my shoulders to it, you may be sure. I have had a letter from Lord Meath, who was chairman of the first meeting of Dalton's Amateur Glee Club, expressing the delight which the members all felt at "my composition," and communicating to me my unanimous election as honorary member. I had a letter from Corry, dated the morning of the meeting, saying that great things were expected from the glee, as Stevenson said he had never been so lucky in anything: so I wish you joy of the firstfruits of our co-operation.

Did you see the quotation of "Oh! had I a bright little Isle," in the Chronicle, with the praise of "exquisitely beautiful," before it. Best regards to Mrs. Power. I fear very much, from what you hint about her, that Bessy and she are keeping each other in countenance; but Providence, I hope, will look after us. A good peace with France and a good piece at

Drury Lane will do wonders for us. Ever yours, T. Moore.

I dare say, from the explanation you give me, that the arrangement of "Oh, doubt me not!" is quite correct; but it is the most *discordant correct* thing I ever heard in my life.

[No. 246.] TO MR. POWER.

July 14, 1813.

My dear Sir,—I send you the words to the Finland song with the second verse I have just finished; and, before the end of the week, you shall have something else of my promised performances. What you offer about the opera is very tempting indeed; particularly as I have (since I wrote to you last) plucked up courage enough to look into the dreadful little book you gave me at parting, and find, to my infinite horror, that I have no more to draw this year, but that at the end of it, I shall be ten pounds in your debt! Though I felt that this must be the case, yet the actual proofs of it staring before my face, in black and white, quite staggered me for a day or two. I am now however a little recovered from the shock, and though this state of our accounts makes your proposal doubly tempting, yet I fear I could not possibly undertake both my poem and an opera this year, and do all that justice to both which it is your interest as well as mine that I should; for, believe me, that I consider *your* interest very much in the anxiety I feel about my poem; so much, indeed, do I consider my duty towards you to be paramount to all others in the way of business, that, if I did not consider the success of the poem a very material circumstance in your favour as well as my own, I should not feel justified in giving a moment to it away from any task it is your wish I should undertake; and it is principally from my desire to get the poem forward, that I have chosen a number of the Melodies as my musical work for this year; because I shall naturally feel less solicitude about such an old established job than I should about anything new we should embark in; and you may depend upon it that, after this year, whether I am lucky enough to finish the poem or not, you shall hear no more about it as standing in the way of anything you wish me to undertake.

With respect to your brother, I fear he will make me suffer for the pains I took to get him connected with us; but I shall be very grateful, indeed, for your keeping off as much of his annoyance from me as possible. If *you* are displeased with my advertisement, or the intention expressed in it, you have but to say so, and it shall be altered; but I dare say I shall have your sanction in not troubling my head about any criticism or objection of his; so that I may leave entirely to yourself the explanation you think proper to make, both with respect to this year's works and the announcement we agreed to put forth in the advertisement. Pray tell me how soon you think the numerous delays he is throwing in your way will enable you to bring out this number.

I have never yet been in any situation so retired and suited to business as our present little cottage, and I think I shall live in it for ever, if something better than ordinary does not turn up for me.

Best remembrances to Mrs. Power from Bessy and from ever yours, T. Moore.

Your poor dear little girl!

[No. 247.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Thursday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—Dear Bessy and I are quite busy in preparing our little cottage, which was in a most ruinous state, but which is already beginning to assume looks of comfort. The expense of remaining at the inn, while it is preparing, is the worst part of the business. My darling mother, how you would delight, I know, to see us when we are settled! I have taken such a fancy to the little place, and the rent is so low, that I really think I shall keep it on as a scribbling retreat, even should my prospects in a year or two induce me to live in London. I wish I had a good round sum of money to lay out on it, and I should make it one of the prettiest little things in England. Bessy still begs a thousand pardons of Ellen, but her bustle increases upon her, and she must only atone by long, long letters when she gets into the cottage. Mind, you must direct, "Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire." Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 248.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I got my dear father's letter yesterday, and I assure you we both heartily sympathise in the impatience which

you feel for our meeting: but, darling mother, it would be (I am sure you are convinced) the height of imprudence for me to go to such expense, and indulge in so much idleness as a trip to Ireland would now entail on me. Next spring it is almost certain that I shall be able to see you all embracing one another. To-morrow we shall remove from the inn to the house of the farmer from whom we have the cottage, and in a few days more I expect we shall sleep under our own roof. To-day, while my dear Bessy was presiding over the workmen, little Barbara and I rolled about in the hay-field before our door, till I was much more hot and tired than my little playfellow. The farmer is doing a vast deal more for us in the way of repairs, but still it will take a good sum from myself to make the place worthy of its situation; and, luckily, the Post Bag has furnished me with tolerable supplies for the purpose. God bless my own dear ones at home. Ever your TOM.

[No 249.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Friday night, Sept. 29, 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We arrived, as I anticipated in my last, between five and six on Monday evening. It was a most lovely evening, and the cottage and garden in their best smiles to receive us. The very sight of them seemed new life to Bessy, and, as her appetite is becoming somewhat better, I hope quiet and care will bring her round again. I paid the *forty-second* pound to the post-boy that left us at home! This is terrible phlebotomising. However, quiet and economy will bring these matters round again also. If any of you had come with us (and I wish to God you had) you would have been amused to see how company and racket meet me everywhere. A neighbour of ours (Ackroyd) came breathless after our chaise, to say that he had a musical party that night, Sir W. Bagshaw, the Fitzherberts, &c. &c., and we must positively come in our travelling-dresses. Bessy's going was out of the question, and I assured him I feared it was equally so with me. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Cooper was dispatched from the party in Lady Fitzherbert's carriage, between eight and nine o'clock, to bring me by persuasion or force, or anyhow. It would not do, however; I sent him back alone, and got quietly to my bed. The children are doing very well, and I am, as usual, stout and hearty. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 250.] TO MISS DALBY.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
Thursday evening, 1813.

My dear Mary,—We had the courage to take possession on Tuesday week last, after having served an ejectment on *the ghosts*, who have been the only tenants here for some time past. Isn't it odd that we should have the luck always to get into haunted houses? This lonely, secluded little spot is not at all a bad residence for ghosts; but for our old matter-of-fact barn at Kegworth to pretend to be haunted was too much affectation. Within these few days the place begins to look habitable about us; my poets and sages have raised their heads from the packing-cases, and very *creditable* chairs, tables, &c., are beginning to take their places round the walls.

Bessy is highly delighted with her little cottage, and whenever any new improvement is made, she says, "How Mary Dalby will like this when she comes!" We have not yet found out the Matchetts, but there were two or three stray ladies the other evening reconnoitring the cottage when we were out, and making a sort of offer at a visit, who, we believe, are friends of the Matchetts: they were of the Cooper family.

Bessy and I had a day at Dovedale together, before we left Ashbourne, and it was a very happy day indeed. She shall write to you very soon, but (whether it is an invention of her laziness or not, I don't know) she says the agreement was that *I* should write the first letter: so now you have it, and now let us hear from *you*. I have near a dozen epistles to scribble this evening. Ever yours faithfully, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 251.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday evening, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We have this day got our curtains up and our carpets down, and begin to look a little civilised. It is a very sweet spot indeed, and I do not recollect whether I told you that I only pay twenty pounds a-year for it; and the taxes will be about three or four more. This is not extravagant, and though it be a little nutshell of a thing, we

have a room to spare for a friend, or for you, darling mother, if you would come and visit us. How proud Bessy would be to have you, and make much of you!

We heard, a day or two ago, of our little Statia, that she is thriving finely. The only drawback on my dear Bessy's happiness is the being removed from her little child so far. She has hardly had time to get acquainted with it yet; but it would have been a great pity to take her away from a nurse that seemed to be doing her so much justice.

Best love to father and Nell from us both. Bessy says she *will not* write till the house is settled. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 252.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Ashbourne, Derbyshire, Saturday night, 1813.

I am settled at last, and I would not write till I could tell you so. I have got a small rural cottage among the fields, near the pretty town of Ashbourne; rent twenty pounds a-year, and taxes about three more. I have not time at this moment to say anything else, but that I have every prospect of quiet and happiness. I have received a very flattering letter from Whitbread, apologising for not cultivating or courting my acquaintance while I was in town, and requesting me to undertake something for Drury Lane.

Your little god-daughter is growing the sweetest and most interestiug little thing in the world. Bessy sends best remembrances. More in a day or two. Ever cordially yours,

T. M.

[No. 253.] TO HIS MOTHER.

—— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I sent you the Examiner the other day, with two things in it which, you will see, he imputes to me: he is only right in *one* of them, the only thing I have given to the Morning Chronicle since I left town.

You cannot think how our cottage is admired; and if ever I am able to *purchase* it, I shall make a beautiful thing of it. Ever your own, TOM.

Barbara is at this moment most busily engaged about a pair of new top-boots, which I have on for the first time since I came to London, and which she is handling and viewing with great admiration.

[No. 254.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Thursday evening, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We are to dine out (for the first time) to-morrow: indeed the natives here are beginning to visit us much faster than I wish. Mrs. Rain called upon Bessy yesterday: they have a fine place here called Wooton Hall.

Our cottage is upon a kind of elevated terrace above the field, which has no fence round it, and keeps us in constant alarm about Bab's falling over, so that I shall be obliged to go to the expense of *paling:* it will cost me, I dare say, ten pounds, for the extent in front is near sixty yards.

I find I am a great favourite with this celebrated Madame de Stael, that has lately arrived, and is making such a noise in London: she says she has a *passion* for my poetry. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 255.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—We are going to-morrow to return the visit of the Rains: our neighbours, the Coopers, lend us their carriage. You see we fall on our legs wherever we are thrown.

I had a long letter from Lord Byron yesterday: his last thing, the Giaour, is very much praised, and deservedly so; indeed, I think he will dethrone Walter Scott. Ever, my darling mother, your own, TOM.

[No. 256.] TO MR. POWER.

Castle Donington, Friday, —— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I take the opportunity of a lift to come on here for a last *rummage* of the library before the bad weather sets in, and I have got more for my purpose out of it, by making it a *business* in this way, than I should, in an idle, sauntering way, if I were in its neighbourhood for twelve months. I only write now to acknowledge your last letter, which was forwarded to me hither. I shall give up the correction in the letter-press, as it is so inconvenient, but I think I shall avail myself of the new plate and the erratum: more of this, however, next week. I shall also have a consultation with you about a point which I perceive your mind is a good deal set upon, and that is, my living in or

near London. I certainly fear that embarrassments would soon gather round me there, and my own wish is to stay here at least till you and I fix upon some plan of co-operation; but in this, as on every other point, I am very much inclined to listen to your counsel; and therefore we shall have some talk about it. At all events, I shall stay here till I finish my poem; but my reason for agitating the question now is, that I had some idea of agreeing with the landlord for a short term of years of this place; so think over the matter now, and let me know your whole mind and wishes. Next week you shall have another song. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 257.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—It is very late, and I have been obliged to leave you last of half a dozen letters, so that you will come off very badly. We dined out to-day at the Ackroyds, neighbours of ours. You would have laughed to see Bessy and me going to dinner. We found, in the middle of our walk, that we were near half an hour too early for dinner, so we set to *practising country dances*, in the middle of a retired green lane, till the time was expired. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 258.] TO MR. POWER.

Oct. 23, 1813.

My dear Sir,—Bessy and I have been on a visit to Derby for a week. I was indeed glad to have an opportunity of taking her for change of air, as she was very ill before we went. We were on a visit at Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four *for* us and back again *with* us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. Bessy came back full of presents, rings, fans, &c. &c. My singing produced some little sensation at Derby, and every one to whom I told your intention of publishing my songs collectively seemed delighted.

I have had another application about Drury Lane in consequence of a conversation at Holland House, and am beginning already (without, however, stopping the progress of my poem) to turn over a subject in my mind. You must be very indulgent to me for a few months, and I promise to make up abundantly for it afterwards. This poem has hitherto paralysed all my efforts for you, but it shall do so no longer than this year, I promise you. You are right in referring your brother to the advertisement of the fifth number for this year's work, and I'll make it a good one too, depend upon it. I suppose you have seen the Monthly Review of June on the Melodies. I am promised a sight of it.

It gave me much pain to hear of your vexations and your illness. I feel *more* than a *partner* to you, and nothing can affect either your health or welfare without touching me most deeply. As yet I have only added to your incumbrances, but I trust *my* time for lightening the load is not far distant. I only hope that this new engagement with Stevenson may not involve you in too much difficulty or uneasiness; but (however you may smile at the oft-repeated and still-distant speculation) I am quite sure it will be in my power, after the sale of my Book, to withhold long enough from my share of the annuity to let your resources take breath and refreshment, and by writing the words of an oratorio for Stevenson I may perhaps do something towards rendering *him* more valuable, or a set of songs for him to compose. I shall be most happy to write, leaving it to the merit they may possess and your discretion in the use of my name, whether I shall acknowledge them or not: *indeed, this latter task I should rather like than not, so command me;* only I wish he and I could be together when he is setting them.

I think the title of the Finland air had better be "A Finland Love Song, arranged for Three Voices, by Thomas Moore, Esq."

Ever yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 259.] TO MR. POWER.

Monday night, —— 1814.

My dear Sir,—I received your letter, and yesterday, in the box from Miss Lawrence, got the books and music, for which I thank you very much; the Melodies are bound very neatly.

What you tell me about the depredations committed on you is most mortifying indeed; I only hope that the loss being spread over so

many years will be felt less by you than if it came all at once together. We must be more careful in our book concern.

I have this last week written a charter glee for Stevenson to set for a new musical society that is about to open, with great *éclat*, in Dublin. Dalton is the great promoter of it, and the Duke of Leinster gives his patronage. I send you the words on the other side, and a question has occurred to me which puzzles me not a little. If I have understood you right, your brother is not to have, or at least has not yet, any share in your agreement with Stevenson. Now, what is to be done about the words I write for Stevenson? as your brother certainly has a claim upon all such words, and I do not well see how you are to settle the matter with him. I wish you would, when you write, give me some explanation upon this subject, before I employ myself in any more words for Sir John.

"Who says the Age of Song is o'er,
Or that the mantle, finely wrought,
Which hung around the Bard of yore,
Has fallen to earth, and fall'n uncaught?
It *is* not so: the harp, the strain,
And souls to feel them, *still* remain.

"Muse of our Isle descend to-night,
With all thy spells of other years,—
The lay of tender, calm delight;
The song of sorrow, steep'd in tears;
The war-hymn of the brave and free,
Whose every note is victory!
And oh! that airy Harp of mirth,
Whose tales of love, and wine, and bliss,
Make us forget the grovelling earth,
And all its care on nights like this!"

I am very anxious Stevenson should set this well, for his own sake as well as the sake of the words; particularly as I am told there is an Opposition Club forming against this, under the auspices of Warren, and professedly to the exclusion of Stevenson. I was very sorry to see by the newspaper (the Morning Chronicle), that you have lost your point against Walker in Chancery. Do you care much about it? I hope not most sincerely, as you have so many other things to plague you.

I have got rather a pretty Irish air, which, with a little of my manufacturing, will do for our next number, and you shall have it, with some other things, soon.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from Bessy, and yours most affectionately,

THOMAS MOORE.

I wish you would take the trouble of calling upon Sheddon before eleven some morning with this letter, as I have inclosed him Croker's letter (principally to show I have such a friend at the Admiralty) and not wishing to leave it in his hands have begged him to return it to you, when he has read it; so just deliver the packet to him, and wait till he has done with it.

I have written to ask Croker's advice about my Bermuda place, and he has, in a long letter, repeated and enforced what he said before, that my going out myself is the only way of seeing myself done justice to there; but the remedy is worse than the disease. Unfortunately, I entered into a negotiation with my deputy (through the Sheddons) to sell him, for an immediate sum, the whole profits of the office during the war, and I very much fear he is keeping back my share, in order to diminish my opinion of the emoluments, and prevent me from setting too high a price on the situation. Even his uncles, the Sheddons, are displeased with him.

[No. 260.] TO MR. POWER.

— 1813.

My dear Sir,—I luckily received your last parcel yesterday morning, time enough to inclose you back your letters with the proofs. I hope you did not answer Dalton's letter yesterday, for you have quite mistaken one part of it; that which relates to the arranging of my compositions. He by no means intends to exclude the arranging of them; but taking that task as a matter of course, says that, in addition to those, he will arrange whatever of any kind or of anybody else's you may publish, and adds that this he thinks must be an object to you. If you have written, pray write again immediately to do away your misapprehension, as whether you decline the proposal or not, I know you would wish to do it on true grounds, and in this I have no doubt you are quite mistaken. I will venture no opinion upon Stevenson's proposal; at least I *ought not*, perhaps, as I have so much myself, to object to his having a good deal too; but I must own, I think, two hundred a-year, *exclusive* of his great works, is a very fair offer, and as much, perhaps, as you ought to give, though I should regret exceedingly the dissolution of my alliance with him. The following is the cor-

rected passage which I wish you to have engraved in the first verse of "Thro' Erin's Isle:"

"Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming."*

* This passage has been altered thus, since the letterpress was printed off, in order to get rid of an awkward double rhyme, which savours a little of doggrel.

I wish the note engraved underneath, if it can be done conveniently.

The preface, song, and duet you shall have in the course of this week. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 261.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Saturday night.

My dearest Mother,—We returned from Derby the evening before yesterday, just in time for me to appear in my dignified office of steward at the Ashbourne Ball. It was a tolerably gay ball, and they said I acquitted myself *very properly*. It was, however, a very disagreeable office, as I was obliged to consult *rank* more than beauty, and dance off the two first sets with the two ugliest women in the room. Mr. Strutt, while we were with him, made *me* a present of a beautiful box for my letters, and gave Bessy a very fine ring, a nice ivory fan, and a very pretty antique bronze candlestick, so that we lost nothing by our visit.

We shall now shut up for the winter: this place is much too gay to give ourselves up to. Bessy is quite well, and little Barbara in great spirits. We are very uneasy at not hearing of Anastasia.

Barbara calls me *Tom*, and I try in vain to break her of it, because she hears her mother call me so. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 262.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—You cannot imagine what a sensation Bessy excited at the Ball the other night; she was very prettily dressed, and certainly looked very beautiful. I never saw so much admiration excited: she was very much frightened, but she got through it very well. She wore a turban that night to please me, and she looks better in it than anything else; for it strikes everybody almost that sees her, how like the form and expression of her face are to Catalani's, and a turban is the thing for that kind of character. She is, however, not very well; and unfortunately she is again in that condition in which her mind always suffers even more than her body. I must try, however, and keep up her spirits.

Little Baboo is quite well, and is, I think, improving in her looks.

The fifth number of the Irish Melodies is out. We were so hard run for airs, that I fear it will not be so popular as the others. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 263.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday night, —— 1813.

My dearest Mother,—I am just returned from the great and grand Public Dinner at Ashbourne, where I assure you they did me high honour, drank my health with three times three, and, after the speech I made in acknowledgment, shouted most vociferously. It is really very flattering to meet with such respect in one's neighbourhood: a place was reserved for me next to the president, the chief magistrate of the place.

Barbara has been to all the festivities, and enjoyed them very much. We have slept the two nights past at Mr. Belcher's, the clergyman's, there.

There was a general dinner this evening of all the young girls and lads of Ashbourne, in the principal street: it was a very gay scene; but I am quite tired: so good night, dearest mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 264.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, Jan. 10, 1814.

Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Two-pence to be paid upon the inclosed, and forwarded directly. Lord Byron dedicates his Corsair to me, and from this on't lords are to dedicate to poor poets, instead of poor poets dedicating to lords. Mrs. Wilmot has written to me to furnish her with an epilogue for her tragedy, with fine flourishes about its being the wish of Messrs. Sheridan, Whitbread, &c. &c. I have taken time to consider. Last packet brought me proposals of being elected librarian to the Dublin Society, 200*l.* per annum, coals, candles, and to be qualified in

German for it, at half an hour's notice, by Mr. Professor Feinagle. Every body thinks me a person of some consequence except your two sisters there, in Davies Street; and unless you give some *signs of life* in the course of this week, I shall hand you over to the Humane Society for resuscitating persons in said condition. Ever yours notwithstanding,

T. Moore.

[No. 265.] TO MR. POWER.

Monday, Jan. 17, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I did not intend to have any communication with you till Friday, but as I have been requested by the Coopers to send the enclosed, I must give you the trouble of forwarding them; and I think I shall not inflict another packet on my friend Lord Glenbervie till this day week, when you shall have the two jobs of the present week. I was very much delighted to receive your two last letters, though I did not answer the one about your excursion to France so soon as you seemed to wish, concluding that there is *as yet* no hurry, though certainly I have no doubt of a peace taking place very soon, and then, my dear sir, after I have seen my poor Bessy safe over her July production, I shall be at your command for a short musical trip at a day's notice: besides the pleasure of our being together, I think it is quite necessary for you to have some one with you that speaks French, and I have but little doubt that we shall make the excursion *tell*.

I have had a letter from old Sheddon, in which there is no money, but some sort of promise, which I can hardly understand, of remittances I may expect, he says, on account of last year. Heaven grant it! they can never come amiss.

Lord Byron's new poem is dedicated to me, and as it will be a fortnight yet before it appears, I will give you a taste of what he says, which I flatter myself will be a cordial to you. "I take this opportunity of adorning my pages with a name consecrated by unshaken public principle and the most undoubted and various talent. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret since the commencement of our acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it began, to add his humble suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation:" then, at the end, he says, "it may be of some service to me that the man who is the delight both of his readers and his friends; the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own; permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself," &c. &c. Is not *this* very fine? They may say the praise is *laid on with a trowel*, but at least it is a *golden* trowel that lays it on.

Best regards to Mrs. Power from Bessy and myself, and believe me, my dear Sir, ever cordially yours, Thomas Moore.

[No. 266.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Mayfield Cottage, Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have a thousand apologies to make for not answering your letter sooner, but I rather think I must have *dreamed* that I had done so, for though I have thought of you often since, it was without the least symptoms of remorse, till this morning I was awakened to a full sense of my wrong towards you by discovering your letter in the *un*answered side of my letter-box. I hope by this time you have recovered from the effects of Mr. Cheslyn's method of "teaching your young idea how to shoot," and that you will in future keep out of the way of such *unpoetical* things as guns, squires, rabbits, &c.* The Prince was very gracious to you, and no one can be more so when he chooses. To give the devil his due, he is very fond of music, and that is one great step towards redemption, at least where you and I are the judges.

We are here, in a very delightful situation, where we should be most happy if you would pay us a visit. You must not come, however, till we have better *cottage*-weather, as, in these snows, we cannot stir a step without pioneers and shovels in the van.

When are we to have your second volume? Pray give our kindest regards to our *well-remembered* friends in High Street, and say that we have often meditated a visit to them, and shall hardly let another summer pass without putting it into execution.

* *Note by Mr. Gardiner*:—"This alludes to my having been persuaded, much against my will, to join a shooting party, at which some stray shots from my friend's gun, firing at a rabbit, wounded me in the knee, and I returned to the hall bleeding."

Will you take the trouble of telling Clarke to send me a bill of the things he made for me, and believe me, very truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

What do you think of my friend Buonaparte? like most of our modern dramatists, he *falls off in the last act* deplorably.

[No. 267.] TO EDWARD T. DALTON, ESQ.

Thursday, Jan. 25, 1814.

My dearest Dalton,—I have just heard that you are at Lord Bective's, and very ill there: for goodness sake, my dear fellow, *do* let me hear from you, or, if you dislike writing yourself, I am sure Mrs. Dalton will let me have a line of intelligence about you. If the letter I wrote to you some time since did but *half* justice to the anxiety I felt to hear from you, I am certain you would not have left me so unaccountably long without that gratification. My appearance as a "sweet singer of Israel" is near at hand, and I want to know whether you will let me dedicate the first number to *you*, and whether I may call you, "My dear Dalton," *in print?* Answer these two questions immediately, as the printer's devil's claws are extended over me, and there is no time to lose. Yours ever affectionately, T. MOORE.

[No. 268.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, Jan. 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I am sorry to find you are as wretchedly off with snow in Dublin as we are here; it made me quite sad to read of the miseries they are suffering in the Liberty, &c. Our roads have been completely blocked up, and we had four mails due yesterday. I expect by the post Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy, for which I have half promised to write an epilogue; but, unless it is pathetic enough to *melt* its way to me, I fear I shan't get it in time. We struggled through the snow to see Statia yesterday, and were delighted to find her improving very fast: she has cut two teeth.

Lord Byron's poem comes out on Tuesday next: I shall contrive to send you over a copy. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 269.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, Jan. 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Lord Byron has sent me a proof sheet of his Dedication, and I hope he will keep it as it is, for nothing was ever so flattering or gratifying: as I have just said in a letter to Rogers, "the overflowing praise he lavishes on me is exactly what might be expected from a profuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise, as sailors lend money, *by handfuls*." I shall keep the proof till I see whether he makes any alteration, and shall then send it to you with any difference there may be.

We are almost completely blocked up by snow, and cannot stir without pioneers and shovels in our van. I have had a proposal from Dublin to stand for the librarian of the Dublin Society, with a promised prospect of success; but 200*l.* a year and residence on the spot are but poor temptations, and I have declined it. Ever, my darling mother, your own,

TOM.

[No. 270.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I forgot to mention in my last, that my *bile* was quite gone again, and I am this moment returned from a long walk with as good a colour on my cheeks as even you, my darling mother, could wish to see.

Barbara has this moment interrupted me with her often-repeated demand for "pretty mookis" which means "pretty music," and I have accordingly set her up on a chair at the pianoforte, where she is inflicting all sorts of tones on my ears. I hope she will continue as fond of it as she is now.

Best love to dear father, Nell and Kate, from your own, TOM.

[No. 271.] TO MR. POWER.

Thursday, Jan. 29, 1814.

My dear Sir,—You did not, of course, receive my letters of last week till late in this. We have been so blocked up here that I have not been able to take my exercise, and from this cause, and a very bad cold, I have been upon the whole rather unfitted for my studies. I send you, however, a Song, and an Irish Melody, which I have altered from one in Crotch's collection; it is the second verse I have sent with it, as I am not yet satisfied with the first, and indeed shall have some alterations to make in this second one. I am resolved to make

this number, at least in *words*, better, if possible, than any one of them; there are some old airs for it that will admit of a fine measure for poetry. From what I hear of the fifth number, I begin (though you know how dissatisfied I was with it) to think it will not let down the character of the work: it is, at all events, much better than the third. One good sign is, that I find different people choosing different favourites from it. Lord Tamworth said to me at the Derby ball, "Moore, you never wrote anything so good as 'The Young May Moon;'" but our sixth shall be a *smasher*. I mean to write the regular number through before my year is out, to leave nothing for your brother to complain of; but I will positively protest against its publication till I think it all excellent; and what are over may be laid by, till we recommence the work.

I am determined, as soon as my poem is published, to give all my soul and body to the stage and music. I shall not be deterred even by a *failure*, for I mean to throw so much of the best writing I can muster up into what I do, that even should the galleries damn it, I may have the critics on my side.

I don't know whether I told you that I have had a request from the party lately at Whitbread's to write an epilogue for Mrs. Wilmot's forthcoming tragedy. I have said that I will try, and the manuscript is on its way to me; it ought to have come last week, and I hope no accident has happened to it. There is no time to lose, as she comes out in February. I shall take pains with it. I think the oftener I rub my skirts to the Dramatic Muse the better, and who knows but (if I receive something from Bermuda) I may take a trip myself to town to school Miss Smith in her recitation of it. Ever yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 272.] TO MR. POWER.

—— 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have been disappointed in not hearing from you this week past. I send you words of a song for Stevenson to set: there is a third verse, but the two will do to send him. He may introduce much variety in it. Let the verses be copied out correctly from my manner of writing them. I told your brother in my letter, thanking him for the Irish airs, that you would not bring out the sixth number till it was as perfect as possible, and he has written in reply that he would not, on any consideration, have me hurried in this or any other work till I was completely satisfied with it myself.

Mrs. Wilmot's play does not come out for a month yet, and this extraordinary phenomenon, Kean, is her hero

You have seen, I suppose, the lashing I have got in Drakard: it is an unfair renewal of all the old charges against my early poems: but you perceive the Irish songs are sacred even in this fellow's hands; indeed, these songs are, at present, the main bulwark of my reputation, and I am rejoiced at it for your sake; but I hope to show these gentlemen they are mistaken, when they say there is nothing better in me than I have yet exhibited.

You shall have another melody next week. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

Poor Mr. Kean is now in the honeymoon of criticism. Next to the pleasure of crying a man down, your critics enjoy the vanity of crying him up; but, when *once up* and fixed there, he is a mark for their arrows ever after.

"When first the Fount of life was flowing,
Heavy and dark and cold it ran,
Every gloomy instant growing
Bitterer to the lips of Man;
Till Love came by, one lucky minute,
Light of heart and fair of brow,
And flung his sweetening cordial in it,
Proudly saying, 'Taste it now.'

"Then bring the Lyre, to rapture wake it,
Who one drop of Life would waste,
When the balm of Love can make it
Fit for Gods themselves to taste?

"Still, though now no longer bitter,
Still, the Fount in darkness strayed,
Ne'er had morn or noontide glitter
O'er its cloudy surface played;
Till Wit, the Spirit of the Mountain,
Stooping from his airy heights,
Came and scattered o'er the fountain,
All his richest rainbow lights!

"Then bring the Lyre, to rapture wake it,
Who one drop of Life would waste,
When the beams of Wit can make it
Fit for Gods themselves to taste?"

The first four lines of each verse ought to be slow and melancholy. I should think the varieties of the expression particularly suited to a three part glee.

[No. 273.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I have just been copying out some music to send to Power by this

opportunity, so that I have not left myself a moment to say more than that I have got the two newspapers you sent me. I fear my friend Byron has not done quite right, though I perceive he has not lost ground with the Catholic Board, and I should suppose that illustrious body would have shown their sense of his misconduct if he had been wrong. What a set they are! they make me blush for poor Ireland.

Bessy is not at all well to-day, and it is unlucky, as we have the Coopers to dine with us. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 274.]

FROM MR. JEFFREY TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

92 Gee Street, Edinburgh,
March 30, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have long been desirous of preferring an humble petition to your friend—and I hope I may say mine also—Mr. Moore, for some assistance on the Review, and have at last resolved to give you the trouble of making my application. I can more easily state to you than to him the terms upon which we solicit contributions; and I am sure my application will have a far better chance of success, if you condescend to say a word or two in its favour. On my return from the other side of the world, I found the affairs of the Review in some degree of backwardness and confusion; and feel that it would require the assistance of finer and stronger heads than my own completely to restore them. The brilliant success of some of Mr. Moore's late (reputed) works brought him very quickly to my thoughts; and all that I have since heard of the manly and noble independence of his conduct, in circumstances of much difficulty, has increased the ambition I felt to connect myself in some way with a person of such talents and such principles. I understand that he is living without any profession, cultivating literature and domestic happiness, in a situation of retirement. I am inclined to hope, therefore, that he may, occasionally at least, have leisure enough to furnish us with an article, if he has not other and more radical objections to enrolling himself among our contributors. If he can be prevailed on to do us this honour, it will be for himself to choose the subject upon which he would like best to enlarge, though there is one sort of article which I should be tempted to suggest, both because it is one with which I should be peculiarly glad to embellish our journal, and because I know of nobody who could execute it half so well. I mean a classical, philosophical, poetical article, after the nature of that on Aristophanes in one of the late Quarterlies, in which some ancient author is taken up, and estimated, and commented, and poetically translated in fragments, and the purity of classic literature combined with the depth, boldness, and freedom of modern discussion. I have no particular author or publication in view for the subject of such an exercise; but if Mr. Moore was inclined to do the thing we could soon find him the occasion.

And now I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously.

You see I presume a great deal on your good nature, when I venture, without any apology, to trouble you with all the negotiation; but I have already experienced so much of your kindness that I do not feel at all afraid of offending you, and cannot help having a kind of assurance that it will give you pleasure to be the means of bringing your excellent friend and me into something of a nearer connection. I hope there neither is, nor can be supposed to be, any kind of indelicacy in the proposal I have now asked you to make. Heaven forbid that you should make it if there was the shadow of a doubt on the subject; and I rely entirely on your good sense and good feeling to proceed on it or to let it alone, as you think most advisable. At all events, I must beg of you to take some means to let Moore know that I respect and esteem him, and should be sincerely gratified to have the means of doing him any service. For yourself, I have only now to assure you that I am, with the utmost respect, dear sir, your obliged and very faithful servant, &c., F. JEFFREY.

[No. 275.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, April 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,—Few things have ever given me more pleasure than the account which our excellent friend Rogers has just sent me, not

only of your favourable, but your kind reception of the proposal I took the liberty of making you, through him about a fortnight ago. It is a great matter to gain such an associate for the Review; but I do assure you this has but an insignificant share in the gratification I feel in having found a fair and natural occasion to cultivate your friendship, and to show my admiration of your talents and your character. I am sorry that you cannot engage to do much for us for some time to come; but hope you may still find some odd ends and fragments of time that may be bestowed on us without inconvenience. I am extremely anxious to have you fairly dipped in our ink, and should feel my periodical anxiety very much lightened for the next number if I could but reckon on its containing one little piece of yours, however short and inelaborate. We are most in want of light articles indeed of late, as I dare say you have observed; and they bear a higher value with us, like light guineas under the bullion act. I wish I could think of a bait to tempt you with in the *genus* ridiculous; but at this distance from town we know little of such matters, and I think I may say with perfect safety that you may choose for yourself, or let any London friend choose for you, without the least risk of falling upon anything that has occurred to any of our contributors. I am obliged to go a great distance into the country for a trial in a few hours, and am excessively hurried at this moment; but I could not think of delaying one hour the expression of my great satisfaction at the prospect of your cooperation, and my anxiety to have something from you as early as possible. The number, I am ashamed to say, has not yet gone to press, and anything which you may have to send before the 25th of May next will be ready for insertion. May I hope soon to hear what you think can possibly be done for us? At all events, I shall take the liberty of writing to you again when I have a moment of greater leisure. In the meantime believe me always your obliged and very faithful servant,

F. Jeffrey.

[No. 276.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, April 25, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I will now give you an extract or two from Jeffrey's letter to Rogers. * * * * Is not this very flattering? There is nothing half so gratifying as winning round such antagonists to praise and friendship.

I shall be off for London on Friday: poor Bessy does not at all like my going, but she would be very sorry I did not. Barbara is in high health and spirits, and little Statia getting on very well. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 277.] TO HIS MOTHER.

——1814.

My dearest Mother,—I am again in quiet, and again able to renew my regular correspondence, which I know you will forgive the interruption of during my very bustling visit to town. I certainly never was in half such request before, and feel great spirits from finding my character in every way standing so high. I had not time to tell you of my appearance at Power's trial; but Lord Ellenborough's manner to me was of the most marked respect and politeness; and was so far *politic* as well as polite, for he has secured my silence in his favour for ever. I would not from this on't touch one hair of his wig. I send you a report of the trial in which his compliments to me are noticed.

Did I tell you that I was offered two thousand guineas for my poem while I was in town? my friends thought I might command three thousand; but I should not like to ask more than I could be sure of getting.

Poor Bessy was, as you may suppose, delighted to have me back again. I found Barbara visibly improved in the five weeks I had been away, and little Statia much better.

Bessy sends a collar for Ellen, which she bids me say is only worth acceptance as being worked by herself, and the first she ever worked. God bless you, dearest mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 278.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Thursday night, June 1, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy received Ellen's letter this evening, and it rejoiced us exceedingly to hear you were so merry on my birthday*: long, long may you be merry on that day, my own dear mother, and may we soon be able to celebrate it all together. This last time even Bessy and I were separated.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Dalton was asked

* May 28.

to be godmother to our forthcoming little thing. She has made Bessy very happy by a present of a most splendid cap and frock for it; they are quite the admiration of all our female neighbours.

I assure you I have the credit here of being a pattern for husbands, on account of my goodness in coming back to Bessy just as all the gaieties were beginning in London; but in this they allow me more credit than I deserve, for I have no great curiosity after emperors (except *ex*-ones), and of the gaieties I had quite enough. Ever my dearest mother, your

TOM.

[No. 279.] FROM MR. DALTON.

28, Cavendish Street, June 27, 1814.

My dearest Moore,—It is really impossible to give you any idea of the scenes which have been passing in this metropolis since you left it, and of which we have been, in common with others, most amused spectators. We have been constant in our attentions to the great visitors, from their arrival to their departure. We have seen them in all places and in all ways. The most striking exhibition which I saw was their first appearance and reception at the Opera. I do not believe that Europe could produce anything like it. The Regent, who entered along with the Emperor and King of Prussia, and who of course shared in the applause, which was prodigious, turned pale when he saw the artfully-timed entrance of the Princess of Wales exactly opposite, at the critical moment when the applause had subsided. I never saw anything so pointed as the manner in which almost the entire audience turned to her and cheered her.

The good-natured Duke of Devonshire asked us to Chiswick to meet them; but think of our extraordinary good fortune in getting tickets for White's *fête*. Olivia got them. It was, I think, beautiful beyond all description, and far exceeded my expectations. Imagine the extent and effect of a room in which 2,500 people assembled and danced without being crowded. The supper-room was equally large and beautiful.

Blucher has continued, I think, throughout the object of greatest curiosity and admiration. The Emperor is a very amiable-looking person; the King of Prussia is, I think, much more interesting from his simple and unostentatious demeanour; but the contrast between their natural manner and unaffected dress, and the artificial dignity and manufactured appearance of our Regent is most striking. Bating all the shows, emperors, &c., London, people who know it say, has never been so stupid.

We have decided upon going to Paris immediately. Oh, that you would come with us! Would it be possible? I think it would be prudent. By this time I sincerely hope that Mrs. Moore has removed your chief anxieties about her, and in a very few days she will be well enough to bear your absence a short time. We propose to set off on Monday week, the 4th July, take very few things with us, and spend in France about three clear weeks. During that time you would have many opportunities of looking about you, and making inquiries, which can be so much more satisfactorily done by oneself than by any other person, concerning a desirable situation for the permanent residence, about which you spoke so positively. This is, I think, what most people do. We should take you from this to Dover, and, on our return from Dover, back here. When we got to Calais, we should make a little stock purse, and a very small contribution from each would answer. Now, my dear Moore, if I could but convey to you an idea of the pleasure which such an arrangement would give me. I must be off on Monday or Tuesday week at farthest, as I am limited in time. I believe we shall have Power with us as a fellow-traveller. Beecher will set off a few days before, and Corry and his *femme* a few days after. You must write to me by return of post, but do not decide against us without some good reason.

Mrs. Dalton and I tried your pianoforte at Broadwood's. We both thought it an uncommonly good one, and the best there. I have given the direction to Power. I had the temerity, at the same time, to select three grand pianofortes for Sir John.

Do not lose any time in writing to me. Ever most truly yours, E. T. DALTON.

[No. 280.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Tuesday, June 28, 1814.

Ladies, who could forget a friend for such poor creatures as the Bourbons, can hardly be expected to have remembered him during the late Imperial proceedings, and therefore I have

very quietly made up my mind to your being (as Lord Moira says) "*oblivious*" of me for the last three weeks; but now that these royal persons are gone, and it is the opinion of the Morning Chronicle that we should all "return to reason and reflection," I beg leave to call your attention to a certain *un*-royal person in Derbyshire, who is exceedingly anxious to hear all you can tell him about every single soul that has figured away since he left you, from the Emperor of Russia down to Paul Methuen and the Prince Regent. Seriously, I know that you are the very centre of chit-chat; that you have the first bloom and blossom of every good story that's going; and I shall take it very unkind of you, if you do not share some of your treasures with me. Even an old cast-off report, or a threadbare letter from Elba, is as pretty a present as you can make to a country acquaintance. Talking of presents, my dear Bessy was quite delighted with the very beautiful things you all sent her; and I brought down at the same time a cap and frock for her forthcoming babe from Mrs. Dalton, which quite crowned the offerings. I never came back to her so richly laden before. The Atkinsons are come on a visit to their brother-in-law in this neighbourhood, and invaded our territories in full force the other day. I had long ago rather imprudently told Bessy what old Joe had said to dissuade me from marrying her, and it had dwelt so upon her mind, that she burst into tears upon meeting him. However, she soon recovered, and got on, I think, very well with them. I am sorry not to be able to go to them for a day or two, but I cannot think of leaving her just now. * * * Such family minutiæ as I bore you with! but it is what is uppermost just now, for I feel deeply anxious about her, and I know *you* will not laugh at it. These fine days are very favourable to poetry. I have my chair and my manuscript book in the garden, and stay out whole hours. I am quite sure, from the more "genial current" of thought I feel in the summer, that the warm sun of Southern France would suit me exactly.

I send you back the document you were so good as to take so much trouble about; and as there seems to be but one step more to the eleven pounds for the poor sailor, I know you will take it cheerfully for him.

A kiss to bold Barbara. Ever yours affectionately, T. Moore.

[No. 281.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Mayfield, —— 1814.

I ought to have thanked you both much sooner for your enlivening pair of letters. In my absence from all your fine London *fêtes*, I ask no better festival than one of these letters of an evening, and they have as *illuminating* an effect (upon our faces at least) as a despatch from Lord Wellington has among *you*. I assure you Bessy rubs her hands with as much glee as I do when she sees your seal, and says, "Now for a nice letter from Lady D. and Miss Godfrey," so that you are very much mistaken when you think that Friendship does not thrive in a cottage as well as Love; and I only wish you were near me, that you might see how pleasantly they would go together, and be, "like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable." I have had a great number of letters lately from Lord Byron.

By the bye, how is the Giaour liked? and how does Rogers seem to bear the review of Columbus? It is in many parts most insidiously done, and the accusing him of *haste* is really too impudent a humbug, when they and all the world know so entirely to the contrary. I am very glad to hear that I am in such high favour with that *Begum of literature*, Madame de Staël. Rogers has told me much more to the same purpose: that she says "she has a *passion* for my poetry," &c., &c. I should like very much to see her, though you know how shy I am of this kind of animal, and that Goldsmith's young Marlow is not more afraid of a *modest* woman than I am of a learned one. However, as I am told she is good-natured, and too much of the true lioness to hurt a little terrier like me, I think I would venture within the reach of of her claws. We have been visited by some of the *respectables* in this neighbourhood, as, luckily, there is no fashion; though I have already met with a blooming old lady of sixty, who writes poems in *imitation of me*, about "Coming to bowers," &c., &c.: altogether, though, we are very well off for quiet, and I hope will continue so.

I send you herewith a little job to do for me. Will you take the trouble of sending John to Perry's for me with the inclosed draft? It

will be paid perhaps immediately, perhaps not till next day; but, as soon as you get it, inclose it in a frank to me. It is not in payment for Chronicle squibs, for I have not once taken to my *Brown* studies since I left town; but Perry discounted a bill on Power for me two or three weeks ago, and this is part of the amount.

Ever, with best love to Lady D. (to whom I shall write soon about her kindest of all kind offers of a lodging in Davis Street) and remembrances to sister Philly, yours, most truly, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 282.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Sunday, July 11, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—We feel it very long, indeed, since we heard anything from you, and though I grumble a little when a letter comes with an envelope on it that *ought* to be franked, there is no money I pay with more pleasure than that which brings me news from home. Bessy and I are particularly anxious about poor Kate, and hope another day will not pass over without bringing us some intelligence. Poor Joe Atkinson is at last gone! His death was easy, and no one ever lived a more prosperous or kind-hearted life. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 283.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, July 12, 1814.

My dear Sir,—After our correspondence in April, I hope you will neither be vexed nor surprised at my renewing my importunities now. You were then so kind as to say that, by the time another number was in contemplation, you expected to be able to do something for me. Now I have just finished one number, which ought to have been finished six weeks ago, and am casting up all my ways and means to be able to go to press with another, if possible, by the beginning of September. I cannot help reckoning a little—I am afraid not quite a little—upon you in this emergency, and trouble you with this letter to ask whether I may not go on with my reckoning?

I have suffered a great deal for these last six weeks with toothache, or rheumatism, or ague, and have really been quite incapable of doing anything for myself, at a time when my friends were almost all prevented from doing anything for me. The publication of the present number has consequently been very distressingly retarded; and it comes out after all, I fear, in a state which requires more indulgence than it is likely to meet with. I am extremely anxious to redeem a part of the time that has been thus lost, along, perhaps, with a little character, and therefore feel even more than my former solicitude about the success of my application to you. I am persuaded you will do what you conveniently can for me; and I hope you do not imagine that I ever wish you to sacrifice your own convenience to mine. For books or subjects, I leave the choice entirely to yourself; and whether you take to light, or to scholar-like articles, I do not think the hazard of your interference with any of our other labourers is at all considerable. It may be well, however, that you should let me know your election as early as possible, that I may warn all other persons off the premises. For time, I have already said that I should like to have something by the beginning of September, but if you must have to the middle, or even later, you shall. Now here is all the needful, and I do not feel well enough today to go much beyond it. Have the goodness to let me know your determination as soon after you have made it as possible; but pray do not be precipitate in determining against me. Believe me always very truly and heartily yours, F. JEFFREY.

[No. 284.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, July 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which I have this instant received. Both the books you mention are disengaged, and entirely at your service. I have never happened to see the work on the Fathers, but I have no doubt that you will handle it discreetly, and edify our readers prodigiously, both in verse and in prose: do not omit the verses by any means. It is quite lawful, and sufficiently orthodox, to laugh at the Fathers: Middleton settled that point of law, and it is now at rest. I am delighted to hear that Lord B. is again in the press. I had not heard anything of this new work except from the newspapers: is it still in Paynim land? I long to see how he manages without beads and veils;

and I want him above all things to write a tragedy. I have quoted him unmercifully, you will find, in the last number, but what can a man do who is deserted by all his friends, and obliged to write against *space* by himself? I shall take care that a Review is sent you to-morrow. It is likely enough that your bookseller's copy (you see I take it for granted that you take one) may reach you as soon, but it will be a pledge of my zeal, and a glory to make the Admiralty a convenience. I have been in the country for ten days, pruning roses and tying up carnations. Sydney Smith maintains, indeed, that these are exoties which we only know among us by engravings, but if you will come before the end of next month, I undertake to convince you of his error. The best of it is that I have got rid of my toothache, and hope to get rid of my indolence by and bye. Believe me ever very truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

I have said nothing of the noble author whose merit you are so anxious to blazon; but I hope you understand that you may take your pleasure of him. I never could read any of his lucubrations, but promise to go through every word that you may quote.

[No. 285.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—As Bessy is by my side, this letter must all be about Barbara; she bids me tell you she has got her a nice little stuff gown for the winter, in which she looks prettier than in anything she ever wore, and Bessy means to send you a pattern of the gown in my next letter, or rather in her own, for she means to write next time. Barbara now has got her mamma's phrase "Bird," and looks at me very significantly, as if she had discovered something wrong I had done, and says "Oh, Bird!" We have at last heard about Statia, she has been a little ill with her teeth, but was getting quite well again. Bessy looks forward to having her home with great impatience.

We are going to a ball this evening, given by the son of a poet in this neighbourhood. I wish there was always such a vein of gold running beside the vein of poetry, for his father (Gisborne) will leave him fifteen thousand a year. Ever, my dearest mother, your own,

TOM.

[No. 286.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Thursday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—We last night went into Ashbourne to see a phantasmagoria and automatons, and supped afterwards with our neighbours the Coopers. We found several cards of visitors on our return home; amongst others the Arkwrights, who live in Sir B. Boothby's fine place, Ashbourne Hall. I am glad he has called on me, for he was the person opposed to Lord Rancliffe in the Nottingham election, and it shows he bears me no grudge for my zeal in his antagonist's cause.

We are very glad to get back to our quiet little cottage, which has been a good deal improved since we left it, by the addition of the paling, and little Barbara runs about now without any fear. She is again very well, though I think still cutting more teeth. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 287.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I know it delights you to hear of instances of friendship towards your own Tom, and I have one now to tell you that gave myself very great pleasure. My friend Douglas (whom I have not, you know, seen more than twice in eight or nine years) has just been appointed admiral on the Jamaica station, and the first thing he did was to offer me the secretaryship. The salary is something under five hundred a-year, but the perquisites, even in peace, are considerable, and in case of war it is a sure fortune. He also tells me he has a fine house and near one hundred acres of land allowed him, which are all at my disposal. I, of course, have declined it, as the emoluments in peace are not sufficient to counteract the risk of sea, health, and other objections; but the friendliness and *courage* of the offer (considering the interest by which Douglas must have got the appointment) can never be forgotten by me.

We shall be all anxiety now, my dearest mother, to have accounts of your health, and your letters may be inclosed under cover to the person who franks this, "Richard Arkwright, Esq., Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire." Bessy will write to Ellen the next time.

Have all sorts of comforts for yourself, my darling mother, and make my father draw upon me to furnish them: mind this. If we had you here we would nurse and make you well again; and perhaps at the first appearance of spring you will let me run over for you; the change of air and scene would do you good, and we should all return to Ireland with you. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 288.] TO MISS DALBY.

Tuesday, —— 1814.

My dear Mary,—Bessy insists upon my writing you a line, and I'll be generous enough to write you two; indeed I have, at this moment, time for very little more. We were truly sorry at the cause of your not coming to us, and Bessy, who wants the smile of a friend about her just at this moment particularly, is grievously disappointed. However, come to us as soon as you can, and I'll treasure up all my London recollections for you—"my prancings with Mary Ann Skiddy," &c. &c. If I could have foreseen that this show of emperors, &c., would have taken place so soon, I should certainly have waited for it; but the quiet of my cottage and my books, and my Bessy and my Barbara, are so delightful to me after the racketting wits, dukes, and countesses I have been living with, that I but little regret the loss I have had, and can even read of the meeting between those two old profligates, the Regent and Blucher (which affected some of our honest neighbours here even to tears), without one sentimental wish to witness the interview. Barbara is improving beyond my expectations, and little Statia is tolerably well. Ever yours, with both our loves, T. MOORE.

Bessy seals this letter with the tassie she has got for you.

[No. 289.] TO MISS DALBY.

Mayfield, Monday morning, —— 1814.

My dear Mary,—We have both been sad truants to you, but Bessy bids me say that as soon as Miss Lawrence leaves her, she will write to you with a punctuality that will astonish you. I suppose you have heard that we have been to Derby; and a very pleasant visit we had of it. I like the Strutts exceedingly; and it was not the least part of my gratification to find a very pretty natural girl of sixteen reading the sixth book of Virgil, and not at all spoiled by it. This is Joseph Strutt's eldest girl, a very nice dancer as well as a classic, and a poetess into the bargain. Indeed, they have quite a nest of young poets in that family; they meet every Sunday night, and each brings a poem upon some subject; and I never was much more surprised than in looking over their collection. I do not think I wrote half so well when I was their age. Then they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, most excellent white soup, and are, to crown all, right true Jacobins after my own heart; so that I passed my time very agreeably amongst them, and Bessy came away loaded with presents of rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks. I have wound up my gaieties for the season by being steward to the Wellington Ball at Ashbourne, where I danced with your friend Annette, and had another opportunity of seeing the pretty tremble of her eyelids in a poussette.

We have had invitations without end to the Gells of Hopton, the Arkwrights, &c. &c.; but I intend to go into a torpid state for the winter, and give no signs of life to any one of them.

Miss Lawrence has gone about with us everywhere, and is liked very much; she is, indeed, a very sensible, pleasing girl.

We have not heard anything of your little Statia, which makes us very uneasy; but Barbara is in high bloom, and has not forgot Coopsh. Ever yours, my dear Mary,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 290.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Donington, Friday, Aug. 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I have been to the Derby ball and races on my way hither, and met shoals of my fine friends. The Duke of Devonshire has asked me to pass some time with him next week at Chatsworth, to meet the Harringtons, &c. &c. I don't know whether I shall go. I have been lucky enough to be brought on hither by an old acquaintance of mine in his curricle, and, instead of going to the Turk's Head Inn at Donington, I am very comfortably situated at his house, within a mile and a half of the Park. I left Bessy getting on very well.

I got my father's letter. Best love to him, from his and yours ever, TOM.

I have heard from Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. She wishes to tempt me into Devonshire; tells me of a cottage near her, with two acres, and only twenty pounds a-year. But it is much too far off.

[No. 291.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Thursday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I fear I have been very remiss this week, but my trip to Donington put me out of all my regular ways. I found Bessy, on my return yesterday, doing as well as I could expect, but her appetite is not come yet. She has been in the garden these two days.

I believe I told you the Duke of Devonshire has asked me to pass a week at Chatsworth, to meet the Harringtons. I do not think I shall go, one requiring a man servant at these great houses; and, besides, I have some business which demands my presence at home.

I am grieved to find, my own darling mother, that your health is not so good as it ought to be. For God's sake keep up your spirits, and be well and cheerful to receive all the dear strangers that I mean to introduce to you in spring. You may depend on us, please Heaven! Rogers is gone to France. Good bye. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 292.] TO MR. POWER.

Aug. 1, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have received both your letters, and am much delighted by your kind assurances of unaltered, and I trust *unalterable*, friendship. There are, however, one or two things you have said, which I either do not understand quite right, or (if I *do* understand them right) am not *quite* satisfied with, and I am more and more convinced that the only way for me to get spotless out of the scrape is, by adhering to the resolution I made in town, and *totally breaking* the *engagement*. I shall finish the set of twelve sacred songs, as I have begun them, but shall not take anything for them; they shall be a saintly work of supererogation, and a peace-offering to the bond in parting. All *other* matters you and I can talk over when you come here in your way to Ireland, which you *must* do, set out when you will, for let Bessy be up or down (and she is, I am sorry to say, still up) there can always be a *shake down* for *you*. Longman has communicated to me through Perry his readiness to treat on the basis of the three thousand guineas, but requests a perusal beforehand: this I have refused. I shall have no *ifs*. Murray's two thousand *without* this distrustful stipulation is better than the three with it. I mean, in a day or two, to *turn* Carpenter's *stomach* by a communication of these proposals.

I send you the first verse of the glee (which I have succeeded in beyond my hopes) and the duet: the following is the second verse of the duet. I have a third and fourth for it, which are *under consideration*.

"When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story:
Or found in e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleam of future glory.
In e'en thy last, thy fatal fall,
These arms would still have caught thee;
I could have died, to prove thee all
My fancy first had thought thee.
But go, deceiver! go;
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The curse of hearts forsaken!"

I begin to be in high good humour with this number, but I find I have a devilish deal to do with it yet to satisfy me in the words. Ever, my dear sir, yours most truly and cordially,

THOMAS MOORE.

What do you think my landlord has had the conscience to ask for this little cabin? a thousand guineas; to the no small amusement of the country gentlemen.

[No. 293.] TO MISS DALBY.

Thursday, Aug. 13, 1814.

My dear Mary,—Another girl! but no matter; Bessy is safe over it, and that's all I care for at present. This morning, at ten minutes after ten, Miss Olivia Byron Moore (that is to be) opened her eyes on "this working-day world," and one of the first things Bessy thought of was a despatch to you upon the happy event. It is really such a weight off my mind, that I feel as if I had been delivered myself.

Now, in a very few weeks, two or three, we shall be ready for you, and you positively *must* come and help me to get poor Bessy well and fat again. In about one week, I hope to see you at Donington. Ever yours, very sincerely, THOMAS MOORE.

Write to Bessy immediately.

[No. 294.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Sunday evening, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy is getting on as well as can be expected, and the little thing is as strong as a young lioness. I am taking advantage of this moment to go and read a little at the library at Donington, for an article I have promised Jeffrey to write for the next number of the Edinburgh Review. You'll see me very flatteringly mentioned in the Drakard I send you to-day.

The Atkinsons are come back from Matlock, whither they went last week, and dined and slept at our friends the Coopers on their way: this was on Tuesday last, and, next morning, Bessy made a great effort and walked over to breakfast there: the next morning she produced Miss Olivia Byron Moore. I believe I told you Lord Byron is the godfather.

I send this letter through young Joe, and will continue to do so till old Joe returns; you shall then have them through him. God bless my own darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 295.] TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

Sunday night, —— 1814.

My dear Dalton,—I could not have two things to tell you more delightful in the telling than first, that Bessy is safe and well; and second, that you and I shall meet in May. I only wish I could make the *partie quarrée* by taking her with me; and indeed the first time she has expressed any regret at not accompanying me, was upon hearing Mrs. Dalton was to be in London, for she is quite constant to the impression that *Olivia's* face and manner made upon her. I have had a letter from poor Tom Sheridan within these few days, and I told him in my answer, that he was one of the very few fellows in this world who, I thought, might compare with me in the article of *wives*, and *you*, my dear Dalton, are another of this very few; for to have a wife *pretty* as well as *everything* else she *ought to be* is a thing us men ought, morn and night, to bless God for.

I am sorry I cannot put on a long face and be grieved at what you tell me about the tumour; but, besides that I am very sure it is like mine, and of no consequence, I look upon it to be the cause of your coming to London, and therefore cannot (as yet at least) feel very sorry about it.

Tell Mrs. Dalton I think Adelaide a very pretty name, but that as I always value names according to what I feel for those who wear them, I have a strong suspicion that Olivia is, *next* to Bessy, the prettiest name in the whole circle of nomenclature, that therefore I think she was very wrong in not bestowing it upon the little child. Our last God-send is the *weest* little thing that ever was produced; something like the Countess of Hainault's children at the wax-work, which came 360 at a time; but she is thriving, I believe, and the mother is doing wonderfully.

I shall reserve all the multifarious things I have to communicate till we meet; more particularly as, having to go out early in the morning, I write this letter over night after a dish of spinach and eggs, and a pint of ale; all (except the *eggs* and *ale*) out of our own garden. So you must excuse the *muzziness* you may have detected throughout this epistle, and believe me, in happy anticipation of our coming days together in London, ever sincerely and truly yours,

T. MOORE.

I hope to be in town about the first week in May, and if you could but contrive to blindfold Mrs. Dalton, and stop her ears till I arrive, I shall be very much obliged to you.

[No. 296.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, Monday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I congratulate you upon the certainty of peace, though I own I think the French shabby dogs for taking back the Bourbons, and *returning* to *their vomit* so quietly.

I find Lord Byron's being out of town was the reason of my father's last letter coming to me unfranked. We had yesterday a poor French prisoner of Ashbourne to dine with us, who was an officer of Buonaparte's guards. He damns the "ingratitude" of his countrymen to Buonaparte, and says if he was in his army now he would stick by him to the last. It has been from first to last a strange melodrame, and if it had not been so very bloody, would be very ridiculous. It is that mixture of the tragical and the farcical, which poor wretched human nature exhibits so often.

We are very anxious to hear from you, and hope you still think of the delightful plan of coming to us. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 297.] FROM LADY DONEGAL.

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 30, 1814.

We are all impatience and anxiety to hear something about Bessy, and I beg of you to let me have a line from you by the return of the post, if you can, to say how she is.—I need not add what our feelings are on the occasion.

Upon *mature* deliberation I cannot help feeling great regret that you have embarked as a reviewer. If you were a hard-headed, hard-hearted sort of man, like the rest of them, I should not care what you did. But let the person that you attack be ever so ridiculous, if you give him pain, you will be sorry for it. You may put your hand to the plough, but you will look back in spite of yourself. I shall say no more upon the subject: perhaps you may think I ought not to have said so much.

We are now going on as usual, with the variety of Lord Cranley and his barouche occasionally, and with the expectation of the Princess Sophia, who is coming here for a month.

It must be confessed that the society of the place has degenerated since the days of our serenades. Those were days that can come but once in one's life.

Now let us hear from you immediately, and ever believe me yours most sincerely, &c.

B. D.

[No. 298.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Aug. 31, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I think it right to give you notice that I have actually gone to press with my new number of the Review; and that I shall have need of you, as soon as you can possibly come to my assistance. I believe I gave you to the 20th of September for both articles, but I hope to receive one of them, at least, before that time—the sooner certainly the more convenient for me; but it is right and natural that you should study your own convenience chiefly, and I handsomely desire that you would; but at all events let me know *when* I may expect you, and how much of you, that I may make my arrangements accordingly. Remember, however, that I certainly should not survive an absolute disappointment. Believe me always most faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

The death of *Lara* is exquisite; the first canto a little heavy, and with an air of labour. Jaqueline is not advantageously placed with that companion. I wish you would make Lord B. write a review.

If you can get franks for you articles they will come quickest by post; but they will be safe enough put up in strong paper, and addressed to me, *by the mail*. I would not trust any other coach. If you send them by London, Cochrane and White, in Fleet Street, will forward them if you desire them.

[No. 299.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Sept. 14, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your packet, which, from my being two days in the country, came to my hand together. Your castigation of Lord T. is admirable, though far more merciful than I had expected, as are also your *incartades* on a certain great personage. I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity, which to harder fibred men is mere tickling. However, nothing can be more entertaining, or more cleverly written; and if your taste for reviewing keep any proportion to your genius for it, I shall have many such packets from you. I cannot say that the task of a critic is altogether as animating as that of a poet, but there are ways of managing it that take away much of its irksomeness; and when you have acquired the freedom which a little use of our weapons will give you, I hope you will not find it very laborious, especially if you will gratify me by taking some subject on which more strength may be suitably put forth. Perhaps you will feel yourself happier in the society of the Fathers, though you will never understand what gratification this new vocation can give till you set about correcting some prevailing error, or laying down some original principle of taste or reasoning. It is something to think that at least fifty thousand people will read what you write in less than a month. We print now nearly 13,000 copies, and may reckon, I suppose, modestly on three or four readers of the popular articles in each copy:

no prose preachers, I believe, have so large an audience.

It will do very well if I receive the Fathers about the 20th, though we are far on with our printing. Lord T. is already in hand, and will go to about thirteen pages. A thousand thanks for what you say of Lord B., though you must not subject me to the risk of a contumelious refusal. What I said to you about him was at least half in jest, and I certainly should never have had the presumption to make such a proposal directly to himself. There is no person I have so great a desire to meet with.

I have only one daughter yet, which I think is almost enough, when you consider that I was only married last October, but I earnestly wish all the children I may have to be of that sex: I have something of a natural antipathy to boys. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 300.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Hatton, Sept. 18, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I am not quite so rigorous a taskmaster as you seem to think me. I dare say your Saints will be in good time if they are here by the 25th; and if I were not afraid of relaxing your zeal and exertions, I would add that if it would accommodate you materially, I believe I could make a shift to get through this number without them; my contributions have come in rather better than I expected, and I am now at all events quite sure of *quantity* enough to fill up my pages; so if you think you could finish the article more to your own satisfaction by keeping it a fortnight or three weeks longer on your hands, I shall try to get on without it for this time, and reckon upon having it to begin the next. The publication will not be very long postponed at this rate, for I intend, if possible, to publish another number by the middle of November, and consequently must go to press again before the middle of October. I am afraid I have lost a day in answering your letter by being in this place, where I pass a part of the summer in an old ruinous chateau, a few miles from Edinburgh, which I hope will one day be honoured with your inspection.

I have a task to suggest to you, which in prudence I should have taken a less hurried moment to recommend, but I shall just mention it at present. What would you think of undertaking a review of *Sismondi's Literature of the South*, and, without confining yourself to the book, characterising the great poets of Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and perhaps giving us *the spirit* of some of them in a free version of their most characteristic passages? You shall have till April to do this, if you will undertake it; and you need not make it more extensive or laborious than you feel you are bound. Tell me, at least, what you think of it; and if you cannot, or rather will not do it yourself, tell me if you know anybody that can.

Tell me, too, that you will come for a fortnight to Edinburgh early next winter, and see our primitive society here. It is but thirty hours travelling, and will at the least be something to laugh at in London, and to describe at Mayfield. We shall treat you very honourably, and let you do whatever you please. Ever most truly yours, F. JEFFREY.

[No. 301.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Oct. 14, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I hope that you have, long ago, received our new number, and found but few faults in the printing of your article. I hope, too, that you like it in print nearly as well as I do; for then you will set yourself with good will to the preparation of another, and not hate me for putting you in mind of your promise to put me in possession of your Fathers about the beginning of November. I hope that time will suit you; take a week longer if you want it, or send them a week sooner, if you can oblige me without putting yourself to any inconvenience. I tremble a little on casting up the number of attacks on the P. R. that occur in this number; however, I bespoke none of them, and if testimonies come from the east and the west I cannot well help inserting them. However, the thing may be overdone I fancy, and I shall admit no more for a while, unless they are witty and good humoured, like some that I wot of.

Could you hunt me up a good smart German reviewer, do you think; one who knows that literature thoroughly, without thinking it necessary to rave about it, and above all, who can write a concise, vigorous, and striking style? If he understood Russian and Polish, so much the better. I want an account of the vernacu-

lar productions of these countries at the present day.

Do not forget my humble petition and remonstrance about the Literature of the South, and let me know by and bye what determination you are to make on it.

Is it true that Lord Byron is about to be married? It would make him happier I have no doubt, but probably less poetical; better for him, and worse for us. Believe me, always most faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

I inclose a shabby little bill on said number; I have treated you this time very little better than an ordinary critic, just to give you a notice of our misery.

[No. 302.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday, Oct 25, 1814.

When people go "upon a tour" (as I saw by the papers *you* did), I make it a rule never to write after them, for it is ten to one that I don't hit them, and then there is so much ammunition lost. But now that I find you are settled in the old *form*, Tunbridge Wells, *have at you*, my lady! I am afraid you will think my phraseology not much improved by my retirement, but as this is the sporting season, I naturally fall into some of the technicals of the art, and I know you will forgive me for making *game* of you, for once in my life. I must certainly, *some time* before I die, have a season with you at Tunbridge Wells, and conjure up a phantasmagoria of vanished hours; indeed, if ever you have seen a phantasmagoria, it is no bad emblem of one's pleasant recollections, for the objects brighten considerably as they get farther off, and so it is with past joys; and those of Tunbridge (though I dare say I thought but middlingly of them while they existed) have acquired a brilliancy in receding back into time, which flashed upon me with full force when I read the other day of the "Marchioness Dowager of Donegal going to Tunbridge Wells." I most earnestly implore you both, that however you may take the liberty of forgetting me in other places, you will make it a point to remember me with all your hearts and souls at Tunbridge,—that you will think of our serenade at Miss Berry's,—our dear quiet dinners *at home*,—our hearty laughs at the expense of some of the wise-one's of the party,—and (if your *saint-like* heart does not feel remorse at the recollection) your own innocent and unconscious courtship of the widow for me. This last remembrance is a melancholy one. "When I consider (says Sir W. Temple) how many noble and *estecmable* men, how many lovely and agreeable women, I have outlived among my acquaintance and friends, methinks it looks impertinent to be still alive." There are already *three* whom I (at least fancied I) loved, now cold in the earth.

"Then warm in love, now withering in the grave."

But this is too sad, and perhaps part of it too foolish, to dwell upon; and it was only this plaguy Tunbridge phantasmagoria that put it into my head, assisted, no doubt, by a little melancholy music I have been playing this evening. But to turn from the foolishly-loved that are *dead*, to the rationally and fondly-loved that are *living*. My Bessy and my little ones, you will be glad to hear, are quite well; and your little god-daughter (though far from pretty) is filling so fast with intelligences, archnesses, and endearments, that she *already* begins to be "the light of her father's house." The other (Anastasia) is still at nurse, and getting on very well. I have filled this letter so completely with *sentiment* (after a fashion) that I have no room left for news; but as soon as you answer this, I will write a little more soberly and communicatively, and in the meantime tell you that, whenever I think of *you* and one or two others, I bless my stars that *love* has not been the only article I dealt in in my youth; but that I have still on hand so much of that far less perishable commodity, friendship; and so with this tradesman's metaphor I shall conclude. Ever yours, T. M.

[No. 303.] TO MR. POWER.

Oct. 31, 1814.

"'Tis gone—and for ever—the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When Man from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled!
'Tis gone—and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdom of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

"For high was thy hope, when that glory was darting
Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst her banner unfurl'd.

Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

"But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing,
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanished for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and Elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee!"

At last, my dear sir, after several days twisting and turning, I have licked this young bear into shape, and a promising cub I am sure you will think it. It is bold enough; but the strong blow I have aimed at the French in the last stanza makes up for everything. I am delighted to have written something to "Savourna Deilish," which, though it may not supplant Campbell's words in *singing*, has stuff enough in it to bear some comparison in reading. I am not afraid now of the poetry of this number, though I fear, with all your mildness and toleration, I shall not escape without a few curses on my delays and changes. Talking of changes, the burthen to the first verse of "When first I met Thee," must, after all, be thus:

"Find one whose love can glow
Like hers, now lost for ever!"

I have another *botherer* now in "Sweet Harp," but it is in fair train. I am impatient to see the design from the Wellington song, and wish you would likewise let me have the list of the songs as Bennison has placed them. I wish those three, the Wellington, Savourna, and Sweet Harp, to come at a tolerable distance from each other.

Upon looking over Stevenson's manuscripts, I find he has left only two Sacred Melodies done, viz. "Mary Magdalene" (a new setting), and "This World is all," which he has done very successfully. He was four or five days hammering away at "When faint beneath the folding Wings," and at last took it away unfinished. I am afraid I am too fastidious with him; but certainly he neither did much himself (though working quite enough), nor suffered me to do *anything*. The rest of the things he left are merely airs for the Sacred Melodies, not one of which, I fear, I shall be able to make use of; indeed, without some striking melodies, I shall have but little hope of the success of that work. I have now only two selected ones, that are good. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 304.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield, Oct. 31, 1814.

I have been lately very much teased, and have had my time much interrupted by a constant succession of visitors. First, I had Sir John Stevenson for near a fortnight. He came upon business that might have been done in three days, and took the whole of that time in *not* doing it. He then wrote to his son to come to him here from London, and the next night changed his mind, and set off for London himself, crossing the son, in a very national and characteristic manner, on the road; and this son has ever since remained with us here, waiting filially for the father to come back again. By way of episode, Lambart and his wife (Stevenson's daughter), who were at Lord Talbot's in this neighbourhood, must needs come over to see the young gentleman (who is just returned from America), and we have had *them* too to entertain: in short, amongst them all, I have not had a minute of this whole month to myself, and the loss of so much time just now is really a most grievous calamity to me. Nor is the grievance over yet, for the son is still here, inflicting all his messroom intelligence upon me. But I trust in Providence and the mail-coach for bringing Sir John down from London to-morrow, and then the day after, if there is one principle of shame in an Irish bosom, they shall both pack out of my house for Ireland. All this makes me feel the horror of the incursions I should be exposed to (from my countrymen in particular) if I lived what they call *convaniant* to London; and though I shall certainly go near town when I am publishing, I shall as certainly, after that, keep at a respectful distance from it,—at least till I see some chance of being made secretary of state in the new order of things that is approaching. By-the-bye, have you heard how *soon* the revolution is to take place? You remember the story of a lady who told the King she had seen every fine sight except a coronation, which she wished to see exceedingly. The Lord keep us from a similar curiosity about revolutions; but, for myself, I shall only say, I never saw one,

and——that's all. You must not take this hum-ing and ha-ing too seriously though, for I really believe, after all, that a revolution is a bad sort of thing, and that the only part of the community which deserves to suffer its horrors, are those stupid rulers, who might avert it, but will not. Such profane talk as this under a secretary's cover is, to be sure, something like smuggling French wares under a bishop's petticoat (if any such smuggling ever took place). But I think the inclosed head will be quite sufficient to frighten away any prying eyes that might peep into the contents of my packet. Ah, this head! how cruel it is of you to take it away from me. I may almost apply, in my grief, Voltaire's lines upon sending back Frederic's portrait:—

"Je le reçus avec tendresse,
Je le renvoye avec douleur;
Comme un amant, dans sa fureur,
Rend le portrait de sa maitresse."

But mind, though I give it into your keeping, it is *still mine*, and I know nothing in the world that would induce me to part with it, even in this way, but your command. For I think it a most admirable portrait of a most excellent and highly gifted person; therefore posterity must not lose it.

Will you take the trouble of sending the packet I inclose; and believe me, with my dearest Bessy's best regards, yours and my *very* dear Mary's attached and affectionate friend, THOMAS MOORE.

I have not said a word of your kindness in asking us to be your guests; but what *can* one say to such kindness? I shall write again soon.

[No. 305.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Saturday, Nov. 12, 1814.

My dearest Mother,—These "stormy winds that blow-ow-ow" have very nearly frightened out of my head the thoughts of taking little Baboo over to you, and I dare say I shall put up with their noises till spring, when certainly you shall have the advantage of at least one of the little vociferators. The young Olivia is getting on wonderfully, and is a very lively, pretty baby.

I am going to give a dinner on Monday to some of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood that have been civil to me, and then we mean to shut up and go into a torpid state, like the bears, for the winter. Bessy is all bustle about this dinner, which is to be superfine. Sir Henry Fitzherbert dines with me; he is a very good sort of man, who will be Lord St. Helen's. Bessy shall write to you next week the bill of fare, company, &c.

My dearest father's last letter was written in such good spirits it quite delighted us; make him fat again. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 306.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,—I have but one moment for one word. I told you, I believe, that I was to give a dinner on Wednesday. It went off illustriously. Power sent me down a fine turbot and lobsters, one of which was really nearly as large as myself. All Ashbourne rings with the fame of this monster.

I am writing so many letters by this inclosure, that I have not time for a word more; but God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 307.] TO MR. POWER.

Saturday, Nov. 12, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I send you on the other side the two verses to "Forlorn" as (I trust in Providence and the Muse) they will be allowed to stand. "When first I met Thee" is altered; but as you have by this time engraved it off, it is unnecessary to send you the alterations till I get the proofs. I fear very much there must be a new plate for it, but I request most earnestly that every extra expense I may be the cause of in this way, by either my fastidiousness or caprice (call it which you will), shall be set down to my account.

I have had a letter from your brother, which I shall not know how to answer till I hear from you. He says you have written to him, that you have every reason to think *I* shall act upon the deed this year, and that therefore you request he will send over his last quarter. I have been some time threatening to ask you when the last bill I drew becomes due, as if I can take it up no other way, I must only draw upon you again to gain time, for certainly my decided wish is to be let off all tasks but the Sacred Melodies, and any little occasional things, for the remainder of the year, and that these shall be accepted (as I have already explained) in lieu of the accom-

modation. Your name shall not be compromised by my renewal of the bill, as I will either get it cashed by a different hand, or if you could pay the other first, I will draw immediately after and give you the money, by which means you will be but a short time out of it. I could, of course, raise this sum with ease in other ways, but I wish not to be dependent upon any one but *you*, and upon you, I hope, I shall long have dependence of every kind. I think whenever we move from this it will be to the neighbourhood of town, for I feel in many ways the inconvenience of being away from you, and I am growing steady enough now, I think, to resist the temptations of London, when it is necessary.

I hope the sketch arrived safe; there was another delay in my letter of next morning; indeed we are obliged very often to trust to any chance messenger we can lay hold of. I fear the engraving will take a long time. I shall send you the second verse of "Sweet Harp" next time: it is done, and there will *only* be two verses out of four or five I wrote for it; you had better print both. Stevenson, I suppose you know, has been appointed to the new Castle chapel, and is continually busy with the Viceroy making arrangements about it. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

1.

"Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
Farewell, Erin! farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!

2.

"Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foes we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell all
Who live to weep our fall!"

[No. 208.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Nov. 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,—The affairs of the Duke of Queensbury have kept our whole bar in such a state of hurry for these last ten days, that I have been obliged to neglect many things besides my thanks and acknowledgments to you. I was a little mortified at first when I found you had repented you of the verses, and would have written a letter of remonstrance and supplication if I had thought it would have been in time. Upon receiving the article, however, I was obliged to forgive you, both omissions and commissions. The candour, and learning, and sound sense of your observations are, if possible, more delightful than their point and vivacity, especially when so combined. Notwithstanding your pamphlet on the Popery laws, which I saw some years ago with the greatest surprise and satisfaction, I own I was far from suspecting your familiarity with these recondite subjects, and am still afraid that this article has cost you more trouble than we are any way entitled to put you to. It has been printed several days, and extends, I am sorry to say, only to about thirteen pages. It is no small distinction, however, in our journal to be the author of a paper which every reader must wish longer.

Pray think of something else for us. I now give you *carte blanche* as to subjects, and shall scarcely be surprised if you come out in next number with a sublime treatise on astronomy. I think it would cost you very little trouble to make pleasing reviews of books of travels, and have only to say that Dan Clarke's last ponderous tome is at your service; though, as I have a sort of kindness for the said Dan, I hope you will not abuse him. I only throw out this hint, however, upon the supposition that you *read* such books for your amusement. I should be extremely sorry to set you upon such subjects as a task, and hope you have thought already of something more worthy.

I am excessively flattered with the hope of seeing you one day in Edinburgh, though I am half afraid of exposing the defects of our society to so acute and difficult an observer. Come, however, from Mayfield, and after a good long abstinence from London, otherwise the falling off will be too sensible. I can insure you of being very much admired, and you must bear

and excuse anything that may be asinine in our courtesies. Mrs. J. is extremely gratified by the notice you have taken of her, and has a great desire—mixed, however, with a little fear, as all great desires are—to see you. Do think of this project, not merely as a thing to write about. Two days' journey will bring you here, and I hope you will let me have the honour of receiving you when you come.

Tell me about Lord Byron and his bride, and about excellent Rogers. I do not even know whether he has yet returned from the Continent. Do not think of deserting us just after you have gone through the irksomeness of learning our exercise. Moreover, we cannot spare you. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 309.] TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1814.

My dear Dalton,—Your letter gave me great pleasure in many ways; but in none so much as in the tone of kindness and cordiality there is throughout it, which I assure you was quite *comfortable* to me, and I have great delight in thinking that, whenever we meet, it will be

> "With heart as warm, and brow as gay,
> As if we parted yesterday."

When that will be, however, I have as little idea as yourself, for I am more and more convinced every day that this is the only place for *me*,—or, indeed, for *any one;* and, therefore, unless you will show that you agree with me in opinion, and transplant yourself and your fair rose and rose-*bud* hither, I am afraid our meeting is rather distant. I am glad to hear that you are writing for the horses; they are the only decent actors going, and nothing *pays* here like your *hippo*-dramas. Do you recollect the use I made of Mathilda in the melodrame I began in Dublin, and do you think the plot would be of any use to you? If you do, I will send it over. I shall be most ready and happy to give you all the advice and criticism I can muster up, though I have never, I must say, thought myself any great hand as a critic, and least of all as a critic in the *drama*, for which, I strongly suspect, I have very little aptitude or ability. Not that any one can form any just opinion upon this subject from the M. P., which was written quite as a hasty job, and therefore gave me nothing but sickness in my stomach, from beginning to end; but the point I think I should always fail in is a knowledge of stage effect. Lewis will be of great use to you in this way; there is no man who (as they say) "knows the *inside* of a theatre" better than Lewis.

I was very much flattered by Stevenson's favourable anticipation of my music; but I *know* he has been disappointed. It was the first time I ever composed airs premeditatedly (for I need not tell *you* that they have always come by chance); and the idea of a task disgusted and disabled me. Again I made an effort to compose for dramatic effect, which took me out of *my own* element, without naturalising me in any *other*. And, lastly, the harmonist and the actors inflicted such improvements on all the airs, that they have lost even the few features of the parent which they brought into the world with them: an instance of this you will see in the way the simple ballad of "Oh Woman!" is set,—the barbarous pause upon the word "what" in the second line, &c. Some of these things I have altered for the detached edition of the songs, and Rhodes' fine air (which I am sure you delight in, and which I fancy I hear you singing with Mrs. Dalton) will be arranged for four voices, which is the way I always intended it, as much more rich and perfect, but the scene where it was introduced would not allow of it.

Pray tell Mrs. Dalton that she is not to lose her duet by the theft I have made of it for the finale: it was little noticed on the stage, and as the finale will not be printed singly, it has not lost much of its gloss by the exposure; besides, if it even *had* been faded a little, the other words and *her name* would bring it back to life and freshness again.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that I am employed most resolutely and devotedly upon a long poem which must decide for me whether my name is to be on any of those medallions which the swans of the temple of fame (as Ariosto tells us) pick up with their bills from the stream of oblivion. The subject is one of Rogers's suggesting, and so far I am *lucky*, for it quite enchants me; and if what old Dionysius the critic says be true, that it is impossible to write disagreeably upon agreeable subjects, I am not without hopes that I shall do something which will not disgrace me.

I think early in this next year, I shall have a little money, and if you will send me over an account of some of your *minor* debts, I will try and extinguish them: this sounds very magnificent, but it is only *very slow justice*.

Best regards to Mrs. Dalton, and a kiss to the dear little child (which I appoint *her* as my proxy to give), and believe me, dearest Dalton, sincerely your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 310.] TO MESSRS. LONGMAN AND CO.

London, Dec. 17, 1814.

Dear Sirs,—I have taken our conversation of yesterday into consideration, and the following are the terms which I propose: "Upon my giving into your hands a poem of the length of Rokeby, I am to receive from you the sum of 3,000*l*." If you agree to this proposal, I am perfectly ready to close with you definitively, and have the honour to be, gentlemen, your very obliged and humble servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

I beg to stipulate that the few songs which I may introduce in this work shall be considered as reserved for my own setting.

[No. 311.]

COPY OF TERMS WRITTEN TO MR. MOORE.

"That upon your giving into our hands a poem of yours of the length of Rokeby, you shall receive from us the sum of 3,000*l*. We also agree to the stipulation that the few songs which you may introduce into the work shall be considered as reserved for your own setting."

[No. 312.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Wednesday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,—Here I am, returned in safety, after a most lucky visit to town. I received a sum from Bermuda, quite unexpectedly, which my friend Woolriche (who is returned and was with me) insisted upon my instantly delivering up into his hands, and he purchased for me five hundred pounds stock; so that I am now a stockholder, and, as this next year I shall be enabled to increase the deposit considerably, I look forward most sanguinely to being a *rich* old fellow. My other piece of good-luck was concluding *definitively* a bargain with the *Longmans*, whereby, upon my delivering into their hands a poem of the length of Rokeby, I am to receive from them *three thousand* pounds! What do you think of that, my darling mother? The poem is not, however, to be out till this time twelvemonth. I have only time to give you a skeleton of my transactions, but my next letter this week shall be fuller. Love to my dearest father and Nell. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 313.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, —— 1814.

My dearest Mother,—We were delighted beyond anything last night to hear of dear Kate's safe recovery. Long life and happiness to both mother and child! Give my best love and congratulations to the whole establishment.

So the wise persons in Dublin believe, upon the credit of the Morning Post, that there is to be an impeachment of Lord Byron! — that would be too ridiculous.

My Drakard's paper of last Sunday has been mislaid by Mr. Cooper, but you have no loss. There was a sort of criticism upon my early poems in it, trying to be very severe, but calling my fancy delightful, my Irish songs very beautiful, &c. Nothing shows me where I stand more than the quantity of shots there are aimed at me.

I wish I could send you Hunt's Feast of the Poets, just re-published, where I am one of *the four* admitted to *dine* with Apollo; the other three, Scott, Campbell, and Southey. Rogers, very unfairly, is only "asked to tea." I am particularly flattered by praise from Hunt, because he is one of the most honest and candid men I know. Ever yours, my darling mother,

TOM.

[No. 314.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield Cottage, Tuesday, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I have just received my father's letter, and cannot tell you how it grieves me to hear so bad an account of your health. If you think, my darling mother, it would be any comfort for me to run over and nurse you for awhile myself, say but the word, and nothing shall prevent me. But I trust it is only the fatigue of your attendance on my dearest father, and that, with Ellen's care of you, you will soon come about again. We have a contrivance for keeping the feet warm

at night—a tin bottle, pretty large, with a screw at one end to keep in the hot water, which we often wish we could send over to you. But I think by describing it to a brazier, he could make it, and there is nothing, I am sure, would be of more service to you; have it made larger in circumference than a bottle, and about a foot and a half long, and you must cover it with flannel, or put it into a woollen stocking; otherwise it is too hot for the feet, the water of course to be put in boiling. Do take care of yourself, my own dearest mother, and, above all, keep up your spirits.

The Duke of Devonshire has just passed through here, and has invited us to Chatsworth; I shall go for a day or two, certainly. Poor Anastasia has been very ill, but she is now getting much better. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 315.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Monday morning.

My dearest Mother,—I am just setting off for the Duke of Devonshire's, from which I shall write to you more fully. I have had some little trouble to rig myself out, as the coat my London tailor sent me down did not fit me, and I have been obliged to have an Ashbourne bungler at me.

There are assembled there the Morpeths, the Boringdons, the Jerseys, the Harrowbys, all lords and ladies, and I shall be, I dare say, the only common rascal amongst them.

Anastasia is quite well, and Bessy is pretty well. The Coopers, two of them, stay with her while I am away. Ever darling mother's own,

TOM.

[No. 316.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Chatsworth, Jan. 25, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I snatch a moment from the whirl of lords and ladies I am in here, to write a scrambling line or two to you: they are all chattering at this moment about me, dukes, countesses, &c. &c. It is to be sure a most princely establishment, and the following are the company that sat down the first day I came: Lord and Lady Harrowby and their daughter (he is a Minister, you know); Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Boringdon, Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Kinnaird, the Duke himself, and the Poet *myself*, with one or two more *inferior* personages. I could have wished Bessy were here, but that I know she would not have been comfortable in it. She does not like *any* strangers, and least of all would she like such grand and mighty strangers as are assembled here.

I hope, my own dear mother, I shall find a letter at home from you with better accounts than my father gave us in his last. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 317.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 26, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—My father's last letter would have made us very unhappy indeed, if we had not the pleasing thought that by that time you had received the intelligence of Lord Mulgrave's letter, and were lightened at least of *half* your sorrow; indeed, my darling mother, I am quite ashamed of the little resolution you seem to have shown upon this occurrence; it was an event *I* have been expecting for years, and which I know *you yourselves* were hourly apprehensive of; therefore, instead of looking upon it as such an overwhelming thunderclap, you ought to thank Providence for having let you enjoy it so long, and for having deferred the loss till I was in a situation (which, thank God! I am now) to keep you comfortably without it. I venture to say "comfortably," because I *do* think (when the expenses of that house, and the et-ceteras which always attend an establishment are deducted), you will manage to live as well upon your 200*l.* a-year, as you did then upon your 350*l.*, which I suppose was the utmost the place altogether was worth. Surely, my dear mother, the stroke was just as heavy to *us* as to *you*, for I trust we have no separate interests, but share clouds and sunshine equally together; yet you would have seen no gloom in *us*—nothing like it; we instantly made up our minds to the reduction and economy that would be necessary, and felt nothing but gratitude to Heaven for being able to do so well; and this, my sweet mother, is the temper of mind in which *you* should take it. If you knew the hundreds of poor clerks that have been laid low in the progress of this retrenchment that is going on, and who have no means in the world of supporting their families, you would bless our lot, instead of yielding to such sinful despondency about it. For my *father's*

sake (who is by no means as stout himself as he ought to be) you ought to summon up your spirits, and make the best and the brightest of it.

Let him draw upon Power at two months for whatever he may want for the barrack money, and when the rent comes due in March, we shall take care of it. Ever, my dearest mother, your own affectionate, Tom.

[No. 318.] TO MR. POWER.

Sunday night, Jan. 31, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I am just returned from Chatsworth, where I have passed a very delightful time, with many stings of conscience, however, at my being obliged to leave the proofs and sketch unnoticed. With respect to the *latter*, however, I was in hopes I should be able to prevail upon either Lady Cowper or Lady Boringdon (two very tasteful artists) to give me a design for it; but they promised from day to day, and were either unwilling or unable to perform it at last. Lady Cowper, indeed, promised to send me a sketch of it, but we must not wait for her. What do you mean to do about it? I think the best way is to let the man sketch the Leprechaun somewhat like it was in the last you sent me, but without the cobbler's implements; and as there is so little time to spare, you need not send it me again.

You cannot imagine what a sensation the Prince's song excited at Chatsworth.* It was in vain to guard your property; they had it sung and repeated over so often that they all took copies of it, and I dare say, in the course of next week, there will not be a Whig lord or lady in England who will not be in possession of it. Ever, my dear sir, yours most truly and penitently, Thomas Moore.

[No. 319.] TO MR POWER.

—— 1815.

My dear Sir,—I did not get your parcel till too late last night to return the proofs by this morning's mail, and now I believe to-night's Pickford will take them as soon to you as the mid-day coach. On Tuesday morning I intend to try my new franker in Lord Bathurst's office, and send you another Sacred Melody. I think I can *promise* to make up *twelve* for you before the end of March, but I am decidedly of opinion we ought to go on till we have twenty-four, or at least eighteen good ones for the first number: you may depend upon my despatching them as quick as possible. I do not expect to get much in Gretry, and that is not at all the sort of music I want to rumage in. I want *lessons* of all kinds, old and new, —Bach, Schubert, Kozeluch, &c. &c. mere rubbish as to *price* (but valuable for our purpose), which, with a little industry, might be collected for a trifle. I know I could do a great deal with such materials, but French operas are the last things I should think of searching in for what I want. Whenever I go to town again, I certainly will go about with a few pounds in my pocket, and do the job myself.

We were in much anxiety at not hearing from you for so long a time after the announcement of your little girl's escape of the crisis. I trust a little time will restore her perfectly; youth soon picks up again.

Pray look after the corrections of the second sheet yourself, and it need not be sent again to me. Have the goodness to spell Leprechaun as Dr. Kelly spells it; there ought, at all events, to be a *c* in it.

I do not like to smuggle anything in without your perfect concurrence, but you will see I have put the date of 1789 as a note upon the Prince's song. This I think quite harmless, and it will prevent (if the idea of an equivoque should occur to any one) the confusion of supposing it to be Mrs. Fitzherbert, or some deserted mistress, instead of Ireland. Leave it or not, however, just as you please.

From your last letter I fear your spirits are not so good as I could wish them to be. If the expediting our Sacred Melodies can cheer you a little, you may depend on my setting my shoulders to it. Best regards from Bessy. Ever yours, T. M.

[No. 320.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday night, Feb. 1, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I meant to have written again from Chatsworth, but we got up so late, and the day was so soon over in various little occupations, that I could not find a minute except for a letter or two I had to write upon business, and I knew you would forgive me. My time was very pleasantly passed there indeed, and it required some resolution

* "When first I met thee warm and young," &c.

to break away from the pressings and remonstrances employed to keep me there longer. Upon my return, I found my dearest father's letter, and it delighted us both to hear that you were even a little better. But indeed, my darling mother, you have no right whatever to yield to low spirits: your children all well and happy, and loving you with all their hearts and souls; and though for a time absent from you, looking forward to being very speedily about you, and showing you how fondly and perfectly they love you. All this ought to give sunshine to your heart, my dearest mother, and keep away everything like depression or despondency. I think it is very likely when we *do* go over to you, that we shall make a long visit of it, and, as Bessy is very cheerful, I think she and the little ones will be new life to you. Anastasia you shall certainly have early in the spring. Love to all. From your own, TOM.

Bessy is still very thin and weakly.

[No. 321.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1815.

My dear Moore,—I ought to have written to you long ago, to have thanked you for all your kindness, and for the hope you held out of letting us see you here; but I have lately taken an extraordinary fit of zeal and diligence in my profession, and have thought, or endeavoured at least to think, of nothing but law for these two months. I break my vow of fidelity, however, to thank you for your letter, which I have just received, and to request that you would assure your friend that Peake is entirely at his service, and that I shall be extremely glad to receive his article at the price he mentions. I hope it will not be *much* later, as I hope by that time to be well on with my new number. I am extremely anxious to hear of your poem; which, I hope, is to resemble Rokeby in nothing but length. When may we expect to see it?

I shall be delighted to hear all good things of Lord Byron.

I am not quite sure that I may not make a little burst to Paris this spring; and, at all events, I think I must be in London. Is there any hope of our meeting in either of those latitudes in April? Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

[No. 322.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Wednesday evening, March, 1815.

Oh for some of those ways of coming together that they have in the fairy tales,—wishing-caps, mirrors, flying dragons, anything but this vile intercommunication of pen and ink. I am afraid we shall never get *properly* into it; and, whenever I get a letter from either of you, it makes me regret my own laziness in this way most bitterly, as I feel you only want "*stirring up*" now and then, like those other noble females, the lionesses at the Tower (no disparagement) to make you (as Bottom says) "roar an 'twere a nightingale." Whether you like this simile or not, you really *are* worth twenty nightingales to me in my solitude, and a letter from you makes me eat, drink, and sleep as comfortably again; not that I do any one of those things *over* it, but, without any flattery, it sweetens them all to me. I am as busy as a bee, and I hope too, like him, among flowers. I feel that I improve as I go on, and I hope to come out in full blow with the Michaelmas daisy,—not to publish, you know, but to be finished. I was a good deal surprised at *you*, who are so very hard to please, speaking so leniently of Scott's Lord of the Isle: it is wretched stuff, the bellman all over. I'll tell you what happened to me about it, to give you an idea of what it is to correspond *confidentially* with a *firm*. In writing to *Longman* the other day, I said, "Between *you* and *me*, I don't much like Scott's poem," and I had an answer back, "*We* are very sorry you do not like Mr. Scott's book. Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown," &c. What do you think of this for a "between you and *me*?"

I think there are strong symptoms of the world's being about to get just as mad as ever,—the riots, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Frederick Flood and Buonaparte! What the latter has done will be thought madness if it fails; but it is just the same sort of thing that has made heroes from the beginning of the world; success makes *all* the difference between a madman and a hero.

Bessy is, I hope, getting a little stouter. The little things eat like cormorants, and I am afraid so do *I*. There are two things I envy you in London,—Miss O'Neil and your newspaper at breakfast; all the rest I can do without manfully. Rogers has written me a long letter from Venice, all about gondolas.

Best love to my dear Lady Donegal. Ever yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 323.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Mayfield, Saturday, —— 1815.

My dearest Mother,—You are prepared by my letter of yesterday for the sad news I have to tell you now. The poor baby is dead*; she died yesterday morning at five o'clock. Poor Bessy is very wretched, and I fear it will sink very deep into her mind; but she makes efforts to overcome the feeling, and goes on with all her duties and attentions to us all as usual. It was with difficulty I could get her away from her little dead baby, and then only under a promise she should see it again last night. You know, of course, we had it nursed at a cottage near us. As soon as it was dark she and I walked there; it affected her very much of course, but she seemed a good deal soothed by finding it still so sweet, and looking so pretty and unaltered: she wants to see it again to-night, but this I have forbidden, as it will necessarily be a good deal changed, and I should like her impression of last night to remain. I rather think, my darling mother, this event will bring us all together sooner than I first intended, as the change and your kindness will enliven poor Bessy's mind. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 324.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield, Monday, March 27, 1815.

You have seen by the newspapers that we have lost our poor little Olivia. There could not be a healthier or livelier child than she was, but the attack was sudden, and, after a whole day of convulsions, the poor thing died. My chief feeling has, of course, been for Bessy, who always suffers much more than she shows; and whose health, I fear, is paying for the effort she made to bear the loss tranquilly. I mean, however, as soon as the fine weather comes, to take her over to my mother, who is also in a bad state of health, and pining to see us all: a few months together will do them both good: and I *will* say for them, they are as dear a mother and wife as any man could wish to see together.

What do you think now of my supernatural friend, the emperor? If ever tyrant deserved to be worshipped, it is he: Milton's Satan is nothing to him for portentous magnificence—for sublimity of mischief! If that account in the papers be true, of his driving down in his carriage like lightning towards the royal army embattled against him, bareheaded, unguarded, in all the confidence of irresistibility—it is a fact far sublimer than any that fiction has ever invented, and I am not at all surprised at the dumb-founded fascination that seizes people at such daring. For my part, I could have fancied that *Fate herself* was in that carriage.

Good by: write soon: by your not mentioning my "Fathers" in the Edinburgh, I take for granted you cannot read it, and "no blame to you," as we say in Ireland. Ever yours, T. M.

What desperate weather! all owing to Buonaparte.

[No. 325.] FROM LADY DONEGAL.

Tunbridge Wells, March 30, 1815.

Your letter of the 27th followed us here this morning, and I lose not a moment in thanking you for it. We had seen by the papers that you had lost your little girl, and we know how much Bessy would regret her, and were anxious to know something of her, and of you; but of all things in this world I think letters of condolence the most distressing and the most useless, for real friends will always feel for one under every disappointment and trial, and I was very sure that you would do our feelings justice on this occasion, as well as on all others, in which you are in any way concerned. Change of scene will do Bessy good, and your mother will forget all her aches when she has you all under her roof; yet I cannot help feeling regret that you are going to Ireland, for it is not a *safe* residence for you in any way, and to let you go, without intruding my wise cautions upon you, I cannot. I begin by most earnestly imploring you to be cautious about politics. You will be in the society of some whose heads and hearts are *too wrong* to have any influence with you, but their very society will do you harm, and the association of their names with yours would grieve me most sincerely. I beseech you to avoid them all, if you can, and if you cannot, be as guarded as in your nature lies, for the Irish democrats (if you choose I will call them Opposition) are a dangerous, un-

* Olivia Byron.

principled set as ever existed, and are held in great disrepute by all the respectable part of the Opposition in this country. I put all my own *courtly* feelings out of the question, and do not let my prejudices in any way influence the advice I have the presumption to give you. I do assure you that I am perfectly impartial, and I call Mary as my witness. I am satisfied that you should go as far in your politics as Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grenville, but I will never give my consent to your going one step beyond them. As for Sir F. Burdett in this country, and Mr. B. and others I could name in Ireland, I have a horror of them, and join heartily in the general feeling of contempt into which they have fallen. Once more I beg of you to keep clear of them. Another request I have to make of you is, not upon any account to be security for anybody, and I wish that you would give me a *promise* that you would not, for then I should feel sure of you.

Tell me, as soon as you can, that you do not think me the greatest bore that ever lived, and that you pardon me for the freedom with which I speak to you, but I know no other language when I am communicating with a friend. Fortunately for you my head will not let me write more to-day, for I have had one of my old nervous attacks lately, and am not yet quite recovered from its effects. Mary will write to you when we hear anything more of this fiend Buonaparte. * *

* * * * *

Poor Lady Shaftesbury is still at Paris. We have let our house in town for four months, and mean to pass our summer here.

We were in great luck not to have begun our travels before all this business began in France. I think that a little gentle squeeze from Buonaparte would do Rogers no harm, for he certainly was too partial to him, and never forgave me for having rejoiced last year in his misfortunes, and for having ventured to wish that a wing of the Temple* might be singed by the Russians, for which he heartily wished that Dublin might be burnt to the ground.

We did read your review, and liked it very much, as did others, more to the purpose than ourselves. A Roman Catholic man-friend of ours, however, was very angry at it, but I do not think that he knew it was yours.

* *Qy.* Tuileries?

Direct to us here for the next six months. We have let our house in town. Our best loves to Bessy and yourself as usual. Ever truly yours, B. D.

[No. 326.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Monday, April 10, 1815.

Your letter deserved a much speedier answer, both to thank you for the very kind anxiety you have expressed about me, and to set your heart at rest upon the subject of them. If there is anything in the world that I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues; and, though it be the religion of my fathers, I *must* say that much of this vile, vulgar spirit is to be traced to that wretched faith, which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and inquisitions, and which of all the humbugs that have stultified mankind is the most narrow-minded and mischievous; so much for the danger of my joining Messrs. O'Connel, O'Donnel, &c.

Now as to poor Bryan, whom I know you particularly allude to, I believe I need not tell *you* who know me *a little*, that not all his wrong-headedness, nor all the clamours of the world against him, could make me guilty of one minute's coldness towards a man who has shown such genuine, hearty, and affectionate interest about me and mine. He is, I own, a blunder-headed politician; but, luckily both for himself and me, he is no longer a politician, for he has split with the Catholic board for ever. I had almost forgot the "giving security." I *do* promise you; and if any needy gentleman, presuming upon my funded property, should venture to hint such a thing, I will tell him I have been sworn upon a hundred pound debenture, never to risk so dangerous a proceeding. Seriously, though it is not very likely any one should ask me, I am aware of the danger there is in so committing one's self; and I only hope, most anxiously hope, that your warning does not proceed from any sad experience of your own.

It is a hard thing that you, who like London, should find it necessary, or at least prudent, to quit it just now; for I fear *that* is the case.

For myself, I know I ought to *pay* before I talk of *lending;* however, I shall only say that my debentures, such as they are, are now and evermore most heartily at your service.

T. M.

[No. 327.] TO MR. LONGMAN.

Mayfield Cottage, April 25, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I hope to see you in town the beginning of next week. I had copied out fairly about 4000 lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I promised; but, upon further consideration, I have changed my intention: for it has occurred to me, that if you should happen not to be quite as much pleased with what I have done as I could wish, it might have the effect of disheartening me for the execution of the remaining and most interesting part, so I shall take the liberty of withholding it from your perusal till it is finished; and *then*, I repeat, it shall be perfectly in your power to cancel our agreement, if the merits of the work should not meet your expectation. It will consist altogether of at least 6000 lines, and as into *every one* of these I am throwing as much mind and polish as I am master of, the task is no trifling one. I mean, with your permission, to say in town that *the work is finished;* and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season: this I wish to do, in order to get rid of all the teazing wonderment of the literary quidnuncs at my being so long about it, &c.; and as the fiction is merely a *poetic* license, you will perhaps let it pass current for me; indeed, in one sense, it is nearly true, as I have written almost the full *quantity* of verses I originally intended.

I shall call upon you on Monday or Tuesday, and hope to find you and your friends in perfect health. Ever yours, my dear sir, very truly, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 328.] TO MR. E. T. DALTON.

Mayfield Cottage, May 4, 1815.

My dear Dalton,—I think I might complain a little in my turn now of not having received any answer to my letter; but I will be magnanimous (to say nothing of conscience), and forgive you for once. There were two or three things I omitted telling you in my last, which you had expressed a wish to be informed about. My poem, *imprimis*, I *am* to get *three* thousand for it, *not* four, as that exaggerative father-in-law of yours proclaims. It is to be the length of Rokeby, measured out upon the counter in Paternoster Row; and as to its merits, why, they are to be "of what colour it pleases God." Jeffrey says, in a letter I had from him lately, "I hope it will resemble Rokeby in nothing but length." As to your kind advice of putting the produce in some funds, I mean to do so with whatever remains over and above the discharge of debts; and as to the time of the poem's appearance, and the money's payment, I think, between ourselves, it can hardly be till near this spring twelvemonth; for, as the article is to consist, per agreement, of at least five thousand lines, and there are but three thousand written, it can hardly be finished off, fit for delivery, before that time, unless I am much more industrious than I have any prospect of being in that idlest of all *poco-curante* places, Dublin. Here I get on most flourishingly; it is, at this moment, while I write to you, but half-past nine, A. M., and we had done breakfast near an hour ago. This, I know, will appear to you about as true as the Courier, or a French bulletin, but you may depend upon the fact, however marvellous.

Mrs. Wilmot's play got a most complete damning: the unfortunate epilogue was hardly spoken, and not at all heard: indeed, when the play is in the flames, the epilogue can scarcely escape *singeing—tel maître, tel valet;* and it was a most unlucky tail-piece to a damned drama. "No, no; your gentle Inas will not do," was quite an echo to those cursed executioners in the pit; they must have taken it so.

I want you *most* particularly to urge Stevenson in the various jobs he is *not* doing for Power; particularly the Sacred Melodies, and the air to "The World has not a Joy to give." I have pledged myself to Power that your influence will procure their speedy completion, and I am sure you will not falsify my assurance. I hope you have seen my first verse to your favourite "Ho sparso tante lagrime:" it goes beautifully to English words.

Poor Bessy is still very weak, and my chief hope for the recovery of her strength now is sea-bathing, when we get to Ireland. Best regards to Mrs. D. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 329.] TO MR. POWER.

[Dublin], Tuesday, May 30, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I have made twenty attempts to write to you since our arrival (which was on last Friday night), and this is the third or fourth letter I have begun; but you can have no idea of the whirl we are in; all very flattering; everybody in hysterics of joy to see us.

What I write now chiefly for is to supply an omission in my last dispatch before leaving the cottage. I wish a design to be made of a *Mary Magdalene*, as beautiful as possible, from the words,

"Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep;
'Love much,' and be forgiven."

This I should like to be the chief and leading frontispiece of the work: it is such a mixture of the sacred and profane as will be most characteristic of *me*, and may be made most tasteful and interesting. The other subject, and a very fine one, will be from the last Melody I sent you, "Sound the loud Timbrel." You may let the artist form his idea upon a comparison of my words with the text in Exodus, chap. xv. verse 20, "And Miriam the prophetess," &c. &c.

I write this actually on a dinner-table, among chatterers, drinkers, and all sorts of noise-makers; but I thought it wrong to defer any longer.

Best and warmest regards to Mrs. Power and our little friend Jane. Stevenson is almost free of his operatic labours, and means speedily to attack the Sacred Melodies. We have seen your brother, who again offered us his lodgings; but Richard Power has left us his house in Kildare Street, where we are in great comfort, and where you will direct to us, No. 7. Yours ever most cordially,

THOMAS MOORE.

No. 330.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Edinburgh, June 11, 1815.

My dear Moore,—As I do not see your poem yet announced, I am afraid you are still occupied in a more interesting way than with reviewals; but I cannot help taking the chance, however desperate it may be, of your having an hour or two to throw away on the baser avocation. I was shot in the eye with a sky-rocket on the king's birthday, and have been almost blind ever since; which has thrown me back with all my preparations, and reduced me to such extremities in providing for the next number as must touch all Christian hearts with compassion. I forbear to suggest any subjects: a man like you must have his head full of theories and opinions to which it must be a relief to give expression; and we are not difficult you know as to our choice of the occasions for bringing them forward. If you should prefer amusing yourself with a particular book, you know far better than I do both what books will afford the most amusement, and how it is best to be extracted. Do think whether anything can be done for me, and let me know what has occurred to you.

I have just got a set of Lord Byron's works, and read his Hebrew Melodies for the first time. There is rather a monotony in the subjects, but a sweetness of versification to which I know but one parallel, and a depth and force of feeling which, though indicated only by short sobs and glances, is here as marked and peculiar as in his greater pieces. I have heard nothing of him lately, but am now persuaded that he cannot be long idle. I cannot see to write any more. Believe me always most truly yours, F. JEFFREY.

[No. 331.] TO MR. DALTON.

Athassel Abbey, Cashel, Friday, Aug. 22, 1815.

My dear Dalton,—Bryan, as I suspected, will not stir, and Killarney is given up. If it were possible for me to wait *your* time, we could manage, I think, to achieve the business without him; but that's out of the question, and sincerely do I regret that it is so; for I flatter myself Killarney has seldom had, within its enchanted precincts, two souls that would agree better in enjoyment of all its beauties. My sister has been alarmingly ill since we came, from a miscarriage; she is now much better; but a sick house, and a dull, ugly country, render our visit here rather a melancholy proceeding, and I look with some impatience to next week for a release from it. The only *stimulants* we have are the Shanavests, who enter the houses here at noonday for arms, and start out, by twenties and thirties, upon the tithe-proctors in the fields, stark naked, and smeared over with paint like Cata-

baros. The good people of Tipperary will have a bloody winter of it.

Lord Llandaff's is the only fine house in this neighbourhood; but it is one of those unfinished and never-to-be-finished places, which, as far as I can perceive, abound throughout Ireland.

Bessy is all anxiety to hear about Mrs. Dalton; therefore pray let us have a bulletin of her progress immediately.

The rector of this place has just passed the windows on a tithe-hunting expedition, with a large gun in his gig. This is one of the ministers of peace on earth! Ever, my dearest Dalton, your faithful friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 332.] , TO MR. DALTON.

[Dublin], Wednesday, Sept. 13, 1815.

My dear Dalton,—Here I am still, kept on from day to day, watching alternately the weathercock and poor Barbara's pulse, and still undecided whether I shall sail alone or wait for her. She recovers strength so rapidly, that I dare say it will end in my staying the few days that Duggan prescribes as necessary for her restoration; but in such a state of doubt and fidgettiness it would be impossible for me to enjoy *anything*, even you and *Beauparc;* yet how lovely it must be now!

In last Friday's Morning Chronicle there was the following paragraph, "We have had so many and such incessant applications for the paper which contains the exquisite *jeu-d'esprit*, entitled "Epistle from Tom Cribb,' &c., that we shall reprint it to-morrow." I knew that flash fun would tell in England, though it was all flash in the pan here: *you* were the only one of all I read it to, in the least up to its humour.

That pathetic warrior, Mr. George Lidwill, sailed the day before yesterday for the Pistol Congress, to be holden at Calais on the 20th. I hear that there is a vast assemblage of *amateurs* from Kerry, Galway, and other warlike places expected on the ground.

Stevenson has found out how economical it is to live alone; he says he can now breakfast for a penny per morning. I have no other important news for you; but do write, my dear fellow, do write to me, and let me know how you get on, whether the boil on your neck is troublesome, and whether you are better of those uneasy heats at night. I sat with P. Crampton near an hour and half on Sunday, and again on Monday; he is just now the most spirited skeleton that can be imagined. Best regards to all around you. Bessy will answer Mrs. Lambert's very kind note before we go. Ever faithfully yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 333.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Derby, Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1815.

My own dear Mother,—I have run over here on a short visit to our friends the Strutts, and to buy a sofa for Bessy, who cannot do without lying down a good deal. Mr. Strutt, who never sees me without *giving* me something, has just made me a present of a very snug and handsome easy chair for my study. They are most friendly and excellent people.

I fear I have been a little irregular, my darling mother, this last week in my correspondence, but I shall make up in the present one. Ever your own affectionate, TOM.

[No. 334.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Oct. 21, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—I returned from Derby on Thursday, and the chair Mr. Strutt gave me was not the only present I received. I owe the man there who furnished our cottage, a balance of about thirty pounds on his bill, and as I could not pay him, I was doubtful whether I should call upon him: however, I plucked up courage and went, and asked to look at a stand to hold my music, which we very much want. He showed me one, price two pounds, very handsome. I asked whether he made any cheaper: "some," he said, "at from thirty-two to thirty-six shillings; but, Mr. Moore, if you will do me the honour to accept that one, as a proof of the high respect I entertain for you, you will flatter me exceedingly." I of course accepted it without hesitation: what do you think of that for an English upholsterer?

Bessy, while I was away, has got the rooms and hall stained, and we look much neater now: often, often, my darling mother, do we wish for you; and Bessy says she never will be quite happy till *you* see how comfortable we are.

Take the earliest opportunity of telling Pow-

er that I should have written to him long before this, but I have been waiting for his announcement of the departure of my books. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 335.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday night, Nov. 8, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—Since I last wrote, or rather since Bessy's letter, we got my father's of the 26th, which was so far a comfort to us, but we are still astonished at receiving no later intelligence from you, and I only wait to know that it is not illness which has caused your silence, to give you all a *very good* scolding. Nell promised that now she knew Bessy well, she would write to her continually, and I believe she has sent her but *one* letter since we left you. There never was a creature more anxious about anything than Bessy is to have your loves and good opinions; and, in addition to Nell's silence, she took it into her head that my father expressed himself coldly and drily towards her in saying, "Your mother desires me to thank Bessy for the papers." I tell her this is all nonsense; but *do* make my father say something kind about her in his next.

I hope, my own dearest mother, that to-day's post will put me out of the painful anxiety I feel about you all. God bless my darling mother. Ever her own, TOM.

[No. 336.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1815.

My dearest Mother,—We are here in the midst of such gaieties as Derby and a large party of lively girls can muster up. Bessy is in high spirits, and looking better than I have seen her for a long time. The Longmans have just sent her down a present of Mrs. Inchbald's Theatres. They are, indeed, very liberal, and have been particularly kind in their offers of money to me, to prevent the sale of my little stock, which I commissioned them to effect for me. I have, however, refused their offer, thinking it more independent not to borrow while I can help it.

If my dear father should be in want of money towards Christmas, he may draw upon me, at sixty-one days, for twenty or thirty pounds. Love to all. Ever my dearest mother's own, TOM.

[No. 337.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1815.

Where is my two for one? Ever since the magnanimous promise in your last, that you would really and truly let me have two of your letters for every one of mine, I have been waiting for the shot from the other barrel like a hero, but none has come, and, therefore, I fire off this little squib at you, just to try your courage, which, I hope, will show itself, by return of post, oozing out (like Acre's) from your fingers' ends. I have no news for you; except that the other day, being inclined to treat Bessy to Mrs. Inchbald's Modern Theatre, in ten volumes, I wrote to Longman's for them; and, lo! with a generosity unexampled among bibliopolists, they sent her a present of *all* the plays Mrs. Inchbald has edited, consisting of forty-two volumes splendidly bound, with proof impressions of the plates. I have read *Walter*-loo, since I heard from you. The battle murdered many, and *he* has murdered the battle*: 'tis sad stuff; Hougomont rhyming to "long," "strong," &c. He must have learned his pronunciation of French from Solomon Grundy in the play—"Commong dong, as they say in Dunkirk." *Where* is Rogers? I have not heard from him for ages. Four goodly letters has he had from me since I left this for Ireland, and never answered one of them. This is even worse than you, Miss Two-for-one! Rest, kindest love to Lady Donegal, from hers and yours faithfully, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 338.] TO MR. POWER.

Sunday, Dec. 19, 1815.

My dear Sir,—I have only time to send you, according to my promise, the first verses of "When Day," &c. which you will, of course, lose no time in engraving.

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this beauteous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

"When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven!

* In similar phrase Lord Erskine wrote:

"Of all who fell, by sabre or by shot,
Not one fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

But Sir Walter only fell as a poet, to rise again as a novelist.

Those hues, that wake e'en Light's decline,
So bright, so soft, oh God! are thine.

"When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some celestial bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes:
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine."

I have sent off the copy from memory of "There's nothing bright" to Stevenson, and have entreated him to lose no time in returning it. Ever yours, T. Moore.

[No. 339.] TO MR. POWER.

Monday night, —— 1815.

My dear Sir,—I send you "Isis and Osiris," which I think very beautiful. Tell Stevenson that the alterations I have made in the original are all in submission to his opinion and correction; and I think Bennison had better write out the original opposite my copy, or Stevenson will never take the trouble of comparing them.

On the other side you will find the second verse of the last Sacred Melody I sent you. We shall get on *flamingly*, you'll see.

I hope we shall soon hear of your little girl being in a state to accept our invitation. Ever yours, Thomas Moore.

"So grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!

"No sin to cloud — no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!"

[No. 340.] TO E. T. DALTON, ESQ.

—— 1815.

My dear Dalton,—I think it is a *toss-up* which of us has treated the other the worst, and Mrs. Dalton is the only one of the trio that has done her duty. Give her my best thanks for reminding you of me so often, and tell her that, whenever she finds you *will not* recollect me (let her do all she can), she has nothing for it but to sit down and write me a long letter herself, and she may depend upon a *speedy* answer and *soon*, like Sir William Curtis's peace. In one of Lord Byron's letters to me after I left London, he mentioned having met you, and that Mrs. Dalton sung "one of my best songs so well that, only for the appearance of affectation, he could have cried." Was it "Could'st thou look?" I received the songs you left with Power for me, but have not been able, in my own poor performance, to extract much delight from them. I begin to fear, do you know, that both Mrs. Dalton and you are refining yourselves too far into the *super-exquisite* of music, and one reason of my fearing so is that you did not seem to care about *my* humble ballads this last time of our meeting, half so much as formerly. But indeed there was no judging, and still less any enjoying of each other in that vortex of London, in which it is as impossible to find out real opinions and feelings as it is to tell the colours of a top that is spinning. I was more disappointed than my proud stomach would let me tell you at your not making a little effort to come and visit us at our cottage. God knows when I shall have another opportunity of making Bessy known to Mrs. Dalton, for, unless my *paper* wings grow much faster and stronger than they have done of late, they will never be able to sustain the flight of my whole family to Dublin, and Bessy will not be easily persuaded to leave the children behind her. That land of promise, Bermuda, turns out a devilish bad land of performance: I get as near nothing from it as possible.

I am delighted to find that Stevenson and I are in harness together. I only hope the *whip-cord* will hold out with little Power. Tell Sir John that he *must positively* pass the next summer at this cottage with us. If he loves a beautiful country, where every step opens valleys, woods, parks, and all kinds of rural glories upon the eye, this is the Paradise for him, and (to descend lower in the scale) he shall have as good *brown soup* as we gave him in Kegworth. He and I *must* do something in a dramatic way. I believe I told you I had a long pressing letter from Whitbread to do something for Drury Lane, and I had another communication upon the same subject the other day from Holland House.

I am getting on prosperously with my poem, and hope to be ready, though rather *late*, for this next campaign. I wish you had been a little more communicative about yourself, but it is sufficiently gratifying to me to hear that you are not worse, because it leads me to hope that the complaint has reached that point when it will be no longer troublesome, and perhaps even show symptoms of retiring altogether.

We have got into *much* too gay a neighbourhood, and I enjoyed the high dignity, the other night, of being sole steward to the county ball in honour of Lord Wellington. "Cock up, Spotty!" as the poet says.

Best regards to my dear Mrs. D. from Bessy and myself, and ditto to yourself, from, ever yours affectionately, THOS. MOORE.

[No. 341.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Jan. 1, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—We were most happy to find, from dear Nell's letter, that your cough was gone, and I trust the pain in the side will soon go after it. Bessy has had a most severe bout of it, and is much weakened indeed; but I have just had her out in this sweet spring sunshine, that opens the new year so smilingly, and I think she is much better: her cough, though, at night, is still very distressing.

The poor girl, of whose death I told you in my last, we now find died of an attack on the brain, and, during her delirium, she frequently sung parts of "There's nothing bright but Heaven," and other Sacred Melodies of mine, which the poor young creature was a great admirer of. Ever my darling mother's own,

TOM.

[No. 342.] TO MR. POWER.

Sunday, Jan. 14, 1816.

My dear Sir,—I have been these two days past much better, have returned to my animal food and wine (which I think the cursed apothecary kept me from too long), and, except for a troublesome cough, which still hangs about me, am as well as ever. Many thanks for your kind solicitude about me. I shall certainly not encounter another winter in this coldest house of a most cold country, and I dare say it is somewhere near town that our next move will be to. As to my spirits, they are, thank Heaven! pretty good. The only thing that sinks deep with me just now is the fear, almost to certainty, that I shall not be ready with my poem for the press till May, which will put publication till after the summer quite out of the question. This annoys me, but I could not help it. I have not been idle; but my trip to Ireland threw me back most cruelly. I have received the proofs and copies of the words, and, in the course of this next week, shall put the whole job clean out of hand for you. I was doing a little song these few days past in spite of my headaches and weakness, but I shall throw it aside for the present, and think of nothing now but the dispatching the Sacred Songs for you. You must engrave "Thou art, O God!" as a single song.

Why have you not put in "Ah! who shall see that glorious Day?" It is in a style that we want very much, and I think you had much better include it. I hope you have sent duplicates of these last proofs to Stevenson, for of course he must see them.

I do not know how to thank you enough for your generosity about the pianoforte, neither am I quite sure that I can allow you to be so liberal to me; at least not till I am more settled than at present, for a gift of *yours* I should consider so sacred that I never could think of parting with it; and this might be inconvenient as long as we are in our vagabond state. So perhaps it is better to wait till I have some prospect of *fixing* somewhere; and, in the meantime, your interposition to delay my payment of Broadwood for this is quite as much as I can require of you; not that, after all, I think I am *by any means* likely to part with this sweet pianoforte; but one does not know what might happen to make it expedient. Ever yours, most truly, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 343.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Jan. 24, 1816.

You must not be angry with me for not writing to you: we have had nothing but illness in the house since you last heard from me. Scarcely had Bessy begun to show symptoms of recovery when *I* must needs imitate my betters, and be ill too. For about ten days I could hardly hold up my head; but I really think the apothecary was, as usual, nine-tenths of my disease; for he starved and physicked me into such a state of debility, that, when the original complaint was gone, there was another, much worse, of his own manufacture, to proceed upon; but at last I took Molière's method of dealing with him, and am, accordingly, as well as ever: "Il m'ordonne des remèdes; je ne les fais point, et je guéris." I wish I could say as much for poor Bessy, but her state of health gives me great uneasiness; indeed, she is not an instant free from pains,

either in her back or head, and there appears a general weakness and derangement all over her: but her spirits and resolution keep her up wonderfully, and the regularity of our little *ménage* never suffers an instant from her indisposition. She went the other night to an Ashbourne assembly (the first time she has been in company since our return from Ireland), and the change in her looks struck every one. She feels, as I do, most sensibly your kindness in asking her to pass some time with you; and there is nothing she desires and raves of so incessantly as the seeing London, and the streets and the theatres once more; but no pleasure will tempt her to leave the children, and the impracticability of moving *with* them puts such a visit out of the question, till my present task is finished, and I can shift my quarters nearer to you for good and all: indeed, *here* it is impossible to stay another winter; so I have said for these two winters past, and then, like the returning smiles of a mistress, the sweet summer looks of the little place make me fall in love with it again, and all the past was forgotten: but we have suffered too much, I think, *this* winter, from its damp, smokiness, and smallness, to let anything tempt us into a repetition of such horrors. How have *you* both stood the campaign? I fear, from what Rogers said in his letter, that my dear Lady Donegal has had some returns of her attacks,—is it so? Do tell me all particulars about yourselves; for your letters sometimes make me feel as if you thought I was a selfish fellow: I am so entirely the hero of them; but then, on second thoughts, I should *not* be *your* hero, if you thought me too much my *own;* so it is all right as it is, only *do* tell me a little more of your concerns—physical, moral, worldly, and spiritual.

We have had a melancholy event among us lately: a lovely young girl, of eighteen, left us a bride, and in six weeks afterwards was a corpse. It seemed as if her marriage bells had but just ceased, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several of my Sacred Songs, of which the poor girl was a most enthusiastic admirer. Good by. Ever faithfully yours, THOMAS MOORE.

What account do you hear of Lord Byron and his wife? He never mentions her, but writes, I think, in lower spirits than usual.

[No. 344.] FROM MISS GODFREY.

Feb. 1816.

We were extremely sorry to hear so bad an account of both you and Bessy. I am afraid this extremely cold weather, in your cold smoky cottage, will be felt severely by *her* in particular, for *you* seemed pretty well when you wrote. I am very glad you are resolved not to stay another winter there. We are all hoping that you will settle within a reasonable distance of us, and that we shall see more of you both for the rest of our days. Pray write soon again, and say how you all are, and how you bear this hard frost. As to ourselves, I have to report that we are in a very tolerable state of health, though Bab's nervous attacks never fail. In the intervals she enjoys good health and spirits, and altogether the current of time flows smoothly on at present. Taking life as it is, with all its goods and evils, and ups and downs, it is something to be able to say, "I am content;" and we say it, and still better, feel it. One would rather that youth and health lasted for ever; but, as they do not, it is also something to be able to do without them. I wish, however, that it had been consistent with the order of creation to have given a longer summer to the year, and a longer youth to life; but, perhaps, it is all better as it is. We have been visiting about a great deal this year in the neighbourhood of Loudon, and Bab has been twice at Windsor, being in high favour with the Queen, Princesses, and Duke of York, but just as usual with the Regent, that's to say, in no favour at all We were also at that poor dear honest man's, Lord Sidmouth's, for a few days. As to your wicked story of his getting drunk, and singing ballads with his royal master, there is not a word of truth in it; it would be much more like him in his cups to give him a high flown discourse upon all the cardinal virtues and Christian graces. Seriously, I believe him to be as honest, as frank, and as open a character, as free from all little meannesses as any man in the whole world. I was very much amused one day upon looking over their books in the drawing-room, the very room in which he receives the Prince Regent and all the Ministers, to see stuck up gravely on the shelf my old acquaintance the Twopenny Post Bag; the last book I should have expected to find in a Minister's house. I suppose you have heard

from Lord Byron the history of his separation from his wife. The world are loud against him, and vote him a worthless profligate. She has gone to the country with her mother and Miss Doyle. She says she wishes to make no accusations; but she has advised him to go abroad for a few years. We don't know her; but every one praises and pities her. He is completely lost in the opinion of the world; and I fear he is the sort of character never to make an effort to recover it. So I look on him as given up to every worthless excess for the rest of his life. I hope he will go abroad for your sake, as he will certainly cling to you. Give him good advice, and tell him to go. A thousand kind things to you both from us both. I intended to write a longer letter, but have been interrupted; which I have great comfort in thinking will not break your heart, for I can't but feel that I am dulness itself at this present writing; but ever truly and sincerely yours, M. G.

[No. 345.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Mayfield, April 4, 1816.

You know what it is to put off answering a letter; *right well* you know it; nobody better; and it is not to you I am going to apologise, but to my dear, trusty, and well-beloved correspondent at your side, who deserves all the punctuality, good letter-writing, wit, and fair penmanship I do *not* bestow upon her; and the fact is, when I got her last letter we were from home, actually smoked out of our house in those high winds, and blown into any of those of our neighbours who would give us shelter; and when we returned, I had so much to do for Power, besides my own never-ceasing job, that I could not muster up five minutes for letter-writing for the life of me. I cannot tell you how I am longing to be with you this sweet weather. I really believe spring has as much to do with friendship as with love, for I never think half so *genially* of all those I like as at this season. How soon do you leave town this year? I hope not till after June, as that will be about the period of my flourishing there. I have been thinking, as France is in such a ticklish state, to take a run over to Paris, just for about a fortnight, to take one peep into that great cauldron of revolutions, before the "bubble, bubble" begins again, as it will before long, as sure as Louis is an old woman. By-the-bye, are you, or are you not, a little ashamed of your dear friends, the Ministers? I don't mean on the score of their wisdom, talents, &c., for in this respect they are, of course, as admirable as ever, but for the shabbiness with which they are daily surrendering so many wise, indispensable, and sine-quâ-nonical measures to the bullies of Opposition. "Time was, that when the brains were out, the man would die;" or that when a Minister (as Dogberry says) "was *proved* a fool, he would go near to be *thought* so too;" but now we see that so he keeps his place, he need not be nice as to *whose* measures he keeps it by: if he hasn't the vigour or the sense to force what *he* thinks right upon his adversaries, he has the convenient passiveness to let them force what *they* please upon *him*. We shall soon have all measures originate with the Opposition: they will lay the eggs, and the kind Cuckoo Ministers will hatch them. Bessy, though a little better within these few days, continues in general as weak or even weaker than ever; but I look with much hope to the summer for her amendment. The little ones are quite well, and Barbara, if she was but prettier, promises to be all we could wish her,—intelligent, sweet-tempered, and affectionate. How is *your* dear Barbara? You have not mentioned her to me this long time. I suppose I shall find her grown beyond redemption: what a pity they can't stay little young things for ever.

Be it known to you that on Saturday last I took the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Lancastrian Society at Derby, and astonished not only the company but myself by sundry speeches, of which the Derby paper of to-day gives such a flourishing account, that I blush to the eyes; seriously, I never saw anything like the enthusiastic effect I produced, and of all exertions of talent, public speaking is certainly the most delightful; the effect is so immediately under one's own eyes, and the harvest of its fame so instantaneous. This was the first time I ever really prepared or exerted myself in speaking, and oh! what would I *not* give to have many and higher opportunities for it. Would *you* bring me in if you could? *that* you would, in spite of Dogberry and the Cuckoo Ministers; I know you would. Ever yours, T. M.

In a letter I have had lately from Lord Byron he says, "There is not existing a better,

a brighter, or more amiable creature than Lady Byron." Is not this odd? What can be the reason of the separation?

[No. 346.] FROM LADY DONEGAL.

Sunday night, ——, 1816.

Mary has received your lecture, and means to answer it to-morrow; but I cannot let her cover go without a word or two from me, particularly as I want to ask a favour of you. You really would confer a lasting obligation on me, and as lasting honour on yourself, if you would comply with my request, which is, that you will sit down and write, without farther loss of time, the "Battle of Waterloo." Do not let that pitiful, wretched performance of Scott's remain the only tribute that genius has paid to such glorious deeds; but do you describe the day. And I will answer for it, be it ever so short, or done in ever so great a hurry, that you will get any thing for it that you choose to ask, and drive Walter Scott out of the field (at least of *that* field), for ever. It would be a magnificent subject for you; and the last Quarterly Review has made a collection of anecdotes, all ready to your hand, of the most interesting events of the day; and all such beautiful subjects, that I would give more than I can say if you would undertake it. The work that you have in hand must be ready for the press by this time; and I hope that you have begun nothing else that could prevent your undertaking this. I implore you to think seriously of it, for I am sure you would make it the most beautiful thing in the language, and it would cost you but very little time or trouble. As I am rather out of my senses upon the subject, I shall keep the rest of my ravings to myself, when I once more exhort you to let the Irish bard record the deeds of the Irish hero. You might too, with a safe conscience, say a word or two of the merits of the Duke of York, who had made the army, and contributed his share to the glory of the day. Not a word of his box at Covent Garden, which we have at our command.

Give my love to Bessy. How is my godchild (I was just going to write grandchild) going on? How far is she advanced in her education? Ever truly and sincerely yours,

B. D.

[No. 347.] TO HIS MOTHER.

London, May, 1816.

My darling Mother,—Safe arrived—quite well, but more pulled about, fussed, and bustled than ever. To-night I go to the Queen's house to see the bride in all her nuptial glory. Only think of Lady Donegal's courage to ask permission to take me.

I dine so early, for the purpose of being there in time, that I must bid good by, my own dearest mother. Love to father and Nell.

I must leave this letter with the Donegals in hope of a frank; but if she cannot get one, I have bid her send it off, and for once you must pay postage.

[No. 348.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, May 4, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—What do you think of *me*, Tom Brown the Younger, having been at the Queen's house to see the royal bride in all her nuptial array? Lady Donegal had the courage to ask permission of the Princess Elizabeth for me to go. The Princess Charlotte stopped, as she passed, to shake hands with Lady Donegal, by whose side I stood, so that I had an admirable view of her. I am almost tired of the bustle of this place already, and even after a short week begin to sigh for my little cottage and Bessy again.

[No. 349.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Monday, May, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—I cannot get a frank, and have not time to write *round* through Joe, so I must dispatch this as it is; to tell you I am quite well, in *terrible* request, never half so much so before, and that, flattering as it is all, I am delighted at the idea of being off on Friday next (as I expect) to the cottage. This, I know, will give you more pleasure than any thing else, as it proves I am happy at home, which is the source of every comfort and virtue in this life. I only wish you were there to make it still happier to me. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 350.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

92, George Street, Edinburgh, May 28, 1816.

My dear Moore,—It is very kind in you to think of me; and your remembrances

could never have come at a more acceptable moment; for I am, as usual, in a state of utter bankruptcy and despair. I commit Vathek to you with the greatest pleasure, though I have not an idea what you will do with him. I promised solemnly to begin printing before the end of this month; but, up to this hour, I have nothing to begin upon, so that I dare say you will be soon enough any time before the middle of June, but be sooner if possible.

I am glad you have learned to feel feverish in London, for then there is some chance of your condescending to take a peep at us here, where there is not half enough of movement and variety to fill the evening of a true London taste. We live in blissful ignorance of the doings which vex and scandalise you in that great city, though I have mourned a great deal to myself about Lord Byron, without knowing very well what to believe of the crude rumours that have spread so far.

May I venture to ask what has become of your *opus majus*, which you led us to expect nearly a year ago? I am afraid you are very idle in your retreat, though I have too long considered idleness and happiness as synonymous to blame you very much for this indulgence.

I meditate some little reviews of poetry, and certainly shall not be ill-natured to *Rimini*. It is very sweet and very lively in many places, and is altogether piquant, as being by far the best imitation of Chaucer and some of his Italian contemporaries that modern times have produced. I do not know exactly what to say of Christabell, though with all its perversity and affectation I read it with some pleasure. I do not mean the pleasure of scoffing and ridicule. Indeed I scarcely ever read poetry in that humour, and usually find something to love and admire in works which I could never have courage or conscience to praise. My natural foible is to admire and be pleased too easily, and I am never severe except from effort and reflection. I am afraid some people would not believe this; but you will, when I tell you that I say it quite in earnest.

I was lucky, far beyond my deservings, in meeting with Samuel Rogers at Paris, and we had great comfort in talking of you. Is it not a little bit of affectation in you to say you are obliged to me for speaking kindly of you, of whom all men agree to speak kindly, and to whose kindness, and frankness, and generosity, I am indebted for a friendship which paltry spirits cannot comprehend? But I am not going to speak seriously of things that might make me too serious. Believe me ever, very faithfully yours, F. Jeffrey.

[No. 351.] TO WILLIAM GARDINER, ESQ.

Tuesday evening, —— 1816.

My dear Sir,—One would think, by our anxiety to detain you, that we had a *presentiment* of something worth your staying for; and, strange to say, an attraction has but this moment occurred, which, I am sure, to *you* is irresistible. My friend Rogers (who, I told you, left me a month or two since), returning by Kegworth, and not finding me there, has come by the evening coach, and is now sitting by the pianoforte at Mr. Peach's, waiting the effect of this note in bringing you back to us. He is a warm admirer of your music, and is anxious to see the author before he leaves Leicester, which must be early in the morning; therefore pray come immediately. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

[No. 352.] TO HIS MOTHER.

July 11, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—We got dear Nell's letter last night; and Bessy is afraid, by what she says, that she has not received a letter from her which I inclosed, I think, about a week ago. Perhaps, in my hurry, I may have omitted it, but I shall look among my papers. I sent one letter last week to you through Corry, which I fear you may not receive, from his being perhaps out of town.

Poor Sheridan! the Prince (I hear from town), after neglecting him, and leaving him in the hands of bailiffs all the time of his illness, sent him at last the princely donation of two hundred pounds, which Sheridan returned. I hope this is true.

I have given notice to my landlord, and shall be off from this as soon as the winter shows his ugly face; that is, I suppose, about the latter end of October.

It grieves me to hear of the poor ear's being such an invalid; and if my father could but get credit for a new one for a few months, I think I could manage to supply him by the

time. Just now, and for two or three months to come, I shall be without one *extra* pound; if, indeed, I am lucky enough to have any *intra* ones; but *couldn't* you manage it somehow before the fine weather is all over, my dearest mother? the exercise is so necessary to you. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 353.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Mayfield, July 18, 1816.

I know you will say that I put off my letter to this "last day of the world," in the hope of escaping, by *any* means, from the trouble of writing. But I am not quite so desperate, and I hope we shall have many "more last" days (though of somewhat a sunnier kind than this is), to give me an opportunity of convincing you that, though appearances may be against me, I am really a very good correspondent. Do you know what the chemists call "latent heat?" This I am full of. It is a property which some bodies have of keeping all their warmth to themselves; or, rather, *in* themselves; which makes them seem not half so warm as other bodies which have all their warmth on the surface. Now this is the case with me; and therefore, whenever you are long without hearing from me, set it down at once to "latent heat," and console yourself with the idea of its being all snug and warm in my heart, instead of lavishing its precious particles through the post-office. Seriously and really I ought to have written sooner; but, as I am very busy, and have no news for you,—nothing, in short, to send but a few bad jokes, which, like *over*-dead game, will hardly *keep* to town,—I thought I might as well let *you* begin with your "How d'ye do?" and then, like Paddy Blake's echo, I could answer, "Very well, I thank ye." I found Bessy, I thought, a little better on my return, which I attribute a good deal to her having passed the time away from home, and out of the reach of those domestic cares, which, limited as they are, she feels much too anxiously and busily for that repose, both of mind and body, which is so necessary to her. If I could but afford the money and time, I am sure a few months of rambling and idleness would do her far more service than all the doctors in the world. She sometimes looks so wan and feeble as to make me quite miserable. I have given notice to our landlord, and, as soon as the winter months set in (at least those that don't call themselves summer ones, like the present), we shall hope to be off to you. My ulterior plans are so uncertain, that I think for the winter I shall only take a small furnished house somewhere near London.

Do you know that I was lately fool enough to waste a few days on a review of Glenarvon, and, thinking it rather comical, sent it to Jeffrey, who appears to have thought the same of it. But, in consequence of numerous applications he had from town, he pledged himself to more than one friend *not* to admit any mention of the book in his Review. Horner was one of the advisers, and I think, upon the whole, they were right.

Those two little brothers, the Powers, are going to war ding-dong, and seem resolved to be "belligerent Powers," as well as their betters. I am delighted that the work they come to issue upon is the Sacred Songs, as from them not even Garrow himself will be able to extract indecency.

Our little ones are quite well. Bessy was all delight at your presents, and is keeping the scarf for town display. Ever yours, with best love to Lady D. and sister Philly,

T. M.

[No. 354.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday, July 21, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—For want of news I send you a letter we got last night from our Derby friend, Mr. Strutt, which will show you what kindness pursues me everywhere. There is nothing I should like better than what he proposes, and it would do Bessy infinite service; but, besides the expense of joining them at Ramsgate (which I could not manage), it would unsettle all my plans of business for the rest of the summer; and Bessy, who is always self-denying and prudent, says, if *I* were wild enough to think of taking her, she would not let me. She was very ill all yesterday, but she is better to-day, Ever my darling mother's own, TOM.

[No. 355.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, ——— 1816.

My dearest Mother,—You will get either by to-day's or to-morrow's post a Morning Chronicle, with some lines on the death of

Sheridan by *me*, which you must send back when you have done with them. Let old Joe see them first; but you need not mention to any one else their being mine. Bessy has just been out walking to pay some bills, and call upon some of her poor sick women, to whom she is very kind and useful at very moderate expense. This delights her more than all the finery and company in the world. I never cease regretting, my dearest mother, that you have not an opportunity of seeing her in her own element—home and quiet. Mary Dalby (whose long and sincere attachment to me makes her a very quick-sighted judge) said to me at the end of a fortnight she passed with us, "I do not think in the world you could have found another creature so suited to you as that." And she was right. God bless you, my dearest mother. Ever your affectionate,

TOM.

[No. 356.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sunday, August 18, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—I have only time to say that Rogers has just left us; he seemed to enjoy himself very much, and it was with some difficulty I got off going with him to the Lakes. Unluckily I cannot spare the time from my various jobs.

He made Bessy very happy by giving her, when he was going away, two pounds to lay out for the family of one of her poor women, whom he saw with her. He is an excellent fellow.

You will see by the Chronicle that my lines upon Sheridan were published in a pamphlet by some one, at 6*d.* price. Rogers tells me they made a great sensation. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 357.] TO HIS MOTHER.

September, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—I was near letting this day go by, and it is the middle of the week, and then you would have reason to scold me for my neglect: but indeed you are very good and forgiving to all my little forgetfulnesses, which are not, after all, *very* heavy, for I never cease thinking of my own dears at home; and it is only business sometimes that makes me seem (as Lord Moira expresses it) "oblivious" of them. You will be amused at what Hunt says of my "Magdalen" Hymns, in the Examiner I send you. Bessy gives her best love. We have been paying visits to-day, and she is very tired. The little ones are quite well. I write in the midst of chatter, at Mrs. Belcher's. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 358.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sept. 24, 1816.

I will not stop to make apologies for being so long without writing. My excuse is, that I had not time; but then, I have not time to make the excuse, as I merely seize the opportunity of a cover to Power to inclose a few hasty hieroglyphics to you. Part of my business lately has been gaiety; the business, of all others, I was born for. Bessy's doctor thought a trip to Matlock would do her good, and there accordingly we passed eight or nine days, dancing, walking, and keeping-never-minding anything; for which Bessy, I think, was evidently better, and I, you may swear, not at all the worse. Rogers staid with us here from the Wednesday to Sunday, and left "an image of himself" (I mean, intellectually speaking), *very favourable indeed*, on the minds of both Bessy and the little ones. He was indeed particularly amiable; and took no fright at the superfluity either of melted butter or of maids, and even saw with composure a little boy who comes to clean my shoes; not that I can quite answer for his subsequent reflections on these luxuries.

As the time approaches for leaving our cottage, I begin to feel a little reluctance, and shall, I dare say, linger on here till the period of my publishing is near. Bessy is certainly a little better, and a break-up of our establishment just at this moment would be very deranging. She was delighted with the confidential frankness of your letter to her, and felt something far beyond the mere *honour* that it did her, though that was felt too, as it ought to be.

Tell our dear Mary that I look for it under her own hand and seal, that she is quite as well and waggish as ever. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 359.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1816.

My dear Sir,—I send you a very short, but very beautiful Melody. It ought to have been a Sacred Song this time, but I took a fancy to

this air, and was resolved to strike while the anvil was hot. I should be happy to think that my work now would prove as *durable* as it is *quick;* but though I post on in this way, I shall not be so unjust either to *you* or *myself* as to let either collection appear till I am perfectly satisfied with all their ingredients. There are two or three of the Irish ones equal to any I have done; and one in particular ("This Earth is the Planet)," which will be very popular in my own singing of it; but our plan is to go on till we can select twelve *super-excellents.*

As the time approaches for our giving up the cottage, I begin to feel very reluctant, and shall probably linger on as long at least as there is anything like tolerable weather; indeed, I feel a little afraid of a new place on account of the *finances;* for here, whenever I have not the supplies, I have, at least, *credit*, which could not be expected in a new residence; we shall see, however. I have been expecting your answer about my Dedicatory Songs. Ever yours, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

Do you know that there is an edition of my Melodies published in Philadelphia. I wish we could get them.

[No. 360.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1816.

My dear Sir,—I send you a Sacred Melody, which is, I believe, rather of a "Magdalen" cast (as Hunt very prettily said of them the other day). but the remaining verses will retrieve this fault. I think Stevenson may harmonise the air for three voices very charmingly. I grieve much at your difference with him, and trust that it will never go so far as to separate our alliance; for, let them say what they will, no man in general could understand or please me half so well. He has done the little duet of "If Thou'lt be Mine," beautifully; it is as pretty a thing, and will be as much sung, as any in the Melodies.

I have long been intending to ask you whether it is probable I shall be called upon by either you or your brother in the course of your law proceedings in Dublin this winter. I wish to ascertain this point, as it might a good deal influence my movements on leaving Derbyshire.

I have had a letter from your brother, but have not time to advert to its contents. Ever yours, THOS. MOORE.

[No. 361.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Nov. 22, 1816.

My dearest Mother,—We got my darling father's kind and heart-warming letter, and were both deeply gratified by it. I am glad, my own dear mother, that you *feel* how I love you. I can but *half* show it; but I would do more, if I could. Bessy is continually making projects for our all living together; and no later than this morning, at breakfast, imagined a very pretty scheme for our taking the house next to you, making a door in the wall, dining every day together, &c. I am not without hopes that some of her visions may yet be realised.

God bless my sweet mother. Love from us both to father and our excellent Nell, and believe me, ever your own, TOM.

[1817.

In the preface to the sixth volume of Moore's Works, published by Longman, will be found a statement, that in the year 1812 he first conceived the project of a poem on an Oriental subject, of the quarto size, which Scott had adopted, and rendered popular. It will be seen, also, that Mr. Perry insisted he should receive no less a sum than the highest that had ever been paid for a poem. "That," said Mr. Longman, "was 3000 guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry; "and no less a sum ought he to receive." The sum of 3000*l.* was readily agreed to, and Mr. Moore proceeded with his work. In 1816 the poem was ready for publication; but as the year was one of great distress, and consequently very unfavourable to publishers, Moore most handsomely wrote to the Longmans, to leave them at liberty to postpone or modify the bargain, or even to relinquish it altogether. Considering the years he had spent in the work, and the value of 3000 pounds to his family and to himself, this conduct was really magnánimous. But Mr. Longman was too liberal a man to take advantage of such generosity. The poem appeared in May, 1817, with a dedication to Mr. Rogers.]

[No. 362.] TO MR. POWER.

Wednesday, Jan. 8, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I am glad you received the money safe; and rejoice that I could, even in such a trifling degree, be of service to you.

I suppose you have heard that my father has lost his situation. This is a heavy blow to me, as I shall have to support them all the remainder of their lives. I am not yet in possession of the circumstances; but as there is no one to be appointed in his place, I suppose it is a part of the system of retrenchment; and, if so, I cannot complain: but more of this another time. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

My head still troubles me, and I intend to have it bled copiously to-morrow, ten or twelve ounces.

[No. 363.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Jan. 12, 1817.

I have had various calamities lately. In the first place, my studies have been interrupted, in their very *capital*, by a violent pain, which was at first thought to proceed from too much blood, and I was accordingly cupped, scarified, leeched, and bleached by abstinence, physic, &c. &c. In the next and more serious place, my father has been turned out of his employment in Ireland; and thus am I doomed to be a poor man for the remainder of my existence, as I must share my crust with him as long as he lives. They do not even give him half-pay; and his dismission has been attended with some unfairness (as well as I can understand from his own account and Joe Atkinson's), which I have endeavoured to counteract by the inclosed letter to Lord Mulgrave. You will smile at my having the impudence to write to him; but as I ask no favour, and merely entreat justice for my father, there could be no scruple on my part in addressing him; and, if *you* feel none in giving him the letter, I think it will be the means of drawing his attention more favourably to it. It was but this moment I thought of asking you to do me this kindness and I have not time for a word more; except to say, that next month we move towards town, and that it will give me real happiness, amid all my perplexities, to find *you*, my very dear friend, as much better in health as my heart wishes you to be. Best love to Mary. Ever yours,

T. Moore.

My head is much better. You need not be afraid of the *tone* of the inclosed; nor think, with Davy, that "it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious looking letter." I have written it with great respectfulness and humility, as I was in policy bound to do. You need not add any representations, I think, of your own, as I by no means wish to have the appearance of *making interest:* but the sooner you let him have it the better.

[No. 364.] TO MR. POWER.

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1817.

My dear Sir,—You will be glad to hear that my father has got half-pay, which is a considerable relief compared with what we expected; and I write to you immediately, as I know you will be glad to hear it. *Between ourselves*, he never could have got it, had I not myself written to Lord Mulgrave on the subject: but more of this when we meet. It is pleasant, as well in point of *character* as of *money;* for the liberal gentlemen at the other side wanted to make it appear that he had done something very wrong, which merited such a dismission; but Lord Mulgrave, in his letter to me, says, he "can find nothing in Mr. Moore's conduct to prevent his receiving the retirement of half-pay; which he has accordingly directed." Next Monday or Tuesday you shall have the proofs, &c.; but I have been all distraction and nervousness lately. Ever yours, T. Moore.

Could you in the course of a week or ten days muster me up a few pounds (five or six), as I am almost without a shilling?

[No. 365.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Thursday night, Jan. 23, 1817.

I am *upon* my *knees* before you. I find, from your statement, that I was quite wrong, and have not a word to say in my defence, except you can understand (what, perhaps, is unintelligible to any but "*wrong-headed Irishmen*") the mortal dread I feel of being supposed to relax my principles in favour of my interest, or of being thought capable of attacking a man one day, and coming cap-in-hand to him on another, according as it suited my convenience so to do. Even now, so strongly do

I labour under this wrong-headedness, that (simple as the transaction has been, and creditable, I think, to all of us) I should infinitely rather have worked to support my father myself *totally*, than have made one movement towards procuring this half-pay for him, did I not know that the idea of depending wholly upon my exertions would have made my mother and him wretched. But this is only my own (perhaps morbid) feeling. It was that plaguy word about "justice" in his note to you that set my fancy on horseback, and, as is the case with all beggars (which my fancy must be by this time, after an expenditure of six thousand lines), she rode to the devil with me. But *do* forgive me, my dearest friend, and, for Heaven's sake, write immediately to say you do: for among the calamities of this world I should rank as the *greatest*, my being in the slightest degree out of favour with you: indeed, I have not been happy ever since I wrote that hot-headed letter. Ever yours.

T. M.

I have inflicted double postage upon you, as I think the sooner he gets my acknowledgment the better, and I thought it would be satisfactory to you to see it. Do write soon, I entreat of you.

[No. 366.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, March 6, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here yesterday morning, after having set the printers to work on my manuscript, and fixed upon a cottage at Hornsey, within six miles of town. The way I have arranged my money matters with Longman is satisfactory and convenient to them, and, I should hope, safe for myself. I am to draw a thousand pounds for the discharge of my debts, and to leave the other two thousand in their hands (receiving a bond for it) till I find some mode of disposing of it to advantage. The annual interest upon this two thousand (which is a hundred pounds) my father is to draw upon them for quarterly, and this I hope, with his half-pay, will make you tolerably comfortable. By this arrangement, you see, I do not touch a sixpence of the money for my own present use, and I consider myself very lucky indeed to be able to refrain from it. If my poem succeeds, I have every prospect of being very comfortable; and indeed, whether it succeeds or not, there is no fear of me.

I shall stay a few days here with our friends the Coopers, and, on Tuesday next, transport the whole colony (no easy or cheap matter, you may suppose) to London.

I was delighted to hear, by Ellen's letter through Lucy, that your spirits, my darling mother, were so much better. This is quite right; and I feel it the more joyfully, as I am sure your consideration for my wishes has been one great cause of your making the effort. God bless my sweet mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

Bessy is, I think, a little better, and the young ones are quite well.

[No. 367.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Ashbourne, Tuesday, March 11, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We are off to-night for town. I have taken the inside of one of the coaches to ourselves, and trust in Heaven that I shall carry all my little establishment safely to the end of their long journey. I have paid all my bills here, and believe that we carry with us the respect and good wishes of every one. Indeed I have never experienced more real kindness than from some of our friends in this neighbourhood.

You will perceive that my poem is announced, and I shall now have a most racketting time of it till I am published.

Bessy is a little better, and the young things are quite well. Ever your own. Tom.

[No. 368.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Friday, March 13, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We arrived quite safe, and the little ones bore the journey like heroines. Bessy, too, went through it much more stoutly than I expected. We were at Drury Lane last night, and to-morrow we go to the Opera. This is merely to give Bessy a taste of London before we are off to our Hornsey cottage, where I shall be confined very closely to business for the next two months. We found a most comfortable and kind reception at the house of Bessy's friend (niece to Mrs. Ready), Mrs. Branigan, an excellent person, who appears to be very prosperously and comfortably married, and whose house will be a

most valuable convenience to us whenever we visit London. We stay with them till Monday. Bessy is just gone out with Lady Donegal in her carriage to look for a new bonnet. God bless my dearest mother. Best love to Nell and my good father. Ever your own,

TOM.

I have taken Bessy this morning to see the new house; she likes it exceedingly. I am to pay ninety pounds for the year. It is well furnished; and this clears taxes and everything.

[No. 369.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Middlesex, ——— 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We are at last settled, and I *begin* to feel at home. At first when we came, I was a good deal disgusted by finding that the place was full of rats, and that one of the rooms smoked,—indeed, you would have pitied me if you had seen the irritable state of fidget it put me into, everything now depending so much on my having these two next months free and quiet for the getting out my poem; but I think we have now got over all our grievances; and Bessy's exertions and good-humour throughout the whole, and the accommodating spirit with which she has encountered and removed every difficulty for me, has been quite delightful.

I hope my dear father has not suffered himself to want any supply: he may draw whenever he is in need of anything; and as soon as the poem is out I shall establish the *regular* chanuel through Longman for his annual hundred. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 370.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Tuesday, May 13, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I am posting away, whip and spur, for the goal, which (you will have seen by the papers) I am to reach on the 22nd. Strange to say, the work is not finished yet, but I hope to give the last of it into the printer's hands before Saturday. I believe there is a good deal of anxiety for it, and the *first* sale will, I have no doubt, be rapid; but whether it will stick to that is the question, and I have my fears.

I never was better, thank God! I have been (for the first time since I was your own little *boy*) a good Catholic all this week, not having tasted a bit of *meat* since Tuesday last. I found myself getting a little too full of blood, and this regimen has made me as cool and comfortable as possible. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 371.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Saturday, May, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I received my father's letter yesterday, and am glad to find you did not omit the celebration of my birthday. I meant, indeed, to have stirred you up a little on the subject. We are delighted to find that dear Kate is recovered.

I received some Edinburgh papers the other day, full of praises of Lalla Rookh; it seems, indeed, if I may judge from these journals, to have produced a great sensation in Scotland. One of these papers Bessy has forwarded to you, by the way of Derbyshire.

My father may draw upon the Longmans as soon as he pleases. God bless my sweet mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 372.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, May 30, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—The book is going on famously; I believe I told you in my last that we were already going into a second edition, so that my conscience as to the publishers' pockets is now quite at rest. I should suppose your copy was the first that arrived in Dublin. All the opinions that have reached me about it in London are very flattering; and I rather think I shall not be disappointed in the hope that it will set me higher in reputation than ever. Faults, of course, are found, but much less than I expected; and if I but get off well with the two Reviews, the Edinburgh and Quarterly, I shall look upon my success as perfect. The latter, of course, is rather hostile to me from my politics, but I believe, on the present occasion, they will be pretty fair.

I have had most pressing solicitations from the Opposition to undertake the superintendence of a new paper they have set up, "The Guardian," but it would not suit me; besides, living in London is what I do not now like at all. I dined and slept at Holland House on Wednesday last; we had Tierney, Lord Aberdeen, &c. &c. Bessy took a round with me, while we were in town, to return calls,—Lady

Besborough, Asgill, Cork, Hastings, &c. &c.; we were let in at almost all, and she was very much amused. We go for a few days to Lady Donegal, on Wednesday next, children and all. Ever your own, TOM.

I hope dear Kate and the little one are recovered: my love to her. I *think* she likes the book.

[No. 373.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,—What with you and my *other* love, Bessy, I am kept in continual pursuit of franks. I shall send this to Lord Byron, and take my chance for his sending it to-day. You cannot conceive how kind everybody is to me here, and my visit will do me all the good in the world by inspiring me with confidence, and showing me the high ground I stand upon. I am invited to *lecture* at the Royal Institution next year; a very flattering distinction, which, however, I am doubtful, from many reasons, whether I shall accept. Lord Lansdowne last night at Lady Besborough's said, he should feel delighted if I would fix my residence near his house in the country, and that my best way would be to take Bessy there on a visit to him and Lady Lansdowne this summer, and look about us for something. Could anything be more pleasant or flattering than this?

I am very anxious to hear from you, my own dear mother; and with best love to father, Kate, and dear Nell, I am ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 374.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, June, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—We are in expectation of some visitors here. Bessy's brother-in-law is arrived from Edinburgh, and we mean to have him out for a day or two: and Barbara Godfrey, Lady Donegal's niece, comes to pass a few days with us next week—our neighbourhood to town imposes a little of this upon us. Our most welcome visitor, however, comes to-day, meaning no less a person than that gentleman of the gown and breeches, Master Tom (you know, I suppose, that a gown and short breeches form part of his costume). Sir Francis Burdett's brother, who lives in our neighbourhood, brings him to us from the Charter House, with his own two sons, and takes them back again on Monday. God bless you both. Your own,

TOM.

[No. 375.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Keppel Street, June 25, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Our College dinner on Saturday was a very curious one. I dare say you will see the account of it copied into the Irish papers, and it will amuse you to find that Croker was the person who gave my health. I could not have a better proof of the station which I hold in the public eye than that Croker should claim friendship with me before such men as Peel, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. I was received with very flattering enthusiasm by the meeting. Bessy and the children left Rogers's yesterday, and came here for a few days to the Branigans. About the tenth of the next month I shall set off for Paris; and, having passed a month there, it is my intention to run over to Dublin for a week or two, my darling mother, to see you and my own dears at home, as I have given up the thought of taking my whole establishment over, which would be imprudent unless I meant to live some time in Ireland, and *that*, I think, I had better *not* do. Bessy is pretty well in spite of all her racketting. She saw Kemble take leave on Monday night, Lady Besborough having sent to us to go to her box. Everybody is most kind to her. The little things are not quite well. God bless my own dear mother. Ever yours,

TOM.

[No. 376.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Thursday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I am kept in the most perplexing state of bustle all this week by Rogers's delay of our departure: however, on Sunday he promises positively to be off. I will try and write again between this and then, and you shall hear from me as often while I am in France as possible. Bessy, too, shall write a line on the newspapers she sends you to tell you how I am. I expect much pleasure from the trip.

I take a letter of credit for three hundred pounds; pretty well, you'll say!—but this is mere form, and only for the dash of the thing,

as I dare say I shan't draw more than thirty. Ever my darling mother's own, TOM.

[No. 377.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Hornsey, Saturday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I have come down here for a day or two, previous to my flight for France; and a bustling, crowded house I find it,—Branigan, his wife, two children, and two servants, in addition to our own establishment. Bessy has stowed us all away, though, very comfortably; and when *he* is gone to Scotland, and *I* to Paris, which will be the beginning of next week, she will get on very well with her group till our return. It is very delightful to her to have her friend with her while I am away.

I have seen the Daltons on their way to Paris. Poor fellow! his complaint seems to grow more near its fatal consummation every day. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

My father has nothing to do with accounting for the difference of exchange; it is the same thing to the Longmans and me, and only puts a few pounds more in his own pocket. How much does he receive for the twenty-five pounds British?

[No 378.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Amiens, July 16, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I seize one moment, on my way, to write a line (if this cursed French ink *will* write) to tell you that I am quite well and merry, and enjoying myself in this grotesque country amazingly. Our passage from Dover to Calais was but three hours and a half, and I was as sick as need be; but the journey hither (we are within seventy or eighty miles of Paris) has quite set me up again; and I assure you, my own dears at home, that pleasant as this journey promises to be, I look forward to a still pleasanter one after it, in my trip to you all in Dublin.

God bless my own darling mother. Wherever I am, yours ever affectionately. TOM.

[No. 379.] TO MR. POWER.

Paris, August 7, 1817.

My dear Sir,—Though I have hardly one minute for writing, and Bessy always claims the little minute I have, yet, as I promised you should hear from me, here goes! Paris is the most delightful world of a place I ever could have imagined; and, really, if I can persuade Bessy to the measure, it is my intention to come and live here for two or three years. You *must* come and see it. Stevenson is *not* in very high force here; the ice is too cold for his stomach, and he cannot get whisky-punch for love or money—accordingly he droops. I cannot make out well his designs or wishes with respect to his business with you; but he says, that as to the two first years he has nothing to do with them; he has a receipt from you to prove their having been settled to your satisfaction.

I am called away. Best regards to Mrs. Power. Ever yours, T. MOORE.

[No. 380.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Wednesday, August 20, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I have but this instant arrived safe and well, and am hastening, in great anxiety, to Hornsey; as I hear our poor dear Barbara is very ill indeed, from the fall she had a week ago. I suppose Bessy has told you of it. I have just seen Tegart; and I fear, from the way he speaks, that my dear child is in a very dangerous state. You shall know more by to-morrow's post.

God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 381.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sept. 10, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Barbara is not at all better; indeed, this morning we have been in very great alarm about her; but the medical man, who has just left us, says she is not worse. If she should get a little better, I mean to go for a day or two to Lord Lansdowne's, to look at a house which he has most friendlily written to me about, which he thinks would suit me exactly. He has been searching his neighbourhood for a habitation for me in a way very flattering indeed from such a man.

God bless my own dearest mother. Your TOM.

[No. 382.] TO HIS MOTHER.

56 Davies Street, Berkeley Square,
Saturday, Sept. 20, 1817.

It's all over, my dearest mother; our Barbara is gone. She died the day before yesterday, and, though her death was easy, it was a dreadful scene to us both. I can bear such

things myself pretty well; but to see and listen to poor Bessy makes me as bad as she is. Indeed, my dearest mother, you can only conceive what she feels by imagining *me* to have been snatched away from you at the age of Barbara. It will be some time before she can get over it; but she is very sensible and considerate; and her love for us that are left her will, I know, induce her to make every effort against the effect of this sorrow upon her mind. I succeeded yesterday in prevailing upon her to leave Hornsey, and come up to Lady Donegal's house, where we are now, as retired (for the family are at Tunbridge) and as comfortable as we could desire. It is a great consolation to us to reflect, from what Duggan told us in Dublin, and from what the medical men say here, that if Barbara had lived, she must have been always a suffering invalid, from the bad state of her inward parts; indeed, Tegart says that the fall was not of itself the cause of her death, but merely *hastened* what would otherwise have come on. God bless you. Ever your own affectionate, Tom.

[No. 383.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Thursday, —— 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Poor Bessy, though she neither eats nor sleeps enough hardly to sustain life, is getting somewhat more composed in mind than she was, and will, I hope, soon recover from this sad shock. I shall, as soon as possible, go down to Lord Lansdowne's, who (I think I told you) wrote most friendlily to me to say he had been looking for a house in his neighbourhood for me. It would certainly be an object to be near such a man; his library, his society,—all would be of use to me; not to mention the probability of his being some day or other able to do me more important services. Lady Donegal is very anxious that I should take the house he talks of.

We are anxious to hear from you. You had better direct to 56 Davies Street, Berkeley Square. We could not be more comfortable anywhere than we are here. Ever your own,

Tom.

[No. 384.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Bowood, Sunday, Oct., 1817.

My dearest Mother,—I arrived here the day before yesterday, and found Rogers, Lord and Lady King, &c. Yesterday I looked at the three houses Lord Lansdowne had thought of for me; but there is only *one* of them at all within my reach, a little thatched cottage, with a pretty garden, for 25*l.* or 30*l.* a year: it is, however, I fear, too small and humble even for our pretensions. I shall not decide till I return to Bessy, which I hope to do on Wednesday or Thursday.

It is a sad thing that my father cannot let his house; and I heartily wish it would suit us to live in Dublin, that I might take it from him.

My leg is not the worse for the use I have been obliged to make of it. Ever your own affectionate, Tom.

[No. 385.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, Oct. 11, 1817.

My dearest Mother,—Bessy, who went off the night before last to look at the cottage near Lord Lansdowne's, is returned this morning, after travelling both nights. Power went with her. She is not only satisfied but delighted with it; which shows the humility of her taste, as it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it *furnished* for 40*l.* a year! This is cheap, God knows. I am nursing my leg, which is free of the inflammation that my journey produced, and I hope, by giving it fair play, it will soon get well.

I have had so many letters to write to-day that my hand is quite weary. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 386.] TO MR. POWER.

Sloperton, Devizes, Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1817.

My dear Sir,—We arrived safe, and are in possession: all looks as if we were likely to be very snug. Our maids (servants being always the hardest to please) look a little sulky at the loneliness of the place; but I dare say they will soon get reconciled.

I am just sallying out to my walk in the garden, with my head full of words for the Melodies. You shall have them as I do them. Ever yours, T. Moore.

The pianoforte! the pianoforte!

[No. 387.] TO MR. POWER.

Dec. 20, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I hope all the corrections will be particularly attended to, as well as the notes

I have added. If possible let "Hark! the Vesper Hymn" come *harmonised* before setting.

If you have any good place in the title-page, I should like to put this motto, "Naturâ ad modus ducimur." Ever yours, T. M.

I dare say the "Tell me not" is as bad as need be, but I'll try again for you; or is it that he *will* not sing anything of mine?

[No. 388.] TO MR. POWER.

Dec. 23, 1817.

My dear Sir,—I am so anxious about a passage in one of the songs ("Dost thou remember"), that I cannot help writing expressly to have it re-corrected, though I hope it may have happened that my former correction is not yet under the tool of the engraver. Instead of

> "When, as the moonbeam fell tremblingly o'er thee
> And lit thy blushes:"

let it be

> "When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
> Illum'd thy blushes."

This passage has bothered me more than enough. You shall have the preface in a day or two. It will be very short. You need not mind about the motto. Yours very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 389.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sloperton Cottage, Jan. 9, 1818.

A pang of conscience has just come over me for having been so long without writing; and, in addition to this pang, I have just received the long-strayed letter from Calne, which has been half over the country, but has reached me at last safe and inviolate. We are getting on here as quietly and comfortably as possible; and the only thing I regret is the want of some near and plain neighbours for Bessy to make intimacy with, and enjoy a little tea-drinking now and then, as she used to do in Derbyshire. She continues, however, to employ herself very well without them; and her favourite task of cutting out things for the poor people is here even in greater requisition than we bargained for, as there never was such wretchedness in any place where we have been; and the better class of people (with but one or two exceptions) seem to consider their contributions to the poor-rates as abundantly sufficient, without making any further exertions towards the relief of the poor wretches. . . a pity Bessy has not more means, for takes the true method of charity,—that of g. ing herself into the cottages, and seeing what they are most in want of.

Lady Lansdowne has been very kind indeed, and has a good deal won me over (as, you know, kindness *will* do now and then). After many exertions to get Bessy to go and dine there, I have at last succeeded this week, in consequence of our being on a visit at Bowles's, and her having the shelter of the poet's old lady to protect her through the enterprise. She did not, however, at all like it; and I shall not often put her to the torture of it. In addition to her democratic pride,—which *I* cannot blame her for,—which makes her prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors, she finds herself a perfect stranger in the midst of people who are all intimate; and this is a sort of dignified desolation which poor Bessy is not at all ambitious of. Vanity gets over all these difficulties; but pride is not so practicable. She is, however, very much pleased both with Lord and Lady Lansdowne; who have, indeed, been everything that is kind and amiable to her. Her health is, I think, somewhat better; and little Anastasia is perfectly well.

I trust, my dearest friend, that you have not had another attack since that which, I was grieved to find, you had suffered when the last letter was written: pray mention always particularly how you find yourself.

I am getting on wickedly with all the Fudges, and you cannot think how much your *list* embarrasses me; particularly with respect to that "venerable and illustrious female," whom I have now such an excellent precedent for attacking in the Memoirs of the patriotic and disappointed Bishop Watson. She is, however, safe, though it has already cost me the strangling of two or three young epigrams in their cradle. *All*, in fact, shall be safe, except Lord Sidmouth; but that the author of the Circular, the patron of spies and informers, the father of the Green Bag, the eulogist of the knights of Northampton (?), &c. &c., should not have a touch or two, is out of the nature of things. I only promise that he shall neither be called "Doctor" nor "Old

Woman," which is quite as much as his warmest friends could expect.

Best love to sister Mary, and a thousand thanks for her copying out the French verses, which I have not yet read. Ever yours faithfully, THOMAS MOORE.

A kiss to Barbara. Does she get stouter?

Jeffrey's article is pretty fair, though within an inch, now and then, of being otherwise: but the Longmans write me word it will do the book much service, and they are the best judges.

[No. 390.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Saturday, March, 1818.

My dearest Mother,—We are still without a line from you, and I really begin to be apprehensive that something is the matter. We have had most dreadful weather here; the paling before the house was all blown in, and we were left bare to the road. How have you fared in Jervis Street?

Did I tell you that, when I was in town, I received an anonymous letter from some young girl, inclosing *three pounds*, as a token of her admiration of Lalla Rookh! It was wrong directed, and they made such work about it at the Post Office (as a *property* letter) that I really began to think there was something considerable in it; but I dare say it was as much to the poor girl as three hundred to another; and if every reader of Lalla Rookh would do the same, it would make us all pretty easy about money matters. I laid out the sum immediately in two sixteenths, and I hope they will be lucky to me.

They will soon go to press with a seventh edition of Lalla.

Poor Bessy is ailing with *her* new edition, and is often very low-spirited; but she keeps up for my sake, and does her utmost to make me happy and comfortable. God bless my darling father, and mother, and Nell. I often feel it dreary to be so long without seeing you all; but before the spring is over we shall meet, please Heaven. Ever your own, TOM.

[No. 391.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sloperton, Devizes, April 2, 1818.

I was just going to write to you, when I received your letter, and why I have deferred it so long since is more than I can satisfactorily explain to you, except that we are very often apt to take *other* people's performance of their duty for our *own*. I grieve, most heartily grieve, for the annoyance and embarrassment these wretched people inflict upon you. I am afraid, after all, it is but a wicked world, and I am about too, myself, to be a victim of its wickedness. Within these twenty-four hours I have come to the knowledge of a circumstance which may very possibly throw me into a prison for life. You know I have had a deputy at Bermuda; he is nephew to very rich and respectable merchants (now my only hope), the Sheddons of Bedford Square. I had every reason to suspect his playing me false with respect to my share of the profits during the American war, and I had written so often in vain to demand his accounts for the last year of the war, that I at last gave up the matter as hopeless. I had forgot both him and the office, when yesterday I was roused into most disagreeable remembrance of them by a monition from Doctors' Commons, calling upon me to appear there within fifteen days, in consequence of my deputy having refused to produce the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo, which had been deposited in his hands during an appeal to the court at home. I suppose the sum was considerable, and the fellow has absconded with it. I have no security for him, as the place was so mere a trifle at the time I appointed him, that no one would have thought it worth either asking or giving security; and, at present, I see no chance for my escape but in the forthcomingness of his uncle Sheddon, who, as having recommended him to me, is bound, I think (at least in honour), to be answerable for the defalcation. If he (which is highly probable) refuses, I suppose I have nothing for it but a prison; and all I shall ask of your friend Sir William Scott is, that he will either make interest for the Rules for me, or at least let me have *two* rooms in whatever dungeon is to receive me. I dreamt, about a week ago, that I was walking home in full sunshine, and that suddenly a pitch-black cloud came all over the sky, like the forerunner of an earthquake, that made me cower down to the very earth, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Bessy and child!" Is this what they call one's dreams being *out?* Mind, I am only talking and anticipating now from what appears on the face of the monition, as I know nothing further of the particulars; but

I wrote by last night's post to the Sheddons, and on their answer must depend a good deal of my comfort.

And now that I have given you grievance for grievance, I must say that our dear Mary's ill health gave us both very real concern; and I trust when I go up to town I shall find her much better, as well as yourself, in *every* way, as you both richly deserve to be.

Poor Bessy, who—I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at it—is in the way of producing another little incumbrance for us (a little *prisoner* perhaps), is, as usual in that state, very weak and ailing.

Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly *out of hand*. It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might, perhaps, (though I doubt whether it would,) have damped my gaiety with them; but, I don't know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by delinquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness: "Stone walls do not a prison make," &c., &c. I shall be in town next week. Ever yours, T. Moore.

I need not remind you that this is not a case for interference with Sir W. Scott, or *any one*. The thing must take its course; and any interest you have must be reserved for my *prison comforts*.

[No. 392.] TO MR. POWER.

Monday, April 6, 1818.

My dear Sir,—I thought to have sent you back the proof of the duet by a parcel to the Longmans to-day; but it cannot go till to-morrow; and I can no longer delay congratulating you on the result of the arbitration, which, I conclude from what you say, is as favourable as you could desire; I wish you joy upon it most sincerely. Your kind prayer for me on my wedding day has, I grieve to say, failed; and I have heard within these few days of a calamity which *may* have the effect of imprisoning me for life. My deputy at Bermuda, after keeping back from me my proper share of the receipts of the office, has now, it seems, made free with the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo deposited in his hands, and *I* am called upon, by a monition from Doctors' Commons, to be accountable for it. I know not what may be the extent of his defalcation, but it *may* be more than I can even attempt to pay. What a life it is! I am not, however, thank Heaven! at all cast down by the prospect: as it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer, there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience, and I shall smile at Fortune still. They cannot take away from me either my self-respect or my talents, and I can live upon them happily *anywhere*. Good by, my dear friend; I shall see you on Friday next. Best regards to Mrs. Power. From yours, very sincerely,

Thomas Moore.

[No. 393.] TO HIS MOTHER.

Sloperton Cottage, May 6, 1818.

My dearest Mother,—You cannot conceive how happy I am at finding myself quietly here again, out of the distracting bustle of London. I left my Bermuda affairs in as good train as I could, and, as my deputy has some landed property, I am in great hopes the burden will not fall so heavy on me as I first apprehended. In the mean time do not you, my darling mother, feel the least uneasiness about either our comforts or your own. The sum is so large that I could not think of attempting to pay it; and, as in the processes of the Admiralty Court they cannot touch *property*, let the worst come, my means of supporting myself, and continuing to contribute the little I do towards *your* comforts, will not be in the least diminished by it.

As soon as I rest a little, I hope to be off for about ten days (all I can spare now) to Dublin, and hope to find my own dears there well and comfortable. I want to persuade Bessy to go on as far as Derbyshire with me, where she might stay among our friends there till my return; but I am afraid she will not agree to it.

I left the Fudges prospering amazingly in town,—five editions in less than a fortnight,—and my share for that time (I go half and half with the Longmans) was 350*l*. Very convenient it was too, as I had overdrawn them; and it not only paid what was over, but gave me some *ready* in my pocket besides. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own, Tom.

[No. 394.] TO LADY DONEGAL.

Sloperton, May 17, 1818.

I have been, not so much reproaching myself, as regretting that I did not get one shake

of the hand from you before your flight; but I had taken it into my head that Wednesday was to be the day of your departure (I find since it was the day of taking possession), and, on Tuesday morning, I went very quietly to breakfast with you between eleven and twelve, but found nothing except Farrance, with a long list of memorandums in his hand, and myself and Childe Harold commemorated thereon. I was heartily mortified. How badly this world goes on with us all! It *used* to be much better, I think; or is it that the bitters *always* lie towards the bottom of the cup? Your disappointment about the house is too bad; but it is lucky you do not like Brighton much, as you will have a regret the less. I mean to set off this next week for Ireland. I shall be away about three weeks in all; and for nothing but to gratify my poor mother (who is ill and out of spirits) would I leave just now my sweet, quiet cottage, where, in spite of proctors, deputies, and all other grievances, I am as happy as, I believe, this world will allow any one to be; and, if I could but give the blessing of health to the dear cottager by my side, I would defy the devil and all his works, and Sir William Scott to boot. Poor Bessy is not at all well, and though she is very generous and considerate about these absences from her, yet, in her low state of health and spirits, they are not by any means pleasant. I am happy to hear *you* speak of the good effects of Brighton upon your health, and, disagreeable as it is otherwise, I shall be glad to hear you are enabled to stay there.

My Bermuda business remained, when I left town, *in statu quo*, "nothing brighter or darker" than it was when I saw you. I have sent out a power of attorney to lay hold of whatever is forthcoming of my honest deputy's property, and I hope the person I have employed will do his duty.

Let me have a line from you in Dublin, directed 39, Upper Jervis Street. I shall be most anxious to hear whether you have got another tenant. Bessy sends her best love. Ever faithfully yours, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 395.] FROM MR. JEFFREY.

Jordan's, St. James's Street,
Tuesday, May 30, 1818.

My dear Moore,—What I inclose has been justly owing you, I am ashamed to say, ever since you were so kind as to send me that account of M. de J——— I do not know how long ago; but I did not know your address, and I neglect everything. Will you let me hope for a contribution from you some day soon?

I cannot from my heart resist adding another word. I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. It is very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please; and as much more, which I can advance upon any reasonable security of repayment in seven years?

Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me to say this; but upon my honour I would not *make* you the offer, if I did not feel that I would *accept* it without scruple from you.

At all events, pray don't be angry at me, and don't send me a letter beginning *Sir*. I shall ask your pardon with the truest submission if I have offended you; but I trust I have not, at all events; and however this end, no living soul shall know of my presumption but yourself. Believe me, with great respect and esteem, very faithfully yours, F. JEFFREY.

[No. 396.] TO MR. POWER.

Tuesday, June 16, 1818.

My dear Sir,—I was kept in such a state of bustle while in Dublin, that I had not a minute to write to you. I suppose you heard all the enthusiasm my visit excited there—the grand dinner to me—the design of making it an anniversary—my reception at the theatre, &c. &c. Nothing certainly was ever like it; and, if I had stayed there a week longer, it was very confidently said there would be a deputation to ask me to stand for the city of Dublin. I shall never say that Paddy is not national again.

I hope Mrs. P. is better. Ever yours, very sincerely, THOMAS MOORE.

[No. 397.] TO HIS MOTHER.

August 1, 1818.

My dearest Mother,—I have been just writing a long letter to the great Grecian, Doctor Parr, with whom I have entered into a correspondence about Sheridan; so that I have but a few minutes left for you; but I know a few words to tell you we are all well and happy are to *you*

"Sweeter than all the Heathen Greek
That Helen spoke when Paris woo'd."

Will you tell Miss Creagh, if you ever see her, how grateful I am for her kind recollections in sending me the pretty music she promised, so beautifully written out. Don't forget this! There was a concert in this neighbourhood the other night, where they had got nothing almost but *my* things to be performed, in expectation that I should be there, but I was not.

Love to all around you. Ever your own,

TOM.

[No. 393.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Sloperton Cottage, Sunday, Oct. 11, 1818.

I have only time to write you a few words, in order to take advantage of a parcel I am sending to Power; but you shall have more anon. The tone of your letter has saddened me not a little,—Lady Donegal in bad health, and *you* evidently not at all in spirits; this is sad work, and I wish from my soul I could do anything to mend it. As for myself, it is not true that there has occurred anything to darken the gloom of my Bermuda prospects: on the contrary, since I received your letter, I have had one from Bermuda, of rather a comfortable nature, as, in the first place, it assures me of my having a man of respectability there (to whom I applied), ready and willing to look after my interests; in the next place, it gives me intelligence that my deputy has not absconded from the Island, which I rather feared; and, in the third place, it informs me that he has some property, which I much doubted.

Rogers is expected here soon. I have not time for another word. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No 399.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Saturday, Oct. 24, 1818.

My dear Mary,—All's safe and well; our darling Bessy is, at this moment, lying snug and smiling, with a little *boy* in her arms!

I have not time for a word more, as I am writing dispatches in all directions. God bless you, my dearest Mary. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

[No. 400.] TO MISS GODFREY.

Sunday, Nov. 8, 1818.

My dear Mary,—I address you thus familiarly, because I am about to do a very familiar and (I am afraid, you will think) *too* friendly thing by you; and that is, to make you godmother to our little Johnny Newcome. It is Bessy's wish; and as it makes no *additional* tie between us (for I am sure you feel quite as much interested about me and mine as if you "were ten times our (god) mother"), why, I don't see any great objection you can have to the ceremony. Your *compères* are Lord Lansdowne and Dr. Parr, so that, as far as Greek and nobility go, you will be in good company.

I am glad you are returning to your own *couleur-de-rose* state of mind again, and hope our dear Lady D. will continue well enough to *keep* you in it. Poor Bess is not so stout as she was at first; her efforts to suckle the little hero do not well agree with her, and I am afraid she must give it up. God bless you ever. Your gossip,

T. M.

*** These letters are many of them—most of them, I may say—without a full date, and I fear several have been wrongly placed.—J. R.

DIARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

1818.

August 18th. Went to Bath, on my way to Leamington Spa, for the purpose of consulting Mrs. Lefanu, the only surviving sister of Sheridan, on the subject of her brother's life: meant to call also upon Dr. Parr, with whom I had had a correspondence on the same subject.

20th. Breakfast in the coffee-room. Found Mrs. Lefanu — the very image of Sheridan, having his features without his carbuncles, and all the light of his eyes without the illumination of his nose. Her daughter, who has written novels, seems amiable, and looked up to by father and mother. While I was there, and talking of Sheridan, Dr. Parr entered in full wig and apron (which he wears as prebendary of St. Paul's, and not unwilling, of course, to look like a bishop). I had written to him to say Mrs. L. was in his neighbourhood, and he came thus promptly and kindly to visit the sister of his friend; a powerful old man both in body and mind. Though it was then morning, he drank two glasses and a half of wine; and over that, when he was going away, a tumbler of the spa. Asked me to dine with him at an early hour the following day (Friday), and on Saturday to meet the Lefanus and the Duke of Grafton. Mrs. L. told me much about her brother. Dined with the Lefanus, and went in the evening to the Assembly—a galaxy of ugliness, except one, with whom I wished to dance; but the master of the ceremonies (a poor man, who seemed there in the double capacity of invalid and M. C.) told me she was engaged. Came home early, supped in the public room, and met the Burnes from Dublin, and old Wroughton, the ex-actor, whom I joined over a tumbler of brandy and water. Some tolerable stories told: mistakes in acts of Parliament—"the new gaol to be built from the materials of the old one, and the prisoners to remain in the latter till the former was ready"—a sentence of transportation of seven years, "half to go to the king, and the other half to the informer;" it had been, of course, formerly a pecuniary punishment, and, upon its being altered, they overlooked the addition.

Parr, in the conversation of the morning, had told me of a paper which Sir W. Jones had written in French on the subject of the liberties of the people, which somebody else had translated into Welsh, and which from thence was rendered (by Bishop Shipley, I believe) into English, and inserted in the papers of the Constitutional Society. I could not collect this at all accurately, on account of the thickness of Parr's utterance, to which it requires a little time to become accustomed.*

21st. Warwick Castle; much struck by its grandeur. The grounds beautiful—the mill for grinding corn, and making money by it, not at all in character with the romantic and baronial look of the place. From thence went to Kenilworth—fine ruins, but ought to be seen before Warwick Castle. Dined with Dr. Parr: himself, his wife, and a friend he called "Jack," a clergyman of 1000*l.* a year, who lives in his neighbourhood, very much devoted to him, and ready at a call to come and write letters for him, &c., &c.; his own hand being quite illegible (see what he says of it in preface to "Fox's Characters"). He was very cordial and animated; hob-nobbed with me across the table continually; told me he had written whole sheets of Greek verses against Big Ben (the Regent); showed them to me: the name

* Lord Holland used to say that it was most unfortunate for a man so full of learning and information as Dr. Parr, that he could not easily communicate his knowledge; for when he spoke, nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting.—J. R.

he designated him by, I saw, was Φυσκων, inflated or puffy. Told me they were full of wit, which I took his word for, as they seemed rather puzzling Greek. Talked a good deal of Halhed, Sheridan's friend, and mentioned a curious interview which took place between them about the time of Hastings' business, by his (Parr's) intervention, in consequence of an attack made by Major Scott upon Fox in the House, charging him with having set on foot a negotiation with Mr. Hastings some years before. Fox, who knew nothing of the matter, had nothing to say in reply. Scott was present at this interview procured by Parr, and it appeared that the negotiation had been set on foot without the knowledge of Fox, and that Sheridan was the chief agent in it. An explanation was accordingly made next night in the House by Scott. Parr's account of the abuse he poured out upon Scott at that interview—"Hot scalding abuse; it was downright lava, sir." Spoke of the poem of Fracastorius as very nearly equal to Virgil. Left him early and went to a play at Leamington, ordered by the Duchess Dowager of Rutland. A nice girl played a male part in the farce, a Miss Ivers, dressed in the most exquisite extreme of dandyism, and looking as like a man as any of the brotherhood. On this day, when I went to my inn to dress, the landlord's sister gave me a letter, on opening which I saw it was poetry. "Here," said I, "some one has sent me a poem." "That, sir, is like sending coals to Newcastle," replied the young Bonifacia, who was an Irish girl just imported.

22d. The deaf man gave me a pamphlet, by a Mr. Payne, to read, in answer to Lord Somers's attack upon the Reformers: read it at breakfast: very sensibly done—strong things in mild language. Went to Mrs. Lefanu, and received from her some papers relating to her brother; among others, letters from Mrs. Canning, aunt to the Right Honourable, giving particulars of the last moments of Mrs. Sheridan, whom she left all her family to attend to Bristol. Dined with Dr. Parr; the Duke of Grafton, the lion of the day; young Seymour, a nephew of Lord Hertford's; the Burnes, Lefanus, &c. &c. The doctor was glorious, often very eloquent, always odd; said there was no such man as Homer; that there were various poems tacked together by a collector, who was called Ὁμηρος (from ὁμου, *simul*, and ἀρω, *apto*)—that this was now the general opinion of the learned. He had told me before dinner that we Irish started with a blunder in the name we gave our St. Patrick, which meant the Devil, his real name being *Succat;* but the Pagan priests called him *Patric*, which meant an evil spirit: took down Vallancey's "Collectanea" to prove it to me. He mentioned after dinner the witticism that made Crassus (I think) laugh, for the only time in his life: "Similes habent labra lactucas." He said it was in Bayle. I mentioned that I had also, I thought, seen it in Erasmus's "Adagia." "Very likely. What a book that is! what a condensation of learning!" I quoted Morhof's "Polyhistor." "Have you a 'Morhof?'" he exclaimed; "read him day and night." He had before dinner pointed out an anecdote to me in Gesner's "Isagoge," and advised me to get the book. Has a contemptuous opinion (which he is but too well justified in) of our Irish scholars; says we have had none since Archbishop Usher. *N. B.* I believe he claims descent from the Dr. Parr that was Usher's chaplain. His models of good English writing are, among others, Bishop Shipley, Uvedale Price, and Sheridan. Mentioned the freedom with which he had criticised to Fox himself his letter to the electors of Westminster—"your acquittal I confidently expect," a false use of the word; also his use of the word "defer," (which Fox, by the bye, has employed in the same manner in his "History"); and the cant phrase of "I am free to say." Had corrected me the day before for saying medi'cinal, which he accents medici'nal; he would say, also, inexo'rable, irrevo'cable, &c. &c. The Duke of Grafton said he had succeeded Sheridan, within a few years, at Harrow, and found his memory preserved very affectionately there, his poems repeated, and a room called after his name; quoted a translation of Pindar, by Richard Archdall, a schoolfellow of Sheridan's. Young Seymour, a pupil of Anthology Bland, who lives in the neighbourhood of Parr, and had quarrelled with him from (as well as I could understand) a mutual spirit of contradiction. Returned to my inn at ten o'clock; supped in the public room—Wroughton and brandy and water again, and both very pleasant. A gentleman told a punning epigram of Jekyl's up-

on an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove a tender made:

> "Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade
> Can never prove a tender maid."

23d. Left Leamington to return home by way of Birmingham. In the coach as far as Hatton, a gentleman, who had gone for two successive Sundays, and breakfasted and dined at a little public-house in the village, for the purpose of seeing Parr, and hearing him read prayers, but was disappointed each time, both morning and evening, was going now to make a third trial. Alone from thence to Birmingham, reading Horace all the way. From Birmingham had a Quaker lady in the coach, who had been poisoned by applying nightshade to her arm for the tic douloureux. A cloddish beau, who could not speak a word of decent English, joined us, with a little footman in gaudy livery, of whom he seemed to be more careful than if it had been his wife; had him inside the coach, and brought him into the same room with us at supper,—a footman evidently a new circumstance to him. This dandy found me out by the name on my trunk, and my having said I lived some time in Leicestershire—proved to be the son of the extraordinary man alluded to by Southey in his Espriella letters, who had a museum of the ropes in which various malefactors had been hanged, all ticketted and hung in order round his room. If I recollect right, Southey says his *own* ought to have completed the collection. He was, notwithstanding this ferocious taste, a poor, weak, squeaking, unmanly mannered old creature; for I knew him a little. The hopeful son left us at Tewkesbury, where we took in a young man, who became very lively and intelligent in the morning. When we arrived at the Bush Inn at Bristol, the Quaker lady, who was a very amiable kind of person, and had been very attentive to my conversation with the rope-virtuoso's son, told the gentleman who I was; upon which he pressed me very cordially either to stay then in Bristol, or come over to his father's house within the following month, that he might show me the country, &c. &c. His name is Bright, and he seemed to be intimate with Jeffrey and other literary men,—this worth inquiring about.

24th. Arrived at my cottage. Always glad to return to it, and the dear girl who makes it so happy for me. Found heaps of letters, some of them from poets and authors, who are the pest of my life:—one sending me a "Serio-comic Drama of Invasion, in Three Acts, including the Vision and the Battle," and referring me for his poetic credentials to three admirals and "the late comptroller of the navy!" Another begging to know whether I was acquainted with "any man or woman to whom money was for a time useless," who would venture 100*l.* upon a literary speculation he had in hand. The third letter from an eternal Amelia Louisa, announcing to me that her long threatened M. S. was on its way to Wiltshire, for my perusal.

26th. Answered the author who wanted the "useless money:" told him I, at least, had none of that description,—very sorry, &c., &c. Wrote also to the poetical grocer's apprentice in Dublin, from whom I had had a long letter the week before, complaining that I had left his MSS. when I came away unfolded, and "open to the gaze of every one;" assured him I was sorry for the accident, which was owing to the carelessness of the person to whom I entrusted them, and concluded my letter thus, "wishing you all success in that line of life, from which it would be cruel to divert you by any false hopes of literary eminence, I am, &c., &c." Began "Holcroft's Memoirs,"—his description of the life of a Newmarket boy, very curious and interesting. I wish every literary man would write his own memoirs. Looked over the notes Mrs. Lefanu had written on Watkin's life of her brother; little in them; chiefly about her father's respectability, &c., &c., which, though very interesting to herself, has little to do with *my* object, Richard Brinsley: the letters of Mrs. Canning very useful for my purpose, as showing Brinsley's private character in an amiable point of view.

27th. Finished "Holcroft's Memoirs," and worked at my "Life of Sheridan."

28th. Heard of my dear sister Kate having been safely delivered this day week of a little girl. My fifty-nine volumes of "Annual Register" arrived. Dessy and Mary Dalby and myself very busy in making room for them on the shelves, and putting them up.

29th. Began reading Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs:" stated there that Sheridan had written the "Songs of Tickell's Carnival of Venice,"—is this true? Wrote to Lord Byron, and, mentioning my Bermuda calamity, said, "This may

have the effect of confining me to the Rules for life; but *n'importe*—unity of place is one of Aristotle's rules; and, as a poet, I shall easily learn to conform to it." Received a kind note from Sir F. Burdett, asking me and Mrs. M. over to Ramsbury Manor, to meet Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, J. Hobhouse, &c. Believe I shall go. Played and sung over some of those divine things in Latrobe's "Collection of Sacred Music." A good story in Mrs. C.'s "Memoirs" of Stephen Kemble, who, sleeping at an inn in a country town, was waked about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extraordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said—"I am a dwarf, as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bedchamber: I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose."

September 1st. My Sheridan task in the morning: interrupted by Bowles, who never comes amiss; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him delightful. His parsonage-house at Brenhill is beautifully situated; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottoes, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions; when company is coming he cries, "Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountain going." His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and fifths; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding; and, if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated.

2nd. Received a letter from Power, which will make it necessary for me to go to town—a most unseasonable interruption. A collection of translations from Meleager sent to me, with a dedication to myself, written by a Mr. Barnard, a clergyman of Cave Castle, I think Yorkshire: they are done with much elegance; I had his MS. to look over.

3rd. Wrote shoals of letters. This light skirmishing of letter-writing exhausts one's ammunition, both of time and thought, most cruelly. Did some sentences of Sheridan's life: went in the evening with the Phippses to a Melksham concert; joined by the Hugheses, from Devizes, who brought an author with them, a Rev. Mr. Joyce, who, they tell me, wrote the "Modern Parnassus" some years ago. He made not a bad pun in the course of the night. A seat on which Mrs. Mole was sitting gave way; and he said "*Mole ruit sub.*" Met there the son of a ——— apothecary, who affects to be (and calls it) "a litelaly man." This gentleman turns all his *r*'s into *l*'s, and told me, the first day he called upon me, "that he was a litelaly man himself; though he never lote a leal line of poetly in his life." The concert was bad enough. They had twice before prepared a bill of fare out of my things, expecting I would come: this night there was nothing of mine, but we sent a man and mare to the cottage for a copy of the "National Melodies," that they might sing "Hark! the Vesper Hymn," which Bowles had told me they did well. The man threw down the mare and broke her knees; and, after all, the glee was most doleful: wished to get up a dance, and, upon applying to Marshall, the master of the ceremonies, who was there, he said he would ask some of "the violoncello gentlemen" to play for us! Horror of horrors! how they would have been shocked: I entreated him not to think of such a thing.

4th. A good typographical mistake in the "Freeman's Journal." It gives the new Secretary's (Grant) speech on the Catholic question, in the year 1813: and there is a passage where he says of the bigoted adversaries of the Catholics, "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages;" instead of which he is made to say, "They have taken up a physician in the depth, &c." The "Freeman's Journal" is often very ingenious in this way. I remember its telling us that "Dr. Lawrence, the celebrated civilian, was very dangerously *disposed*." Worked at Sheridan a little, and went to dine at Bowood. Found Lord Lansdowne in the garden, with Vernon (the Archbishop's son), and a Frenchman, a tall, talking, twisting, and gesticulating fellow, with a small dandy French hat on the top of his head. Was told, to my surprise, by Vernon, that he was a judge, come to study our jurisprudence, &c. Very unlike our Ellenboroughs and Abbots. The dinner amusing enough. I mentioned the mistake in the "Freeman's Journal," which brought out some good instances of typographical errors. Professor Playfair's advertisement of a "Syllabus or *Heads* of Lectures" was all last year inserted as 'Heaps of Lectures." Bowles men-

tioned a doctor somebody, correcting his sermon through the press, but not knowing the method; in consequence of which a sentence stood thus, "Christ, Italic; Son of, Roman, God." Talked of Mitford's "Harmony of Languages," praised by Lord L. His "History"—the bad taste of carrying back the virulence of modern politics into a history of the Grecian republic. It was remarked as a singular thing, that the two historians of Greece and of Rome (Gibbon and Mitford) were both colonels in the Hampshire militia. Talked of Malone—a dull man—his whitewashing the statue of Shakspeare, at Leamington or Stratford (?), and General Fitzpatrick's (Lord L.'s uncle) epigram on the subject—very good—

"And smears his statue as he mars his lays."

Dumont read aloud some most ridiculous things in a dedication by Didot, the printer, to his son, "voyageant dans la Troade," of a tragedy called "Annibal," which old Didot himself had written: he asked him whether he had called up the shade of "Annibal," and hopes he had consoled the said "ombre" by repeating some of his (the father's) tragedy to it; with much more inconceivable stuff. Bowles, who cannot speak French, holding a conversation with the judge, and bellowing out to him, as if he was deaf—highly amusing—asking him "did he know *Nancy?*" pronouncing it in the English way. The night very rainy; slept at Bowood.

5th. Found dear Bessy just going to breakfast. In telling them the mistakes in the press mentioned the day before, recollected one I observed in the American edition of "Giffard's Juvenal," when I was at New York. It was very beautifully printed, &c., &c., but in the preface, where he draws a parallel between Horace and Juvenal, and says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence," they turned it into "inclining to insolence." I remember another error of the press that happened in some of Erasmus's works, where he had described the philosophers of Greece as having lived chiefly "*in mendicitate*," the printer, as if he had had "*Grecia mendax*" in his mind, made it "*in mendacitate*." Wrote a little of Sheridan. Read a little of "Balzac's Letters." One may apply to him what he says of some one else, "Il vaudroit mieux être un peu étourdi que de prendre tant de peine à être sage."

6th. Noted down some things about Sheridan from Holcroft's and Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs." Looked over the life and anecdotes prefixed to the "Beauties of Burke." One of his phrases was the "first blood bud" of the French Revolution. Dined at half past two, and went to church. The psalm singing execrable, actual sufferiug to listen to it; and if penance and mortification be good for the soul, both preacher and singers inflict them on me abundantly at church. What an admirable epigram is that—

"If on penitence bent, you wish to keep Lent,
Just go to the Foundling, and hear Dr. Dent,
And I'll be damn'd *for* you, if you don't repent."

To-morrow off for town.

7th. Took a chaise to Devizes, and went from there outside the coach to Marlborough. Saw a man in a foreign pelisse lying across the top of the coach reading a pamphlet, whom I suspected I knew: turned out to be Kit Hutchinson, brother of Lords Hutchinson and Donoughmore, just come from being made M. P. for Cork. Was sure he was going to Burdett's, being quite of that kidney; but he was for town. Told me Burdett had made converts in Ireland; among others, Lord Dysart, once a rank Tory. Lord D. had frightened that black bigot, Saurin, out of his wits, by enumerating among the measures that *must* soon be conceded, Reform and Catholic Emaucipation, Saurin near falling off his horse at the sound. This all owing to Burdett. Hutchinson congratulated me on my triumphant dinner in Dublin, and I returned him the same on his at Cork; where, by-the-bye, they hipped and hurraed me as "the Poet, Patriot, and Pride of Ireland." I am becoming a stock toast at these dinners. Had seen, this very morning, an account of a dinner to Mr. Denny of Cork, where I was drunk as "Poet and Patriot with great applause." Took a chaise from Marlborough to Burdett's,—six miles,—Burdett and Hobhouse out shooting. The Fitzgeralds gone that morning to Sir Charles Hastings; was very sorry I had missed seeing her.* The company at Burdett's were the two Hobhouses, Scrope Davies, a little doctor who attends Lady Burdett, and a Mr. Maxwell. Davies, in fishing that morning, had caught his eye with the hook, but no great harm done. Walked

* Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, sister of Lord Moira, married to Mr. Fitzgerald.

with him and Mr. Maxwell to Ramsbury, to have leeches applied to the eye. We laughed about Douglas Kinnaird's patriotic dinner at the Horns at Kennington (5*s.* a head) in honour of the "Father of Reform," Major Cartwright. Davies proposed calling Cartwright "the Mother of Reform instead;" he *is* a most mischievous old woman.—His taking the "brevia Parliamentaria" of Prynne for "short parliaments," admirable. Lord Lansdowne told me he was with Lord Holland when the letter containing this precious bit of erudition arrived. Sat down to dinner without Burdett and Hobhouse. Davies told me that Berkeley Craven called the permission the Jews gave him to come over from Paris and try his chance at Newmarket for a month, "the Jews' Passover." A good story of B. Craven and Lord Alvanly, when an accident happened to their carriage: the former getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old fellow, and said, "Your *age* protects you:" while Alvanly, who had advanced towards the postillion with the same intention, seeing he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him saying, in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you." Two Miss Burdetts at dinner,—nice girls. Burdett's style of living not at all equal to his means, either in expense or elegance. With such a fortune, he ought to make his private life a sort of counteraction to the plebeian tendency of his politics; like Washington, who threw all the graces and courtesies of aristocratic ceremony round his republican court; and unlike his successor, Jefferson, who seemed to delight in vulgarising democracy to its lowest pitch. Burdett, a most amiable man, something particularly attaching in his manner; his gentleness, and almost bashfulness, forming such a contrast to the violence of his public career. He is, however, but a boy in wisdom, and, though he speaks plausibly, he is neither very sensible, nor deeply informed upon any subject. I speak but from superficial knowledge of him. Hobhouse and other men, who know him better, think much more highly of him. Music in the evening. Second Miss B. sung very prettily, and Davies delighted with the share he himself took in the "Waters of Babylon," a chant of Purcell's, which he had given Miss B.

8th. Walked out, after breakfasting and writing to Bess (my daily task when away from her), with H., D., and Burdett, through Lord Aylesbury's forest. Magnificent! could ramble through forest scenery for ever: there is less of *the world* there than anywhere else, except on the ocean, if one was *alone* on it. Talked much of Ireland, with which Burdett is delighted; he told me if I would collect proofs against Lord Castlereagh's ministry in Ireland, and draw up resolutions, he would move them in the House, and impeach him; but the thing is gone by. He is evidently prejudiced against Grattan, and did not show quite a right feeling on the late outrageous attack upon that noble old man in Dublin; he wants (what so many want) candour. Curran evidently the favourite of the whole party; and, no doubt, was far above Grattan in wit and genius, but still farther *below* him in real wisdom and goodness. I told stories of Curran which made them laugh a good deal; his adventure at Oxford with Reinagle and his man John; his speech to the Englishman who was laughing at him on the top of the coach, "May God Almighty never humaniso your countenance, you odious baboon;" and many others. Talked of the intercourse of men of letters with the great; the story of a man who had been ceremoniously yielding precedence to another at some nobleman's house, but, upon hearing he was only a poet, saying, "Oh, then, I know my place," and instantly stepping before him: authors, "*fiers dans leurs écrits et rampans dans les antichambres.*" At dinner, besides the party of the day before, Old Crowe, the author of "Lewesdon Hill," a good poet, and a man of simple manners; but his day of talent gone by. Translation by a schoolboy of "they ascended by ladders,"—"ascendebant per adolescentiores" (the comparative degree of lad, *i. e.* ladder). Music in the evening. Burdett's third daughter, Johanna, an exceedingly pretty girl. Davies's "Waters of Babylon" again set a-going.

9th. Walked to Ramsbury at seven in the morning, and took the Marlborough coach. Arrived in London at half-past six in the evening, and dined at the George, in Coventry Street, and found that Power had taken lodgings for me in Duke Street, 33, and that my brother-in-law, Scully, was in town.*

10th. Found Scully at the Hummums; he had met Irish Johnstone in the coach from Liverpool, who had been extremely kind to

* Mr. Scully married Miss Catharine Moore.

him. Called with him on Johnstone, who told me that Sheridan one night came to Drury Lane tipsy, when the "School for Scandal" was acting, went into the Green Room when it was over, and asked what play it was. Wroughton gravely told him. "And who was it," he said, "that acted the old fellow,—Sir Peter what-d'ye-call'm?" "Matthews, sir." "Never let him play it again; he looks like an old pastry-cook." "I am sorry, Mr. S. (says Wroughton), to say that we seldom see you here, and you never come but to find fault." Wroughton was always sturdy with him. Saw Wilkie the bookseller; nothing decided yet between him and Murray as to the publication of Sheridan's works. Mentioned that the "Duenna" ran sixty-five nights with the exception of the Fridays, on which day Leone the Jew could not act. Said that Sheridan had agreed for the music with (I forget the name of the musicseller) at 30*l.* for every three successive nights, and made a good deal of money by it. Called on the Longmans: the "Fudges" soon going to press for another edition; they are very anxious for the "Fudges" in London, but I am still doubtful as to the good taste of following up the blow. Went to my proctor about the Bermuda business; nothing farther can be known till November. Dined with Power (John Scully and I), and went to Covent Garden in the evening: "School for Scandal" and "Tom Thumb." The first appearance of Farren from Dublin; an excellent actor; enthusiastically received.

11th. Mr. Hamilton, the printer, who was once proprietor of the "Critical Review," called upon me with a letter of introduction from Wilkie. Came to propose to me to be editor of a new Monthly Review; explained his plan, and said, with a true trading spirit, that he *intended* the politics of the work should be Whiggish, *because* those appeared to be becoming the *fashionable* politics of the day. I declined, of course; told him that, as long as the little fancy and originality I possess remained, I should not take to reviewing; but when I become invalided, I shall look upon the editorship of a review as a good sort of Greenwich Hospital to retire to. Two other monitions served upon me from the Court of Admiralty for the defalcation of my deputy. Called at Carpenter's, and had the triumph of telling him the liberal conduct of the Longmans to me about the profits of the "Fudges;" such a contrast to his own! Bought a pretty gown at Hodgkinson's, to send by Scully to my sister. Dined at the George with Scully, and went alone to the Haymarket Theatre: "Honeymoon" and the "Green Man;" Major Dumpling in the latter by Tokely excellent; a pretty girl, Miss E. Blanchard, who moves her head like a mandarin, when 'tis near stopping. Why are there not more pretty girls on the stage? Beauty is at least the next thing to first-rate acting; and I agree with that French actress who, when told that the "premier principe" of her art was attention to costume, answered, "le premier principe d'une femme c'est de paroître jolie." Met Scully at supper afterwards at the York Hotel, in St. James's, a shabby little place, but cheap and civil; two primary recommendations to the poor and proud.

12th. Breakfasted at Power's, and made the assignments of my works to him under our seven years' deed. His attorney had proposed a draught of a new agreement for us to enter into, and both pressed me to it very anxiously; but though it is a very comfortable certainty for me (500*l.* a-year), and he is as liberal a man as I could have to deal with, I shall not be in a hurry to re-embark into the concern, until he and I and his brother have settled *all* past transactions together. Walked out with him and Scully to Miss Russel's school in Cadogan Place, to call upon a young Derbyshire girl who is there, *learning* to be a *teacher;* her sisters and she being reduced to keep schools by the death of their parents—poor things. I wish them luck in their new life, and as few dunces to deal with as possible. Called upon Shee, the painter, in order to show Scully the pleasant spectacle of an Irishman and a Catholic prospering among the grandees of England, without the surrender of one honest Irish or manly principle. His copy of his own picture of me not so good as the original. The miniature copy in Carpenter's possession being seen by a stranger passing the shop (I mean a stranger to me), he went in and offered Carpenter forty-five guineas for it. Left a message for Woolriche, who had called at my lodgings, to say that he would find us at the George at five o'clock. He joined us; had just left Woburn, and had been paying visits with the

Duke at Lord Grey's and Lord Huntley's: spoke of the former (Lord Grey), as a family man, with all the admiration and enthusiasm he deserved: it is indeed a noble thing to see this high unbending politician in the bosom of his happy family, playing with the young ones like a schoolfellow, and listening to the music of the elder girls with all the attention and delight of a lover. He is, I have no doubt, proud and aristocratic, and looks as loftily down upon us untitled ones as the rest of his caste; but, speaking of him in his own sphere, he is a truly noble fellow, and joins more the solidity of the shaft with the ornaments of the capital than any of his caste.

Went in the evening to the English Opera; could not stand its dulness, and set off to the Coburg Theatre—pretty, gay-looking house, but duller still than the other. Went back to the Lyceum, and attained the *summum bonum* of stupidity. Afterwards met Scully and Woolriche at the York, and finished the night with oysters and brandy.

13th. Met Scully at breakfast at the George, and set off with him walking for Hornsey * in order to visit the grave of my poor Barbara, and report to Bessy whether it was kept as neat and sacred as she could wish. Felt it less this time than I did some months since, when I went to the church-yard alone and had nothing to divert me from the melancholy train of thinking it led to. That space which is left upon the stone for *other* names is a frightful blank. I showed him the cottage at the foot of Muswell Hill where we lost this dear child, and to the gate of which she had so often run to meet me. We dined at the Sun at Highgate, and walked home in the evening. Scully a good, honest, manly-minded fellow. Packed up for my departure next morning, and supped with S. at the York.

14th. Started in the coach for Devizes at six o'clock; my neighbour M^c^Donald (who had secured the places for us), his friend Capt. Davis, and myself inside, and Scully outside; mentioned to M^c^D. that I had met Thompson, who had gone out as comptroller of Lord Hastings' household, and was told by him that he had remitted home twelve thousand some hundred pounds every year while he was with him. This, however, is but a drop in the ocean of his embarrassments. M^c^Donald said Thompson's comptrollership had been found troublesome by Lord H., which was the cause of his leaving him. Breakfasted at Salt Hill, dined at Newbury, and arrived at half-past six at Devizes; saw my servant-boy there, and was alarmed by hearing my dear Anastasia had been ill when he came out, but on arriving at home found it was nothing. Bessy, as usual, all delight to have me at home again, and happy to see "honest John," as she calls Scully. Supped heartily, and, after reading a little of poor Halked's ravings about Brothers (where he shows "by elaborate calculations that the Millennium was to commence on the 19th of November next (1795), at or about sunrise in the latitude of Jerusalem"), went to sleep. Woolriche had promised to be down with us the next evening (Tuesday).

15th. Lowering morning, — bad cottage weather; walked out with Scully to show him the beautiful valley behind us, but the rain came on, and we returned. Hughes called; I set them on farming topics. I escaped to my library; looked over the letters that had come in my absence. Another packet of communications from Mrs. Lefanu about Sheridan; a letter from Mr. Linley on the same subject, promising me poems of his sister's and one of S.'s.; a letter from the tiresome naval doctor, begging to know whether he might send me his poem called "Britain's Bulwark," and hoping that "for the honour of the Navy" his play might be brought out; another from a Mr. Bernard O'Reilly, the author of a book about Greenland, telling me he was in his thirty-fifth year, with many other such interesting particulars about himself. Hughes stayed to dinner: very anxious to sell a ram to Scully, who had already purchased three for three hundred guineas in Leicestershire. Scully gave him a severe hit unintentionally, about theoretical farmers, one of which class poor H. is, to the sore detriment of part of his live stock, viz. wife, children, &c. &c. We planned a party to Bath next day to see Scully so far on his way. S. told of the *Shanarests* in Tipperary giving up the arms they had taken from the tithe-proctors to *him*, on his pledging his word they should not be endangered. This he did openly in the

* On our way, called at Perry's. S. delighted with the beauty of his house and library. Agreed how gratifying it was, in these times of apostasy and servility, to see *one* man prospering on the side of independence and consistency.

chapel; and, in consequence, as he was walking near the ruins of the abbey (Athassil), a fellow came to him muffled up, and asked where the arms should be deposited; Scully told him, near the river at night-fall, and there accordingly they were brought. Scully threw them into the river, lest they ever might be brought in judgment against the poor wretches; for which method of disposing of them (upon communication with the commander-in-chief) he was reprimanded; that dignitary, I suppose, thinking that no one should keep faith with rebels. Scully, however, differed with him, and he was right. Woolriche did not arrive.

16th. Sent for a coach to take our party (Mrs. Hughes and sister, Mary Dalby, myself, and Scully) to Bath, but a *chaise* came instead, which blunder, together with Woolriche's arrival after a night's travelling in the mail, put an end to the scheme, and Scully went by himself. Took Woolriche my favourite walk through the little wood and the valley: must soon bid adieu to this walk till summer comes again. Summer *will* come again, but where may *I* be? where may those be who are dear to me? These are thoughts that haunt me through my happiest moments. Talked of Woolriche's connection with the Duke of Bedford—he travelled with him as his physician to Paris, and thence to Italy; in all away about seven months, for which the Duke sent him a draft, 500*l.*, with a very kind note: he likes the Duke. W. tired after his journey; early to bed.

17th. After writing some letters, set out with Woolriche to call at Bowood; he had attended young Wycombe at Rome, and spoke highly of Lady L.'s affectionate attention to the little Earl in his illness. Met Mrs. Phipps on the road, who asked me if I would go to the Melksham concert on Tuesday night; not sure of a dance after the concert, but in hopes of it: If there's a dance I'll go: a better thing than the Mayor-Elect's dinner on that day, to which I am invited.

19th. Wrote some letters and walked out with W. and Mary D.; dined at Bowood: the company, two Miss Edgeworths and Dumont. Mr. Grenville, to my regret, was gone. I wanted to uncork (to use an old joke) whatever remains of *Old Sherry* he might have in him. Lady Lansdowne said he had mentioned the subject to her—that he *has* letters of Sheridan's, but that he will *not* give them. I shall try what effect the knowledge of my having so many letters of his *own* may produce on him. He is said to be very fidgetty about his epistolary fame, and, if so, the intelligence may at least give him a sleepless night or two, which he deserves for such sulky uncommunicativeness. Talked with Dumont before dinner—told me Miss Edgeworth was preparing her father's memoirs for the press; said that the details of a life passed usefully in that middling class of society must always be interesting. He had not seen either Holcroft's or Gifford's "Memoirs;" recommended them to him (particularly the latter), as among the most interesting specimens of autobiography we have. Some amusing things mentioned at dinner—Madame de Staël very angry with William Smith for his act in favour of the Unitarians: thought it was an act for the abolition of the Trinity: "C'est vous donc (said she, on being introduced to Smith) qui ne voulez point de mystères!" Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and Swift's ridicule of Bickerstaff's prophecy, which I must see. Swift says the only persons glad at the end of the world, were a man going to be hanged and another going to be cut for the stone. Talked of Perry. Lord L. said, that when the Philharmonic Society was established, two or three years ago, Perry gave up writing the leading political article of his paper, in order to write the accounts of the performances at the Philharmonic—a good story, but not true. Ayreton wrote those musical criticisms. I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at Perry's table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him, when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his R. H. This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked, without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before. The conversation turning upon newspapers, the Duke said, in his high, squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper." I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face redden. "Yes, sir," said he, "I am the person; I had the honour of sending your Royal Highness my prospectus." I then looked towards

Perry, and saw *his* face blacken; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did *not* my honest friend Tegart, the apothecary, who, thinking that the cloud on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a *rival* journalist, exclaimed with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of pain, "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a *weekly* newspaper!" It was altogether excellent. Perry is as good-natured and honourable a man as I know *anywhere*, and does honour to the cause he has so consistently and ably advocated. We talked of Bowles's copy of the "Institutes" of Calvin, to which he has had a drawing prefixed, of Servetus roaring in the flames, and Calvin reading to him: underneath are the words which Calvin used in describing Servetus's sufferings, "*Ter reboabat, Hispanico more, Misericordia.*" Dumont talked of Castalion as one of the first teachers of toleration, and who had held against Calvin and Beza, that heretics were *non gladio puniendi*. He then cited Bayle and Locke as able champions of toleration. I said that Bayle's ideas of religious freedom were, as well as Locke's, fettered by his prejudices against the Catholics. This he, Dumont, granted as to Locke, but denied as to Bayle. I find, however, I am right: in the preface to the "Commentaire Philosophique," Bayle not only praises the penal laws of England, but proposes a league of all Christian princes (*non Papistes*), and even of infidel princes, against Popery, and says, "*Ce ne seroit pas une ligue moins honorable que celle qu'on feroit contre les Corsaires de Barbarie.*" This is toleration with a vengeance! M. Dumont, who is a man of learning, contradicted me on this point so authoritatively, that I almost took for granted that I was mistaken. D. said that Voltaire was the only true and unqualified champion of toleration. Wonderful that a mild man like Melanethon should have approved of Calvin's burning Servetus. Lord L. said he could not have approved it in his heart, but must have merely given way to the spirit of party. Talked of Bayle's "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres.*" I said that it was not so *much* livelier than other critical journals (Le Clerc's, for instance), as one would expect from Bayle's variety and vivacity in his other works. Dumont owned it was not so amusing as the "Thoughts on Comets;" but still it gave most valuable analyses of books. Asked his opinion of the "*Acta Eruditorum,*" but he did not seem to know much about them. Lord L., of whom I had inquired the last time I saw him, whether he had a copy of Montreuil's poetry ("Madrigaux") now mentioned these to Dumont, who knew nothing of them. I want them for an extract for Sheridan's life. In the evening, Miss Edgeworth delightful; not from display, but from repose and unaffectedness; the least pretending person of the company. She asked me if I had seen a poem in the "Edinburgh Annual Register," called Solyman (I think): the hero's fate depends upon getting a happy man to give him the shirt from his back; his experiments in different countries she represented as very livelily described. At last, in Ireland, he meets with a happy man; and, in his impatience, proceeds to tear the shirt from his back, but finds he has none. Lord L. mentioned Made. de Coigny's witticism about the Society of Returned Emigrants, who called themselves, "*Le Château;*" *les Esprits n'y reviennent pas.* Barnave's exclamation in the Convention, "*Le sang qu'on a versé, étoit-il donc si pur?*" Dumont said he was by when Barnave made this "unpardonable" speech, and that he lifted up his arms most solemnly in saying it, while long *pleureuses* (for he was in mourning) hung from his sleeves. Somebody said it was the same Barnave who exclaimed "*Perissent les Colonies, plûtot que les Principes:*" something like Wyndham's exclamation of "Perish Commerce, live the Constitution!" Miss Edgeworth praised the eulogy upon Madame de Staël in the notes on the 4th canto of Childe Harold, as a beautiful specimen of Lord Byron's prose-writing. I told her it was Hobhouse's. Lord L. read it aloud, and they all seemed to like it. There is a metaphor about a *vista* in it. I mentioned what Curran once said to me, "My dear Tom, when I can't talk sense I talk metaphor." Buonaparte sent word to Madame de Coigny not to be so free with her jokes about him; it is probable, therefore, that it was to *her* he made that gallant speech at his levee, "*Eh bien, Madame, comment va la voix?*"

20th. Went (Bessy, Mary D., Woolriche, and I) to breakfast with Bowles, and attended his church. Showed us a tract he had written

to ridicule the Calvinists, called "The Triumphant Tailor," with a caricature drawing he had got done for it of the tailor in his ecstasies of *election*. His sermon not so good as the last I heard him preach; all the faults of extempore eloquence, without any of the beauties he before gave it. Returned through Bowood to dinner. In the evening played and sung out of Latrobe and my own "Sacred Songs." Talked of sacred poetry; my having been applied to for a version of the Psalms. Woolriche thought it a fit task for me, and not so difficult as I represented it. I read to them the passage in Bishop Horsley's Preface to the Psalms, where he calls "Sternhold and Hopkins's" an excellent translation, and denounces any one who dares to attempt a better. The beautiful parts of the Psalms are much better in their present form than they would be in any metrical version. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove," &c. might be made metre by the alteration of only one word,

> "Oh that I had the *pinions* of a dove,
> That I might flee away and be at rest."

But even this alteration spoils it. In the beautiful psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," what is one to do with the phrase "may my right hand forget its cunning?" Read a little of S.'s speeches.

21st. Wrote a letter or two, and copied out Haydn's beautiful "Agnus Dei" from Latrobe's collection. Sadly idle; have done nothing at Sheridan this fortnight past; *must* be industrious. Asked Woolriche about the Temple of the Graces which the Duke of Bedford is building at Woburn: the group of the Graces not yet arrived from Italy. Some time ago Rogers told me the Duke was very anxious for an inscription for this Temple, and I was going to send him these lines of Pindar, addressed to the Graces, in the fourteenth Olympic:

> Συν γαρ ὑμιν τα τερπνα και τα γλυκεα
> Γινεται παντα βροτοις.

Rogers has since made a paraphrase of these very lines himself in blank verse; and they are, I believe, to be inscribed on the Temple. Here is another passage of Pindar, which, perhaps, would do better, particularly if the Temple be placed in a garden;—

> Εξαιρετον Χαριτων νεμομαι
> Καπον· κειναι γαρ ωπασαν
> Τα τερπν'.

Went to dine at ———'s; a set of noisy men, with nothing in them but Toryism and trumpery: pleasant enough in the evening, for then we had the women and music—two things that, if at all pretty, are sure to be agreeable.

22d. Walked with Woolriche to look at Lord Audley's house. The old lord died a few weeks since. Having disposed of his whole estate to an attorney at Melksham, he had asked leave to come and stay a few days there; and, having passed those few days, got into his carriage to depart, but returned into the house again, took to his bed, and died in a short time after. He had been very ill, and refused all sustenance, so that he starved himself to death. The house looked as bleak and melancholy as the wretched man's fate. In the evening to a concert at Melksham; better than the last, at least as to company. Was told by Colonel Humphrey, that the book-club of Chippenham (to which I had expressed a wish to belong) were resolved to deviate from their common rule in my instance, and elect me, not by ballot, but by acclamation. "Hark! the Vesper Hymn" and "The Minstrel Boy" were added to the bill of fare this night, on account of my presence. The whole party supped, after the concert, with Woolriche at the inn, where he was to sleep, in order to take the coach to town in the morning. We were eight altogether, the Macdonalds, Phippses, and my party—a gay thing of Woolriche: he had even tried to get a fiddle, in order that we might not be disappointed of the dance we expected after the concert.

23d. Received a kind letter from Rogers, from Lord Holland's, in Bedfordshire, upon learning I was in town inquiring after my Bermuda business (which some one had told him wore a darker aspect), and offering to come up to me if he could be of the least comfort to me. He means to come to Bowood: I suppose with the Hollands, who are expected. Caroline Strutt has written a letter from Venice, in which she says, Lord Byron lives quite retired, never going out but to the American ambassador's library; looked over my Sheridan papers, and set to work again.

24th. Compared Mrs. Lefanu's account of S.'s duel with his own statement and T. Grenville's letters. A Parody in the "Morning Chronicle" on Horace's ode, "Sic te Diva potens," which I wrote on my way to Leaming-

ton, and sent to Perry; *peu de chose*. Read after tea Miss Lee's clever comedy, "The Chapter of Accidents," to Bessy and Mary D. The latter seemed to think it made a *mistress* more interesting than she ought to be; but anything that encourages toleration and tenderness does good. The world is but too inclined to the opposite extreme, particularly with respect to the frailty of women, whose first fault might often be repaired by gentleness; instead of which they are violently sent adrift down the current, and the ruin which their own weakness began, the cruelty of the world consummates: as my namesake the fabulist says,—

"— the ports against her close,
And shut the wanderer from repose."

Tried over some of Clementi's sonatas before I went to bed: found them dull. He wants genius.

25th. In the garden all day; delicious weather. At my Sheridan task from ten till three: so hard to narrate familiar events eloquently—I often wish Sheridan, Miss Linley, and Major Mathews at the devil. This would have been a day for poetry—not tame, dull, business-like prose; and yet thus have I lost all this most poetical summer. Wrote a few lines of the epitaph for poor Joe Atkinson before breakfast. In the evening walked with Bessy to drink tea at the Hughes's, where they were preparing a harvest supper for their men: found, on my return home, a note from Mr. Money, inviting me to dinner next day to meet William Linley.

26th. Finished my epitaph upon poor Joe. Wrote some of Sheridan. Went to dinner at Money's: none but he, Linley, and myself. Strange that Linley did not know Mathews was married at the time he was paying court to his sister. Money has often met Mathews, who is still alive at Bath. Linley promises me several poems of his sister's: says that Morris the singer was one of her many lovers, and took to drinking at last, in despair of winning her. Mentioned the farce of "St. Patrick's Day," and that he wrote it for a poor man who was in distress; not printed. At the Chamberlain's office all the copies of plays sent to the licenser since the time this office was first instituted are preserved. What a hell of the *damned* it must be! Sheridan persuaded the Linleys to part with their shares in Drury Lane for annuities which were never paid: he thus got the disposal of everything, the sale of private boxes, &c. all into his own hands. Told some other stories of S.'s trickery in money matters, but seemed willing to acquit him of any low, premeditated design in these various shifts and contrivances. Told a story of a picture of his sister by Gainsborough, which he (Linley) sent to the exhibition of that artist's pictures, at the request of the directors; but which was seized, with a great many pictures of Sheridan that were also there, by Burgess, S.'s attorney, under pretence of a *lien* upon his property; but S. afterwards, in consideration of a loan of 100*l.* from Linley, had the picture restored to him. Another story about his trying to get 400*l.* out of old Mrs. Linley, to pay the deposit required by the proprietor of the Lyceum, when the company removed to that house after the burning of Drury Lane. Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "and how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself; "and, you damned fool (said S.), have you made all that noise for nothing?" Captain Morris (Linley said) has an annuity of 200*l.* from the Prince still continued to him. The Duke of Norfolk left him no legacy, though he devoted his whole life to him; nor ever gave him anything but the life-interest in a small cottage, at which he always passes the summer months. He has written a song lately, called "The Old Bard," which Linley quoted some lines from. Described George Colman at the Beef Steak Club lately, quite drunk, making extraordinary noises while Morris was singing, which disconcerted the latter (who, strange to say, is a very grave, steady person) considerably. Some years before S.'s death, he requested Peter Moore to appropriate as much of his Cornwall income as could be spared above a bare subsistence for him to the liquidation of his debts; and he allowed it to go on so for some time, till at last his necessities forced him to violate his intention. Linley says, Captain Morris asserts that "Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto," &c. &c., is

from beginning to end a plagiary. I must inquire about this.

27th. A wet day: dined early. Sheridan in the morning. After dinner and after tea copied out a Benedictus of Mozart and the "Et incarnatus est" of Haydn—both the *merum sal* of music; and before supper played and sung them and many others to and with Bessy and Mary D. Poor Bessy cried at my Sacred Song, "Oh how sweet to think hereafter," and at the conversation we had after it about the consoling prospect of meeting the spirits of those we love in another world: she was thinking of her dear Barbara. When they went to bed, tried over some more sonatas of Clementi: was delighted with the set dedicated to Miss Gavin, chiefly because they used to be played very often by my sister, and brought back other days to me. Read a little of Sheridan's speeches and went to bed.

28th. Found out a good motto in Ovid for the verses I wrote to Lord Lansdowne some weeks since, inviting him to dinner,—

"Subîre minores
Sæpe casas Superi."—*Metam.* lib. v. 282.

Worked at Sheridan, and in the evening read the little interesting comedy of the "Birthday" to Bessy and Mary D.

29th. One day so like another, that there is little by which to distinguish their features; and these are the happiest; true cottage days, tranquil and industrious; with no other alloy than the weak state of my sweet Bessy's health, which I trust in Heaven, after she has had her little one, will improve. Pursued my task all day in the garden, the evening most delicious; seemed to be the last soft farewell of summer. The Hugheses came to tea and supper; played and sung, and read to them Morton's comedy of the "School of Reform." I should like much to act Tyke.

30th. Ditto for the most part. Another bright parting glance of summer in the evening; it surely must be the last. Copied out after tea part of a glorious thing of Haydn's, beginning with the chant, "Amen, dico tibi, hodie mecum eris in paradiso." The passage, "Oggi con me," &c. divine!

October 1st. Crowe called, and found me in the garden at work. I thought he was come to pay his long-promised visit, but he was on his way to dine at Devizes. Told me he remembered the first Mrs. Sheridan when Miss Linley: there was a degree of sternness, he said, mixed with the beauty of her features; like her father, who was ill-tempered looking. Tom resembled her very much. This I have heard from every one. Walked with Crowe on his way through the fields. Talked to him of his work on the "Structure of English Verse," which he has been so long about. He told me his chief principle was, that there should be *quantity* as well as *accent* in an English verse. "Thus," he said, "The merry bells of happy Trinity" is right as to number of syllables and accent, but observe how you improve the quantity by substituting "holy" for "happy." Milton, he said, always broke his line in the place where the sentence most cohered or hung together; separating the noun from the adjective, disjointing the genitive case, &c. &c. "I could tell," he said, "by the frequency of the recurrence of a particular word at the beginning of the lines, whether blank verses run smoothly into each other or not: what is that word?" I said, "of," and 'twas the word he meant. He made a distinction between our anapæstic verses and our dactylic. "God save great George our King" is a specimen of the dactylic; so is "Merrily, merrily shall we live now." He said he had quoted an extraordinary measure of mine in his work, a line consisting of nine syllables,—"Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright," in the "Irish Melodies." Said he believed he had found something like it in one of Shakspeare's Sonnets." Mentioned to him a still more extraordinary metre in the "Melodies," of which there are two specimens: "At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly," and "Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way." Received from town the volumes of the "Portfolio," which I had left to be bound; an American publication, in one part of which I find myself abused for my "dwarfish stature, weak eyes, and awkward dancing." The last charge I *flatter myself* not true. I appeal to all my partners. But I forgive the Yankees for abusing my dancing: I brought worse charges against them, and perhaps with quite as little truth. In the evening finished my copy of Haydn's "Oggi con me."

2d. Set off, between two and three, to walk

to Bowles's to dinner. Bessy and the little ones saw me part of the way. Met on the Calne road a riding party, consisting of Lord Lansdowne, the Ordes (Mrs. Orde, a very engaging little woman, sister to Lady Oxford), and Mr. Wellesley. Lord L. said the Hollands were coming on Sunday: asked me to fix a day to dine; fixed Wednesday. The party at Bowles's at dinner, were the Grossets, Mrs. Merryweather and her son, Henry Joy, Linley, and Miss Miles—a pretty little "tricksy spirit" of a girl, whom I had singled out at the Melsham concert: Mr. Yates, a clergyman, who sings very well, also of the party. In the evening, music. Linley sung words of mine, set by himself, "Oh, if your tears are given to care." I accompanied some things out of Latrobe, Haydn's "Agnus Dei," &c. Linley did not expect to find me so good a musician. Mrs. Merryweather, a fine woman, sang "Angels ever bright and fair" and "In sweetest harmony," in very good style. Slept at Bowles's.

3d. Dreadfully rainy day. After much doubting and watching of the weather determined on staying, and wrote home to Bessy. Linley produced Greene's "Anthems." I think I surprised him a little by singing them at sight with him, and tolerably well too. Fine solemn music; and if I had been educated to their style I should have enjoyed it, I dare say, as much as I see others do; but, as it is, the foreign school of Haydn, Mozart, &c. gives me much more pleasure. "The Humble Man," which we sang together, a very touching piece of church composition certainly. I *would* make him try over the "Oggi con me" and "Incarnatus est" of Haydn, &c., and he owned they were beautiful. We sang over the "Lord, thou knowest," of Purcell, which Croft introduced in his "Burial Service;" a fine thing. He told George I., who bid him compose the "Service," that he could not think of changing what Purcell had done so gloriously. We talked away all the morning as incessant as the rain. Joy a good fellow, but a coxcomb rather, and as eternal a quoter as Dr. Pangloss. Some good stories. Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?" Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again. The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the house, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against. Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable. Mrs. Sheridan wrote an entertainment called the "Haunted Village," which she gave S. to add some touches to, but never could get from him again. Linley seemed to think he suppressed it from jealousy. Leaves, a clergyman, was the author of the words of "Robin Gray:" I already knew Lady Anne Lindsay composed the music. Morel wrote some of the sweetest words in Handel's oratorio—"Tears such as tender fathers shed," &c. &c.; very sweet English this "for *joy* to think." Talked of Crowe: his father was a carpenter, at Winchester, and had the son admitted upon the foundation. He married a fruit-woman's daughter at Oxford; had children by her, yet still continued to hold his fellowship; has now a living of more than a thousand a year. We read to-night passages out of his "Lewesdon Hill;" some of them of the highest order. Parr, when asked by Lady Madalina Palmer, how he liked Crowe, said, "Madam, I love him; he is the very brandy of genius, mixed with the stinking water of absurdity." General Meadows, when a young man, said to a brother officer, when they were both riding together into the thick of the enemy's fire, "If our tailors were to see us now, how the fellows would funk!" More music in the evening. Linley sung some words which Bowles had written, an "Address from Prospero to Ariel," which Linley had reversed, making it from "Ariel to Prospero," and said it did as well: what accommodating verses! Bowles showed me a part of his library, in which was collected, he told me, all the books illustrative of the divines of the times of Charles I., and the theology of that period. The first book I put my hand on in this sa-

cred corner was a volume of Tom Brown's works, &c. Bowles was amused in the midst of all his gravity by this detection. What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, &c., he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets. In talking of Miss Gayton, the pretty little dancer, marrying Murray, a clergyman, Joy applied two lines well, saying they might now, in their different capacities,

> "Teach men for heaven or money's sake,
> What *steps* they were through life to take."

4th. Bowles, speaking of the toleration of the English Church, gave two or three instances; among others, Bonner, after all his burnings, being left unmolested. He took down Hooker, and turned to the protest of Travers against some tolerating expressions of Hooker's about the Catholics. I remarked to him, however, (what rather seemed to contradict his assertion of the general toleration of the English Church) the passage where Travers says, in his memorial, "Such language has never before been used," &c., or words to that effect: meaning, such mild language as Hooker's had not been ventured on by any other Protestant divine. Left Bowles's between twelve and one with Joy, in his gig. Called at Bowood: found Douglas (Lord Glenbervie's son), the Ordes, and Abererombie. Douglas told me Lady Donegal was not very well. I grieve in my heart and soul to hear it: never was heart or head that better deserved all the blessings of this world. Lady L. had read Edgeworth's "Memoirs" in MS.; was much interested by them, particularly by his account of Mr. Day, the person of whom there is so much in Miss Seward's "Memoirs of Darwin." Lord L. told me, what I did not know before, that Sir James Mackintosh had accepted a professorship at Hertford College; about £300 a-year and a house, which are objects to poor Sir James. It is a sad pity that such a man should be straitened. A poem by Mr. Lucas, the Devizes poet, on the table, where he calls Stonehenge a "mighty carcase." Talked of his famous poem of "Joseph;" said I had never read it, but heard he made Joseph a dandy, and had described his shaving, his toilet, &c. Douglas said he supposed it was from the patriarch the garment called a Joseph was named. Douglas must have been thinking of a Benjamin, for a Joseph is, I believe, a woman's garment. However, the joke did very well. Came home, and found my dearest Bessy very tired after her walk from church. She had been receiving the sacrament, and never did a purer heart prostrate itself before the altar. In the note she wrote me to Bowles's the day before, she said, "I am sorry I am not to see you before I go to church." In the evening tried over a new volume of Latrobe's sacred music, which Mrs. Bowles had lent me. Not so much beauty, I fear, as in the other.

5th. Wrote to Mr. Grenville, to ask him for any letters or papers he may have of Sheridan's. Sent Mrs. Kearney the epitaph on her father. My little Anastasia repeated to me a pretty child's poem she had learnt, beginning, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." I wrote one for her the other day, which she repeats: "Little May-fly, the sun's in the sky," &c. &c. Played a game of cribbage with Bessy after dinner, and lost sixpence to her. Read some of S.'s speeches before I went to bed.

6th. Heard that the turtle which B. had shipped for me from Jamaica, and which I intended as a present for Lord Lansdowne, had died on the passage,—"*Quis desiderio sit finis*, &c. Tried over, in the evening, my new number of "Irish Melodies" (the 7th) just come out, and was tolerably well pleased with them. The "Examiner" quoted some lines to "Sir Hudson Lowe," which I had sent to Perry, and added, "We think we can recognise whose easy and sparkling hand it is." I wonder he found me out.

7th. Walked to ask the Phippses to tea and supper for to-morrow evening. Quarter before six, Joy called upon me, in his father's carriage, to take me to Bowood to dinner. Brought Bessy a beautiful Guernsey lily, a superfine thing; originally, he says, of Japan. A ship from Japan had been wrecked on the coast of Guernsey, and, having quantities of lilies aboard, they were cast among the sand, and the following year these splendid flowers appeared. The company at Bowood, besides those there on Sunday, the Hollands, Allen, Marsh, Henry Fox, Wellesley; and Charles Fox and Fazakerly arrived in the evening. Sat near Lady Holland at dinner; very gracious; has really shown a sincere anxiety about my Bermuda misfortune. They talked much about Brougham's "Letter on the Public Charities;"

all seemed to condemn his strictures upon Eton and Winchester: an answer to it coming out, got up by the Government, in a letter to Sir William Scott. Talked of poor Monk Lewis: his death was occasioned by taking emetics for sea-sickness, in spite of the advice of those about him. He died lying on the deck. When he was told all hope was over, he sent his man down below for pen, ink, and paper; asked him to lend him his hat; and upon that, as he lay, wrote a codicil to his will. Few men, once so talked of, have ever produced so little sensation by their death. He was ruining his Negroes in Jamaica, they say, by indulgence, for which they suffered severely as soon as his back was turned; but he has enjoined it to his heirs, as one of the conditions of holding his estate, that the Negroes were to have three additional holidays in the year; and has left a sort of programme of the way those holidays are to be celebrated,—the hour when the overseer is to sound his shell to summon them together, the toasts, &c.: the first toast to be "the Lady Frederica, Duchess of York;" so like poor Lewis. Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounted for many of his inconsistencies, was the high, ideal system he had formed of a sort of impracticable perfection in honour, virtue, &c., anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming at; and thus consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice by the impossibility of satisfying or coming up to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind; hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring S. into parliament, and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but S. refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, "he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him." Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord H. of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4000*l.* to purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his *owing* the Prince 4000*l.* as no slavery whatever: "I shall then (he said) *only* owe him 4000*l.*, which will leave me as free as air."—Sheridan's high opinion of his own powers of management, which made him often stand aloof from his party and friends. He was the means, says Lord H., of bringing Sidmouth in with us in 1806, and of bringing Ellenborough into the Cabinet. He was also the primary cause of the defection of the Prince from the Whigs, when he became Regent. On that event taking place, the Prince wrote to Lords Grey and Grenville to take measures for forming an administration. Their answer was shown by the Prince to Sheridan, who pointed out some things in it he thought objectionable. The Prince represented these to the two lords, who very imprudently returned a high-toned remonstrance to him for having shown their answer to S. The latter was nettled, and, with equal imprudence, made such comments on the sort of tyranny to which these lords seemed already to aspire over the Prince, and let out so many other opinions with respect to them, that his Royal Highness became alarmed, and threw himself into the arms of the Tories. "These," said Lord Holland, "are secrets of too *cabinet* a nature, and too recent to be made use of by you." I said I believed that not only S., but Lord Moira, had never forgiven Lords G. and G. for the way in which they themselves (and, in their person, the Prince) were, as they thought, treated by them after the death of Mr. Fox. I remember Lord Moira saying, "They actually pushed us from our stools; never consulted us about anything." Mentioned this. "I cannot think what he meant by that," said Lord Holland, "Moira is certainly the oddest mixture of *romance* and the reverse that ever existed. As to not consulting him, he always sat silent, and did not seem to attend to anything. As to our making no report to the Prince of what we were doing, we looked upon Moira as his organ there, and thought it would be officious of any one else to be the medium of communication." The fact is, Lord M.'s silence was evidently from pique at thinking himself neglected, and the only communication, of course,

he made to the Prince was, to tell him that they never troubled their heads about him. All this accounts most satisfactorily for the defection of the Regent; and if anything could justify his duplicity and apostasy, it would be their arrogance and folly. Sheridan was jealous of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that produced, at last, great coolness between them. He envied him particularly his being member for Westminster, and, in 1802, had nearly persuaded him to retire from parliament, in order that he might himself succeed to that honour. But it was Burke chiefly that S. hated and envied. Being both Irishmen, both adventurers, they had every possible incentive to envy. On Hastings' trial particularly it went to Sheridan's heart to see Burke in the place set apart for privy councillors, and himself excluded. This was all very amusing, and I was rather sorry I had arranged to return home at night. Everybody pressed me to stay, and I was very near having reason to repent my going: for, when we were about a mile from the house, Joy's coachman drove off the road down a bank, and overset the carriage. The crash was tremendous, for three of the glasses were up; but none of us were hurt, except Joy's man a little bruised in the hip, and my arm slightly strained. Lord Lansdowne's keeper happened luckily to be passing, and helped us to raise the carriage. I walked home, and did not arrive till past one o'clock.

In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord H. said that the over-strained notions he had of perfection were very favourable to his style of oratory in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dignity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminster Hall speech, trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems most trashy bombast. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always; the *former* alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public-house for a dram. There was indeed a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay. I wonder are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable.

8th. Had a letter from the Donegals. Their letters (particularly Mary's) full of talent; but this one very melancholy. In the evening the Phippses, Macdonald, his wife's sister and mother, to tea and supper: played and sung for them; dull audience; no sounding boards; the men, too, would rather talk than listen. Lady Lansdowne and a party from Bowood called in the morning to inquire if I was hurt.

9th. Received a long letter from Lord Byron, in which he sends me two stanzas of the Beppo-ish poem he is about, called "Don Juan." Had, also, rather a comfortable letter about my Bermuda business, which in the first place assures me of having a respectable man, Mr. Wood (to whom I applied) to watch over my interests there; in the second place gives the intelligence that my deputy has not absconded from the island, which I rather feared; and, in the third place, informs me that he has property, which I much doubted. In the evening read Colman's little comedy of "Ways and Means" to Bessy and Mary D. Some comical things in it: "Curse Cupid, he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches:" "Always threatening to break my neck; one would think we servants had a neck to spare, like the Swan in Lad Lane." Read some of S.'s speeches.

10th. Frittered away the morning with letters and trifles. Was looking to the sky the whole day for an apology in the shape of a shower of rain; it came at last. Eat a mutton chop by myself. Worked at Sheridan in the evening. Before I went to bed read some of Francis's "Indian Minutes," which are very ably done; quite able enough to back him as the author of "Junius."

11th. Wrote to Crutwell, the printer at Bath, to ask if there is any file of the "Bath Chronicle" as far back as the year 1772. I should like to see the accounts of the day about Sheridan's duel. Wrote also to Mr. Muloch, a pedantic young Irishman, and a mighty genius in his own estimation, who, having tried literature and place-hunting without success, became a merchant in Liverpool, and by natural process a bankrupt. He wrote to me to interfere between him and Power, about a consignment of French horns and trumpets, which

he had sent out for the latter to one of his West Indian correspondents, and for the amount of which P. had arrested him. I declined having anything to do in the concern, as I had already tried my peace-making talent ineffectually between Power and Sir John Stevenson, and lamented that people should be so ready, "*Ære* ciere viros Martemque accendere *cantu*," *i. e.* to squabble about *French horns* and go to law for a *song*. Worked at Sheridan—heartily sick of his duels and courtship—shall be glad when I get him fairly married, for then I shall come to his plays and his politics. In the evening read some tracts about the Prince's debts in '86 and an ingenious pamphlet on the Regency, called "The present National Embarrassment considered." Sung some sacred music with Bessy and Mary D., and, before going to bed, finished reading "Royal Recollections on a Tour to Cheltenham," which has some hard hits in it. Looked over the charges against Sir E. Impey. That thought in the "Royal Recollections," "If I could touch for the evil as I can for patriotism," excellent.

12th. Received from Miss Smith, a daughter of the baron's, who is at Cheltenham, a Greek air, which her brother sent her from Cephalonia; one of those wild and meagre things, which have no other charms than that of being foreign. Looked over Mr. T. Grenville's letters. By the bye, when I told Lady Holland that he said that he *would not* give me the letters of Sheridan he has in his possession, she answered, "Well, I hope you mean to punish him with a sentence or two;" and I am strongly tempted to do so. Read the "Way to get Married" to Bessy and Mary D. after tea. Nothing but the recollection of that delightful actor Lewis carries one through this "moles" of absurdity, of which he was in every sense the "mens *agitans*." After supper looked over Major Scott's "Review of the Transactions in Bengal." Have not yet made up my mind about Hastings.

13th. An answer from Crutwell to say he has the file of 1772, and I might examine it when I pleased. Shall go to Bath with Mary D., who leaves us to-morrow. Received a letter from Mr. T. Grenville, very wordy, and labouring hard at an excuse for not giving me the letters: says they "*only* refer to the lady whom he first married." Only! The very thing I want. Have replied to him, and tried by little gentle hints to *shame* him into letting me have them; but it is, I fear, hopeless. The Hugheses to tea; sang for them in the evening. Read Major Scott's "Letter to Francis" before going to bed.

14th. Went with Mary D. and Miss Best to Bath. Am sorry to lose Mary, who is thoroughly sensible and amiable, and loves us all sincerely. Went to Crutwell's, and passed an hour and a half in looking over the "Bath Chronicle." Old newspapers the most interesting kind of history after all. Amused with seeing Miss Linley's name all at once left out of the concert announcements; knew by that she was off. Gave the two ladies a dinner at the White Hart, and returned to Melksham in the chaise I went in. The man took up a Quaker-woman and her maid; much diverted with the Quaker-woman's praises of her maid (who sat outside with the postillion—a very nice-looking girl); her account of the girl's lovers, &c., &c. Walked home from Melksham, and delighted poor Bess by my return, who did not quite expect me till to-morrow, and said it was worth twenty guineas to her to see me.

15th. In the garden all the morning. Visit from Miss Hughes and the Misses Crowe; showed them engravings of Lord Byron: they remarked that his not wearing whiskers gave him a singular look. From thence the transition to *my* unwhiskered *face* very obvious; and, *per saltum*, from me up to Buonaparte, who is also without whiskers. In the evening read Hastings' speech to the Lords in 1791: very plausible certainly, except with respect to the indorsed bonds for the present, which is rather a lame part of his vindication.

16th. My dear Bessy planting some roots Miss Hughes had brought her; looking for a place to put a root of pink hepatica in, where (as she said) "I might best see them in my walk." In the evening read the "Observations" of the Court of Directors on Warren Hastings' letter to them: it condemns his exactions from, and treatment of, Cheyt Sing, as contrary to all faith and justice.

17th. Worked at Sheridan; walked with Bessy to call upon the Macdonalds. Bowles came while we were out; wished me to dine with him to-morrow (Sunday). In the evening received a note from Lord Lansdowne, ask-

ing me to fix any day next week for dinner. Rogers arrived there.

18th. As the morning was fine, set out to Boswood to see Rogers; caught him in the garden, on the way to Bowles's; walked with him; talked much about Sheridan. In a second search through the papers they have found the Acts of "The Foresters;" some letters too of the Prince's, which, of course, I must see, though I cannot make use of them. Sheridan once told Rogers of a scene that occurred in a French theatre in 1772, where two French officers stared a good deal at his wife, and S., not knowing a word of French, could do nothing but put his arms a-kimbo and look bluff and defying at them, which they, not knowing a word of English, could only reply to by the very same attitude and look. He once mentioned to Rogers that he was aware he ought to have made a love scene between Charles and Maria in the "School for Scandal;" and *would* have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do such a scene justice. Talked of Hastings and the impeachment. Asked Rogers whether it was not now looked upon, even by the Opposition themselves, as a sort of dramatic piece of display, got up by the Whigs of that day from private pique, vanity, &c. &c.; Francis, first urging them on from his hostility to Hastings; Burke running headlong into it from impetuosity of temper; and Sheridan seizing with avidity the first great opportunity that offered of showing off his talent. He said it *was* so considered now; and in addition to all this, Mr. Pitt gave in to the prosecution with much satisfaction, because it turned away the embattled talent of the time from himself and his measures, and concentrated it all against this one individual, whom he was most happy to sacrifice, so he could thereby keep them employed. Burke's admiration of S.'s second speech on the Begums; said, "That is the true style; something neither prose nor poetry, but better than either." It was the opinion of Mr. Fox that Burke's style altered after he heard this speech; that it spoiled him, and that to the taste he acquired from it we owe the extreme floridness of his writings afterwards—the passage about the Queen of France, &c. &c. Lord Holland had told me this before; but there seems to me but little in it. It was natural for the Whigs to think Burke's style much altered for the worse, when he wrote on the other side. Remarked to R. the forced and extravagant combinations by which S. so often laboured to produce effect both in his serious and his comic. The description of Buonaparte an instance: "Kings his sentinels, kingdoms his martello-towers, *crowns* and *sceptres* his pallisadoes," &c. Talked of the letter from Dr. Chalmers to Lord Byron in the "Scots' Magazine:" in mentioning the great publicity Byron has given to his private sorrows, he says, "you have *wailed on the housetop*." This is excellent. Showed me Crowe's verses written for the installation of the Duke of Portland; never saw them before; noble poetry! Found Bowles at home; asked him would he meet Rogers and Crowe at dinner with me on Wednesday or Thursday next. Cannot, on account of the sessions at Marlborough; wants to have a statue of Melancthon executed from the fine wood-cut, to put up in his projected library; anxious to consult me about some prose he is writing. Left Bowles's at half-past two. In passing through Bowood for home I was caught by Lady Lansdowne, Lord Auckland, &c. &c. She begged me to stay for dinner; said Lady Bath (who was going next day) wished very much to know me. Consented: a man and horse sent for my things. Sat with Rogers in his room till dinner. Told me that Beckford (*the* Beckford) is delighted with "Lalla Rookh;" heard so from Beckford himself in the spring, when I met him at Rogers's in town, and he was all raptures about it. Beckford wishes me to go to Fonthill with R.; anxious that I should look over his "Travels" (which were printed some years ago, but afterwards suppressed by him), and prepare them for the press. Rogers supposes he would give me something magnificent for it—a thousand pounds, perhaps; but if he were to give me a hundred times that sum I would not have my name coupled with his. To be Beckford's *sub*, not very desirable. Party at dinner—Lady Bath, her unmarried daughter, Lady Louisa, and the married one, Lady Elizabeth Campbell, and her husband; Lord Auckland and his two sisters; Mrs. Frankland Lewis. Miss Eden's name Dulcibella. Talked of strange names: I mentioned a little child, born in Italy of English parents, christened Allegra. (*N. B.* a natural child of Lord Byron's, mentioned in his last letter to me.) Some tra-

veller in America mentions having met a man called Romulus Riggs: whether true or not, very like their mixture of the classical and the low. The commonness of the name of Smith; a man calling out the name of Smith in a theatre, and fifty or sixty people getting up. Frankland Lewis mentioned in the same way, in a Welsh company, a gentleman saying, "Mr. John Jones, may I have a glass of wine with you," and about fourteen of the party popped forth their heads at once. Talked of the alterations at the late Dublin city dinners; about the toast of the "Glorious Memory;" mentioned that about the middle of the last century the usual adjunct to this toast was, "and a fig for the Bishop of Cork;" the Bishop, who was a strong Tory, having written a book against drinking Memories, pronouncing it to be idolatrous, &c. &c. Burke's bad manner of speaking, and the effect it had in quite nullifying the effect of his speeches. F. Lewis said he had heard Lord Grenville mention that once, after a speech of Burke's, himself and Pitt consulted with each other whether it was worth answering, and decided in the negative: *since*, however, it is one of the speeches that Lord Grenville said he has always read with most admiration and delight. I think it was upon the Nabob of Arcot's debts.* Music in the evening. Lady Bath talked to me of her sister, Mrs. Seymour (a very charming woman, whom I saw a good deal of when she was with the Bedfords in Ireland); said how often she spoke of me; hoped I would soon visit Longleat, &c. Rogers asked me whether the "Parody on Horace," lately in the "Chronicle," was mine; said how Luttrell was delighted with it at Ampthill, and pronounced it to be mine; reading it out to Lords Jersey and Duncannon, who were also much pleased with it. Told me also that he heard the verses to Sir Hudson Lowe praised at Brookes's. It is pleasant to find that these trifles do not die unnoticed. Lord Lansdowne asked me afterwards, whether it was I who wrote a description of a dinner at the French Minister's (I think) about two months ago, which was, he said, most admirable. Told him *not*, nor had I ever seen it. He said he *knew* the "Parody on Horace" to be mine. Told him I had asked the Hollands whether what Trotter says of Mr. Fox's refusal to see Sheridan in his last illness was true or not, and they answered it was true. Lord L. said he believed it to be so; and that his own opinion of Sheridan, which was very low indeed, had been formed principally from what he had heard Mr. Fox say of him. Sung a good deal by myself, and one or two things with Mrs. F. Lewis. She and I, and Lady Louisa Thynne sung "The Bird let loose," (from my "Sacred Songs"), and it went beautifully. Mrs. F. Lewis sung out of the same set, "Oh Thou who driest the Mourner's Tear." Meant to walk home, but Lady L. insisted upon my having the coachman to drive me over in her little gig. Cannot sleep out while dear Bessy is so near her difficulties, and without a single male or female friend near her but myself. The Lansdownes very kind to me. I did *him* injustice in thinking that he had forgot my Bermuda calamity, for it was he who, in a letter to Ampthill, while I was last in town, mentioned that he feared it wore a darker aspect than it did before. Got home rather late.

19th. Had promised Rogers, who was coming to me this morning, to meet him half way. Mrs. Phipps, upon whom I called as I went, came out with me in order to get a glimpse of "*Memory* Rogers." He and I walked to my cottage; much delighted with the scenery around; said he preferred the valley and village before us to the laid-out grounds of Bowood. Showed him some of my Sheridan papers. He mentioned "Memoirs of Jackson" of Exeter, written by himself, which he saw in MS. some years ago, and in which he remembered there was a most glowing description of his pupil, Miss Linley, standing singing by his side, and so beautiful that "you might think you were looking into the face of an angel." I wish I had these "Memoirs." Walked with him to the village, and then as far as Phipps's, where I was to dine, in order to go to the Devizes ball in the evening. The party, Macdonald and Miss Mayham, the Phippses themselves, and I. Mentioned after dinner my invitation to Beckford's. Phipps bid me take care what I did, for Sir Richard Hoare was called to account *seriously* by his brother magistrates the other day for having visited Beckford; and was obliged to explain that it was for purposes of information, and *not* a

* Sir James Mackintosh told me the same thing, and read aloud the passages about the ravage of the Carnatic and the prolific sow as justifying both the admiration and the contempt.—Ed.

visit of ceremony. The ball dull enough; got home between two and three, and found Bess just rising from her bed to blow the fire for some hot drink for me.

20th. Ill, from want of sleep the two nights before; looked over Rogers's poem, and marked some lines with pencil; read the newspapers. A game of cribbage after dinner with Bessy. Sheridan's speeches in the evening; a dull, unprofitable day. Rogers thinks I must not give extracts from Mr. T. Grenville's letters, he being still alive; and Lord L., he says, thinks the same; so I suppose I must give them up, though there would be a very amusing revenge in quoting his solemn nonentities. A note from Crowe, to say he will come, "please God," and "if it is dry weather."

21st. Determined on giving up T. Grenville's letters, and wrote a few sentences to replace the extracts I had made from them. Walked to meet Rogers, who said he would call upon me. Talked chiefly of Sheridan. Told me several anecdotes, some of which I have written down in my note-book as fit to use; the rest practical jokes, not easily tellable:—His strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them; Tickell fell among them, and was almost cut to pieces, and next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord John Townshend against S. for this trick, he added (with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes), "but it was amazingly well done." Another time, when the women (Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Tickell, &c.) had received the gentlemen after dinner in disguises, which puzzled them to make out *which* was *which*, the gentlemen one day sent to the ladies to come down stairs to *them* in the dining-room. The ladies, upon entering, saw them all dressed as Turks, holding bumpers in their hands, and after looking amongst them and saying, "This is Mr. Crewe;" "No, this is he," &c. &c., they heard a laugh at the door, and there they saw all the gentlemen in *propriis personis;* for 'twas the maids they had dressed up in Turkish habits. S. was always at these tricks in country houses. He has been known to send a man and horse eight miles for a piece of crape, and people were always kept in expectation of some forthcoming frolic. His dialogue once with General Tarleton: "Well, Tarleton, are you on your high horse still?" "Oh! higher than ever: if I was on a horse before, I am on an elephant now." "No, no, my dear fellow, you were on an ass before, and you are on a mule now." Thought this exquisite; but I own I cannot see the very great wit of it.* Talked of Beckford's two *mock* novels, "Agemia," and the "Elegant Enthusiast," which he wrote to ridicule the novels written by his sister, Mrs. Harvey (I think), who read these parodies on herself quite innocently, and only now and then suspecting that they were meant to laugh at her, saying, "Why, I vow and protest, here is my grotto," &c. &c. In the "Elegant Enthusiast," the heroine writes a song which she sings at a masquerade, and which produces such an effect, that my Lord Mahogany, in the character of a Milestone, bursts into tears. It is in "Agemia" that all the heroes and heroines are killed at the conclusion by a supper of stewed lampreys.†

22d. Walked at twelve o'clock towards Bowood to meet Rogers. Met Mr. —— coming to Bessy with a beautiful nosegay: had agreed with Bessy that, as —— was away from home, she might ask *her* to join our party at dinner. Met R. at the park-gate, and came on towards the cottage. Told him my delicacy on the subject of the Coalition; unwilling as I should be to offend Lord Holland, yet still feeling it my duty to speak sincerely what I thought of Fox's conduct in that instance. He said there was much to be advanced in palliation, if not in vindication, of that and other coalitions: bid me talk on the subject to Lord Holland and Allen, who had staggered him by their arguments. Lord H.'s idea of three distinct periods in his uncle's life: the first, when he was opposed to Lord North, and when his eloquence was bold, careless, vehement, vituperative; in the second, when Pitt was his antagonist, and when he found it necessary to be more cool,

* The joke seems here unexplained. Sheridan always maintained that the Duke of Wellington would succeed in Portugal; General Tarleton the reverse. It was a matter of constant dispute between them. Tarleton, who had been wrong, grew obstinate: so, on the news of the retreat of the French, Sheridan, by way of taunt, said, "Well, Tarleton," &c. I remember that having been at the Lines of Torres Vedras, Sheridan was much pleased with my sanguine account of the Duke's position.—Ed.

† Notwithstanding her brother's raillery, Mrs. Harvey was a very accomplished, as well as a very able woman.—Ed.

cautious, and logical: during both these periods, ambition of power and distinction was his ruling passion; but in the third and concluding portion of his life all this had passed away, and his sole, steady, *chastened-down* desire was that of doing good. Mentioned Parr's list of pure writers of English. R. added Soame Jenyns, Blackstone, &c. Rogers, Lord St. John (I think), and Lord Lauderdale were in Mr. Fox's room in Stable Yard a short time before his death*, when Sheridan called. "I *must* see him, I suppose," said Fox, and when S. came in, put out his hand to him. S. has since told Rogers that, when Fox called him over and shook him by the hand, he said in a low voice, "My dear Sheridan, I love you; you are indeed my friend; as for those others, I merely," &c., &c. This was an excellent invention of Sheridan, who knew no one would contradict him. Talked of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie, the painter, was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, "We don't know what to think of those novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study; writes everything in the midst of us all; and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the MS. of any of these novels; but still we have *one* reason for thinking them his, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa." The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for:* Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers *heard* him do the same to Sheridan, who asked him, with some degree of *brusquerie*, whether he was the author of them. All this rather confirms me in my first idea that they are *not* Scott's. Another argument between us, on the justifiableness of a man asserting so solemnly that a book was *not his*, when it really *was:* I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. R. quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question; and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last R. acknowledged that saying "on his honour" was going too far; as if the simple solemn assertion was not equally sacred. We walked through the Devizes fields to meet Crowe. Three, half-past three, quarter to four, no sign of him; returned to the cottage disappointed, and found he had been there waiting two hours for us. Hitherto all was well; but unluckily —— returning from Marlborough, came for his wife, and Bessy asked him to stay dinner with us. Here was Rogers's *poetical* dinner knocked up at once. What was to be done? Put as good a face on it as possible, and after standing a sidelong volley or two from Sam,—such as "asking *one* is sure to bring more;" "where a wife comes, the husband *will* make his way;" "the woman alone wouldn't have been so bad;" "but *had expected* to meet nobody but Crowe," &c., &c. After this we got on very smoothly; —— a very quiet and gentleman-like *listener*, and his wife a very rosy and good-humoured *looker-on;* Crowe a fine old man, but has lost everything of verse except the longs and shorts. Talked of Milton: his greater laxity of metre in the "Paradise Regained" than in the "Paradise Lost." R. thought this was from system, but Crowe and I thought it from *laziness.* Crowe had reckoned the instances of lines with supernumerary syllables, and found more in the first two books of "Paradise Regained" than in all "Paradise Lost." The beauty of monosyllable verses, "He jests at scars," &c.; the couplet, "Sigh on my lip: * * * Give all thou canst," &c.; and many others, the most vigorous and musical perhaps of any. Personifications; Thomson's "See where the power of cultivation," &c. But the most ridiculous of all is Darwin's "And Indignations half unsheathe their swords." A little corps of indignations! Darwin mounts Kirwan the philosopher on a chameleon, guiding it with a silk string. To read of a man that one knows and meets every day being mounted on a chameleon. The tax-gatherers might hear of it, and inquire whether the gentleman had duly given in his chameleon. Talked of Combe; said to be the writer of Macleod's "Loo-Choo," as he certainly was of Lord Lyttleton's "Letters," and many other books of other people's. "Doctor Syntax" is his. Combe kicked Lord Lyttleton downstairs at some watering-place, for having ridiculed Lady Archer by calling her a drunken peacock, on account of the sort of rainbow feathers and dress she wore. Lord

* This must have happened before Mr. Fox removed to Cheswick.—Ed.

L. also had rolled a piece of blancmange into a ball, and, covering it with variegated comfits, said, "This is the sort of egg a drunken peacock would lay." Crowe knew Mickle, who was a compositor for the press: thinks a poem of Mickle's, called "Sir Martin," equal to Beattie's "Minstrel." Bowles's personification of "the Spirit of Discovery by Sea" as bad as any. The Spirit of Discovery by *Land* is, I suppose, the police of Bow Street. Sung for them in the evening. Showed them a poem sent to me a few months since, written by a girl of fourteen: Crowe's comments on it highly amusing. The Lansdownes sent their carriage for Rogers. The —— and Crowe stayed to supper; and after the Miltonic veteran was well primed with brandy and water, I saw him across the valley with my lantern to Hughes's, where he had a bed, Bessy's precarious state not admitting of a stranger in the house just now.

23d. Crowe to breakfast. Received a letter from Jane Kearney, wanting another epitaph shorter than the one I sent for her father, and hinting that it would be better if somewhat more solemn and religious. Walked over with Crowe to call at Bowood; met Rogers, who returned with us there. Saw Lord Lansdowne — *kind* and *amiable as usual*. I find he gains upon one's heart in the true way, *piano e sano*. Talked to Crowe about Lewesdon Hill, which, for the first time, I learned is near Bridport. Spoke of Bishop Shipley, and about the dialogue which gave rise to the trial; and which, I think Parr told me, was written originally by Shipley; but I must be wrong; it was only published by Shipley. Talked of Sir W. Jones, who died at forty-seven; and so did Addison. Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation. There is a little white house, too, near the turnpike, to which he used to retire when the Countess was particularly troublesome. Walked through the grounds of Bowood. Crowe repeated some political things he had written, and which he is half inclined to publish, under the title, "Sweepings of my Uncle's Study;" one of them was on the birth of the King, and rather poetically imagined: he supposes the good and evil Genii all assembled on the occasion, and the latter spoiling every gift which the former conferred on the infant. Two lines I remember for their rhyme: he describes the evil Genii with faces livid as those one sees

> "After a battle, such as Cribb's is,
> And spiteful as Sir Vicary Gibbs is."

Returned home to dinner at four; went to bed early, and was called up by Bessy at half-past eleven o'clock: sent for the midwife, who arrived between one and two, and at a quarter before four my darling Bessy was safely delivered of a son (and heir *in partibus*), to my unspeakable delight, for never had I felt half such anxiety about her. I walked about the parlour by myself, like one distracted; sometimes stopping to pray, sometimes opening the door to listen; and never was gratitude more fervent than that with which I knelt down to thank God for the dear girl's safety, when all was over — (the maid, by the by, very near catching me on my knees). Went to bed at six o'clock.

24th. Rose at half-past nine. Bessy and the little hero surprisingly well. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, &c.: Lord Lansdowne's answer most friendly and flattering. I wish he had offered to be godfather; had not courage to ask him. Walked to Devizes for money: drew on Wilkie for 40*l.*; the little prodigal is no sooner born than money is wanted for him. Returned to dinner at five.

25th (Sunday). Resumed my Sheridan task, from which I have been diverted and disturbed all the last week. At Bessy's request read prayers by her bedside, and joined heartily with her in thanksgiving for her safe delivery.

26th. Delicious weather. Told by King, the apothecary, that he has received letters from Yorkshire, saying that the common people there are alarmed at the unusual warmth of the season, and think that something miraculous is about to happen. Walked about all day, working at S. In the evening read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy: have not read it since I was a boy, and had forgot how gratuitously gross many of the scenes are.

27th. Dined at Bowood. Rogers went away yesterday. The company, besides the Aucklands, Lord and Lady Ilchester, two sons of Bobus Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Oakden, and Lysons, the Magna Britannia man, come to see Lord Ilchester about some Roman pavement which has been found on his lordship's estate. Had

some conversation with Lord Lansdowne before dinner. Talked of the impeachment of Hastings; asked him his impression on the subject. He said he looked upon Hastings as an irregular man, using violent means for purposes, which, perhaps, nothing but irregular and violent means would answer, as his command and situation in India were of such a particularly difficult and embarrassing nature. Agreed with me, that the impeachment was a sort of dramatic trial of skill, got up from the various motives I mentioned: to which he added, what had not struck me before, Dundas's fear of Hastings' ascendancy in Indian affairs, both from his knowledge and talent, and his favour with the King, to whom the arbitrariness of Hastings' government was rather a recommendation of him: Dundas used India as a sort of colony for Scotland. Talked of the great question about the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of Parliament, upon which the lawyers and statesmen divided, and the latter had the best of it in every respect: Erskine too much of a lawyer not to join his craft on this occasion. When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion, "What!" said he, "a nisi-prius lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! as well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in the year, pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant." How admirable this is! Tried Lord Lansdowne on the subject of coalitions, and said that nothing could be more absurd than to condemn that sort of coalition, of which all *parties* must consist, made up as they are of individuals differing in shades of opinion, but compromising these differences for the sake of one general object; but that it was quite another thing when the opposition in sentiments was not only total and radical, but recently and violently expressed. Here we were interrupted. At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "Glorious *lamp* of day on its *march*;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to ———'s oratory: mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced; something this way: "It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester Street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught Bar at the Porto-Bello Hotel," &c. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came to call upon him, announcing him as "Maître des Cérémonies de la Trinité." Talked of the "Pursuits of Literature," and the sensation it produced when published. Matthias's Italian Poetry: Mr. Oakden said he had heard Florentines own he came nearer their poetry than any other foreigner had done, but that still he was *but* a foreigner at it. I mentioned a translation, by W. Spencer, of a song of mine ("The Wreath you wove") into Italian, which passed with me and others for legitimate, till one day I repeated it to Buonaiuti*, and when I came to "Un foglio inaridito" (one faded leaf), he said "Wrong: foglio is the leaf of a book; the leaf of a tree is foglia." This annihilated it at once, for *una foglia* would not suit the metre. Talked of the unlucky number thirteen at dinner. Mentioned that, at Catalani's one day, perceiving there was that number at dinner, she sent a French countess, who lived with her, up-stairs, to remedy the grievance; but, soon after, La Cainea coming in, the poor moveable countess was brought down again. Lord L. said he had dined once abroad, with Count Orloff, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking round from chair to chair; and he found afterwards from Orloff it was because the *Narishkin* (I think) were at table, who he knew would rise instantly if they perceived the number thirteen, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself. Lord L. said that blackguard was a word of which he

* The Librarian of Holland House.

could not make out the origin. It had been said it was from a guard of soldiers in black, who attended at the execution of Charles the First; but the word was, he believed, older than that period; and, besides, it did not appear that any such circumstance took place. Music in the evening. Mrs. Oakden played the "Ranz des Vaches" and the beautiful "Chaconne" of Jomelli.

28th. Trying to be busy, but not doing much. Before going to bed, played over some of Hadyn's quartetts, and a lesson or two of Kozeluch's. I used to like Kozeluch as a boy, and expected more in him now than I find. This is the way in every thing; the pleasure of being easily pleased seldom survives our youth.

29th. Have got Sheridan fairly married at last, and now enter into a new region of his life, for which my *viatica* are not half so abundant as in the early part of the journey. Mrs. Bowles called with a Mr. D——, a quiet, precise-mannered man, who invited me to Oxford: he said that a sort of Pompeii has been discovered at Bath; a great part of a Roman street or streets, and some remains of the houses; about 3000 coins, too, discovered. Dined with Hughes: asked him what was the feeling of the natives in India about Hastings when he was there: he said they quite worshipped his name; he saw an old Brahmin nearly go down on his knees in mentioning him.

30th. Worked a little at "Sheridan;" badly off for materials; almost reduced to Watkins. Received the Edinburgh Magazine (Blackwood's) for November. A malicious and canting article in it against myself, in which the fellow has both misrepresented and misquoted my song of "The Legacy," which he says I have put into the mouth of a "dying poet." What a blockhead! with these two lines that begin one of the verses, staring him in the face—

> "Keep this *cup*, which is *now* o'erflowing,
> To grace your revel when I'm at rest."

I find I am no gainer by the change of Ministry in this magazine: used to be praised in it before Murray came into power: how's this? Dined with ——, very dull; but he gave us claret *et c'est toujours quelque chose;* dulness and port together are the devil. Raffles has done a spirited thing at his new government (Bencoolen): he has dismissed his bodyguard, and says he has full confidence in the Malays, whom he knows and trusts: this is the way to win a people. It is still more spirited if what —— says is true, that the last resident there was murdered.

31st. Walked into Devizes. Made, while I walked, the following stanza of a song supposed to be sung by Murray to the tune of the "Christening of Little Joey," at a grand literary dinner which he gives:

> "Beware, ye bards of each degree,
> From Wordsworth down to Packwood,
> Two rods I've got to tickle ye—
> The 'Quarterly' and 'Blackwood.'
> Not Cribb himself more handsomely
> Your hollow noddles crack would;
> I'll *fib* you in the 'Quarterly,'
> And *ruffian* you in 'Blackwood!'"
>
> "So tremble, bards of each degree," &c., &c.

Wrote a letter to the "Chronicle" signed "J. P., Croydon," about the misrepresentation and misquotation in Blackwood's article. Wrote also to Murray, hoping he would soon put into practice the intention Wilkie told me he had of coming down here, and sending him the above stanza for his *amusement.*

November 1st. Worked a little at "Sheridan." In the evening read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy. How well Fielding knew human nature when he made the poor frail Betty such a ready and good-natured creature! Received a long letter from my friend Dr. Parkinson, inclosing as usual a little sum for his god-daughter Anastasia;—an excellent man, and of a most gentle nature, ill-calculated to bear such a rebuff as he once had from Paley. Parkinson was saying that Bakewell, the great breeder of cattle, had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, and could direct it to shoulder, leg, &c. just as he thought proper; "and this," says Parkinson, "is the great problem of his art." "It's a lie, sir," says Paley, "and that's the solution of it."

2nd. Received a letter from Mr. Croker (the Irish gentleman whom I have mentioned in the advertisement to the seventh number of my "Melodies," as having made us many valuable communications) dated yesterday evening, Castle Inn, Devizes, telling me he had stopped on his way to London for the purpose of seeing me. Walked into Devizes; found him a much younger man than I expected, not quite one-and-twenty; an enthusiast in the

music and antiquities of Ireland. Ordered a chaise and brought him home to dinner with me. Told me of a good piece of waggery they have in the village where he lives, about three miles from Cork. The mayor of Cork, a very pompous knight, made many ostentatious displays during his office, and whatever he did, a club of these young fellows who called themselves "the corporation," imitated. When *he* gave a dinner, they did the same, and sent out cards that were a sort of parody on his. When he went down the river in pomp to visit some public works, they had a sort of procession *up* the river to perform the same sort of ceremony on the Potato Quay. He had a medal struck to commemorate the half-centenary of the King's reign, and they had gingerbread struck on the same occasion; and when *he* sent one of these medals to the Regent, they sent one of their gingerbreads to him covered with gold leaf. I wonder the poor mayor did not die of it. Mentioned a tolerably fair punning *jeu-d'esprit*, written by one of his friends, upon an attempt made by a Mr. Aikin to speak a prologue at a private play they had, in which he failed totally, and laid his failure upon the bad prompting of a Mr. Hardy, to whom he gave the manuscript for that purpose. I remember the following:

> "Aikin says Hardy prompts not loud enough;
> Hardy has too much taste to read such stuff;
> Aikin was *hardy* to attempt to speak,
> Hardy was aikin (*aching*) for the speaker's sake."

By his account there must be some very gay and clever fellows in Cork. Brought me a translation of an Italian ode to Buonaparte, which one of these Cork gentlemen wished to present to me. Gave me also some national airs copied out by himself in the most beautiful manner,—perfect specimens of calligraphy. He also draws with very great taste, and engraves. Played and sung to him the seventh number, which he had not seen. The chaise took him back to Devizes at nine.

3rd. Mr. Estcourt (member for Devizes, and Lord Sidmouth's relative) called; his second visit; and left an invitation for me to dinner on Monday next. Received a letter from Linley, in which he tells me that Sheridan's creditors mean to resist any exclusive property in his works. It was for this purpose, no doubt, the meeting of his creditors was called by Burgess, the solicitor, the other day in an advertisement, which surprised me not a little, in the "Chronicle." What effect this will have upon the publication of the works or life, I know not. Wilkie and Murray, it seems, are about to take advice of counsel. Read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy after dinner.

4th. Received two most civil and anxious letters from that great "Bibliopola Tryphon," Murray, expressing his regret at the article against me in "Blackwood," and his resolution to give up all concern in it if it contained any more such personalities. Read, with a shock I have hardly ever felt before, the account of that great and amiable man Romilly's death, in the papers. He has left a void behind in public life that no one can fill up. But what a splendid martyrdom to conjugal love! She was too, if I mistake not, a simple, gay, *unlearned* woman; no *Blue;* no, if she *had* been, such a man as Romilly could not have loved her so much.

5th. Miserably wet day. Bessy ill, and myself in the blue devils: such days are hardly *existence*. Wrote to Dr. Parr, to remind him that he had promised to be godfather, if my forthcoming babe should prove to be a son. Think of Richard Power for the other sponsor: should like Lord Lansdowne, but hate asking; and Bessy, who is independence to her heart's core, hates it still more.

6th. A dinner at Phipps's hanging over me all the morning: resolved, however, about three, to send an apology and dine at home, which was a relief from my *day*-mare. While I was at dinner Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was showing him upstairs, so, in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots. He sat some time; talked of poor Romilly; said he had hardly slept since he heard of the circumstance; wondered they had not applied leeches. I asked whether R.'s affection for his wife was so very strong as to account for this effect; he said it was; but Romilly was a stern, reserved sort of man, and she was the only person in the world to whom he wholly unbent and unbosomed himself; when he lost her, therefore, the very vent of his heart was stopped up. Said he came to ask me to meet

Dugald Stewart at dinner either next day or the day after. The Stewarts have been at Bowood now three or four days, and leave him on Monday. Fixed Sunday to dine there. Felt my long-thought-of request for him to be godfather rising to my tongue, and thought I might as well let it out; *did* so; and he consented with much kindness, saying he was proud "to be elected" to the office. Read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

7th. Thought of a good project for a political squib,—a series of *flash* letters from the pugilists that have been exhibiting at Aix-la-Chapelle. 'Twill not take me long, and the hitch in the Sheridan business gives me a breathing-time from that work, which I begin to be tired of a little. Received a box of books from Hookham's. Looked over the "History of Hastings' Trial,"—a trumpery catchpenny; cannot be the history of the trial, which both Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne mentioned to me as good.

8th. Received the promised packet from Linley, containing his sister's poems, &c. There is *one* of Sheridan's in it; little else that I can use. Sent me also his own published volume of poetry, and his Shakspeare music. Went on with my flash work which I had begun the day before; forty lines already. Received a note from one of Burdett's pretty daughters, inclosing some national airs she had got for me; *one*, she said (the Finland air, with words), would particularly please me. This happens to be my own; at least, words and arrangement. I have written to tell her so. Walked to Bowood a little after five. Company at dinner: Dugald Stewart, his wife and daughters, the Miss Edgeworths and Bowlses. Very pleasant day. Sat between Lady L. and Miss Edgeworth at dinner; both in their different ways very delightful. Talked with Miss E. of the Dublin Mrs. Lefanu, whom she seemed to have a higher notion of altogether than I had. I asked her whether the play Mrs. L. had written was not pretty good. "Oh, no, pretty bad," she answered. She had, however, derived her opinion of Mrs. L.'s talents from a common friend of theirs, who loved her very much. This friend told her that Mrs. Lefanu had seen a letter to Sheridan from one of the persons high in the American Government, towards the latter end of the war, expressing great admiration of his talents and political opinions, and telling him that £20,000 were deposited with a certain banker, ready for him to draw, as a mark of their value for his services in the cause of liberty. She had also seen S.'s answer, in which, with many gratified acknowledgments of their high opinion, he begged leave to decline a gift communicated under such circumstances. Hope this is true. Said she would get the particulars. Reminded me of the night she saw me as Mungo, at a masquerade at Lady Besborough's. Told her this was the last folly I had been guilty of in the masquerading way. Brought to my mind a pun I had made in her hearing that night. Lady Clare said, "I am always found out at a masquerade." "That shows," answered I, "you are not the clair-obscure." Did very well from Mungo. Stewart talked much of Charles Sheridan, whom he knew and thought highly of. Mentioned a letter published by him without his name, addressed to Blackstone, upon some assertion of his respecting parliaments. Stewart heard S.'s Begum speech in Westminster Hall; thought some parts particularly fine; but said the transitions from the prepared declamation to the laxity of his business statements were sudden and ill-managed. Burke, from preparing these parts also, always managed the transition finely and imperceptibly. Talked of George Selwyn. Lord L. told a good thing of him. When George Grenville one night, in the house, was taken ill and fainted away, Selwyn cried out, "Why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?" Bowles objected to the lines of Burns,

> "And yet the light that led astray
> Was light from heaven!"

as profane; and Lord L. rather agreed with him, considering them critically. I endeavoured to defend them. The best gifts may be abused so as to lead astray, and yet they all come from Heaven; or something to this purpose. Stewart said my defence was ingenious. Lord L. also took to pieces Campbell's passage in "Lochiel," "'Tis the sunset of life," as physically false. I sang in the evening. Stewart I was happy to see much delighted. When I met him some years ago at Lord Moira's, I watched him while I sang, and saw him, when I had finished, give a sort of decisive blow to the sofa, which he was reclining against. This gesticulation puzzled me, and I could not tell

whether it was approbation or condemnation; but I am satisfied now. I never saw any *man* that seemed to feel my singing more deeply; the tears frequently stood in his eyes. Miss Edgeworth, too, was much affected. This is a delightful triumph to touch these higher spirits!

9th. Bowles called: is in a great fidget about his answer to Brougham; brought me a copy of it; showed me a note he had just had in praise of it, from his friend the Bishop of London, beginning "my dear Bowles." Had a letter from Lees, of the county of Wicklow, begging me to decide the question which was producing "a sort of civil war" in the neighbourhood, whether I wrote my song of "The Meeting of the Waters" under Castle Howard, at the meeting of the Avon and Avoca, or at the meeting of the rivers, four miles lower down, under Ballyarthur House. William Parnell wrote to me on the same subject two or three years since. The fact is I *wrote* the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery: as long as the latter blooms, so will the former. Twenty lines more of my flash epistle.

10th. Twenty lines more. Went to Devizes to dinner, at Salmon's. The company, Pearse, the member for Devizes, and his family, the Grubbs, &c. Pearse, a good, hearty jolly man of the world; knows everybody; was intimate with Sheridan; told me his astonishment the other day at seeing, on looking over the books of an insurance office, 40,000*l.* opposite the name of a pawnbroker in Wardour Street. Immense insurance for a pawnbroker. Found he had been the person always employed by Sheridan for his deposits in this way, and that he now has a great number of articles of his, some of which (being corporation cups, &c., with inscriptions) the family are about to redeem. Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies:—"Why is the Prince of Homburg like a successful gamester?—Because he has gained a great Bet." "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet?—Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes?—A and B, because A B C (see) D." I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life"), most ludicrously far-fetched. "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting some other?—Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco.)" "Why must a man who commits murder in Leicester Square necessarily be acquitted?—Because he can prove an alley by (alibi)." Went to the ball in the evening; danced with one of the Miss Pearses; then with a fine rosy girl of fifteen, Miss Daniels, the belle of the room; and afterwards with Mrs. Phipps. Not home and in bed till four.

11th. Twenty more flash lines; in all now one hundred.

13th. Bowles called in his carriage to take me to call at Mr. Estcourt's. Forgot that I had fixed with him to do so; couldn't get off, of course. He had, by my recommendation, read Campbell's "C'Connor's Child," and, as I expected, thought it beautiful. We again talked of the passage in "Lochiel," about "the sunset of life;" found, upon consideration, my former defence of it not tenable. It is certainly an inaccurate image, but there is something fine even in its vagueness. Read Davies' "Life of Garrick." Nearly finished my first flash epistle. Borrowed Grose's "Slang Dictionary" from Hughes, which will be of much service to the cause.

14th. Received American editions of different works of mine; "Lalla Rookh" is the third. Another poem from Miss L—— W——, the young poetess of fourteen, who before addressed something to me; a wild-brained little thing. Asked to dine with Locke next Thursday. Had a letter from Wilkie, explaining that the meeting of the creditors was called by Charles Sheridan, who has hopes of so far satisfying them as to be enabled to give Wilkie and Murray a legal title to the papers we have had from them. Wrote to Tighe, advising him not to publish Mrs. Tighe's novel, as I could not in conscience encourage the Longmans to give such a price for it as would be worth *his* while to accept. To-morrow my sweet Bessy's birthday.

15th (Sunday). This day my own excellent Bessy has completed her twenty-fifth year; she is much better this morning. Heaven send her many happy returns of this anniversary! Began another slang epistle. Finished "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

16th. Went on with another slang epistle. Shall return to "Sheridan" with more pleasure after this change of key. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening. What a gem it is! we both enjoyed it so much more than "Joseph Andrews." A man had come in the morning, a young Irishman, and said his wife had been delivered of twins on the road, and was lying without any comforts for them at a house in Sandy Lane; never could he have found Bessy in a tenderer mood for such a story. She had a large jug of caudle made instantly, which she gave him, with two little caps and two shifts out of the stock she keeps for the poor, a pound of sugar, some tea, and two shillings; one of which was *my* gift, because he was an Irishman.

17th. Our Irish friend did not bring back the pitcher as he promised. Suspicions began to arise; walked to Phipps's; called at the cottage where the fellow said his wife and twins were lying; found 'twas all a cheat. Sad hardeners of the heart these tricks are. Taken by Phipps in his gig to Laycock Abbey (the Grosset's); passed through Spye Park, and by Mrs. Dickinson's; a beautiful country. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening.

18th. Walked my dear Bessy for the first time into the garden; the day delightful. She went round to all her flower beds to examine their state, for she has every little leaf in the garden by heart. Took a ramble afterwards by myself through the Valley of Chitoway, and the fields. Exactly such a day as that described so beautifully by the sacred poet Herbert:

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky;
> Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
> For thou must die."

Wrote some more of my flash espistle; and, in the evening, finished the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy; we both cried over it. Returned thanks to God most heartily for the recovery of my darling girl, and slept soundly.

19th. From between eleven and twelve till half-past three, in the garden and in the fields. Found in Grose what Lord L. alluded to the other day, the favourite toast of the Tories and Catholics in Ireland, "To the little Gentleman in Velvet;" meaning the mole, whose hillock tripped up King William's horse, Crop. Walked Bessy in the garden for half an hour. In the evening, read her some of a most silly novel, call the "Physiognomist."

20th. Another delicious day; enjoyed it thoroughly. Went on with the slang epistle. It seems profanation to write such buffoonery in the midst of this glorious sunshine; but, alas! money must be had, and these trifles bring it fastest and easiest. Read some of "Davies' Garrick;" and in the evening that most stupid "Physiognomist" to Bessy: when one begins anything in the way of a story, there is no leaving it off.

21st. Walked to Bowood, to call on Lord Lansdowne. Always kind and agreeable. Told him I was going to town. He said he could have taken me in the middle of the week; but, unluckily, I have engaged myself to go with Macdonald, who has taken our places in the coach. Lord L. asked me what was the poem of Prior's I had once mentioned to him as very pretty; he had been often trying to recollect it. It was "Dear Chloe, how blubbered," &c., &c. We took it down and read it. Nothing can be more gracefully light and gallant than this little poem. I mentioned Lowth's objections to the last two lines as ungrammatical, correctness requiring "than she" and "than I;"* but it is far prettier as it is. Lord L. mentioned a line of Racine's, which D'Alembert (I think) says is bad grammar, though it would be less beautiful if more correct. Showed me a passage in Playfair, which he thought incorrect English. Talked of Dugald Stewart, and mentioned a good remark in the "Edinburgh Review," on the power he had of giving a new shade of meaning to a word without any injury to its peculiar analogy, and preparing the reader's mind previously to welcome in this new sense without hesitation. This is a power of great skill and delicacy. Lord L. walked with me, on my return, nearly home to my own house.

23d. Left home at eleven; in coach about twelve. A jolly old farmer joined us part of the way; talked of the late elections; said he had given a plumper to Methuen becaue he had "flung the bill (for the additional income of the Princes) out of the house;" at the same time showing by his gesture that he understood that Methuen had actually thrown the

*"For thou art a girl as much prettier than her,
As he is a poet sublimer than me."—PRIOR'S *Poems*.

bill out of doors. Upon finding Macdonald was in the navy, told him he had also when young thought of going aboard a merchant ship; but his father said, "Don't go with *they*, boy; go with a man-of-war; thou bee'st scollard enough for that." Fare to Reading, 1*l.* 12*s.*; slept there; share of the bill, 1*l.* 3*s.*; fare to town, 14*s.* Macdonald told me some interesting naval stories; particularly of Corbet's towing the French frigate off, after she had cut her cable to run on shore. Dined by by myself at the George, opposite the Haymarket; and had oysters at night at the York, in St. James's Street.

24th. Called upon Power, and received Miss Lee's (Mr. Strutt's governess) volume, "Leaves," with copies to be presented to Rogers and Lady Morgan. She thus, at last, acknowledges it, after having long praised it to me as another's; but I suspected her throughout. Went to Longmans'; told them of my intention to immediately break up my deposit, leaving only 515*l.* in their hands for Anastasia; their promptitude and clearness in business most satisfactory. Went to Toller, my proctor, about my Bermuda business; showed him the letters I had received, which gave him some hopes that the claimants cannot prove the money was ever paid into my office: left the letters with him. Met Taylor, editor of the "Sun," who told me an anecdote of Sheridan. When some severe charges against him (relating, Taylor said, to his affair with Matthews) appeared in the "Bath Chronicle," he called upon Woodfall, printer of the "Chronicle," and requested him to insert them, in order that they might gain universal circulation, and that his answer, which he meant soon to prepare, might be understood as universally. Woodfall complied with his request, but the refutation never was written; so that the venom was by this means spread, and his indolence prevented him from ever supplying the antidote. Taylor said he was going to pass the evening with Peter Pindar, who is now eighty-one, and (as I understood him) bedridden; but his mind still sprightly and vigorous. Repeated me the epigrams he had lately dictated to him, upon Lawrence's very *juvenile* picture of the Regent. The point of one was, that the Regent, so far from being slim as represented by Lawrence, would, if he went to Greenland Dock, be boiled down as blubber. It is amusing enough to contrast the politics of Taylor's paper with his conversation and sentiments in private. How the public is humbugged! Called upon Lady Donegal, who had just returned from a range of royal visits at Kew, Carlton House, &c.: very indignant at the way the Queen's character is vilified in the newspapers. Don't wonder she defends the Queen, who was always very kind to her; and once, I recollect, did her the honour of working a handkerchief for her, like one of her own, which Lady D. admired. Happy to find dear Lady D. so much better. She and her sisters admirable creatures. Dined with the Longmans. Saw the replies to the Fudges, printed so like mine, that Davidson the printer said he would at first sight take his oath it was the same book. Impudent thing—putting the name of "Thomas Brown" to the catch-penny! Looked over the file of the "St. James's Chronicle" for 1772, and found an extract of a letter from Bath about Sheridan. Found that Murray had shown my verses about the "Quarterly" and "Blackwood" to several, who were much amused with them. Eat shrimps at the York at night.

25th. Received a letter from Lord Holland asking me to Holland House, and bidding me "bring my night-cap." Answered for the next day. Called upon Wilkie. The Sheridan business in a very awkward way. Burgess, the solicitor who called the creditors, evidently a creditor himself, and finding by the agreement of the booksellers with Mrs. T. Sheridan, that there are *thousands* talked of, is resolved to have a finger in the pie. Very natural, but very likely to upset the whole concern. Burgess told Murray there was but one creditor urgent, and that for 350*l.* he would stop this nameless person's mouth. Quite the old Sheridan trick. This 350*l.* evidently for himself; but how could he have the face to say that such a sum would settle everything! Dined at the George; and went to Lady D. (whom I had promised to dine with) in the evening. Sung after tea, but was obliged soon to stop. Music has always a most powerful effect upon her; but, in the present weak state of her nerves, one more such song as "Oft in the Stilly Night" would have evidently thrown her into hysterics. Mr. C. came in; a *ci-devant jeune homme*, which is always a melancholy anachronism.

26th. Called upon Power, and mustered up courage enough to tell him that I could not take less than the clear 500*l.* a-year in our future agreement, without any deductions, such as had been made before for the arrangement of my music; left him to consider of it. Went to Holland House; had some conversation with Lord H. before dinner. Mentioned to me a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince while they were in power. S. having told him (while they waited in an antechamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission to him, told quite a different story, referring to S., who all the while courteously bowed assent; and, said Lord H., "I could not, for the soul of me, make out which was the liar." Some talk with Lord John Russell before dinner; asked him about his "Life of Lord Russell," which I had heard he was about to publish. He told me he had shown it to Allen, who had made some criticisms on the style, and had particularly objected to the word "develope" as not English. This is nonsense; the word is not only naturalised, but we have no other that will do in its place. "Unfold" or "lay open" do not mean half so much. The party at dinner: Lord John, Tierney, Sharpe, Wishaw, Roger Wilbraham, Rogers, and Mrs. Sydney Smith. Lord Holland's stories and mimicry of Parr highly diverting. Parr had lately written to him, desiring that he would read "Imbonatus de Moribus Tragicorum." Somebody remarked very justly that Parr knows the crossways of learning better than the highways;—fond of surprising his readers with what seems English Latin (such as *faciunt terras*, for "make the land," and *capit*, in the sense of "succeeds," or "takes"), and then producing his authority for it. In the evening much talk about Sheridan. The trial between him and Delpini about a joke which he put into "Robinson Crusoe," stolen from a pantomime of Delpini's, of which he had "had the reading." The joke consisted in pulling off a man's boot, and pulling the leg off *with* it. I must inquire about this. It seems too comical to be true. Was it as "literary property" this joke was claimed? Sheridan told Tierney that he had written the greater part of Tickell's "Anticipation." Lord H., too, told us that when the "Stranger" was first performed, he dined with Sheridan and Canning for the purpose of going to see it; and when S., pulling a bottle of wine from beside him, said, "I have a secret bottle here" (meaning to parody his own song in the "Stranger," "I have a silent sorrow here"), Canning remarked, "You know, S., those verses are Tickell's," and referred to the place they were taken from; on which S. answered, "But don't you know that I wrote most of those verses for Tickell?" This seems to agree with the assertion in Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs," that the songs of the "Carnival of Venice" were by Sheridan, though they certainly are not at all like his style. But where is the song to be found from which is taken "I have a silent sorrow here?" Tickell, all agreed, was a disagreeable fellow, and envied Sheridan. Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "*Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter.*" We spoke of what he said to Tarleton about the ass and the mule: it was with respect to the result of the war in Spain. They all pronounced it excellent, and I suppose it is so. "Ask'st thou how long my love will stay?" (a song of Sheridan's), which I have traced to Montreuil and Menage, is more immediately (as Lord Holland pointed out to me) taken from Hume's essay called the "Epicurean." Lady Thanet was the person who had first remarked this to him. Sheridan's ignorance of French. Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's "Memorial to the States-General," to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of the word "*malheureux*," while Mr. Fox, &c. sat by silent. "I have always thought (said Dundas) that *maleroo* means 'unfortunate gentleman.'" Lord H. imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson's "shallows are always clear"), "perspicuous, but, my lords, not less shallow for being perspicuous." Thurlow, all seemed to agree, a great humbug. Mr. Fox's saying, "I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow *looks*,—that is impossible." The Prince's imitation of Thurlow excellent. I mentioned I had heard him give it at his own table at Carlton House; and

Tom Sheridan told me the story with which he introduced it was made extempore. If Tom S. said true, it showed great quickness of invention. Lord H. told me of the Prince's mimicking Basilico, Mr. Fox's servant, saying to him (the Prince), "I have had de honneur, sare, of being at Windsor. I have see your fader; he looks as well as ever;"—the latter words spoken in a side whisper and a rueful face, as if sympathising with what he thought the Prince must feel at the intelligence. Had some talk with Allen about coalitions: he referred me for his opinions upon that between Fox and Lord Grenville, to the "History of Europe" in the "Annual Register" for 1806, which he himself had written. With respect to the coalition of Fox and Lord North, he considered it to have been rendered quite necessary by the overwhelming power of the Court, which could not otherwise have been opposed than by a union of the two included parties. I asked Lord H. whose were the two famous jokes about the Bourbons and the peace which S., with his usual coolness in these matters, appropriated to himself? He said the former one was Sir A. Pigott's, and the latter Francis's. Francis was very angry at the robbery. Sheridan's witticisms (those which were his own) all made *à loisir*, and kept by him with a patience quite miraculous, till the exact moment when they might be brought forward with best effect. This accounts for his general silence in company, and the admirable things that came when he *did* speak.

27th. Slept at Holland House. Walked before breakfast with Tierney, Rogers, &c., in the garden, and read Luttrell's very pretty verses, written under Lord Holland's, in the seat called "Rogers's seat." The breakfast very agreeable: Lord Holland full of sunshine as usual. "He always comes down to breakfast (says Rogers very truly) like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune had just fallen." We talked of the oddity of the Scotch law terms; and Lord H. reminded Tierney (who had been engaged in some Scotch lawsuit) of the doleful face with which he once told him that they had *multopropoinded* him." He also mentioned the ludicrous effect Lord Lauderdale produced upon a company by telling them, "By the Lord, they have *praconised* Garthland," *i. e.* precognised. Walked into town with Tierney. He thinks I shall have a good escape of it if my "Life of Sheridan" is given up. Told me of the sequel of Sheridan's magnanimous refusal of the registrarship of Malta for Tom; which was his asking of Tierney to get the place for him for somebody else. When Sheridan, upon the awkward business with Lord Yarmouth and the household, called upon Tierney, in the House, to attest his independent conduct in refusing the place for Tom, Tierney, after having stated what he knew of this part of the story, asked (for says he, "I was in a devil of a passion") whether he should proceed to the rest of the transaction? "No, thank you," says Sheridan very coolly, "that will do." Tierney said Sheridan was generally wrong about financial matters. It was certainly a fine holiday time for Mr. Pitt when he had no abler critic of his financial schemes than Sheridan. Pitt, however, had a very high idea of him, and thought him, Tierney said, "a far greater man than Mr. Fox." I remarked how soon great men are forgot in England: he thought at present Lord Chatham was better remembered than Mr. Pitt,—perhaps because his career was a popular one —"with the mob, the whole of his course." Burke had done more mischief than any one. I remarked that even the good he had done by his early writings he had completely neutralised by his later ones; for nothing in favour of liberty could be cited from the one, to which a totally contradictory and counteracting sentiment might not be brought forward from the other. "Sheridan," Tierney said, "worked very hard when he had to prepare himself for any great occasion. His habit was, on these emergencies, to rise at four in the morning (*can this* be true?), to light up a prodigious quantity of candles around him, and eat toasted muffins while he worked." Parted with Tierney at Lord Boyle's, and called upon Hobhouse, who is quite sure of being elected for Westminster, and furious against the Whigs; who, in return, are sulky towards him. Was to have walked out again with Tierney, but missed him, and went by the stage. Party at dinner: Rogers, Tierney, Sharpe, and Mrs. Smith. Lord John dined with the Fox Club. Talked in the evening of the late George Ellis, of whom I knew but little. Remarked how unintelligible and confused he was in his con-

versation (particularly upon business), though so clear in his style of writing. The conversation at dinner chiefly about Swift's wretched views of human life, and the pleasure he had in depreciating and degrading his species. His "Yahoos" detestable. Swift laboured to render every one disgusted with the world; Voltaire only tries to make us laugh at everything in it. The one would make the most trifling things grievances; the other would make the most important things ridiculous. Asked Lord H. whether he thought the Prince's letters during the first Regency were really written by Burke, as I had some little suspicion that they might have been done by Sheridan; though the style was perhaps too unambitious and chastised for him; as indeed it was for Burke. He said he knew nothing about those letters, but Lord Minto, he believed, wrote much for the Prince at that time. S.'s conduct (Lord H. said) during that first Regency question, when he had perfect possession of the Prince, was highly fair and honourable. Had the pleasure of putting into Rogers's hand a draft for my long-owed debt of five hundred pounds.

28th. Another very agreeable breakfast, though a very late one—not till nearly twelve o'clock. Tierney mentioned two bonmots of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon"), "soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country,—"Never," said Pitt, "*except in case of actual invasion.*" I also mentioned Sir W. Curtis's conundrum, "Why is a towel like a serpent?—Because it's a *wiper*." A blunder told of some Irishman, whose wife's brother was heir to a large fortune, saying, "If my wife had been her brother, what a large fortune," &c. &c. Talked of the Whig feeling that prevailed among the officers of the navy; their idea that the navy is the parliamentary force, while the army belongs to the king. The navy offended by having the crown put over the anchor some years ago. This, I think, not true. The Prince at one time, thought of giving red waistcoats and breeches to the navy; at another time he is reported to have said, upon some consultation for a change of their costume, "D—n them; dress them how you will, you cannot make them look like gentlemen." Rogers mentioned to me a letter which Sharpe received from Sir J. Mackintosh the very day poor Romilly died, expressing an apprehension that *he* would be the next great man lost; and speaking very touchingly of him and other superior spirits, to whom they had been accustomed to look up in their "age of admiration." Rogers wished me to go and dine this day with his brother and sister at Highbury. I assented, if he would take upon himself to stand the brunt of Lady Holland's displeasure on the occasion. In for a very amusing scene between them on the subject, she insisting upon keeping me, and he most miraculously courageous and persevering in taking me away. "Why," says she to me, "do you allow him to dispose of you thus, like a little bit of literary property?" Dined at Highbury. Miss Rogers very agreeable: mentioned a letter she had had from a friend in Germany, saying that the Germans were learning English in order to read Lord Byron and *me*. Rogers mentioned too that Fearon, in his account of America, describes the conversation there as very much occupied about the same two personages. Must look at Fearon for this. Returned home to Duke Street.

29th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, who is returning to Wiltshire the day after to-morrow, and offers to take me. Cannot go. Called upon Perry, who has been very ill. Seemed to think that the coming in of the Duke of Wellington would lead ultimately to the breaking up of the present administration. Asked me to dine with him to-morrow, when he half expected the Duke of Sussex to dine with him. Promised. Dined to-day with Scrope Davies to meet Jackson the boxer at my own request, as I want to pick up as much of the flash, *from authority*, as possible. Some talk with Davies before dinner, about Lord Byron and me having been so near blowing each other's brains out: told him that Lord B. had said since he never meant to fire at me. Davies was with him at the time this hostile correspondence took place, and offered to bet upon friendship against fighting as the most likely result. The event found him right. Lord B.'s conduct on this occasion was full of manliness and candour. Told him the particulars of an affair afterwards with Harry Greville, in which Byron employed me as his friend; Leckie (the

Sicilian Leckie) was Greville's. It was settled without a meeting. I refused to enter into any negotiation upon the letter which Greville had written to demand an explanation, as it was an offence in itself from the unbecoming terms in which it was couched. Leckie accordingly consented to withdraw the letter; and, putting a pen into my hand, begged me to erase the passages I objected to. I made, of course, free use of the pen; and he got Greville to write the letter over again, not telling him we had ever seen it. With such an accommodating second it was easy, of course, to settle the matter triumphantly. Got very little out of Jackson; he makes, Davies tells me, more than a thousand a-year by teaching sparring. Caleb Baldwin is the teacher in the city.

30th. Dined with Perry. The Duke of Sussex did not come, so we had the princely dinner to ourselves. Told me how the Regent had treated the Duke. On the latter's going to hear the will of the Queen read, he was kept near four hours waiting alone, and then told he must come again next day; but found afterwards they had been reading the will all the while he had been kept waiting. Looked over Smirke's beautiful "Don Quixote" in the evening. Found a note from Lady Holland on my return home, saying they expect me to-morrow.

December 1st. Called upon Gifford, editor of the "Quarterly;" have known him long, but forbore from calling upon him ever since I meditated "Lalla Rookh," lest it might look like trying to propitiate his criticism; the mildest man in the world till he takes a pen in his hand, but then all gall and spitefulness. Spoke of Holland House. He knew it, he said, by report; wished there was a Holland House on the other side of the question, but there was not; said it was in politics and literature what Sir J. Banks's house was in science; and neither could be replaced. Asked me whether I was not disgusted by the vile imitation of the "Fudges" just come out. This took me by surprise a little. Went to Holland House in the stage. Had some conversation before dinner with Rogers about his poem, which he is daily adding couplets to. Mackintosh's expression, the "age of admiration," is the one now in the crucible. Party at dinner, Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Lord Affleck, Sharpe, and Rogers. Sat next Lord Alvanley, and had much conversation with him about Lords Forbes and Rancliffe, and others of my early cronies. The conversation to-day of rather a commoner turn than usual, on account of these slang bucks, but still very agreeable. Alvanley just hits that difficult line between the gentleman and the jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly; but Craven goes further. Though clever in his way, he is too decidedly *flash* in his tones, words, manner, everything. When one meets him in such company, "one wonders how the devil he got there." Lord Holland told an excellent story which he had heard from Latin, of a trick practised to attract people to a coffee-house in Paris, by announcing that they should see there an animal between a rabbit and a carp; and when you went in, the man told you, with a grave face, that "M. Lacépède, the great naturalist, had just sent for this curious animal, in order to make some experiment;" "mais voici," added he, "ses respectable parens" (showing a rabbit and a carp), que vous trouverez très intéressans," &c. &c. "Sheridan," Lord H. said, was "an annual parliament and universal suffrage man," but it seemed rather as a waggery that he adopted it. "There is nothing like it," he would say; "the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready: don't talk to me of your minor details; I am for annual parliaments and universal suffrage; nothing short of that."

2d. Conversation at breakfast about late hours. The porter of the late Lord Jersey came to some one and complained he could not stay with the Jerseys, because my lady was the very latest woman in London." "Well, but what then? All women of fashion are late, you can sleep afterwards." "Ah, no, sir, that's not all, for my lord is the earliest gentleman in London; and between the two, I get no sleep at all." I mentioned the circumstance of a man from the country visiting his friend in town, and both sleeping in the same bed, without ever meeting for a fortnight. Dined by myself at the George, and went afterwards to Covent Garden, to Lady Oxford's box. A rare set of Reformers surrounding her and her lively daughters: Hobhouse, Douglas Kinnaird, Scrope Davies. The play, a new tra-

gedy, "Junius Brutus;" a good deal of merit in it.

3d. Called upon Carpenter, who told me for 200*l.* he would give me a receipt in full, my debt to him, including interest and book-account, being 450*l.*; but as he was under so many obligations to me, he would reduce it to 200*l.* It is strange, but Carpenter never, from my first dealings with him, would give me a regular account. Dined with Douglas and his pretty young wife; and went with him, his sister and wife's sister, to Covent Garden: the "Rivals" and "Rose d'Amour;" some pretty music in the latter. Had gone in the morning to the pawnbroker in Wardour Street, of whom Pearce, the M. P. for Devizes, told me. The only piece of plate with an inscription on it he had of Sheridan's was one from the corporation of Stafford, and this Charles Sheridan bought; but the books he had of Sheridan's (all in elegant bindings, presented to him by his friends, with their names in them), he had first sold in lots to different people. This pawnbroker seems to have behaved with great delicacy and disinterestedness. He might have made what he pleased by these books, by signifying his possession of them to the world; but he preferred, as he said, getting little more than the money he paid for them, to doing anything which might expose the memory and character of Sheridan. His name is Harrison. I now recollect many years ago hearing Sheridan say, at Donington Park, that he was about to form a library, and not being rich enough to buy books, he had signified to his friends that nothing would be more welcome to him than a gift of a set of books from each. Lord Moira at the time gave him a very handsome set. It now appears into what vortex all these gifts were swallowed. The pawnbroker says there were some books among them with my name; but I do not recollect having given him any. Found a note from Scrope Davies, on my return home very late, to say that we must be in our chaise for the fight (which I had engaged to go to see with him) at eight in the morning.

4th. Breakfasted with Davies at seven. Walked to Jackson's house in Grosvenor Street; a very neat establishment for a boxer. Were off in our chaise at eight. The immense crowds of carriages, pedestrians, &c. all along the road—the respect paid to Jackson everywhere, highly comical. He sung some flash songs on the way, and I contrived to muster up one or two myself, much to Scrope Davies's surprise and diversion. The scene of action beyond Crawley, thirty-two miles from town; the combatants Randall and Turner, the former an Irishman, which was lucky, as it gave me some sort of interest in the contest. The thing altogether not so horrid as I expected. Turner's face was a good deal de-humanised, but Randall (the conqueror) had hardly a scratch. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-two minutes: a beautiful sunshine broke out at this part of the day; and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed around, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle. The pigeons let off at different periods of the fight, with dispatches, very picturesque; at the close, as many as half a dozen took wing. It seems they are always sure messengers, unless they happen to meet with a hawk. Was to have dined with Douglas Kinnaird, to meet the Oxfords, and hear the new prima donna, Madame Bellochi, sing in the evening; but did not get home till half-past eight at night. Had also been in some degree engaged to the Beefsteak Club to meet Brougham and Captain Morris, the old song-writer. This, however, was out of the question; and as I was told the day before, both by B. and Captain M., that they did not intend to go, had no great loss of it. Dined by myself, very tired, at the George; heard, while at dinner, "an account of the battle, by express," crying in the streets. Sent to buy it, and found it anticipated victory on the side of Turner.

5th. Breakfasted with Power, in order to walk to Hornsey and pay my usual visit for Bessy at the grave of our dear Barbara. Woolriche, whom I had seen but the day before, came and walked with us. The Sunday papers all placarded with "true," and "genuine," and "best" accounts of the battle. On passing through Tottenham-court Road, we saw an immense congregation of blackguards at the entrance of a passage called Cock Court. Asked what was the matter? "Randall lives here, sir." It was the conqueror's levée. Recollected the anecdote Davies told me of Caleb Baldwin and some other fellow when they saw Berkeley Craven in his court dress: "My

eyes, what's Berkeley going to Court for?" —"Vy, I suppose he's going to be presented on Gully's late victory." I ought to pay these visits to my dear child alone, for the melancholy which came over me when I *did* go alone was, I think, useful to me; such melancholy purifies the heart. Found the grave neat and undisturbed. Dined at Power's to meet Bishop the composer, who is one of the very few men of musical genius England can boast of at present. Talked much of the art. He has long been preparing a "Treatise on the Effect of Instruments." Mentioned Charran's "Dictionary of Musicians," which I must see. The omission of the 7th and 4th, he says, is the characteristic of natural music; has often found, when he has been wandering wildly through the mountains of Wales, and has sung away without thinking *what* he sung, that he has invariably detected himself omitting the 7th and 4th. Went in the evening to Tegart's, where I *was* to have dined. Dancing of a Sunday night; Catholics don't mind this. Danced a country-dance with Mrs. Shiel, the wife of the dramatist. They then took to quadrilles and I took to my heels, glad to get to bed before twelve o'clock.

6th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me of Crabbe's negotiation with Murray for his new volume of "Tales," consisting of near 12,000 lines. Murray offered him for this and the copyright of the past volumes 3000*l*. Crabbe was at breakfast with us, and seemed to think this was a good bargain; and so, I confess, did I; but Rogers thought this sum should be given for the new volume alone, and that the Longmans ought to be tried. Called on my proctor, who said there had been no motion against me this sitting, and to-morrow would be the last day of it. Went to Longman's; settled some more of business; from thence to Wilkie, who produced me two large bags of Sheridan's papers to examine. Worked at them for two hours; found some letters of the Regent's, one of which seemed to be written when he was drunk. By the by, much talk in town about "Brummel's Memoirs." Murray told me a day or two ago, that the report was he had offered 5000*l*. for the "Memoirs," but that the Regent had sent Brummel 6000*l*. to suppress them! Upon Murray's saying he really had some idea of going to Calais to treat with Brummel, I asked him (Scrope Davies was by) what he would give me for a volume in the style of the "Fudges," on his correspondence and interviews with Brummel? "A thousand guineas," he said, "this instant." But I rather think I should be tempted to quiz Master Murray, in such a work, a little more than he would like. Left Wilkie at five to dine with the Longmans. Went in the evening with Rees to the Olympic theatre; dull work enough. The entertainments at these places look so tempting on the bills, "*at cum intraveris, Dii Deœque quam nihil, in medio invenies*" (Pliny).

7th. Breakfasted at Lady Donegal's. She had had another of her cruel nervous attacks on Saturday last, but was now better; and most happy I was to hear her say that my coming amused her, and did her good. Kind, excellent woman! what would I not do to give her the health and happiness she so well deserves. Called on Mrs. Douglas, to take her to see Shee's pictures. Glad to see she is in a fair way to give the old admiral an heir. From thence to Murray's, whence I was called for by Tegart, to take me to the Royal Institution, as I wished to consult the eighth volume of Gronovius. Found the treatise on "Sports and Gymnastics" by Peter Faber, which I wanted to see; made some extracts from it. Called upon Rogers at half-past four, when I found that Lord Holland had written to the Longmans to meet him there on Crabbe's business. At five Rees came, and I left them to their deliberations. Went to dine with Wilkie, in order to occupy the evening in looking over Sheridan's papers: after dinner had the bags in; got through but one of them. Went to Rees at nine o'clock. Told me the particulars of the conference at Rogers's; said he had prefaced the offer he had made, by telling them they must not expect anything like what would be given for a work of mine—(wonder how Lord Holland liked this, as Crabbe's his great favourite); and for the new work and the old had only offered 1000*l*. A great falling off this from Murray's offer. So I told him; but he said, that from an inquiry into the past sale of Crabbe's works, it was the most they thought it prudent to give. Went with Rees to Covent Garden; saw part of the "Barber of Seville."

8th. Breakfasted with Power, and revised the letterpress of some of the numbers of the

"Melodies," as he is about to stereotype the whole work. From thence to Longman's, where I received a bond to "Miss Anastatia Mary Moore" for 515*l*. The dear mother will be so glad to get this. Paddled back through the swimming streets to Rogers, who had fixed two for me to call. Found him in consternation about Crabbe, who had written to Murray immediately after the interview with Rees, to say he would accept his offer, but had not heard from him since. Rogers proposed we should go together to Murray as he wanted to speak to him about his own poem, which he thinks of publishing with him in shares. Went to Murray; and, after Rogers had talked to him about his own poem, and told Murray that he was printing it himself, to see how it looked, he said carelessly, "I am glad to find, Mr. Murray, that you have settled with Mr. Crabbe for his new work." This clinched the business. Murray answered very cheerfully that he *had;* so off we set to poor Crabbe (who was moping dismally at home, and had nearly given up all hopes of his thousands), to tell him the news, which of course set his mind perfectly at ease. Called upon Carpenter, paid him the two hundred pounds, and got his receipt in full. Told me he had some notions of retiring from business, but that he should do *one* dashing thing before he gave in; and that was to publish a splendid edition of my "Anacreon," with woodcuts. Paid some little bills; dined at the York alone; packed up in the evening, as I was to be in the coach for home at seven next morning, and went to bed early.

9th. Came down in the coach (the York House) with two or three women. Arrived at Calne a little after seven, and at home before nine. Found all well, my sweet Bessy looking better than I have seen her for a long time. Had a nice supper for me, which I did justice to.

10th. Resting, reading, and rambling. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to say we thought of christening the little fellow on Saturday; but if he had the least wish to escape the operation, I could easily get a vice to act for him, or I would assume that honour myself, and turn the parish clerk into Dr. Parr. He wrote, however, a kind letter back, saying, if Lord Carnarvon left him in time he would certainly come.

11th. Recollected some things which I have not put down among the memoranda of my town visit. Scrope Davies told me that Sir Francis Burdett often says the two days I passed at Ramsbury in going up to London were among the pleasantest of his life. Rogers, on the last morning I was with him in town, took out of a little cabinet the draft I had given him a week before, and said, "What am I to do with this?" I laughed and said, "Present it for payment, to be sure, my dear Rogers." "Well," he answered, "if it is any convenience to you in your Bermuda business, to enable you to allege that *you have no means*, I will keep it for you."

12th. Lord Lansdowne arrived about half past one, and we all went to church; he and I walked; and Bessy, the nurse, and little one went in a chaise. After the ceremony he gave Bessy a paper, which contained, he said, a present for the nurse. He left us; and we drove to call on Mr. Phipps. The paper contained two five pound notes, one of which Bessy gave to the nurse, and reserved the other as a present for her mother. They have latterly been very considerate, indeed, in their applications for assistance to me. In the evening read out the "Englishman in Paris" to Bessy; wretchedly dull.

13th. Received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland, signed J. Aicken, telling me he is the centre of a little circle of admirers of mine, who all feel interested about me as a man not less than as a poet, and entreating I would tell them the ages, names, &c. of my children, as they had seen by the papers lately that I had just had a fourth child. The letter is intelligently and feelingly written. He also begs for one of the Sacred Songs, "The Turf shall be," in my own handwriting. When I was in town I received a letter from a person equally unknown to me, but who says we were introduced to each other fifteen years ago,—a Mrs. Atherston. This lady must be a little mad. "I have known," says she, "two giants in my time, the giant of body and the giant of intellect. When quite a child I knew O'Brien and loved him; I saw you *too*," &c. It is strange how people can summon up all this interest, and take all this trouble, about one who is a perfect stranger to them; at least, to most of those who thus address me, I am only known by my writings. Looked over a

curious collection of old slang books I brought with me from Longman's. The "English Rogue" must be scarce, as the four small volumes are priced six guineas,—coarse and dull; De Foe's "Moll Flanders," which I confess I cannot read through, though it is by De Foe.

14th. Began another flash epistle, and wrote twenty lines. Read "Boxiana," to store my memory with the cant phrases. Went on with the "Englishman in Paris" in the evening.

15th. Twenty lines more. Received a letter from Mrs. W——, another of my unknown ladies, who has twice before sent me poetical and musical compositions of her daughter, a girl of fourteen. This contains a poem on the birth of my son.

17th. Twenty lines more. This sort of stuff goes glibly from the pen. I sometimes ask myself why I write it; and the only answer I get is, that I flatter myself it serves the cause of politics which I espouse, and that, at all events, it brings a little money without much trouble.

18th. Read King's "Anecdotes of his own Times," just published by Murray. Some amusing things about Pope, Addison, &c.; and his character of the Pretender, as coming from such a Jacobite, curious. There is mention here of a poem by King, called the "Toast," which I do not find in Chalmers. He says that Swift declared to a lady, if he had read the Toast when he was twenty years of age, he would never have written a satire.

19th. Walked over to Bowood. Conversation with Lord Lansdowne. Mentioned the affairs of Spain: thinks the rumour of insurrection there true: says our Ministers are much agitated at present by various matters: the Bank question assumes a very serious aspect; and that upon other points there seems to be much difference between them. Talked of "King's Anecdotes." King had evidently got rid of much of his Jacobitism when he wrote this book. Lord L.'s father had heard King deliver some of his Ratcliffe orations; and whenever the word *redeat* (which came more than once) occurred, King would pause, and, though the passage had no reference to anything connected with politics, this word, and King's significant pause upon it, were a signal for the Jacobite part of his audience to applaud. One of the passages was *redeat Astræa virgo*. Was reading Fearon's book upon America; recommended it as the most acute work upon the subject he had seen. Lady Andover (I believe) in the house, with Charles Fox, Captain Fielding, and Miss Calcraft, the friend of the Bowleses. Lady Lansdowne proposed to accompany me, together with Miss C., as far as Sandy Lane, where she was going to look at a cottage they were building. Very agreeable in our walk, and pressed me much to name a day to dine at Bowood. I did not. Read to Bessy in the evening the Scotch novel, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which we have just received from the Book Society.

20th. Answered the Scotch gentleman's letter, and sent him a copy of the Sacred Song. Received a letter from Miss Lefanu about her novel, which I have promised to recommend to the Longmans for her. The Scotch novel in the evening. Our little boy not well: have much fear about him: there is a premature meaning in his eyes, which (though it may be called old woman's talk to say so) is often, I fear, a sign of premature decay. Heaven spare him to his fond mother!

21st. Read some of Phillips's "Recollections of Curran," which Lord L. sent me, and which he said was even worse than he expected from the pen of the orator. It is certainly in wretched taste; but to every one who knew Curran there are some things in it interesting.

22d. Walked into Devizes, to inquire for a wet-nurse for my little boy, who seems as if he wanted a reinforcement of his nature, and I wish I had insisted upon his having it from the first. Begged of —— to look out one for me. Bessy thinks of giving a little dance next week, and as the idea seems to amuse her, she shall do it: the dear girl so seldom leaves her home, that she deserves every enlivenment of which that sphere is capable. Read some of Fearon's "Sketches of American Life," and like it much. Was amused by his quoting, not only gravely, but with some degree of respect, my boyish opinions about America: "Moore's melancholy conclusion!" Fearon is the most acute and matter-of-fact critic the Yankees have had to encounter yet, and heartily angry they will be with him, "I guess."

23d. Received from one of my female corre-

spondents (the lady who loved the Irish giant) a Christmas present, consisting of a goose, a pot of pickles, another of clouted cream, and some apples. This, indeed, is a tribute of admiration more solid than I generally receive from these fair admirers of my poetry. The young Bristol lady, who inclosed me three pounds after reading "Lalla Rookh," had also very laudable ideas on the subject; and if every reader of "Lalla Rookh" had done the same, I need never have written again. Read the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy in the evening. Have got a wet-nurse for little Tommy, a woman in the neighbourhood, to come three times a day, which is better than nothing. Poor little thing! with a mother that can give him no milk, and a father that can give him no money, what business has he in this world? Bowles had called in the morning; and was most amusing about his purchase of a great coat once in Monmouth Street, which, while in the shop, he took for blue, but which on his appearance in the sunshine he found to be a glaring, glossy green. His being met in this coat by a great church dignitary, &c. &c.

24th. Worked at my Flash Memorial. Received a parcel of Sheridan's papers from Wilkie. Nothing more decisive known about the intentions of the creditors. Dined at ——s'; noisy and dull, with the exception of Bowles, who, when the rapid chatterers would let him, was highly amusing.

25th. Received a note from Lord Lansdowne, saying they had expected I would fix a day in this week to dine there, and asking me for Wednesday next. A parcel of books from Longman's, which I wanted to consult for the *learned* part of my *flash* work: "Dio. Chrysostomus" (for the oration on Melancomus, the famous pugilist); Themistius, in which I have found nothing but a reference to "Dio. Chrysostom.;" and "Cyprian," who has supplied only one sentence, not worth the carriage. Our servants had company to dinner in honour of the day, and kept it up merrily, singing choruses till past eleven. In the evening read to Bessy a MS. opera by Miss Costello, a protegée of Bowles's, taken from a story he suggested to her, and about which he is very sanguine. It cannot possibly do; which is a sad pity, as she is a respectable girl, and, with her mother, much distressed.

26th. Bowles called upon me to enforce my dining with him, and to ask my opinion of Miss Costello's opera: was sorry to be obliged to tell him how hopeless I thought it; showed me a letter which he had written to her, begging her acceptance of 20*l.* Went with Macdonald to dine at Bowles's: the company, Henry Joy and his father, Miss Calcraft, Miss Joy, and little Miss Miles. The whole day rather pleasant; sung with Miss Miles in the evening; lost our way in coming home, and got down the steep road into Chittoway; were obliged to stand shivering in the cold while the carriage went to a turning place; near one when I got home, and found dearest Bessy sitting up for me.

27th. Wrote twelve or fourteen lines of my Flash. Sent to Sir Scrope Bernard & Co. a draft for 140*l.* on account of John Atkinson, of Dublin. Mrs. Phipps dined with us. Read to her and Bessy in the evening, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "Such Things are."

28th. Received another parcel of Sheridan's papers from Wilkie; have not opened it; do not like to lose any more time with this work, till there is some prospect of our being able to publish it. Wrote some more of the Flash.

29th. Walked with Mr. Hughes to Bowood, he having requested me to give him convoy on his first visit; delicious day; Lord L. not at home. Finished the second volume of the Scotch novel in the evening.

30th. Routed out of my study by the preparations for the dance to-morrow night, and not able to get into my *other* study, the garden, on account of the damp, foggy weather. Copied out some music. At a quarter to six, Macdonald called upon me to go to dinner at Bowood; obliged to feel our way, not very safely, through the fog. Company at dinner: Lemon and Lady Charlotte (Lady L.'s sister), Dickinson, an M. P.; Abercrombie, Macdonald's brother, Sir James Mackintosh, and Charles Fox. Sat between Mackintosh, and Lord L. Talked of Fearon, and Birkbeck. The singularity of two such men being produced out of the middling class of society at the same time; proof of the intelligence now spread through that rank of Englishmen. It must make those in the higher regions look about them and be on the alert; every man now feels that kind of warning from the man immediately beneath him, and the stimulus is

propagated. What it will come to God knows. What Curran said when asked what there was doing in the House of Lords? "Only Lord Moira, *airing* his *vocabulary:*" better than anything P. has told of him. Grattan delightful; "so much (Mackintosh said) to admire, so much to love in him, so much to laugh at, so wise, so odd, so good." Sir J. Mackintosh told of "*Barry Close,*" the well-known East Indian officer, that not having learned anything previous to his going to India, he got everything he knew through the medium of *Persian* literature; studied logic in a translation (from Arabic into Persian) of Aristotle; and was a most learned and troublesome *practician*, as well as theorist, in dialectics. Some one brought him a volume of Lord Bacon (of whom he had never heard) and said, "Here is a man who has attacked your friend, Aristotle, tooth and nail." "Who can the impudent fellow be?" said Close. "Lord Bacon." "Who the devil is he? What trash people do publish in these times!" After reading him, however, he confessed that Lord Bacon had said some devilish sensible things. Music in the evening; all but Mackintosh and the elder Macdonald attentive. They talked the whole time: I did not mind Macdonald; but I was sorry for Mackintosh. I said, when I got up from singing, "I see those two gentlemen like to talk to accompaniment," which brought the rest of the company upon them, and they were put to the blush. Mackintosh soon atoned by the agreeableness of his conversation, and I was too selfish to follow the example of his *not listening*. Mackintosh quoted two lines from Dryden's "Cymon and Iphigenia" as *perfection:*

> "Love first taught Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
> Taught all the sweet civilities of life."

Lord L. and I agreed that it required rather too much thought to perceive its beauty, but that when once we arrive at all the refinement of the idea, it is exquisite indeed. He also quoted the first six lines of the "Introduction to the Tales" as particularly happy and eloquent. He then introduced a criticism (which I had heard him show off before) on Dryden's translation of the opening lines of "Æneid" as being particularly faulty. "Haughty Juno's unrelenting hate," not in the original, and weakening the effect of the fatality which was supposed to impel him. To "expelled and exil'd," a similar objection, the important point "Italiam" left out. The force of *fato profŭgus* not at all done justice to. Lord L. mentioned a passage in Florus, where the word *profŭgus* was very strangely used. I forget it; but it describes one of the Roman generals as *profŭgus* for the sake of seeking out an enemy to Rome. Dr. Paley at Cambridge (Q. E. E.) called the word *profŭgus* (the consequence of his northern education), and the following line was written on the occasion,—"Errat Virgilius, forte profŭgus erat." I mentioned Dryden's "Juvenal," and repeated his and Gifford's translation of the line, "*Quanto præstantius esset,*" in the third satire, to show how much more sweetly Dryden has done them. Gifford's is (if I recollect right) thus—

> "Nymph of the spring! more graced thy haunts had been,
> More honour'd, if an edge of living green
> Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,
> And marble ne'er profaned the native stone."

Dryden has done it thus—

> "How much more beauteous had the fountain been,
> Embellish'd with its first created green,
> Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
> Centered with an urn of native stone."

Gifford's last line substituted here for Dryden's would make this perfect. I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples talking of Virgil, "Ah Virgile, qu'il est beau! C'est mon idole; que c'est sublime ça,—*Tityre tu patulæ recubans,*" &c., &c. Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a foreigner, whom I remember in London, called the Commandeur de Tilly, and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away," was done "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe." I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said, "Voilá le Château de Macbeth." "Maccabée, milor," said the artist. "Je crois que c'est Macbeth," modestly answered Lord M. "Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent; Judas Maccabéus, Empereur Romain!" Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word "l'Europe," all eyes were turned to the Duke; but then came out, to

their no small astonishment, "C'est moi!" Lady Lansdowne very kind and amiable; could not help being charmed with her; and my neighbour, M., so delighted — *one* third with the woman, and *two* thirds (being a Scotchman) with the Marchioness, that he asked my advice whether he should not make her a present of his beautiful table of Amboyna wood. Told him if he was not afraid of the awkward probability of her refusing to accept it, I thought he had better. Came home safe through the fog.

31st. All bustle and preparation for our dance in the evening; the supper laid in my study. Poor Bessy on her legs all day, to get everything as nice as possible; my chief occupation, besides drawing the wine, to keep little Tom quiet. All went off most gaily. We did our best to make them happy; and, to do our guests justice, they seemed all to come with a determination to be pleased. Supped at half-past twelve. I had lobsters, oysters, and champagne, express from London for the occasion, and the supper looked not only gay but elegant. Twenty-two persons supped in my little study. I sung for them after supper, and then to dancing again till near four in the morning. Poor Bessy's eyes, which have been sore for some days, dreadfully inflamed and red through the whole evening. A gay beginning to the new year. Heaven send it may so go on, and that thus

> "Our days and nights, with all their hours,
> May dance away with down upon their feet!"

January 1st, 1819. Weary, and resting after last night's gaieties. Visitors in the morning. Read to Bessy the Scotch novel in the evening. Have got through half of Gifford's "Memoirs of Ben Jonson." What a "canker'd carle" it is! Strange that a man should be able to lash himself up into such a spiteful fury, not only against the living but the dead, with whom he engages in a sort of *sciomachy* in every page. Poor dull and dead Malone is the shadow at which he thrusts in his "Jonson," as he did at poor Monck Mason, still duller and deader in his "Massinger."

2nd. Wrote a little and read a little. In the evening, the Scotch novel to Bessy, whose eyes were much better.

3rd. Received from the Longmans the list of poems they mean to put into the "Selection from the "English Poets," which they are about to publish, begging of me to omit or insert as I think proper.

4th. Finished the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy in the evening; a most extravagant and incredible story, but full of striking situations and picturesque sketches; the winding-up disagreeable and unsatisfactory.

5th. Looked over the list for the Longmans, and added some. Found they had omitted from Prior's that pretty thing "Dear Chloe, how blubbered," and "The merchant to conceal his treasure." Dined at Locke's. A very handsome dinner, but deadly dull company; and but for the sparkle of Mrs. Methuen's fine eyes across the table, I should have gone asleep. To the Devizes ball in the evening: Lady Frances W. there; introduced to her, and had much conversation, chiefly about our friend Lord B. Several of those beautiful things, published (if I remember right) with "The Bride," were addressed to her. She must have been very pretty when she had more of the freshness of youth, though she is still but five or six and twenty; but she looks faded already. She told me she had an Album which was begun and nearly half written through by Lord B. (the first thing in it, "When from the brow, where sorrow sits"); and she had another, which was as yet blank, and which she had resolved to keep blank "till an introduction to Mr. M. should enable her to ask *him* to begin it for her." I fought this off as well as I could; said I must know her better before I could have the *tête montée* sufficiently for such an undertaking, &c. Danced the second set with Mrs. Methuen.

6th. Lay in bed till late, and wrote some of "Tom Cribb's Memorial." Walked out for two hours; the most divine day (the season considered) that ever I felt or saw. In the evening looked over Longmans' list. They had left out, strange to say, from Warton's sonnets, some of the best in the language; that "To the river Lodden," exquisite. Out of Collins's, too, they had omitted his delicious ode upon Thomson's death; what music it is!

> "Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
> When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
> And oft suspend the dashing oar,
> To bid thy gentle spirit rest."

To those from Cowper I added one, which I

had myself forgot, but which is touching beyond anything:

"O happy shades, to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!
This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quivering to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if anything could please," &c. &c.

7th. Was to have dined with Macdonald: desperate day; sent an apology. Wrote some lines, and began Mackenzie's "Man of Feeling" to Bessy in the evening.

8th. Received the "Cheltenham Chronicle" with an article in it on my "poetical character"—very laudatory. Jay called upon me at half-past three in his gig, to take me to dinner at his father's, Hartham Park. Company at dinner: the Hawkins; Lady Frances W. was to have come with them, but, to my *somewhat* disappointment, she had been called away to London the day before; the Dickensons, Mr. Johnson, who travelled with the Prince of Orange, and Mr. Longlands, an usher of Westminster. The latter told me that the late Dr. Vincent had introduced a wrong mood into the epitaph he wrote for himself, "In moribus," &c. &c., "qualis fuit lapis sepulchralis taceat." Nares suggested the alteration of *fuit* into "fuerit," which was, of course, adopted. I mentioned that I believed Vincent was the name of the head master of Westminster, and that it was said of him "he had been killed by false Latin." "I am drinking the Bath waters for it now," said Mr. L. We then spoke of Sir Robert Walpole; that himself and George I. had governed England by bad Latin; for as Sir R. could not speak French nor George English, they were obliged to confer in Latin. A good thing of Madame De Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man made out of such small materials." Mr. Joy mentioned that Woodfall (I suppose, of the "Chronicle") told him that he was in the House the first night that Sheridan spoke; and that, after the speech, S. came up to the gallery to him, and asked him with much anxiety what he thought of his success. Woodfall answered, "I think this is not your line; no, Sheridan; you had better stick to those pursuits you are so much more fitted for." Upon which S., after leaning his forehead upon his hand for a few seconds, exclaimed, "It is *in* me, and, by God, it shall come out." Reminded of a good thing said, I believe, by Kelly, the Irish barrister (my godfather, by the bye), on some man, whose children bore not the most respectable characters, asking him one day, "Have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No," said Kelly; "who did he rob?" On my mentioning the story of Sheridan stealing a joke from Delpini, Mr. L. said it was certainly an infringement upon the "Opera in usum Delpini." Slept at Joy's.

9th. Hazlitt's "Lecture on Sheridan" (quoted in the "Chronicle" of this morning, and containing a warm eulogium on me) led us to talk of humour, Rabelais, &c. I mentioned the speeches of Lord Baise-cul in Rabelais, as rather Lord Castlereagh's style of eloquence. A good thing of Horne Tooke, when a certain *raffish* gentleman said to him sneeringly at the hustings, "Well, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards with you this morning;" "I am delighted to hear it, sir,—and from such *excellent* authority too." Joy drove me home; rather boring me on the way about a Greek epigram by some friend of his, on the Apollo Belvedere, which he (Joy) had translated into Latin and English. Finished the "Man of Feeling" to Bessy in the evening. There are few duller books, I think; how could it have got such reputation? The pinching the lapdog's ear "in the bitterness of his heart" is almost the only good thing in it. Read afterwards "Pickering's American Vocabulary." They sometimes, I see, use the word *captivate* thus: "Five or six ships captivated." "His whole army captivated." The word *balance*, too, has been brought by their commercial habits into strange employ: "I spent the greater part of the evening with such a friend, and the *balance* of it with another:" "I *expect* Alexander of Macedon was a very great man."

10th. Had written a day or two ago to the Longmans, to say I felt rather faint-hearted about the Flash volume, and that, as it might be thought too *low* a thing for such great booksellers and poets as we are, they had better perhaps employ some understrapper in the Row to publish it for them, as Carpenter did at first with the "Twopenny Post Bag." Received an answer from them to-day, saying, that as they were sure there would be nothing in it that would put them in Newgate, they would themselves be the publishers, and announce it by the title I should send this next week.

11th. Received from Power the 2d number of the "Quarterly Musical Review," in which there are two articles, most warmly laudatory, on my "National Melodies" and seventh number of the "Irish." They pronounce the latter better than any of the former ones. Hunt, in last Sunday's "Examiner," said it was not so good. A remark in one of the articles struck me with a sort of chilling consciousness,—"We can perceive the coming on of age in the calmer fires of the modern Anacreon." Alas! it is but too true; my eighth lustrum is within little more than a year of being completed.* Read some of Murphy's "Know Your own Mind" to Bessy in the evening.

12th. Had a letter from my father, in answer to one in which I begged them not to stint themselves of any comforts this Christmas season, as, even if there were some little exceedings over the 100*l.* a-year I give them, I would cheerfully endeavour to pay it for them. He says in his answer, that they manage to keep within their income (which, with his half-pay, is about 200*l.* a-year), but that some debts remain still undischarged since his dismissal from the Barracks. These I must relieve him of as soon as possible. "Know Your own Mind" to Bessy in the evening.

13th. "Cribb's Memorial" nearly finished. Walked four hours; the day exquisite. Felt bursts of devotion while I walked and looked at the glorious world about me; which did me more good than whole volumes of theology. Finished "Know Your own Mind" in the evening. Churchill was not so *very* far out in saying of Murphy that "dulness marked him for a mayor." He *was* a dull man, in spite of his comedies, which act well, but read most ponderously. There are, however, two or three witty things in this play. Dashwould's speech about the M. P.'s rust in his handkerchief is worthy of Sheridan. Lady Bell an admirable acting part. Read before I went to bed the boxing match in Apollonius Rhodius.

14th. Began my translation of the *set-to* between Dares and Entellus, in the fifth Æneid. Dryden's "Virgil" badly done almost throughout: Pitt's seems far better; at least more generally readable. In looking over Dryden's "Cymon," I find Mackintosh generalised what Dryden applies only to Cymon; and it was this that gave the obscure and abstract air to the lines which are properly thus:

"Love taught him Shame; and Shame, with Love at strife,
Taught him the sweet civilities of life."*

In the evening read to Bessy Leigh's account of his adventure with the Arabs in searching for the crocodile mummies. There can hardly be imagined a more dreadful situation. What will not man risk, even in pursuit of crocodile mummies!

15th. Went on with my translation. Wrote to Murray for some satisfactory decision with respect to the Sheridan business. In the evening began "Sir Launcelot Greaves" to Bessy.

16th. Finished the verses from "Virgil," seventy odd lines.

17th. Collected my notes for the preface of "Cribb," which is advertised in the paper today. Read the story of Ceyx and Halcyone in Ovid; charmingly told. He has in general more pathos and fancy than any of the ancients, though deficient certainly in simplicity and sublimity. Received "Florence Macarty;" and as it is a Society book, have suspended "Sir Launcelot Greaves" in the evening to read it.

18th. Walked to Bowood to consult the "Mémoires de l'Academie" for Baretti's Essay upon the *Pugilate* of the Ancients;" read there, and made extracts for two hours, without fire. In the evening went on with "Florence Macarty," and afterwards began my preface. A pretty poem in the "Chronicle" suggested by a note in "Lalla Rookh."

19th. Bowles called upon me. Wrote a little of the preface. Read some of "Florence Macarty," in the evening to Bessy; then worked in my study for an hour and a half; and from half-past eight till supper sung and played some ballet music to Bessy and Miss Best. A review of my poetical character in the "Examiner;" good-naturedly meant, but I had much rather Hunt would *let me alone.*

20th. A day as mild, fresh, and sunny as if it was the beginning of summer. Went with the Macdonalds to dine with their brother, the parson of Bishop's Cannings. The company, besides ourselves, Bowles, Mr. Mayo and Mr. Williams. Story about Dr. Parr, cutting the

* It must be recollected that Mr. Moore always supposed he was born in the year 1780.

* "Love taught him Shame: and Shame, with Love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life."

The lines are thus printed in the edition I consulted: they are beautiful any way.—Ed.

throat of his first wife's picture one day when she irritated him very much by destroying his favourite cat. Came home at twelve o'clock; dear Bessy sitting up for me. Bankes's "Civil History of Rome," which I have looked over, but a dullish book. Contrived to leave out the point of Sylla's famous saying to the young man who insulted him after his abdication. His account of the constitution of the senate very unsatisfactory. Jekyll said the other day to a man who professed to like Bankes's book, "I suppose you would rather have his Rome (room) than his *company*."

21st. Was to have dined at Grosset's, but sent an excuse. Wrote to Hunt, and gave him a little hint to keep his theories upon religion and morality somewhat more to himself, as they shock and alienate many of his best intentioned readers.

22d. Wrote a good deal of my preface to Cribb; such a Rag Fair of learning as I have made of it! Bessy went to Devizes, and did not return till half-past five. A little of "Florence Macarthy" in the evening.

23d. Read some of Wycherly's "Plain Dealer." Did Burns ever read the following passage? "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier:" In his fine song, "For a' That," there is something very like it:

> "The *title's* but the guinea's *stamp*,
> The *man's* the gold for a' that."

Wrote some lines and read "Florence" to Bessy in the evening. Expect Power to-morrow from town about the deed.

24th. Power arrived at twelve; brought me a specimen of lithography by little Croker, my Cork friend; very clever, wishes to apply lithography to the printing of music, and Power thinks of making the experiment. Bishop is the person Power thinks of for arranging my music henceforward, and next to Stevenson (from whom I grieve that these wrangles force me to separate), I prefer him. Hughes dined with us.

25th. After breakfast Power and I entered into the business of the renewal of our agreement. He at first did not seem quite willing to consent to giving the full 500*l.* a-year, but expressed something like a hope that I would contribute towards paying the arranger of the music. However, on my saying it would be better perhaps to let the whole matter lie over till some other time, he professed himself quite ready to come into my terms. I accordingly signed the draught of a deed he had brought with him for a clear 500*l.*, and then told him he might be very sure I would not allow it to press heavily upon him; as, though I wished to gain my point of having the round sum of 500*l.* (without the deduction of 50*l.* which he had before made for arranging), yet, if he found Bishop's terms for undertaking the musical part at all extravagant, I should not be backward in giving my former share towards the expense. Two or three things he said during our conversation annoyed me a good deal: among other things when I proposed that, if he felt any dislike to a renewal of the agreement (which I was not at all anxious for) I might remain free, and merely give him the preference in the purchase of anything I wrote, he said, "You know, as to that, I might constrain you to give them to me, as I have your promise in one of your letters to go on to a tenth number of 'Irish Melodies' with me." This readiness to take advantage of a mere castle-building promise made in the confidential carelessness of a letter did not look well; however, upon my saying as much, he disclaimed all such intention, and said I would never find him other than he had been. Dined at two, and a little after three he left us to return to town. In the evening, for want of the right volume of "Florence," we went back to "Sir Launcelot," but found it so dull, so like a Christmas pantomime, full of dull tricks, over-sets, duckings, knock-downs, &c., that I could not get on with it; read a little of "Gulliver," instead. Hughes had sent me some magazines in the morning. A review of the "Melodies" in the "Monthly;" vulgarly written, but good-natured enough, and will be serviceable among the country clods, who read this and such other precious guides in taste. A wretched parody on my song, "They may rail at this Life," in the "European Magazine;" servile, canting, and Billinsgate, and, worst of all, dated from Ireland.

26th. Received a letter from my proctor, Toller, to say that the King's proctor had been instructed to make a motion against me (*i. e.* to attach me) on Friday next, and that I must come up to town immediately to make the ne-

cessary affidavits; very inconvenient this every way.

27th. Copied out some things I had marked in the "English Rogue," &c., in order to take the books back to the Longmans. Dined at half-past two, and at half-past three set off in a chaise for Calne: four coaches and the mail to pass through; had no doubt of a place, but everything seems to conspire against the poor poet's purse; all were full; what was to be done? I must be in town next day, and I had but five pounds in my pocket, which would be far short of the expense of posting; so I borrowed five pounds more of the man at the White Hart, and started in my solitary chaise at about eight. Had received a letter from my father in the morning, to say that the little debts which he must ask me to pay for him amounted to about 40*l*.

27th. Arrived in town about half-past nine; drove to the New Hummums, and had a warm bath. Went to Toller, who told me he thought in *one* of the cases (the "Lydia") we had rather "sickened" our adversaries, as they had withdrawn their motion against me, and were now suing for a monition against the captor's agent. This is *something;* not to make my affidavits till to-morrow. Went to Longmans. The list of their intended collection of poetry has been looked over by Mackintosh, who has suggested many omissions and additions. Showed me a note of Allen's, in which he promises that he will get Lord Holland, Rogers, &c., some two or three mornings at breakfast to look over the list, and improve the selection. Showed me a "Pocket Magazine," with another design from "Lalla Rookh." Asked me to dine to-day. Went to Power's. No room for me at my old lodgings in Duke Street; was forced to put up at the George, in Coventry Street. Dined in Paternoster Row. Had met Phillips (the member) and Sydney Smith together in Leicester Square. Rees and I went after dinner to the Sanspareil, and from thence to the pantomime at Covent Garden (Harlequin Munchausen), with which I was much amused.

28th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, who is in the very agonies of parturition; showed me the work ready printed and in boards, but he is still making alterations; told me that Lord Byron's "Don Juan" is pronounced by Hobhouse and others as unfit for publication. Luttrell is publishing a poem in praise of Ampthill and Lord Holland anonymously: we agreed the serious and heroic was not Luttrell's forte, and that he ought to stick to the eight syllable form. R. says, however, this is far better than I could have supposed. Crabbe's delight at having three thousand pounds in his pocket. R. offered to take care of the bills for him, but no, he must take them down to show them to his son John. "Would not copies do?" "No, must show son John the actual notes." Went to Lady Donegal's: she has been again ill, but now somewhat recovered: never see these two admirable sisters, but to like them better and better. Went from them to Lord Lansdowne—kind, excellent man: spoke with much feeling of the loss they had had in Lady Ilchester, who seems to have gone off something like the Princess Charlotte. Lady L. has been very ill in consequence of the shock. Talked of Sir R. Wilson's failure in his parliamentary debut; and said the representative of the *commercial* talent of the country (meaning Waithman) had been just as promising in his commencement as he of the *military* had been unfortunate. Wilson has no judgment. Lord L. goes to the Covent Garden Fund Dinner to-morrow: believe I shall go: asked me to dine to-day to meet Whishaw and the two young Romillys, but I had promised to dine *tête-à-tête* with Rogers. Called upon Shee the painter, who told me that Lord Holland was so much pleased with his picture of me (a copy from that which Richard Power bought, and not at all so good), that he said he must have it: "Must have my friend Moore's picture." "This shows (said Shee) how you stand in that house," and it is certainly flattering. Went to Murray. Rogers had told me that Murray said he would himself, whether Wilkie came into it or not, run all risks in publishing my "Life of Sheridan," and give me a thousand pounds for it. I now found this was the case. Talked of "Don Juan:" but too true that it is not fit for publication: he seems, by living so long out of London, to have forgotten that standard of decorum in society to which every one must refer his *words* at least, who hopes to be either listened to or read by the world. It is all about himself and Lady B., and raking up the whole transaction in a way the world would never bear. Went to

Toller: the affidavits are in Dr. Lushington's hands to be considered. Met Lushington afterwards; a good fellow, I believe, as well as a clever one, and was once a gay fellow. Curious enough to see my old friend *Caliban* (he went in that character with me once to a masquerade) turned into the grave and serious Doctor of Civil Law. Dined with Rogers: he had cancelled his note about Lord Ossory at Lord Holland's suggestion: it alluded to Lord Ossory's habit of transacting his magisterial business out of doors, which procured for him the name of Lord Chief Justice in *Eyre* (Air). Lord H. did not wish this joke to remain. In the evening I went to the Opera, Perry having given me a ticket in the morning. By-the-bye, he told me too that Sir P. Francis's "Historical Memoir" cannot be found, and that it is supposed Lady F., who is not on good terms with the son, has concealed it. The opera, one of Rossini's; the new prima donna, Madlle. Bellochi: they say she sings well, but, until I get over the shock of her ugliness, cannot judge. The music clever, but rarely pretty, and full of mountebankism.

29th. Breakfasted with the Donegals; called afterwards upon Rogers, and from thence to Lord Holland's in St. James's Square; found Lord and Lady H. and Allen at home, just down to breakfast, though near two o'clock; made many kind inquiries about my Bermuda business; spoke of the article in the new number of the "Edinburgh Review" on Universal Suffrage, which is by Mackintosh. Lady H. spoke of poor Perry's bad state of health, and of the loss he would be to the political world. Told her I must be back to the country next morning; pressed me to stay for the purpose of dining with them, and I said, if possible, most happy. Went to Toller, and signed the affidavits; called at Longmans, and then home to dress for the Covent Garden dinner. The Duke of Sussex came out of the circle upon seeing me, and most cordially giving me both his hands, walked me into a corner to converse with me. This *ought* to be flattering from royal persons, but, somehow, our precious Princes contrive that it should *not* be so. The D. of S. is, however, as far as society goes, a perfectly good-natured and unaffected person. I told him of my Bermuda misfortune, which he expressed much interest about. I said, "This promises to be a pleasant dinner, sir." "Ah, but," he answered, "what a glorious dinner we shall have on Wednesday next!" alluding to the great Opposition dinner, with Tierney in the chair. He asked, "Arn't you working for us now?" I said, "No." "Ay, but I'm sure you are." He alluded, I rather think, to the announcement of "Cribb," which some suspect to be mine, though neither Rogers nor the Donegals have said a word about it. Lady Holland asked me directly whether it was by me, and I answered, "No." Quin, the charity man, mentioned that a paragraph in our papers lately, giving an account of some strangers being hustled at the Stock Exchange, and a row taking place in consequence, was translated into the French papers thus—"Mons. Stock Exchange étoit echauffé," &c.; told me that they are getting up a translation of "Lalla Rookh" at Paris: it is done by one of the Arnauds, who knows but little English, and superintended by Mortainville, who knows none; so it will be a fine thing between them. The dinner long and tiresome. Lord Holland had asked me to go home with him after it, but having been crammed up in a corner with dirty dishes, I did not feel clean enough for decent society afterwards. Lord and Lady H. and Allen quite prodigal in their praises this morning of my article in the "Edinburgh Review" upon "Boyd's Translations of the Fathers," which I pointed out to them when I was last in town. Allen said it was full of wit, and endeavoured to recollect some book he met with the other day, which would do admirably for me to review in the same manner. He is very anxious that I should do something for Jeffrey, who is hard pressed for assistance. Two of the articles in the last number are by Sydney Smith, viz., "Madame D'Épinay" and "American Travellers."

30th. Breakfasted with Power, and afterwards went with him to call upon little Croker, my Cork friend, who has taken lodgings in Great Russell Street, in order to be near the British Museum, where he is making drawings from the Elgin Marbles: he told me that Croker (of the Admiralty) was writing something about the marbles which these drawings were meant to illustrate. Called and left our names with Bishop the composer; parted with Power. Met Hobhouse, and walked some time with him; has no doubt of succeeding,

but fears that Hunt will worry him prodigiously: says he cannot sleep at nights from anxiety, and he certainly seems wasting away under his patriotic operations. Asked him, had I any chance of a glimpse at Don Juan? and then found that Byron had desired it might be referred to my decision, the three persons whom he had bid Hobhouse consult as to the propriety of publishing it being Hookham Frere, Stewart Rose, and myself. Frere, as the only one of the three in town, had read it and pronounced decidedly against the publication. Met Murray, who said he had settled all with Wilkie, and I was to have 1000 guineas for the "Life." Went to Lord Holland's; asked me whether I did not mean to dine there; said, "Yes." In his peculiarly hearty manner, he exclaimed, "Do you know that, to console me during your long absence from us, I have bought your picture?" I told him I had heard so, and was, of course, much flattered by it. Hallam came in; talked of Reform. Lord H. had just received a letter from a man, proposing a plan of reform, by which three millions a-year would be raised to the revenue, each man paying so much for his vote; as it were taking out a license to vote. This was pretty much, Lord H. said, Horne Tooke's plan. In France now they pay 12*l.* a year for the right to vote. America no fair test of universal suffrage, as so great a part of the population are slaves. Dr. Holland, the Albanian traveller, came in; Mr. Grenville, &c. Went to Lady Donegal's: on the way met my excellent old friend, Admiral Douglas. Frere came in while I was at Lady D.'s: was proceeding to talk to him about our joint umpireship on Byron's poem, when he stopped me by a look, and we retired into the next room to speak over the subject. He said he did not wish the opinion he had pronounced to be known to any one except B. himself, lest B. should suppose he was taking merit to himself among the *righteous* for having been the means of preventing the publication of the poem. Spoke of the disgust it would excite, if published; the attacks in it upon Lady B.; and said it is strange, too, he should think there was any connection between patriotism and profligacy, If we had a very Puritan court indeed, one can understand then profligacy being adopted as a badge of opposition to it, but the reverse being the case, there is not even that excuse for connecting dissoluteness with patriotism, which, on the contrary, ought always to be attended by the sternest virtues. Went from thence to Rogers; found Luttrell, always clever and amusing. Dinner at Lord Holland's: company, Sharpe, three new Members of the House of Commons, Lord Althorp. Lord H. told me they had come to a resolution that day not to have the Peers at the dinner on Wednesday, which he thought quite right every way, as, in the first place, it was not altogether the thing to have the Commons and Peers publicly leaguing together; and, in the next place, 120 Commoners of opposition would be a more imposing show of numbers than about 137 Peers and all. Talked of "Gulliver;" Lilliput and Brobdignag the best of it; perhaps because the satire is more *concealed* in the *narrative*, and not so obtrusively the object of the author as it is in the latter parts. Sharpe mentioned the "Iter subterraneum," or "Klimius," of Baron de Holberg, in imitation of "Gulliver:" in one of the places he visits there is an ecclesiastic, whose appointment to some great place depends on his thinking the sun triangular in its shape. He looks and looks through his telescope, but in vain; he cannot think it otherwise than round; another of more accommodating vision gets the place, and on being questioned by the unsuccessful gentleman, who asks him how it was possible it could appear to him triangular; as for himself, he confessed, let him look at it how or when he might, it always seemed to him round. The other answers, "Certainly, it must be confessed that, for a triangular body, it *is* very round." This is the only good thing, Sharpe said, in the work. Spoke of the sect of Humanitarians: Parr's horror at this barbarous word; much more shocked as a grammarian at the word, than as a divine at the sect: but why is it more barbarous than Unitarian and Trinitarian? Talked of Arians: I mentioned Locke and Newton as Arians: they all said *not* Newton; but I find since that Whiston pronounced him an Arian; must inquire into this. Talked of "Aristophanes." I mentioned the admirable article upon "Aristophanes" in the "Quarterly," two or three years ago. Sharpe remembered it also, and thought it altogether perfect. In the evening the Members went to attend a meeting, preparatory to the approaching division and din-

ner. About eleven o'clock there came in Greville, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Dr. Holland, Bennet, Phillips, and some others: soon took my departure.

31st. Went to breakfast with Hobhouse, in order to read Lord Byron's poem: a strange production, full of talent and singularity, as everything he writes must be: some highly beautiful passages, and some highly humorous ones; but, as a whole, not publishable. Don Juan's mother is Lady Byron, and not only her learning, but various other points about her, ridiculed. He talks of her favourite dress being dimity (which is the case), dimity rhyming very comically with sublimity; and the conclusion of one stanza is, "I hate a dumpy woman," meaning Lady B. again. This would disgust the public beyond endurance. There is also a systematised profligacy running through it, which would not be borne. Hobhouse has undertaken the delicate task of letting him know our joint opinions. The two following lines are well rhymed,—

"But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Come, tell us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?"

Hobhouse busy all the time in drawing up a petition about the hustings. Sir R. Wilson and Douglas Kinnaird came in while I was there. Went to Rogers's; found Luttrell there. Read his lines on Ampthill: smooth and elegant verses, and his praise of Lord Holland just what it ought to be. Lord H. is one of the few noblemen a man can praise with a clear conscience. Talked of poetry; of the beauty of some parts of "Rimini," and the wretchedness of others. L. said, "Between what one *wouldn't* write and what one *couldn't*, 'twas a hard game to play at." I said, "A man must risk the former to attain the latter, and it was the same daring that produced the things we *wouldn't* write and those we thought we couldn't." We all walked into the Park, and then Luttrell and I proceeded towards the city. I called in at Perry's, and wrote some lines I had long promised in his splendid copy of "Lalla Rookh:" the binding of this cost him, I think, twelve pounds. The lines are mere prose, but I wished to state plainly the fact, that it was owing to his interference with the booksellers I got such a magnificent sum for the work. Went to Power's, and signed the deed, giving me 500*l.* a-year for six years, dated from the first of this month. Dined with Rees, and went for an hour and a half to the Circus in the evening: had taken my place for next morning before dinner. Packed, and went to bed early. By the bye, heard that Constable, the bookseller, said he had paid Scott in one year 14,000*l.* Scott to be made a baronet.

February 1st. In the coach at half-past six: a young Irishman one of the passengers, whose family reside entirely at Bath. He abused the lower orders of Irish, and said it was impossible for a gentleman to *live* among them without being *kilt*. Take for granted, from what he said, that his father must be some griping landlord or Orange magistrate. Arrived at home at eight in the evening, and found the dear wife and her little ones well, and all smiles to see me.

2nd to 9th. Being pressed for time, must *lump* these days. Resumed my "Cribb," which has now been announced this fortnight past: promised to have some of the copy ready by middle of next week. Finished the "Plain Dealer." One may ask the same question as about Aristophanes, "How could such scenes as that where Manly in the dark braves Fidelia to go into Olivia's chamber ever have been acted?" Finished "Florence Macarthy" to Bessy in the evening: much amused with it. Began Fielding's "Jonathan Wild." A difficult matter to sustain an irony through a whole book, and even here it fails very often: but the humour and the satire are admirable. The Miss Snaps, Tiskey, and Doskey; "Miss Molly Straddle taking the air in Brydges Street;" the dissensions between the Prigs on account of the different cock and shape of their hats; and the parties in prison standing up for the *liberties of Newgate*, all excellent in their way. An article in "Blackwood's Magazine" this month most lavish in my praise. There is also in the "New Edinburgh Monthly Review" a very laudatory article on my "Sacred Songs."

10th. Received a note from Bowles, in which he says, "Have you seen the 'Quarterly?' they are very complimentary to me as an author." How lucky it is that self-love has always something comfortable to retire upon! Transcribed the preface and the memorial of "Cribb." Read Wycherley's "Love in a Wood;" a pleasant comedy. The following are lively things: Ranger says to Dapperwit,

who is praising his own mistress abundantly, "You praise her as if you had a mind to part with her." Dapperwit, in taking money from Ranger says, "But I must pay it you again; I shall not take it unless you engage your honour I shall pay it you again."

11th. Sent off my first copy of "Cribb" to town. Tried over some "National Airs," published by Jones: shall find it difficult to make out another number near so good as the *first* of my "National Melodies." Began Wycherley's "Gentleman Dancing Master." Went on with "Jonathan Wild" to Bess in the evening.

12th. Worked at the remaining part of "Cribb." Though the "Chants of Bob Gregson" have been announced in the advertisement this fortnight past, not a line, or even a *thought*, of them is born yet. Finished Wycherley's "Dancing Master:" the plot farcical and frivolous, but some parts highly dramatic. Found one or two pretty things in "Jones," particularly a march of Dr. Boyce's, which will do very well for the "Sacred Songs."

13th, 14th. *Niente-niente.*

15th. Dined with Macdonald: met a Captain Edgecumbe, of the navy, with all the cheerful bluntness of his class. He told very humorously of his having been taken in by Gale Jones's eloquence one night at the British Forum, to hold up his hand for annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

16th. Transcribed some of the remaining part of "Cribb." Read Wycherley's "Country Wife;" an admirable comedy, but the foundation of its plot makes it not only unactable, but even unreadable, except by *men*. It is, however, full of life and the very *esprit du diable*, and must have delighted Charles and his witty, profligate courtiers beyond anything. No wonder Wycherley was such a favourite with him.

17th. Looked over Garrick's alteration from the "Country Wife." Though the very *rinsings* of Wycherley's play have a raciness in them that is indestructible, yet the "Country Girl" hangs flat on the palate after the other: there is, however, much ingenuity in his way of altering the plot. Macdonald's dance in the evening. Mrs. Phipps and Bessy the belles of the evening, which it was easy to be, with much less beauty than Bessy's. Did not get to bed till six o'clock, after dancing the whole night.

18th. The day lost in weariness and languor after last night. Received a proof sheet of "Cribb." Began one of Mrs. Opie's new tales to Bessy in the evening, but found it impracticable.

19th. Called upon Mrs. Phipps; low spirited and unwell in the evening. Found I had marked the following things in the "Country Wife;"—"*Sparkish.* Though I have known thee a great while, never go, if I do not love thee as well as a new acquaintance." "*Lady Fidgit.* Yes, but for all that, we think wildness in a man as desirable a quality as in a duck or rabbit; a tame man, foh!" Received "The Banquet," a poem, from the author, with a letter (anonymous) full of high-flown praises; *pas grande chose.*

20th. A sadness over me; sometimes like that of my young days, and therefore pleasant, but sometimes mingled with self-reproach, and so far painful. Began another of Mrs. Opie's tales to Bessy in the evening; something better, but dull enough. Read some of the "Shipwreck of the Oswego;" almost incredible sufferings.

21st. Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "*Cribb*" work. It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the *fancy* of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position (which Richerand, the French physiologist, says is most favourable to thought), or more probably the removal of all those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition. There is a Latin poem of M. de Valois, in which he has adduced high authorities for this practice:

> "Quis neseit quondam, Ausonios Graiosque poetas, &c.
> In lectis cum scriniolo studuisse sedentes."

Where did he learn that Herodotus and Plato studied in bed?

> "Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,
> Desedit totos hæc Plato sæpe dies."

In the evening the Phippses sent their carriage for us to go and take tea; came home about eleven.

22d. Received a letter from Mr. Ogle, Charles Sheridan's cousin, containing an anecdote very creditable to Sheridan: transcribed some of my appendix and sent it off.

23d. Walked to Bowood to consult the volume of Pope that contains Scriblerus. Looked over Bowles's edition; was struck by the characteristic weakness and maudlin wordiness of his notes, contrasted as they are with the original remarks and rich erudition of Warton's that accompany them. Finished the "Shipwreck of the Oswego."

24th. Received a letter from Wilkie in wondrous hurry, for the "Life of Sheridan," and begging me to send up some of the MS. to go to press immediately. Poor little man! if he gets it within the year he may be very well satisfied. Mr. Money the clergyman called upon me. Got on the subject of the Trinity; showed off my knowledge of the passage in Timothy, and its different readings of ὅς and Θεος; mentioned the curious examination of the Alexandrian manuscript by Dr. Berriman and somebody else; then spoke of the verse in John; all to the astonishment, I doubt not, of the good parson.

25th. The Macdonalds and Hugheses dined with us. With a little assistance from Phipps (who joined us when his wife and he came in the evening) finished five bottles of wine. All stayed to supper, and seemed to enjoy themselves. I sang in the evening, and, in spite of the wine, was in good voice. Macdonald brought two or three of the famous Chinese birds' nests to show us. I eat of the soup one day at Sir S. Raffles's: the soup was like other soup, but the nest that floated in it was the devil. Macdonald says, however, it ought to have been all dissolved. Received a letter from my father to-day, saying, that my letting him draw upon me for the 40*l.* to pay his little debts gave him a happiness of mind he had not known for a long time.

26th, 27th, 28th. Copied out and sent off the remainder of my "Cribb." Wished to do something for it about Canning's insolent ridicule of Mackintosh the other night, on the subject of the transported convicts, but Rogers thinks I have not time enough. I meant to have written an expostulation to Canning from one of the *gentlemen* on board the hulks (a descendant of the great Jonathan Wild), on the slighting manner in which he spoke of a fraternity whose code of morals and honour he had so much adopted in his own political conduct; and invoking the shade of Jonathan Wild against this treacherous and recreant imitation of his greatness.

March 1st. Idled a good deal. Began to read the correct report which I have of Sheridan's great Westminster Hall speech. Find it has been sadly misrepresented in all the published accounts. Poor Bessy's hand and arm very much swelled from a whitlow on her finger. Sent for King. Frightened myself about it a good deal by reading the article on whitlows in the Encyclopædia, as her symptoms seem like those of the worst cases. I dined at Phipps's to meet the Macdonalds. Found Bessy, I think, a little better on my return.

2d. Bessy much better, but very low and nervous. A desperate rainy day. Played over various books of airs, and read. Began Leckie's work on the "Balance of Power."

3d. Began a Sacred Song to Dr. Boyce's March. Mozart seems to have had this march in his head when he wrote that fine one in the "Zauber-flötc." The subject I have taken is the Day of Judgment. Looked at Ogilvie's poem on this subject, which I well remember thinking so very fine when I was a boy: but Ogilvie was but a poor florid dauber in the art. Some of his references to Scripture, however, were useful to me. Worked at one verse all the morning, in order to get in a line which I wish to make the burthen of every verse. Macdonald sent to ask me to join Phipps and him at dinner; and as he goes in a day or two (most likely for good) I accepted the invitation. Finished our three bottles of claret. Mrs. Phipps dined with Bessy. Brought Phipps and Macdonald home with me at night. Found the ladies at cribbage with Hughes. All supped, and drank a couple of jugs of egg-wine afterwards.

4th. Received a letter from Miss ——, one of my unknown lady correspondents, who sent me the two specimens of her poetry, and said her own favourite of the two was that which began "Come Stella, *arouse* thee." Wishes me to recommend her to the Longmans, and mentions the titles of about half-a-dozen works which they may choose from. Sends me also some lines upon Scott, Byron, and myself, whom she calls the Trianguleme Major. Received also a letter from Mrs. W——, the mother of the fourteen-year old poetess, saying how melancholy her daugh-

ter was at my neglect of her last communications, and sending me some pensive and rather pretty verses the girl wrote on the occasion. Went on with my Sacred Song. Wrote a second, and part of a third verse. Bessy much better, and walked out: asked her medical man, King, to dine with us on Sunday next. Received the last proof but one of "Cribb," and sent it back. Answered the letters of the ladies. Read Leckie. A barbarous style this man writes. Nothing so ruinous to style as living among foreigners and studying their languages. Gibbon nearly lost his English altogether by it. The faults of Mr. Fox's writing may perhaps be traced to his *linguism;* and some of the purest writers of English have been those that knew but little of other languages.

5th. Finished the Sacred Song, and began another to an air in Latrobe's Collection by Halse. Sent off the last corrected sheet of "Cribb," which is to be out on Tuesday next (9th). Received a letter from Luttrel, whose lines upon "Ampthill" reached me yesterday. He is evidently very anxious about their success. Read some of "Zadig" to Bessy after dinner: how good! Zadig "knew as much of metaphysics as has ever yet been known; that is to say, little or nothing of the matter." The great physician Hermes, who predicted the loss of Zadig's eye, and tells him, "If it had been the right eye I could have cured it, but the wounds of the left are incurable." When Zadig recovered, Hermes wrote a very elaborate treatise to prove that he ought not to have been cured, which Zadig however did not think worth his perusal. Zadig advises the Arabians to "make a law, that no widow should be permitted to burn herself till she had conversed with a young man one hour in private. The law was accordingly passed, and since that time no woman has burned herself in Arabia."

6th. Wrote two verses of the Sacred Song, "Where are you, Souls of the Sainted?" Looked over "Evelyn's Diary." How I wish every such man kept a diary! Many things in it very interesting: his seeing at Paris the procession of young Louis XIV. (upon his assuming the reins of power) from Hobbes the philosopher's window. The account of the Fire of London very striking: his frequent intercourse with Charles II.; his horror at the gambling of the Court, and at being obliged now and then to sit out "a lewd play" in his Majesty's company. Finished "Zadig" in the evening.

7th. Finished the Song. Had to dinner Falkner (the curate), his wife, Miss Morris, Hughes, Mrs. Phipps, and King. Sung sacred music for them in the evening: they supped.

8th. Began another Sacred Song to a chant of Lord Mornington's. Not at all well to-day. Too much wine yesterday. In the evening looked over some of Sheridan's papers. Various copies, both rough and correct, of the "School for Scandal." Strange that "The Rivals" should be the only one of his pieces of which there appears to be no trace among his papers. Resolved to resume my Sheridan task, and be industrious about it.

9th. Walked to Devizes to buy some blank books for the purpose of dividing my task into different departments, so that I may be able to pursue each according as I have the materials, and not be stopped by the want of information on any one point as I have been hitherto. Read a play to Bessy and Mrs. Phipps in the evening.

10th. Finished Leckie's book: the historical part confusedly and dully written, but his summing up contains some remarks that set one thinking, and some that set one smiling. His hint to the sovereigns of Europe to have wives from Circassia and Georgia (as they have in Turkey), in order to avoid disputes about succession in the female line, is excellent, and might afford a good subject for a political squib. Finished the Sacred Song to Lord Mornington's chant. An extract to-day from "Cribb," in the "Chronicle." Looked over some of Sheridan's papers in the evening.

11th. Trying to write words to a Benedictus of Mozart's, but, from the difficulty of the measure, fear I shall not be able to accomplish it. Have some idea of writing a playful thing against quadrilles in favour of country-dances. Thought of making it mock-heroic, but it is so difficult to *buckram* one's lines enough for that style. Read Bristed's "Resources of the United States." This is the person who has accused me of "swinging into the opposite extreme" about America. His book is full of information. Found two letters of the Prince's among Sheridan's papers; one dated in 1803, informing S. that he had just received "a most

impertinent letter from Addington," and desiring him to come to him, as it must be answered immediately.

12th. Wrote a verse in a sort of scrambling metre to the "Benedictus." Read some of a Minerva press novel to Bessy in the evening. Wrote a few sentences of the "Life," and read "Bristed." The population of America but ten millions. Great faults in their judiciary: in most of the States the judges are only appointed for a few years, which must be fatal to their independence; in Connecticut and Rhode Island they are appointed annually. The diversity of the laws through the States another serious grievance: a crime punishable in New York not punishable in New Jersey. The extent of the Western country is more than fifteen times as large as all the British Isles.

13th. Have heard nothing from the Longmans about "Cribb." Fear very much it is a *coup manqué;* or too vulgar a subject perhaps for the refined readers, and too refinedly executed for the vulgar ones. Walked with Bessy in the evening to the Phipps's. Drank tea and supped there.

14th. Had a letter from the Longmans to say that they had already nearly sold the first edition of "Cribb," (2000 copies), and had worked off 2000 more as a second and third edition. This is far beyond what I expected. They sent me also a review of it in the "Literary Gazette;" very friendly, indeed, considering it is a Tory publication. All this makes my mind easier on the subject. Copied out some of the "Sacred Songs" I had written. The Phippses drank tea and supped with us. P. told us of a Mr. Buckton, a proctor from town, who gave Bessy's health at the club at Devizes on Friday, and spoke of her as a "divine person;" her voice "the sweetest he had ever heard," &c., &c. It puzzled us both much to find out where he had met her.

15th. Walked into Devizes; made, on the way, some verses for my "Quadrille Poem." Called at Mrs. Hughes's, and met there Mr. Buckton. Asked Mrs. H. afterwards where he had met Bessy, and it appears he travelled often with her in the morning stage last year when we lived at Hornsey. In the evening read some of Adolphus's "History of George the Third."

16th. Wrote some lines. Read "Bristed." Phipps having gone to Bath, Mrs. P. dined with us and Hughes. Phipps returned unexpectedly at seven o'clock from Bath. Got him some dinner. Played the Jew in the evening much to Bessy's delight. All supped with us.

17th. Finished "Bristed;" a very *wordy* book, but sometimes eloquent, and full of information about America. In the evening looked through the first volume of "Mill's India;" a rich display of learning; combats all the flattering theories and notices that have been held with respect to the Hindoos; exposes many instances of weakness in Sir W. Jones on this subject. Was he not a little weak? What somebody has said of Longinus might, I think, be well applied to him: φιλολογον μεν, φιλοσοφον δε ουδαμως.

18th. Set out between twelve and one to walk to Bowles's. Took the way through Bowood, and had a most delicious walk of it. Arrived at Bowles's between three and four. Doctor —— at dinner: a gentleman, who has read *multa* not *multum:* a good sort of man, however. Bowles has altered his drawing-room, and set up an organ, and books in it. The organ made by Chevers, a common carpenter at Calne. His statue of Melanethon nearly ready. Asked him whether he meant to place it in one of his grottos, in defiance of Pope's "Nor in a hermitage set Doctor Clarke." Talked of Calvinism (his favourite subject) after dinner. He said that almost all the atrocious crimes of the day were owing to this doctrine. Mentioned several instances. I mentioned a quotation I had seen from a work by Bishop Hall on "Moderation;" at the end of which he says, "Master Calvin did the Church good service in seizing and burning Servetus." He was surprised at this being in Hall. Said he had read but one of Hall's writings, *i. e.* his "Hard Measure," and that Hall certainly deserved the "hard measure" he himself had met with in 1643, and which he describes in this work, for uttering such a sentiment. I had found B., when I came to dinner, reading Campbell's new work on the Poets, and very nervous at the attack which C. has made on his remarks upon Pope. Told him I had seen it extracted in the "Chronicle," as "an answer to Bowles." B. is resolved to reply to it through the same channel. Dr. —— and he and I sung some glees and sacred things

together in the evening. Two worse voices could not well be found. Slept at Bowles's.

19th. After breakfast we set out for Bath: stopped at Corsham in our way. Magnificent house: the hall very striking; had only time to look at the two very fine Claudes. Methuen asked us to fix a day to dine with him: fixed Friday next. Arrived in Bath at three. Walked about. Met unexpectedly Lady C. Fitzgerald and her husband. Came here to meet the Granards, who are daily expected. Saw and was introdueed to Mr. W——, who has a beautiful seat near Bath—a particularly gentlemanlike and amiable mannered man. What interested me most was to hear that he is the man for whom my exeellent friend Dr. Parkinson was jilted in his youth by a girl whom he had long loved, whom he had educated for the purpose of marrying her, and by whom he thought himself beloved. In a visit to Bath she was dazzled by the attractions of the fortune of W——, and married him; but not contented with making one amiable man her victim (for Parkinson never has recovered the disappointment), she was resolved to sacrifice her husband's happiness also, and accordingly ran away from him with a Captain S——, from whom she afterwards passed through various hands, and through every gradation of profligaey, till death, I believe, has put an end to her infamous career. An annuity which her first lover (P.) allowed her, when he heard of the wretehedness she had fallen into, was the only thing that kept her at last from starving in the streets. This circumstance has cast a tone of pensiveness over Parkinson's life (who has never married), which renders the goodness and purity of his heart still more interesting. Bowles and I (after seeuring our tickets for the Harmonic in the evening) dined at the White Hart. Went at night to the Harmonic; very full rooms—at least 300 persons. Introdueed to a whole shoal of baronets, Sir Robert This and Sir John That. Never was so stared at in my life before. Three things of mine sung, "The Minstrel Boy," "Hark! the Vesper Hymn," and a glee from "Anacreon." ——, one of the presidents proved to be an acquaintance of mine. ——'s name (before he changed it for that of his first wife, an heiress) was Lill, and Colonel Barry wrote the following epitaph on *his tongue:*

"Here lies the tongue of Godfrey Lill,
Which always lied, and here *lies still.*"

At supper escaped from a wretehed table, where I had been preordained to sit between two ugly old *Blue Boars*, who said they wished much to "*talk to* Mr. Moore." After supper, to my no small horror, "The Minstrel Boy" was sung again, for the purpose of introdueing a speech about me from Captain Crofton, proposing my health in a most panegyric style. It was received with great aeclamations; but, from having no previous suspicion of sueh an honour, I had hardly a deeent word to say in returning thanks for it. I know I eoncluded thus: "But perhaps silence is the best sort of eloquence, particularly for an Irishman: I shall, therefore," &e. &e. I meant to have said, "It is, at least, a very Irish sort." During the ball, was stared at on all sides without mercy. In such a plaee as Bath, *any* little *lion* makes a stir. Got to bed between two and three.

20th. Called upon Lady C. Fitzgerald at half-past eleven. She mentioned that young D'Arblay (Miss Burney's son) had all "Lalla Rookh" by heart: praised him highly. Returned in an hour to Bowles, who wished me to read what he had done in answer to Campbell. Found him in the bar of the White Hart, dietating to a waiter (who aeted as amanuensis for him) his ideas of the true sublime in poetry: never was there such a Parson Adams since the real one. Dr. Sigmond ealled to say the Burdetts would be glad to see me at two o'elock. Went there; saw only Lady B. Walked with the Fitzgeralds to Urpham's the bookseller; an admirable eoncern for such a place as Bath. Bought a pretty eopy of "Cowper's Poems," as a present for Bessy. Settled with Urpham about binding my "Rees's Encyclopædia," and some other books. Was asked to dine at several plaees, but preferred dining alone at the White Hart (Bowles having gone home), for the purpose of going early to the play:—"Rob Roy;" dull enough; a Miss Tree sang pretty well. Went, during the third aet, to Lady Burdett's box. Much pleased with her pretty daughters, who pressed me much to stay next day to dinner, but must go home. They went away after the play; I staid and saw the farce of "High Notions;" wretched stuff.

21st. Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds.

They sent for Field, the organist of the Cathedral, and told him I meant to attend the service: he went off to prepare something good. Took my place, as we went to church, in a coach that was to set off at one. A chant of Lord Mornington's sung; a beautiful response, which I brought away in my memory. Could not wait for the anthem. Arrived at home at five.

22nd to 24th. Read "Mill's India," and made notes for my Remarks on Hastings' Trial. The "Examiner" of last Sunday promised extracts "from the lately published Memorial of that powerful hand, Mr. Thomas Cribb:" has not, however, given them this Sunday. Wrote to Murray, to say I would draw upon him at three months for 150*l.* of my Sheridan money. In his answer he says, "I wish you would write a 'Tom Brown' on the literature, manners, and characters of the day, and we would sell a billion. 'Cribb' is not happy." This latter sentence annoyed me exceedingly, as corroborating what I long feared about this luckless production. Had a chaise, and took Bessy to visit Mr. Merryweather. Treated little Stacey to a show at Calne.

25th. Walked into Devizes. Found the banker would not discount a bill at three months, so drew for a hundred at two months. Had a letter from the Donegals scolding me about "Cribb," which added not a little to my vexation. Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire: it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns; and nothing but the most flourishing success can enable one to brave and laugh at all the enmity which it produces. The instant there is anything like a failure, all the stung persons are ready with their stings in return. Determined, as I walked home, to write "A Farewell to Satire, by Thomas Brown," &c. &c. Was asked to stay and dine at the Hughes's, but refused, because this is the anniversary of our wedding-day. Drank my darling Bessy's health in a bumper after dinner, and many happy returns. Power sent us down a turbot and lobster for the occasion, but it came too late. Read Mill and Voltaire's account of Lally, vols. xxii. and xxvi.

26th. Had a chaise for Bessy to return visits at Grosset's and Hawkins', Laycock Abbey (which we went over); a remarkably curious old place. The cloisters in perfect preservation. I dined at Methuen's. Company: Bowles, Joy, and Miss Fuller. Crabbe was to come, but sent a very foolish excuse. Mrs. Methuen very pretty and very agreeable. I sung in the evening. Had received this morning, before I left home, a letter from the Longmans, which put me in better spirits. The non-announcement of the second edition is accounted for: they have nearly sold the third thousand, and are about to advertise the third edition. They have also sent me my account, and the balance against me, 250*l.*, will be covered by my share of the three editions. This is so far very well, but still think I shall write the "Farewell to Satire." Slept at Methuen's.

27th. Mentioned at breakfast a charade of Mr. Fox's, which Lady Charlotte Fox had told me:—"I would not be my first for all of my second that is contained in my third," *i. e.* "Scotland:" also a ludicrous riddle by one of the Smiths,—Use me well, I'm *everybody;* scratch my back, I'm *nobody;*" "A looking-glass." After breakfast Mrs. M. led me through the picture rooms. A fine "Head of Salvator Mundi," by Carlo Dolce; "Rubens and his Mistress hunting," a fine picture; "Rubens and his three Wives." Always makes himself so handsome, though he was by no means so, and was very carrotty headed (?). In the course of conversation with Mrs. M., remarking what odd things women's hearts were (in reference to matters of love and gallantry), she answered, "not odder than men's." But I asked her, didn't she think the restraints with which women had to struggle produce more inconsistencies in their conduct, and more fantastical fancies in their minds, than were usually observable in men. The course of the latter is like a free, unresisted current; whereas the continued pressure under which the feelings of woman lie, and the narrow channels of duty through which they are forced, produce all those multiform shoots and unexpected gushes which arise from similar causes in artificial water-works. In walking home I finished a song to a Swiss air, which I began a day or two ago, "Love and Hope." I mean it as a subject for Stothard to design something from. Found another kind and comforting letter from Rees, saying, however, that "whether I gave up satire or not, he, for himself, would not advise my publishing a poem entitled 'A Farewell to Satire.'" Read "Mill's India."

28th. Bowles called according to appointment, having given me the proofs of a pamphlet he is about to publish (on the increase of crime, poor laws, &c.) to look over. I had marked with a pencil the things I had particularly objected to; but the truth is, the whole is weak and confused. His head however, is now full of his answer to Campbell, which his present intention is to publish in the shape of a letter to me. Mentioned to him that Foscolo told me he had a design of publishing a parallel between Italian and English poetry in four letters addressed to Crabbe, Campbell, Rogers, and myself, of which, however, I have heard nothing more since. Finished the first volume of Evelyn; a good man, but, with all his goodness and piety, a timeserver. Read "Mill's India;" a hard-headed fellow (and his style as hard as his head), who hates lawyers to a most exemplary degree, in which I most heartily agree with him. I am reading "Belsham's George the Third" for the second time: find, by comparing him with Mill, that his sketch of Indian affairs is done with much accuracy, which tells well for his fidelity on other points. Sent off to Power the song of "Love and Hope," and a ballad, which I composed in the chaise, when I last went up to town, both words and music (in fact, I sang it all the way), called, "How happy once, though winged with sighs."

29th and 30th. Read Mill's India and Belsham, and made extracts. Wrote to Mrs. D'Alton, the friend of poor Louisa Maria Stewart, a young poetess (whose manuscript I have just received in a beautiful red cover with a gold leaf Hibernia on the sides) to tell the poor girl, as delicately as possible, that no bookseller in the world would give her one sixpence for the manuscript, but suggested a subscription, in which I should be most happy to assist. Murray writes to me that Hobhouse has received another letter from Lord Byron, peremptorily insisting on the publication of "Don Juan." But they have again remonstrated: the murder, however, *will out*, some time or other. A letter from my dear father, saying that my mother has "just told him (with a sharp scolding) that he never writes to me but when he wants money," "which" (adds the dear old man) "is too much the case." Bless them both!

31st. The Moneys called to beg I would retract the apology I had sent them for dinner on Saturday next, and meet Mr. and Mrs. Bowles there. Believe I shall. How my old acquaintance, ——, has disgraced himself in this business of —— in the House! Many men go through life with good characters who are thorough rascals all the while; their success in the world keeping them out of the way of those temptations which would draw forth the full display of their dispositions; and the little symptoms of it that do escape being charitably interpreted, as proofs of keenness and knowledge of the world; an eye to the main chance, &c. &c. Received a kind letter from Corry, taking for granted that "Cribb" is mine, and wondering at my *flash* acquirements. Mrs. Phipps drove Bessy to Devizes; didn't dine till *five* in consequence.

April 1st. Made Bessy turn her cap awry in honour of the day. Finished the epitaph for poor Joe, and hope I have now done with the subject. Walked to tell the Moneys I would dine with them: the Phippses to tea with us in the evening. Received a packet of books from town. The speeches of Burke, Fox, and Wyndham, which I had ordered from the Longmans, and Campbell's "British Poets" and Stewart's "North of Italy," sent as presents by Murray to Bessy and me. Wrote some of the "Life" this morning.

2nd. Wrote some sentences of the "Life." Dined at Phipps's.

3rd. Wrote and read. Dined at Money's. The company, the Bowleses, two Mr. Methuens, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrywether. Talked of prisons, penitentiaries, &c. The penitentiary at Devizes was at first so famous for its good soups, that the prisoners used to be anxious to get back again to enjoy them; but the soups have been abolished. Mrs. Bowles mentioned a curious circumstance that lately happened at Knowell (I think), her native place, where a woman having dreamt that her husband was killed by lightning, could not dismiss the thought from her mind, and during a thunder-storm that occurred soon after, when there came a dreadful flash of lightning, she exclaimed, "That flash has killed my husband:" and it was the case. He was then working in a field about two miles off, and a messenger shortly arrived to say that that very flash had struck him dead. Talked after dinner of sermons. I mentioned that Mr. Fox

always spoke of Barrow with enthusiasm, and that, upon the strength of this opinion, I bought his sermons, but found him insufferably dry; at least as far as I read, which was not very far. It is certain, however, I believe, that besides containing the amplest stores of theological learning, he has also bursts of eloquence, which though not so poetical as Jeremy Taylor's, are, from their variety and force, far more striking. I mentioned a coin that has just been discovered in Ireland, with a Hebrew inscription on one side, and a head of Christ on the other. The inscription has been translated by three or four Hebraists, and the discrepancy in their translations is rather unaccountable, except upon the supposition, that these scholars know as much of Hebrew as Zadig did of metaphysics, *i. e.* little or nothing of the matter. One of the company mentioned that the first symptoms of poor Rufus Lloyd's madness was his ringing the alarm bell in the middle of the night at Belvoir Castle, and when the servants all came running up to know what was the matter, he said, "You forgot to leave me my toast and water." How many people there are in this life who, like poor Rufus, ring the alarm bell about toast and water! Story of a cart-wheel going over a dandy's neck, and his being saved by the thickness of his neckcloth. Found Mrs. Phipps with Bessy on my return to supper. Read some of Plutarch's "Life of Alcibiades," before I went to bed. Alcibiades, after all, a sad *roué*, and would hardly be fit company for gentlemen now-a-days.

4th and 5th. Wrote some of "Sheridan." Read Lord Erskine's letter upon Fox's style of eloquence and politics, prefixed to Wright's collection of the latter's speeches. Read some of Stewart Rose's "Italy." These accounts of Italy make me so agog for travelling that I cannot sit easy upon my chair.

6th and 7th. At my task. Received a letter from Linley, expressing great impatience at not hearing my opinion of his music; in other words, dying to be praised. Must do it for the poor man. Some of his things are, indeed, very pretty; particularly the "Ariel's Adieu," to Bowles's words, and a particularly sweet melody, "Fair Leila, gentle," &c.: but his style, in general, is too old-fashioned for my taste. Received a very flattering letter from a Mr. Michell Forbes, inclosing me the proposals of a subscription for a monument to Burns, and speaking of my similitude to "the Bard" of Caledonia in my love of liberty, in the pathos, fancy, and sprightliness of the songs I had written to the melodies of my country, &c. &c. Received another work of the author of "The Banquet," called "The Dessert" and "The Tea," accompanied by one of those *fricatory* letters with which we asses of literature rub each other. Must rub him, of course, in return. Read Plutarch's "Life of Coriolanus:" how picturesque his entrance into Antium, and the house of Tullus. Wrote to Bessy's sister, between whom and young Murray an attachment has for some time existed, saying that, if her heart is really set upon marrying him, and he is worthy of her, I will do my utmost to facilitate any arrangements that may be made for the support of her mother, &c. &c.

8th. Phipps called in his gig, to ask if I would go with him to Devizes: took an idle fit, and went. Dined with him; and Bessy joined me there in the evening.

9th. Good Friday: went to church. A most inhuman sermon: the sufferings described with all the monotony and coolness of an auctioneer. How different do I remember the Passion sermons in Dublin chapels, when, at the moment that the feelings of the congregation were excited to the utmost pitch by the most eloquent and impassioned description of what the Saviour had suffered, the orator suddenly produced the crucifix before them, and the whole assembly, with groans and tears, prostrated themselves on the earth.

10th. Dined at Salmon's: company, the Phippses, Mr. Pearce (member for Devizes), Wyatt, whom I knew in Ireland when he had the care of Lord Ormond's estate, Tyler, &c. Wyatt, an intelligent man. Talked, among other things, of the Bank question and the Poor-laws (Pearce a bank director). These Tories all seemed to feel how critically the fate of the country hangs upon both questions. Remarked how tenderly all parties seemed to handle the subject of the Bank the other night in the House, as if from a general consciousness of the extreme delicacy, and perhaps danger, of the question. Pearce says it is understood in town that the Duke of Wellington is very anxious to become Prime Minister, and that, in order to get the character of *un homme d'affaires*, he had himself named

on the Bank Committee, and attended it most punctually every day. This will not do. If the Bank was to be taken by a *coup de main*, his Grace might be the person, but God preserve us from his statesmanship! Sung in the evening.

11th. Began words to a very pretty French air. Walked to Devizes for my letters. Wrote to Mr. Forbes to say I would subscribe three guineas to Burns's monument, and a guinea for Mrs. Moore. The sunset this evening glorious: the thoughts that came over me while I looked at it, of how little I have done in this world, and how much my soul feels *capable of*, would have made me cry like a child, if I had given way to them; but surely there *is* some better sphere for those who have but *begun* their race in this. The Phippses supped with us.

12th. Wrote a second verse to the French air, and began words to an air of my own, which I have some thoughts of passing off as a national one, Swedish perhaps. Read the speeches of Burke and Fox during the years '81 and '82. Burke's speeches alone, of all modern oratory, deserve to take a rank in the literature of the country; they altogether display a talent almost superhuman.

13th. Read Pitt's two or three speeches during the same period. Hughes and his boys and Mrs. Phipps dined with us. Played "The Jew" in the evening: had finished the words to my own air in the morning. Received a letter from Horace Twiss, asking me to write the prologue to his forthcoming tragedy, and telling me that Wm. Spencer writes the epilogue.

14th. Walked to Bowood to see the Lansdownes, who are come down for the Easter; found them at home; very delightful conversation, as one always has with him. Told me that Murray has offered Stewart Rose 2000*l.* for a translation of "Ariosto." I mentioned an almost literal translation of him which I had seen, stanza for stanza, the English on one side and the Italian on the other, and which I have long been looking to purchase. We all acknowledged the convenience of such a thing, let one know the language ever so well; particularly in looking hastily for any passage, you find it so much more quickly in the English, from the much greater familiarity the eye naturally has with it. I could sympathise with the world in some of its admirations, but thought it better to be silent in these cases, than risk an impeachment of my own taste in questioning that of others. Chaucer, for instance, in what terms some speak of him! while I confess I find him unreadable. Lord L. said he was glad to hear me say so, as he had always in silence felt the same. This led us to speak of the deference with which some of the works of the ancients are regarded, far beyond what they really deserve. I mentioned my disappointment on first reading the Prometheus of Æschylus, after coming fresh from a description of its merits by one of those enthusiasts for antiquity, who spoke of the sublime conversation which Prometheus holds with the embodied elements of nature, &c., &c.; but I own the speeches of old Ocean (?) mounted upon his winged charger, did not at all come up to the imagination which this description had excited in me. The untameable courage of Prometheus is admirable, and some touches of pathos in the chorus, recalling the difference of other times, when they had sung hymns around his bath and his bed, on the day of his marriage with the young Hesione, are beautiful; but the allegory, in general, is most clumsily managed. Lord L. mentioned the ludicrousness which the continual outcry of Philoctetes throws over that fine tragedy; exclamations from mental pain are all very well, but when one recollects that this continual *αι αι αι* is on account of a sore foot, it is impossible to feel any of the higher order of sympathy with it. I mentioned the "Alcestis" of Euripides, and the sort of sarcastic squabble there is between Death and Apollo in the first act, quite inconsistent with the serious heroic. We agreed what havoc Voltaire would have made among these chefs-d'œuvres of antiquity, if, with his contempt of common prejudices, he had chosen to expose their absurdities; but it was well he did not. Our admiration, in these cases, is become a sort of religion, and is connected with many noble associations, of which it would be a pity the world should be disenchanted. I said that probably the reason Voltaire did not attack the ancients with his ridicule, was that Terrasson and others had tried it against Homer, and having done it clumsily, brought the task into disrepute. Lord L. came to walk part of the way home with me. Fears the Catholic question will rather lose than gain ground this session; talked of Burke, Fox, &c., coalitions.

Lord L. thinks the principle of coalitions not only just, but necessary in a free country, otherwise the Court might bear down everything before it. The same principle, he thinks, applies to party and to coalitions; a compromise and surrender of individual differences of opinion for the attainment of one common object. Owned he might be biassed in speaking of the two great coalitions; Mr. Fox with Lord North, and Mr. Fox again with Lord Grenville, as the former was opposed to his father, and in the latter he himself was concerned; but to him it appeared that there were grounds of justification for the latter which did not exist in the former, as Mr. Fox, in the former case, coalesced with Lord North to *defeat* what was the result of all his own former efforts and measures, viz., peace; whereas, in joining with Lord Grenville, he but pursued, in most instances, the same objects which he had contended for when in opposition. There is a great deal of truth in this; told him that one of Allen's arguments in defence of the first coalition was, that his father (Lord Shelburne) had become so rooted in the favour of the King, that nothing less could shake him. Lord L. said this was not at all true; that, in the first place, it was evident the King would not like the maker of the peace; and, in the next place, he had proofs that the King actually intrigued *against* his father at that time, and, after professing to Lord Shelburne to approve the terms of the peace, wrote a letter to Lord Camden abusing them in the strongest manner, which letter Lord Camden took instantly and showed to Lord Shelburne, with a fairness of honourable feeling which of course his Majesty did not give him credit for. Talked of Burke; agreed in enthusiastic admiration of his talents. Lord L. inclined to defend his latter doctrines, and to look upon them as not so inconsistent with his former ones as they are generally represented; particularly as there was nothing impeachable in his character throughout life, that could lead one to suspect him of interested motives in changing, though certainly his receiving the pension at the time was rather a suspicious coincidence. On my reminding him, however, of some circumstances in Burke's life, the money he received from Lord Rockingham, &c., &c., he seemed rather to surrender this favourable view of the matter.

15th. Wrote some of "Sheridan;" read some of Maurice's appendix to his "Ruins of Babylon." Received from the Longmans, Dodsley's, and other collections of poems to select from for their "Miscellany:" received also from Murray several volumes of the "Parliamentary Debates." Copied out the two songs I had written to send to Power.

16th and 17th. Reading the "Parliamentary Debates" and writing "Sheridan." Found some odd things in Maurice's book. Have a great mind to write a poem, the scene of which shall be laid in ancient Egypt: its monuments, its scenery, its religious symbols, all poetical: some humour too might be blended with their ludicrous objects of worship; for instance, the two cities whose dissensions rose to such a height concerning the comparative merits of the divinities they worshipped; one of them adoring a dog, and the other a pike; much good satire might be made out of this. Read Bramston's "Art of Politics" in Dodsley: some smart lines in this:—

"What does not yield to Time's destroying hand?
Where's Troy? and where's the Maypole in the Strand?
As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,
After hard labour, of a small pin's head."

18th. Took my little bible to church with me, in order to search in it for a subject that would suit a fine triumphant air of Novello's I have to put words to. Found an admirable one in Jeremiah, and wrote four lines during service—War against Babylon: much better employed than I should have been in listening to the drawling parson and snuffling clerk. Let nobody see me though, having the pew to myself and the two little girls. Flew to the pianoforte when I came home, and finished the first verse before dinner: my delight when I hit off the line, "Breaks like a thunder-cloud;" it goes so happily to the music. This will, I think, beat the "Loud timbrel!"

19th. Went to Chippenham with Phipps and Locke, to a dinner which the former gave to his troop of yeomanry, all common farmers; the only gentlemen ourselves and Gosset. A strange day: such tippling, and such speechifying. I proposed Lord Lansdowne's health, in a speech which but about three persons out of the fifty understood a syllable of: but such men like to be talked to unintelligibly; they take it as a tribute to their understandings. Supped at Phipps's on our return, where we found Bessy.

20th. Read and wrote. In the evening called upon Phipps to arrange about our trip to Bath to-morrow.

21st. Went to Bath; Bessy, myself, the little fellow, and the maid, in a hack chaise, and the Phippses in their own carriage. Dined at the York House, and went in the evening to the theatre. Young in "Cassius:" got a wretched little private box, where we were almost suffocated, but moved to Lady Burdett's for the farce. Miss Tree sang my song of "Young Love lived once" very prettily, and was encored with great enthusiasm. Supped very merrily at the York house, and slept there.

22d. Walked about all day shopping: gave directions about the binding of my books at Upham's. Met the Bishop of Meath, and walked with him up and down Milsom Street, talking of Sheridan. Told me the story about the sermon: it was at a country-house of Sheridan's (forget the name of the place; must inquire): the company there at the time, Tickell, Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe. The subject given to Sheridan at dinner on the Saturday by O'Beirne, viz., "The abuse of riches." Sheridan absent at coffee and for the rest of the evening; and O'Beirne found the MS. by his bedside next morning neatly tied together with ribbon. An admirable discourse, he said, though with several strange references to Scripture; such as, "It is easier, as *Moses says*, for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," &c. &c. The person against whom the force of this sermon was directed was *Child*. O'Beirne afterwards, to his astonishment, called to account by some friends of his, for having given such offence to the Childs. Burgoyne then told him the trick Sheridan had put upon him. I mentioned to the Bishop that I often had doubts whether I should insert this anecdote, as it required much delicacy (towards *him* particularly) in the manner of relating it: he agreed it did so, but said it might still be managed. Told me then the writers in "The Englishman;" Tickell (I think), Richard Burke, and himself (the Bishop) wrote the three last papers. Sheridan *edited* it, but did not *write*:* exactly reversing what ought to have been his department. Sheridan wrote some of the "Prettymaniana:" the occasion of these squibs was an answer that Prettyman, as secretary of Pitt, gave to Wedgewood, who waited upon him from some association or committee of manufactures, and which answer Prettyman afterwards denied. Was sorry that I could not have more conversation with the Bishop, and think it will be worth my while to go to Bath again to him. Met Crabbe toddling about the streets: who would suspect that he is *the* Crabbe? Lunched at a pastrycook's, and left Bath at five o'clock, Phipps driving, and I on the box with him; the servants in the hack-chaise. Found, on my arrival at home, a letter from Toller, my proctor, inclosing copies of affidavits, &c. of the adverse party, and asking for instructions how to proceed, as they seemed determined to press matters against me. The catastrophe, therefore, is at hand. This saddened me a little, for I had almost forgotten the whole concern, and now it returns upon me darker than ever. Well, all is perhaps for the best.

23rd. Large dinner at Phipps's. Company: the Hugheses, Lockes, Gossets, Grubb, &c. Sung in the evening; afterwards danced to the pianoforte, and supped. Received Bowles's answer to Campbell: tells me in the note he left with it, that Lord Lansdowne considers his position indisputable; and so I think it is.

24th. A wet, gloomy day: my spirits of the same hue. Often do I wish I had a *good cause to die in.* Compared the Irish edition of "The School for Scandal," with the MS. in my possession: find them, with but few and trifling exceptions, word for word alike, which confirms to me the story of Mrs. Lefanu's sale of the copy to Ryder.

25th. Wrote and read a little; received part of a printed, but not yet published poem of the tiresome and indefatigable author of "——," called "——," asking me modestly to furnish him with a sort of prologue to it. Sent out invitations to some of the neighbours to dine with us on Tuesday next. A letter from the eternal Miss ——, with equal modesty, telling me she has written an opera, and if I will give a few comic touches, to improve the characters of the servants, we can *share* the profits of its representation! Hughes dined with us.

26th. Looked over papers.

27th. Phipps sent in the morning to say he

* "All wrong" (1824).

would drive me over to Bath. if I liked it; the very thing I wanted. Went with him; delicious weather: met the Bishop of Meath in Pulteney Street. Unluckily he was engaged for the rest of the day, and was to leave Bath for Bristol next morning: had about an hour's conversation, however, with him. He seemed to have changed his mind with respect to the insertion of the anecdote about the sermon, on account of some conversation he had had with old Colonel Barry, who thought it would tell against the Bishop. What first brought Sheridan, he said, prominently forward in the concerns of the party, was the Regency, which he chiefly managed, Fox being then abroad. It was positively, he said, Sir Gilbert Elliot that wrote the Prince's letters on that occasion. Asked him with respect to the difference between the Duke of Portland and Sheridan. Said the Duke had, upon his (O'Beirne's) mentioning the matter to him, authorised him to declare that he could not have said that he would not sit in the Cabinet with Sheridan, because there was never any wish or intention expressed of bringing Sheridan into it. S., on the second change of administration (Fox and North), had some expectation of being made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accordingly shut himself up for three weeks to study figures, which he made himself thorough master of, though perfectly ignorant of the subject before. This accounts for his taking the *financial line* afterwards in his opposition to Pitt. Sheridan's great ambition was to be thought at the bottom of everything. The Bishop had found in a life of Dr. Clarke (I think) the following words,—"She did command, because I *would* obey," and showed it to Sheridan as being the passage he had borrowed one of the lines at the end of the "School for Scandal" from. Sheridan was angry at the imputation. They used to annoy him about his plagiarisms from Wycherley, till he at last swore he had never read a line of Wycherley. I rather think it was Lord J. Townshend, he said, wrote the Probationary Ode by Major Scott (Q. E. E.); he (the Bishop) wrote the one by Mason; Adair wrote the Dedication to Sir Lloyd Kenyon. All these things were got up at the "Esto Perpetua," a club held at Becket's. What gave rise to the "Rolliad" was a sort of "smoking and spitting party," made in the House of Commons to interrupt and annoy Burke, of which party Rolle was the chief promoter. Tickell (I think he said) began the poem. Mrs. Sheridan was something quite divine: the Bishop's phrase about her had always been, that she formed the connecting link between angel and woman. Sheridan hated Burke. Burke had fixed upon the Begum Charge for himself, but on S. expressing a wish for it, gave it up to him. Left the Bishop and went to Urpham's: found there Colonel Barry, and talked with him on the same subject. He said I had a most ticklish and perilous task to perform: it was all bristling over with difficulties, like a hedgehog. Somebody showed him the passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, from which S. borrowed his description of Pizarro on the wreck, but he does not remember where it is. Dined with the Fitzgeralds. Lady C. wrote a note to ask Miss Ogle (Sukey, sister of Sheridan's last wife) to come in the evening. Had some conversation with F. after dinner about Lord Moira. He mentioned the easiness with which his mind got over any annoyances. Often when Lady Charlotte has seen him return in the evening from Carlton House, evidently unhappy and mortified at something that has occurred there, she used to lay a novel carelessly open on his table, which he was sure to take up, and in a few minutes Carlton House and all that had happened was forgotten in the girlish delight and interest which he took in the story. Lady C. mentioned at dinner a pretty thought of a little girl about the Trinity. "Oh yes," said she, "I understand it very well; there may be three candles in the room, and yet but one light." Miss Ogle came: we had much talk about her brother-in-law. Like all those of his friends or relatives I have met, full of enthusiasm about his memory, his fame, &c., and trusting that I shall do him ample justice (*i. e.*, praise him through thick and thin.) She said it was melancholy to compare the letters of his two wives (which she saw among his papers), both beginning in the same strain of love and worship for him, and both gradually alienated by his selfish and vainglorious infidelities and extravagancies, till they ended in disliking him—the fate he brought upon himself from both these women who adored him. I mentioned, with respect to the settlement he had made upon her sister, that I rather believed it was by getting the Linleys

out of Drury Lane and taking possession of the private boxes he raised that money. She said she had always understood that he had injured some persons, in order to make that settlement good, but whether it was the Linleys, or what were the particulars of the transaction, she did not know. He was fond, she said, of domestic parties, delighted in children, and was altogether, where his vanity or his passions did not interfere, amiable and attracting. They however used, very often, to wish him dead, for her sister's sake, as they thought she might recover her health if she was rid of him; his jealousy latterly incessant and teazing. Went with the Fitzgeralds to an assembly at a Mrs. Bunbury's; met there, among others, Mrs. Richardson, mother of Lady Clare; met also an old Halifax acquaintance of mine, the Baron de Rottenburgh: his pretty Baroness not there. Slept at the York House.

28th Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds. Took me to call on Mrs. Piozzi; a wonderful old lady; faces of other times seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, the Reynoldses, &c., &c.; though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman. Went with the Fitzgeralds to the theatre to see Miss Tree, and to tell how much I was delighted with the manner in which she sung my song of "Young Love lived once" the other night: a neat little girl, and *may* be made an admirable singer.* Sauntered about Bath; saw and talked with Lord Thomond, &c., &c. Arrived at home about eight o'clock, and Phipps and I dined off some sausages we had brought with us. Mrs. P. had dined with Bessy.

29th. Wrote a few lines to an air of Kozeluch's for a Sacred Song. Bessy and I dined at Locke's; we supped, and did not get home till three o'clock.

30th. Walked to inquire after Mrs. Phipps, and rambled with him and her about their grounds. Our large dinner at home; all men. Company: Phipps, Locke, two Hugheses, Brabant and Crowe. Crowe's simplicity very delightful.

May 1st. Employed in copying out two Sacred Songs for Power, "Babylon" and "Far far away, bewild'ring world."

2d. Power arrived with his daughter Jane, who is to pass a week or ten days with Bessy. Dined at two o'clock, that Power might be time enough for the Calne coach, to return again to town at night. Packed up for my own excursion to-morrow.

3d. Set off from Calne in the York House coach for town. Smattered a little theology with a clergyman, whom I at first took for a clothier, but who turned out to be a very deep-read ecclesiastic; a great advocate for Calvin: tells me that the "Thesaurus" of Suicer (of which I have lost a volume) is now very scarce, and sells at a very high price. Another of my companions turned out to be Sheddon, whose brother married a sister of Monk Lewis. Lewis died of the yellow fever, he said; very unwilling to die; all the last days exclaiming every instant, "The suspense! the suspense!" which the physician who attended him was doubtful whether he meant to allude to religious doubts, or the success of a medicine which he had taken, and on whose operation his life depended. Arrived in town at half-past seven.

4th. Saw Corry, R. Power, and Beecher. Beecher made a very sensible spreech last night on the Catholic question. Walked about with Corry: called upon poor Perry, who is evidently dying. In talking of the reports of the debates, he said he could not make them *long* enough for those who spoke them, or *short* enough for those who read them. Went to my proctor, who thinks he can make out some plea to fight off the calamity for me a little while. Called upon the Longmans, who asked Corry and me to dinner, but he dines at Lord Farnham's. Met and talked with Lord Lansdowne, Lord Forbes, Methuen, &c. Lord L. asked me to dine on Sunday next. Met Lord Clifford, who said he had heard from Lord Robert Seymour, that Beecher's was an excellent speech: am delighted at this, for Beecher is a good, manly, sensible fellow. A good deal annoyed by different people about "Cribb." Carpenter said, very triumphantly, that Richard Power had ordered him to leave it out in the splendid copy of all my works he was preparing for him. Dined at Longmans; they are speculating already upon the purchase of poor Perry's paper, and had much

* Nothing can be happier as a compliment than Mr. Luttrell's verses:—

"On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,
This Tree will return her as good as she brings."

talk with me as to whether I should like to be an editor with a *share* and a *salary*. Rees and I went to Covent Garden: "Heart of Mid-Lothian, and a very amusing farce, "A Rowland for your Oliver."

5th. Called upon Ridgway the publisher to ask him about Sheridan: told me that when he expostulated pretty strongly with S. on his keeping him so long dancing after him for the copy of the "School," S. said, "The fact is, Mr. R., I have been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy my own taste in this play, and have not yet succeeded." "After this," said R. to me, "I teased him for it no longer." Dined at Joy's chambers in the Temple. Company: Bowles, Corry, Locke, and a General Brackenbury. Joy's dandy dinner of mutton-chops, brought in one by one, "like angel visits, few and far between," highly amusing, except that we were all in a state of starvation. "Joy," says Bowles, in a sort of reverie, "I want—I want—" "What do you want, my dear Bowles?" "D— it, I want something to eat." Went to Drury Lane: the play a new one and a bad one,—"A Cheque on my Banker." Supped with Corry at the Piazza.

6th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and went with him to see the exhibition of the Queen's things at Christie's. Paid visits at Lords Darnley, Jersey, Grey, Harrington, Tavistock, &c. Walked with George Ponsonby, and begged him, if he had an opportunity, to say to Lord Grey how much I should like to have a little conversation with him about Sheridan. Met my old acquaintances Lord Clonmell, Lord Forbes, &c. &c. Met Walsh (the musical Walsh), and asked him about the occasional little piece of Sheridan's, in which he acted, and of which I found a sort of programme among the papers. It was called "The Glorious First of June;" acted in '94: very much liked, and ran thirty nights. Sheridan gave the dialogue on scraps of paper out of the boxes during rehearsal. The Duke of Clarence came to see that the little ships for the battle were correct. George Ponsonby came to me at five, to say that Lord Grey would be very glad to see me, with merely himself and Ponsonby, on Sunday next: must get off Lord Lansdowne's to go there. Dined with Corry at Reddish's, and went to the Coburg Theatre. Found a very kind note at home from Lady Holland, asking me to go to Holland House for some days, and saying it would be a visit of charity, as Lord H. was confined by the gout.

7th. Received a letter from dearest Bess, with the intelligence that our little boy has cut two teeth since I left home. Looked about for lodgings for the Phippses. In going to call upon Lord King, saw Adair coming out of his house, and determined to introduce myself to him. His gloomy, rigid look while I explained myself to him (for he did not know me personally) turned at once into the kindest smiles when I mentioned my name: he insisted on my going back with him to his house, and in the course of a few minutes we were seated side by side in as confidential a conversation as if we had known each other for years. Tickell had a good deal of wit, but was a bad arguer. Whenever he found himself hard run in argument with Richardson, he used to begin to mimic Mr. Fox, and by the mere force of mimicry possess himself so much of the mind as well as manner of his original, that Richardson declared he felt as if Mr. Fox was before him, and became quite subdued by the new character that his antagonist assumed. The first circumstance that induced Mr. Fox to suspect Sheridan of want of principle, was his going down to Newmarket as the Prince's advocate in the Jockey Club business. Sheridan never gamed. Another occasion on which Sheridan took a part displeasing to Fox, was when Lord Rolle agitated the question of the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Fox begged of the Prince to enable him to speak the truth on the subject; and the Prince assured him there had been no marriage between them, which Fox stated to the House; but on Mrs. F. (who never spoke to Fox afterwards) expostulating with the Prince upon this exposure of her character, his Royal Highness denied that he had ever authorised Fox to make such a declaration, and S. was employed to remove the impression on the public mind, by an equivocal sort of speech which he made afterwards in the House. Mr. Fox did not belong to the Friends of the People, and was always against making Parliamentary Reform the main object or *sine qua non* of the party. Sheridan, too, kept clear of this Society; and other Foxites (among whom was Courtenay) took their names off when they found Fox did

not approve of it. The course which Lord Grey took with respect to the Prince's debts was an obnoxious circumstance; and in general his high, incorrupt character in money matters made the Prince fear him as a Minister. Adair did not write the Dedication to Kenyon, nor any other part of the "Rolliad." Richardson told him that Tickell was the author of those four lines in the monody, "Oh, proud distinction of the sacred lyre." Sheridan was not a ready man; angry with the party for not bringing him into the Cabinet. Burke jealous of Fox's preference of S. to himself; but it was natural that Fox and Fitzpatrick should prefer the gaiety and laxity of such a companion as S. to the austere character of Burke's life and conversation. Adair thinks that S. did not really mean to cheat people in money matters, and that he always imagined he should be able to pay the debts he incurred; but new embarrassments banished all thoughts of providing for the former ones out of his head. After leaving Adair, I met Hammersley, with whom I had some conversation about S.'s financial concerns with his house. He promised to talk with me more fully on the subject some time, but said partly what Adair did, that he did not believe S. really meant to cheat people out of their money.

Called upon that beautiful creature Lady Charlemont, and sat some time with her. Left a card at Lord Dunmore's. Met Horace Twiss, who had called upon me twice to-day to ask me to assist in disposing of his tragedy: promised to attend the rehearsal for him to-morrow. Dined at Rogers's to meet Grattan: company only he, I, Rogers, and his brother and sister. Grattan still very delightful. Spoke of old Sheridan; he used to take the good speeches of other characters for his own. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," he used to speak Mercutio's speech, and read it, "Oh, then I see Queen Mab has been with *me*." Agreed with me in preferring Burke to all orators. Rogers remarked that Burke had an advantage over others in having reported his own speeches. Another remark of his, when we spoke of Burke's wonderful display of knowledge, that a man who has not much taste often seems to know more than a man whose fastidiousness of taste restrains him from such an exhibition. Charles Sheridan's letter to Blackstone was in defence of Ireland against the claims of English supremacy; and yet, when this very question was agitated in the House, C. Sheridan (who was brought in by Lord Muskerry) was one of the eighteen who stood up for England against the independence of Ireland. Grattan and I walked home together; and still, when I saw him to his own door, he would insist upon seeing me to mine, so that we saw each other home four or five times. Has a high opinion of Burke's integrity, and thinks the pension was in consequence of his change, not the change in consequence of the pension. Regrets that he and Fox differed, as they might have been a check upon each other, and prevented the opposite extremes into which both fell; both of a nature to embrace whatever cause they took up totally and ardently: *Quicquid vult, valde vult.*

8th. Passed most of the day in wandering about with Phipps looking for lodgings for them. Received a letter from Rome from Count Stendahl (?), the author of "*L'Histoire de la Peinture*," sending me a copy of his book, and praising abundantly "Lalla Rookh" and "Fudge Family." Dined with the Phippses at Ibbetson's and went with them to the Opera, where I had got Perry's box for them. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to beg him to excuse my dining with him to-morrow.

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers, Malthy, and Crabbe. Sauntered about. Called upon Lord Crewe, Sotheby, Croker, &c. Took the Phippses to see my picture at Shee's; they thought it very bad. Called at Lord Melbourne's; William Lamb just coming out of the door: walked with him for some time: he told me he had written a sketch of the earlier part of the political life of Sheridan, which he would give me to make what use I pleased of. Vanity, the reigning passion of Sheridan; no corruptness as to pecuniary motives about him. Dined at Lord Grey's: the company, Lord Hutchinson, Sir Robert Wilson, the Ponsonbys, and the family. Conversation about the state of the Ministry, the Bank question, the Catholics, &c. &c. It was not till we were near parting, that Sheridan came into play. Lord Grey said he was the chief cause of the Prince's separating from them at the last Regency; and told me the scene that Lord Holland described about the Prince's showing to Sheridan the answer he (Lord G.) and Lord

Grenville had drawn up to be sent to the Address of the Houses,—Sheridan altering it entirely, and their protesting strongly against this sort of secret advising. The odd sort of manufacture that took place in S.'s speeches—Mrs. S. Stewart, Read, Richardson, &c. all making extracts, pasting on papers, &c. S. told Lady Asgill that it was he who invented her beauty. Lord G. heard from Richardson that it was Heyne, not Haydn, who was elected by the Institute. This slight upon S. a chief cause of his tirades against Bonaparte and the French.* Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Hutchinson wrote the letters for the Prince about the command in 1803; Sir R. W. the first. Lord G. said, to talk of making speeches quite extempore was all nonsense. Every young orator ought to prepare and write out his speeches; not *verbatim*, but so as to know perfectly what he is about. S.'s great servility to the Prince. Lord H. said, no part of the Prince's conduct astonished him so much as his desertion of S., for he seemed to be really attached to him.

10th. Dined alone at the George, and took the Phippses afterwards to the British Gallery, for which Lord Grey and Rogers gave me tickets. Went afterwards to Lady Jersey's; every one there: a very civil bow from the Duke of Wellington. Lord Grey told me the verses I had mentioned of Sheridan's were a parody on some lines of Lord Rochester. Lady Cowper promised me a ticket for the next Almack's. William Lamb sent me his MS.

11th. Went to see Mr. Fawkes's drawings; chiefly Turner's, and very beautiful. Dined at Power's at four o'clock, to meet Bishop. He mentioned one curious musical joke of Haydn's, who, in composing the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," has, on the last word, *stolen* a passage from Martini. From thence to Astley's with the Phippses.

12th. Got tickets for the Phippses and Locke to see Lord Stafford's Gallery. Saw there the two Persians who have been studying in England for some time, and whose praises of "Lalla Rookh" I have so often been delighted to hear. Introduced myself to them: one of them very agreeable and intelligent. Missed my ticket for Almack's. Dined at the Wiltshire dinner,—Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and made a very tasteful speech in giving the health of the three Wiltshire poets,—Crabbe, Bowles and myself, all present. I was called on to return thanks, and succeeded marvellously. Among other things, I said that, "as far as a union by acts of friendship,—which, after all, was a more binding thing than a union by acts of Parliament,—could convert an Irishman into a Wiltshireman, I was in as fair a train of transformation as they could desire." Of Crabbe I said, that "the *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but that while, with the eye of a sage and a poet, he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in its most genial sunshine himself."

13th. Bessy and the little ones arrived: gave them up my lodgings, and took a bed at Rogers's. Went to Miller's Wharf, to secure berths for them in the packet for Sunday. The price of a state cabin seven guineas; but did not feel comfortable at the idea of their being all cribbed up in such a narrow space, and indulged in the extravagance of giving fourteen guineas for two cabins. Returned home at four: took a hackney-coach, and went with Bessy to Hornsey to visit the grave of our dearest Barbara. Her feelings seem to grow more quiet and reconciled on this subject. At eight o'clock she and I sauntered up and down the Burlington Arcade: then went and bought some prawns, and supped most snugly together.

14th. Went with Bessy and Mrs. Phipps to Hodgkinson's, to buy the wedding dress and other things which I am sending as presents to Bessy's sister; from thence to other shops. The Phippses dined with us at my lodgings; and in the evening we went, children and all, to the Coburg Theatre.

15th. Was asked to dine at Lord Jersye's and at Croker's but sent apologies. Went with Bessy and Mrs. P. to see the wild beasts, and afterwards to the Exhibition. Mrs. P. dined with us, and in the evening we went with dear Anastasia to Astley's.

16th (Sunday). Rose, after about an hour's sleep, at four o'clock, and by half-past four were in the hackney-coach (which a porter of Longman's brought), on our way to Miller's Wharf. At a little after six my dear girl with her two little ones, and Harriet our maid, sailed from the wharf, and I stopped till I saw the last

* For an explanation of this passage, see "Life of Sheridan," 8vo ed. vol. ii. p. 303.

glimpse of them. Breakfasted, on my return, at the Loudon Coffeehouse; then took a warm bath iu Pall Mall; the young lady of the house playing and singing my songs all the time, and her mother meeting me as I came out of the room, with an "Anaereon" in her hand, saying, "Oh sir, are you *the* Mr. Moore whom I have been admiring these thousand years? When will you come to bathe again, sir?" &c., &c. Drove with Mrs. Bennet and Mrs. P. to the Park, and walked there. Dined at Lord Cowper's. Company: Lord and Lady Duncannon, Lord A. Hamilton, the Cliffords, William Lambe and Lady Caroline, &c., &c. Begged of Captain Clifford to mention to Lord John Townshend (his father-in-law) my desire to have some conversation with him about Sheridan. Lady Cowper had seen the fair Circassian; says she is something like Lady Ossulston; speaks no language that any about her understand, but is now beginning to learn a little English.

17th. Went to see Philipps's pictures with Richard Power. He is painting the subject of the Man and the Child in Paradise and the Peri (there is one in the Exhibition by Corbould from the same poem). The triumphant ascent of the Peri in Philipps's is very spiritedly done. From thence went to call upon Miss O'Neil, and was agreeably surprised by her sitting down to the harp and singing very sweetly and unaffectedly one of my songs. Dined alone at the George, for the purpose of going to see her in "Mrs. Waller" with the Bennets and Phippses.

18th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and walked about with him paying visits of the day. Went with Douglas Kinnaird to Burgess (S.'s solicitor), who says he will apply for an injunction against the "Life" unless there is some arrangement made with the family. Dined with Lord Hutchinson. Company: Lord Donoughmore, Lord Brandon, some young Hutchinsons, and Parson Este, who told a few things of Sheridan, but of no importance,—except indeed one, which was, that Burke, at the meeting upon Garrick's funeral, suggested the thought of those lines in the monody which end "And points the place," by saying, that whenever the burial of Garrick was commemorated, the position of Shakspeare's statue should not be forgotten. Lord Hutchinson is of opinion that it must be owing to some negleetfulness of S. that he was latterly deserted by the Regent.

19th. Received a note from Captain Clifford, to say that Lord J. Townshend would be most happy to see me, and give all the information about S. in his power. Went to the Exhibition with the Phippses. Dined at Holland House. Company: Lord Grey, Lord A. Hamilton, Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Sir J. Mackintosh, Tierney, &c. Their mixture of the doleful and the humorous in their discourse upon last night's defeat in the House of Commons, very amusing. The censer flung round the room by Lady H.'s page after dinner seemed to astonish Murray the advocate, who had not, I suppose, seen the ceremony before; and I was myself a little astonished on hearing, as I came away, a very good male voice singing to the guitar, and finding that it was the *butler* who was accompanying himself in an Italian air. By the bye, the incense burned after dinner here comes from a convent in Spain, which gets it from another establishment connected with it in the north of Persia.

20th. Took the Phippses to see Rogers's house, and Philipps's picture of the Peri. Afterwards saw the procession of the Persian ambassador to Carlton House. Dined at Sotheby's. Company: Bowles, Crabbe, Miss Joanna Baillie, William Spencer, &c. Spencer as usual very amusing. Told us that, in allusion to Lady Crewe, they used to read the well-known line thus—"Crewe, admit me of thy mirth."

21st. Called by appointment upon Lord John Townshend, and had about an hour's talk concerning Sheridan. Said S. wrote at least two of "The Englishman;" that on Lord George Germaine and the first. Fox wrote one; was not satisfied with its style, and S. corrected it for him. Lord John read S.'s paper upon Lord G. Germaine to Gibbon at Devonshire House, and he was much pleased with it. S.'s jealousy: Lord John and Fitzpatrick used to say, that he was jealous even of a pretty woman. Burke's admiratiou of the Begum Speech; that, Mr. Fox said, first proved to him his want of a pure taste. Lord John mentioned the following verse as S.'s in the lines, "Glenbervie, Glenbervie," which indeed, he said, were almost all written off-hand by him:—

"Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,

Thou greatest of bilks,
How changed are the notes you now sing;
Your fam'd Forty-five
Is Prerogative,
And your blasphemy, God save the king."

Dined at Longman's; a literary dinner; Mackintosh, Bowles, Colonel Wilkes, Sir James Smith (President of the Linnæan Society), Dr. Holland, &c. &c. A very agreeable day. Some good Latin poems of Jekyll's. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the old saying, "Nemo repente fuit *turpissimus*." What Lord Ellenborough said to —— the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr. ——, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed," &c., &c. Sir James remarked very truly that shrewdness and wit were Sheridan's forte, not the higher kind of eloquence. We had some discussion as to how far Shakspeare borrowed that passage about the "cloud-capt towers" from Lord Sterling. The latter was produced, and the plagiarism is so remote, that Shakspeare need not even have seen it. Went afterwards to an assembly to meet the Phippses. Two bishops and a Persian (my friend Giafer) in the room.

22d. Dined alone; and went to Covent Garden in the evening. Saw Yates's mimierics; very good; his Matthews excellent. This is turning the tables on the great performers, as Tate Wilkinson did on Foote.

23d. Dined with Mackenzie, who was agent for exchange of prisoners in France, and is now commissioner for settling British claims. Company: a Russian Prince (whose name I forget), Lord William Bentinck, Captain Leigh (who had the adventure in the Pyramids), Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones Barker (Consul at Aleppo), Stratford Canning, Mr. Morier, &c. Sat between the two latter. Canning, an intelligent man: gave a ludicrous account of Lord Byron's insisting upon taking precedence of the *corps diplomatique* in a procession at Constantinople (when Canning was secretary), and upon Adair's refusing it, limping, with as much swagger as he could muster, up the hall, cocking a foreign military hat on his head. He found, however, he was wrong, and wrote a very frank letter acknowledging it, and offering to take his station anywhere.

24th. Dined with Rogers; in the evening to Covent Garden; and supped with Corry and Power. The company at Rogers's, the Bowleses, Rogers's two brothers and sister, &c.

25th. Went to the Panorama. Drove with Frederick Byng in his gig off to the Park. Dined with a party in the One Tun Tavern in Jermyn Street; Sir Francis Burdett, his son, Lord Rancliffe, Power, Beecher, and Corry. Went to Ferrars's concert and ball at Almack's; saw there the Duke of Wellington, the Morpeths, Lansdownes, &c., &c. Corry and I supped together afterwards.

26th. Dined with Braekenbury, a friend of Joy's, out of town four miles. Met there my old friend Barnewall (now Lord Trimlestown) who once wrote me a French poem as if from the Invisible Girl, in which I recollect he summed up the catalogue of my mistresses thus—"Mais Betsy, Rose, Iris, Hortense." Went to Almack's (the regular assembly) and staid till three in the morning. Lord Morpeth said to me, "You and I live at Almack's."

27th. Dined with Perry: the company, Boswell (son to Bozzy), Freeling of the Post Office, Bowles, &c. &c. Went to an assembly at Lansdowne House.

28th. Dined with Hume at his cottage at Hanwell, the dinner being in celebration of my birthday. Taken out by the Brigstocks, Mrs. B. being an exceedingly pretty Biondina. Cannon (one of the Regent's chaplains) told some good stories of his master during dinner. "Alarming times; I receive some dreadful anonymous letters; don't I, Bloomfield? You remember that one which I didn't like to send to the Secretary of State, beginning, "You damned old fellow, I'll pull you out of the coach." Mentioned also the *gracious* answer sent by Bloomfield to an application of Mrs. Murray's, to be allowed to remain in her chambers: "Madam, His R. H. was most feelingly gracious in the expression of his decision, which was —— unfavourable to your request," &c. &c. Hume had proposed a large laurel crown, which was *imposed* upon me after dinner.

29th. Called upon Miss Costello, the young authoress that Bowles patronises; rather a nice girl. She had sent me her poems the night before with a very flattering letter, "first poet of the age," &c. &c. I drove down to Bishopsgate Street for the purpose of taking a

stage to Sir J. Mackintosh's (within two miles of Ware). Mackintosh had written me a note on Thursday with instructions as to the route and conveyance. The stages all full; walked to Enfield (a very pretty path between Edmonton and Enfield through the fields); took a chaise there and arrived at Mackintosh's a little before seven; found a large party just going to sit down to dinner,—Allen (Lady M.'s brother, married to a daughter of Lord R. Seymour) and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Malthus, Mr. Le Bas, Miss Stewart (a pretty Irish girl), Miss Allen, &c. Sung a little in the evening.

30th. A good deal of conversation with Mackintosh, chiefly about Sheridan and the politics of his time. Wyndham said of S., it was not from want of fertility or quickness that he *prepared* so much, but an over-desire of polish and correctness. Sheridan was ignorant of almost every subject he had to handle, and manfully acknowledged it. He showed the great difference there was between prudence and good sense: no one could advise others better. Fox said of the florid parts of S.'s speech, "I don't like these things, except in Burke,—they are natural to him." Mackintosh defends coalitions warmly, and is certainly right as to the *general* principle, though some of the particular instances have been unlucky. The eighteenth century full of coalitions; the Revolution brought about by a coalition; Lord Chatham's coalition with the Duke of Newcastle, which turned out so prosperously. I mentioned, as one of the discreditable and unfortunate coalitions, that of Mr. Pulteney, in 1741, though this was between Whigs and Whigs. M. said that, unless coalitions were allowed, we must submit for ever to a standing Court Ministry; and the Opposition must become merely a sort of Tribunitian Band, who, being unchecked by those hopes of succeeding to power, which at present moderate the temper of their opposition, and prevent them from committing themselves to rash opinions or impracticable measures, would run into all sorts of violence, and produce such shocks as would at last ruin the constitution. Mr. Pitt, he said, had himself been in negotiation for a coalition with Lord North, though he afterwards condemned Fox so much for forming it. Fox, too, was in the treaty with Lord Shelburne before he coalesced with Lord North; but though he had more points of contact in politics with the former, he disliked the man; whereas, though differing so much with Lord North in public, he had a strong regard and sympathy for his private character; so that, while he incurred the charge of inconsistency in joining with Lord North, he would have sacrificed every private feeling in coalescing with Lord Shelburne. It is said Sheridan was against the India Bill. Mr. Burke's speech upon conciliation with the colonies one of his best; was well listened to during the American war. This contradicts what Lord Erskine says in the preface to "Fox's Speeches." Mr. Fox used to ask of a speech, "Does it read well?" "Yes." "Then it was not a good speech." The King's duplicity throughout his whole reign. The Grenvilles have an hereditary dislike to him. A few Whig families are our only security for the constitution. The Duke of Devonshire might better burn Chatsworth to the ground than forfeit one of his hereditary pledges to the Whigs. The political economists quite a new school. Has heard Fox say, talking of finance, "You know, Grey, you and I don't mind these things." The leaders of this school at present, Lords Grenville, King, Lansdowne, &c. Burke's pension was not coincident with his apostasy, but three or four years afterwards: nothing wrong about Burke's paymastership. Sayings of Madame de Staël:—Of the scene at Richmond she said, it was "*Calme et animée, ce qu'il faut être, et ce que je ne suis pas.*" Praised Barrow's first sermon. We read over together Dryden's "Epistle on Painting;" the famous passage in Hooker, about law.

31st. Mackintosh, who seemed yesterday to think that I must hold a veil up before Sheridan's criminalities, told me this morning he had been thinking of the subject the greater part of the night, and had come to the decision, that I ought to do no such thing: it would be unjust to my own character and to the world; and that I ought (as he owned, I seemed well inclined to do) to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. He and Allen walked with me to Ware. The former mentioned a whimsical joke of Stewart Rose's—"that he had learned from Lord Byron's poetry that two bulls make a nightingale" (bulbul). We had a good deal of laughing at an Irishman who was of our party, on account of a bull he had made at

breakfast, and which we called "half a nightingale,"—a sort of "spatch-cock nightingale." Arrived in town just in time to dress for dinner, at Pearse's the Bank director and M. P. for Devizes, who made a speech the other night against the Report. Odd enough, I was asked also to dine to-day with Lord King; *so I had the two extremes* of the Bank Question on my list. Company at Pearse's, Duke of Dorset, Lord Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Long Wellesley, &c. &c. An assembly there in the evening; *re*-presented to Miss Addington, whom I had met before one morning at Lady Donegal's; and had much conversation with her, to the astonishment of some Sidmouthites from my neighbourhood. Mrs. Frere sang, and the Miss Pearses played; but on my being asked, bolted, the company being too large.

June 1st. Called on Lady Malcolm (the wife of the Indian hero), to whose house I went the other day with Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, but she was not at home. By the bye, during that walk I took with Mrs. Sheridan, she told me there was another place, besides the registrarship of Malta, which S. had made Tom refuse. She spoke kindly of S. and of his good-nature, when no object of his own interfered: owned also that, under the alarm of any pressure or inconvenience from the want of money, he would not hesitate at any means of procuring it. Found Lady Malcolm at home to-day, and introduced myself. She played for me the Persian air which Mrs. S. told me of, and some others, rather pretty. Went from her to the Duchess of Sussex, whom, with her beautiful daughter, I met on the 24th at Miss White's assembly (where, by the by, a little girl acted in a French *proverbe* who was found amidst the conflagration of Moscow, quite an infant, and not known whether French or Russian; now seven years old, and acted very archly). This daughter of the Duke of Sussex, by Lady A. Murray, a very fine creature. They call her the Princess Emma among themselves, but her general designation is Mademoiselle d'Este. Sat for near two hours with her, and sung a good deal; never saw a more enthusiastic person about music. They asked me to dine next Tuesday. Dinner at Lord Crewe's: company Luttrell, Rogers, the Cunliffes, &c. Lord Crewe said he had a letter from Sheridan to Mrs. Greville, prefixed as a sort of dedication to some MS. book of poems, which he would let me see. Luttrell very comical about the cocked hats in the orchestra at Vauxhall, which looked, he said, as if they were the last of their race, the *ultima cælestum . . . Astræa*, leaving the earth and half-coming to heaven. I sung in the evening, and Mrs. Cunliffe sung a song of Lewis's, "I am not mad, I am not mad," without accompaniment. The energy with which she gives these songs is sometimes rather painful; but they have great effect. I have seen numbers in tears at her ballad, "It was a winter's evening." She and Cunliffe invited me very earnestly to their seat in Wales. All went to an assembly at Sotheby's in the evening.

2nd. Called at Longman's, and consulted them as to what I should do with respect to Murray; who, in a late conversation I had with him, said it was to *me* the creditors would legally look, as it was to me those papers that formed the property on which their claims were founded, had been given by Charles Sheridan. This, though it did not occur to me before, appears to be the real state of the case. I told the Longmans that what I wished was to propose to Murray one of the two following measures: either he must guarantee me against these claims of the creditors, in which case I would proceed with the "Life" on our present terms; or if not, I would refund the money I had already drawn for on account (460*l.*), and give up the whole concern. The Longmans approved of this plan, and professed themselves ready to honour my draft for the 460*l.* Met there Campbell the poet, and walked with him to a little bedroom he has taken in St. Paul's Churchyard, in order to consult medical advice about a complaint he has. He accompanied me afterwards to call upon Richard Power, who was waiting for me to go to Miss Stephens (the singer), and we all three proceeded together to her house. On the way I met Lord Duumore, and introduced Campbell to him. Miss Stephens, who lives in a pretty, light, flowery-looking house, quite worthy of her, sung "Donald" for us; and I sung two or three in return. It was the first time Campbell had heard me, and he seemed much pleased. He asked me with much warmth for a song (which I recollect his praising before in very warm terms), "Oh, had we some

bright little isle of our own," in the "Irish Melodies;" but the air is not fit for the words, and I never sing it. In walking home Campbell said to me, he thought still more highly of my style of song-writing since he heard me sing. We talked of Lord Byron. He said he was a "fallen angel;" then added, with a smile, "and broke his foot in falling," alluding to Lord B.'s lameness. Dined at Horace Twiss's, in Chancery Lane: an odd dinner, in a borrowed room, with champagne, pewter spoons, and old Lady Cork. The company, besides her ladyship, William Spencer, Lord Petersham, Colonel Berkeley, Nugent, Kean the actor, and one or two more. Sat next Nugent. He told me of a woman in Paris saying, when he asked why she called the Napoleons (coins) Louis, "*Mais Monsieur, c'est une douce habitude, que nous sommes bien aises de reprendre.*" One of Louis's courtiers said, at the time when Napoleon was advancing in that magnificent manner from Elba, "*Ce qu'il y a d'affreux dans tout cela c'est que ça est superbe.*" Went up to coffee, and found Mrs. Siddons, who was cold and queen-like to me. From thence, about twelve, to an assembly at Mrs. Phillips's, where I saw Mrs. Siddons again. Discovered the reason of her coldness: I had not gone to a party she had invited me to; and, by a mistake, she did not hear of a visit I had paid her a day or two after. All right again! By the by, Campbell had told me in the morning, as a very characteristic trait of Sheridan, that after his death there was found an immense heap of letters, which he had taken charge of to frank, from poor husbands to wives, fathers to children, &c. &c.

3d. Attended a meeting of the stewards of Burns's dinner (the object of which is to aid the subscription for a monument to him), and found all Scotchmen there. In settling the airs to be played after the toasts, I proposed after the city of Edinburgh to have "I'll gae nae mair to yon town," which allusion to the unwillingness of the Scotch to return northward did not seem to be much relished. I found I had been more active than any of the stewards, except the originator of the business, Mr. Forbes Mitchell. Dined with my good friend Admiral Douglas and his pretty little wife, and went with them in the evening to Miss O'Neil's benefit.

4th. Walked with Richard Power and Corry to Alsop's Buildings, Baker Street, and saw some paintings by Martin; most remarkable works, particularly one on the subject of Joshua bidding the sun stand still. He means to paint a subject from "Lalla Rookh." Called upon Hunt (the "Examiner") who lives in the neighbourhood. A literary dinner at Longmans'. Dr. Whitaker (who published an edition, or rather a reprint, of "Pierse Plowman"), Dr. Hewlett, Captain Ross of arctic renown, Daniel the painter, &c. &c. Went to a dance at Tegart's, and staid till three in the morning. Danced with a pretty Hebe of a girl, Miss Wilson, who caught my fancy for the time exceedingly. Apropos to dancing with pretty girls, I have had two or three letters from my own pretty girl, who is safe in Edinburgh, and delighted to see once more her mother and sisters.

5th. To-day our Burns's dinner. Had great difficulty in arranging my party, as I had only seven seats allowed me at the Duke's table, and my friends were Power, Beecher, Corry, Sir F. Burdett, Tegart, Phillips the painter, Brownlow, Murray the bookseller, Crabbe the poet, and Joy. Put down some of them to a lower table. Murray, one of them, not at all pleased; came to me, and said that his object in coming was merely the pleasure of enjoying my company, and as it was rather inconvenient to him to stay, he would leave me a draft for his donation (ten guineas) and be off. This would not do, so I promoted him to the top table. Phillips, too, very cross; but what could I do? Seated Crabbe next myself. The Duke of Sussex's speech was good, and full of golden sentences (for a Prince) about liberty. Sir J. Mackintosh very eloquent, but rather too much of it, and heavy and roundabout. My reception most flattering; my name was never mentioned (and it was often by the speakers) without bringing applause; and when I rose to speak, the people crowded from their seats towards my table. At every sentence I was interrupted by plaudits: my own countrymen never received me with more enthusiasm. I was glad too to have two or three of them by, to witness and enjoy it, as they did most thoroughly. Burns's son was brought forward, and spoke sensibly; very like the father to judge by the engravings, and worthy of him in the manly sentiments he

expressed about politics; too manly and free, poor fellow, for his advancement as a placeman. Power, Corry, Brownlow, and I adjourned to the Piazza and supped: poor Corry so bewildered with drinking bumpers to me and "the honour of old Ireland," that he could not walk home. By the by, there were about 350 Scotchmen at the dinner; and the donations of my party made more than a fourth of the subscriptions at table.

6th. Breakfasted with Meerza Jiafer Jabeeb: showed me some curious Persian MSS. A Mr. Shakspeare there, a good oriental scholar. Jiafer is to take a diploma of doctor at Oxford this month. Went from thence to Rogers's. Crabbe had been with him, maintaining (in talking of the dinner of yesterday) that Murray deserved a higher place than Phillips the artist and royal academician, because——he kept his carriage! This is inconceivable. I had bid Mackintosh tell Lady Holland I should go out to dine to-day if she would let me; so I went. The company, only Lord John Russell, Mackintosh, Allen, young Charles Fox, and myself. Allen mentioned that one of the things which brought Burns into disgrace with his excise masters was a toast which he gave, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings." He was also accused of having called for *ça Ira* at the Dumfries theatre. In the middle of dinner Lady H. said to me: "I hope you mean to sleep here to-night; you are never agreeable when you are on the wing for your Lady Corks, &c.; you hav'n't the *esprit présent.*" I said "Yes," of course; and a man and horse were dispatched for my things, her ladyship promising that I should have the prettiest bedroom in the house. Talked of Mazeppa, the name Lord B. has given to his hero instead of Don Juan. Looked over the account of Mazeppa in Le Clere's "Russia." He was, as a punishment, tied on a wild horse, and run away with into the Ukraine; but his adventures have nothing to do with Lord B.'s hero. Allen showed me a fine story of Amurath in "Wanley's Wonders," taken from Knolles. Something might be made of it in poetry. I pointed out to Lord Holland and the rest a passage from Busbequius that struck me as romantic; where he describes the soldiers singing a song, supposed to be uttered by a dying warrior on the river's bank, addressing the river as it flows by, and bidding it hasten to tell his mistress how gallantly he had died. They did not seem to think anything of it; but if I had mentioned (what was really the case) that it was Lord Byron who first pointed it out to me, they would have been sure to have found out all possible beauty in it,—such is the *prestige* of a name! In talking as to whether Lady Byron really loved Lord Byron, Lady H. seemed to think she must. "He was such a loveable person. I remember him (said she) sitting there, with that light upon him, looking so beautiful!" My bedroom was, as she had promised, the prettiest thing that could be imagined, one of those lately fitted up; and I heard the nightingales singing the greater part of the night.

7th. The good lady at my lodgings had sent me no proper toilette for the morning; so I ordered a hackney coach from Kensington and made my way into town, leaving a valedictory note for Lady H. Went to the theatre to try and get a dress for Lady Darnley's fancy ball in the evening. Connor (the Irish actor) took me to his house and provided me with an old English or Spanish dress (old in every sense of the word) which his wife had worn in "Floranthe." Heard a few sweet notes from Miss Stephens, who was rehearsing. Was to have dined at Lord Dunmore's, but sent an excuse in order to go early to the Philharmonic, having had a ticket sent me by the directors. Dined at a coffee-house, but did not get to the Philharmonic till the first act was over. Saw Braham there, who took me aside, and proposed that I should write words to some fantasias or wild melodies of his, so as to make scenas of them, and that we should publish them together; but my mentioning that I was bound to Power put an end to the idea, as he is bound to the new Musical Institution. Met the pretty young bride, Mrs. —— (Longman's daughter), and her husband, and sat by her during the concert. Went home to dress for Lady Darnley's at eleven, and what with stitching and patching was not ready to join the party from Power's till half-past twelve. The ball a most beautiful spectacle, but I had left my glass at home; besides, I was rather ashamed of my dress; and the little girl at my lodgings had stitched my stockings to the trunks so ill, that they came asunder, and threatened every minute to make a Highlander

of me. To add to my annoyance, the Duke of Sussex, when I was hiding snug behind a pillar, took me by the hand, and drawing me forth into the full light of the room, said, "Come, let us look at you; why, you're very smart." His daughter was leaning on his arm; the first time he has appeared with her in public. Her dress, a Mary Queen of Scots, most becoming to her. Left the ball soon.

8th. The "Morning Post" kind enough to tell me what I was last night (which I did not know myself), and announces me as having been in the character of a court page in the reign of Henry VIII. Threatened with invasion in my bed by Joy, to whom I had half promised to go to Ascot races to-day, and dine at Brigstock's. Obliged to fly from bed and home, unshaved, untoileted, and take refuge in a coffee-house near. But he watched like a bailiff for me, and when, after having fled into the city, and done some little businesses there, I was returning home in fancied security about five o'clock, I saw his gig still drawn up, but within two doors of my lodgings, he having said to the girl, "I am afraid the gig frightens him away." This is, to be sure, quite the perfection of boring. Dined at Rogers's, by my own invitation: the company, a Mr. Hibbert and his daughters, Luttrell, Sharpe, and Miss Rogers. The dinner most excellent. Luttrell told us about Hare, describing Tarleton, on some occasion when there was a mob collected round Devonshire House, saying to them, "My good fellows, if you grow riotous, I shall really be obliged to *talk* to *you*." "Upon which (said Hare) they dispersed immediately." We went in the evening to Mrs. Chinnery's, where I heard Viotti, Ashley, &c., play a beautiful quintett of Boccherini's, full of sweet melody. The Demoiselles Liker sung too. Lady Dunmore asked me, should I like to go to see the charity children at St. Paul's on Thursday, if she could get me a ticket.

9th. Met Bishop by appointment at Power's, in order for him to look over the National Melodies I have done, and take my ideas as to their arrangement. This being our first time of working together, I felt rather nervous; but he appears everything I could wish; intelligent, accommodating, and quick at understanding my wishes upon the subject. One thing flattered me a good deal: among the airs I produced to him, I had stolen in one of my own, under the disguise of a Swedish air. It was the last I brought forward, and he had scarcely played two bars of it when he exclaimed "Delicious!" and when he finished it said, "This is the sweetest air you have selected yet." I could not help telling him the truth about it; and, indeed, I doubt very much whether I shall go on with the imposture by introducing it into the collection. If I do, I shall call it a *Moorish* air. Dined with Corry, and went to a wretched exhibition at Drury Lane for the benefit of a Mr. Lanza.

10th. Went with the Dunmores and Lady Ann Hamilton to St. Paul's: a most interesting spectacle; near 12,000 children assembled in that grand church. Nothing could be more striking than their all, at the same moment, rising and veiling their faces with their aprons at the first sound of the organ and at the Benediction. We were in the Lord Mayor's seat, as were also Lord and Lady Darnley, &c.; but afterwards we went to the organ-lóft, from which the coup d'œil was most beautiful. Lady Dunmore was in tears during the Coronation Anthem. Dined at Lady Cork's. Company: Lord and Lady Bessborough, William and Lady Caroline Lambe, Jekyll, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, and Miss White. Jekyll said, that some one being asked how Lord Glenbervie felt on seeing his son join the ranks of opposition, answered, "Why, something like a hen when she sees a young duckling she has hatched take to the water." In the evening the Duchess of Sussex and her daughter came, the latter, at Lady Cork's request, in the dress she wore at Lady Darnley's. A good deal of singing by Mrs. Frere, myself, and Mrs. Cunliffe. From thence I went to Lady Grey's ball, which is always of the best kind, and stayed till between two and three. Lord Grey himself was there, after having made a splendid speech of two hours on the Transubstantiation question. Had some talk with Lord Lansdowne, Lady Jersey, &c.

11th. Sat for two hours to Phillips, who proposed to paint a copy of this picture for Mrs. Moore, on condition I would give him a set of my works. Most gladly agreed to the bargain. Went to my proctor, who gave me somewhat a better account of the state of my Bermuda affairs. Dined at ——: a large party of God knows who; but all the women

seemed selected as foils to his pretty wife. Smith of the "Rejected Addresses" one of the party, and was rather amusing at dinner. Mentioned a good idea some one gave of poor Skeffington with his antiquity, his rouge, &c., &c., that "he was an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic." Denied being the author of the riddle about the looking-glass. Had never heard it before, but mentioned one of his own: "How would you spell the Archipelago with three letters?—Ægean Sea, *i. e.* e, g, and e." A large party in the evening. Much against my will, I sung. Smith gave some of his comic songs, which are excellent.

12th. Set out at six for Calne in the White Lion coach: full. One of the passengers a pretty girl going alone to Bath. Found her to be a Miss Maxwell, cousin to Sir Murray. She had been travelling in Italy and France for two years: a very pleasing girl. Told her who I was before we parted, and she asked me to call upon her. Had just read "Lalla Rookh" through, and looked her praises of it. Have seldom got over twelve hours of travelling more agreeably. Walked from Calne home. My cottage looking very sunny, but very solitary.

13th. Brought up the arrears of this journal. Have forgot to mention a visit I paid to Holland House one morning. Lord H. had just finished "Lalla Rookh." My lady said she had two objections to reading it: in the first place, it was Eastern; and, in the second place, it was in quarto. I told her the latter objection had been removed for near two years past. Poets, inclined to a plethora of vanity, would find a dose of Lady Holland now and then very good for their complaint. Rogers told me Lord H. was very much pleased with "Lalla;" liked the prose too, and Fadladeen. Lord H. mentioned this day, as a proof of the improvement of property in France since the Revolution, that the Duke of Richmond's estate of D'Aubigny, which before that event was 1200*l.* a year (800*l.* of which being from seignorial rights was, of course, swept away by their abolition), now brought him in 1500*l.* Lady Holland took Rogers and me into town in her carriage. Another thing I forgot is my having read the proof sheets of the second canto of "Don Juan" at Murray's. This poem will make a great sensation. Young Haidee is the very concentrated essence of voluptuousness, and will set all the women wild. There are also some unmanly allusions to Lady Byron through the poem, which her sex will, I think, arm against. Murray showed me a letter which Lord B. has written him, which is to me unaccountable, except from the most ungovernable vanity. He there details to him (to Murray the bookseller, a person so out of his caste, and to whom he writes formally, beginning, "Dear sir") the details of an intrigue, in which he says he is at this moment actually engaged with a Venetian girl, "the daughter of one of their noblemen," whose name is Angelina, and whose age is eighteen, &c. &c.; entering into such details as it would be dishonourable to communicate even to the most confidential friend, and thus completely identifying the poor girl (if, indeed, any such girl exists), for the edification of Mr. Murray and all the visitors of his shop, to whom it is, of course, intended he shall read the gazette of my lord's last Venetian victory. This is really too gross. In the same spirit is the drawing (exhibited in Harlowe's Collection, Pall Mall) of a Venetian woman, with a note under it in Lord Byron's own handwriting, saying that it was a likeness of "Marguerita" (I forget the other name), done at Venice, at the request of G. G. Byron, &c., &c. Dined alone.

17th. Dined with the Hugheses. During these days did little but write letters. Read over again Burke's admirable speeches on conciliation with the Colonies and the Nabob of Arcot's debts. Happened to read at the same time Canning's own report of his late speech on the vote of thanks to the Indian army. How weak and jejune in comparison!

19th. Went into Devizes to dine with the Salmons. Read before dinner the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in Howell. Sir Edward Coke's conduct unpardonable. His abuse of Raleigh actual Billingsgate. Slept at Salmons'.

20th. Dined at home. This last week have written words to a Scottish air, "Peace be around thee;" and to a Portuguese air, "Whisperings heard by wakeful maids."

21st. Began a little allegory about Common Sense and Genius, to a French air, "Le Bonheur." Have been turning in my mind an "opus magnum," in the poetical way; the story placed first in Egypt and then in Greece, in the first or second century of Christianity;

my hero, a young epicurean philosopher; my heroine, an enthusiastic girl who becomes a Christian, and at last, a martyr. It is very much the same outline as my "Philosophy of Pleasure;" but how much better could I fill it up now, while my fancy is as much alive as ever, and my taste and judgment improved!

25th. Dined at Phipps's. Had adapted in the morning some words I wrote some time ago, "Oh no, not even when first we loved," to an air, said to be Cashmerian. Wrote to take a place for Sunday (the day after to-morrow) to town, as I expect Bessy on her return from Edinburgh next week, having sent her the supplies for her journey on Wednesday last. The dear girl asked but for fifteen pounds, and I sent her thirty.

26th. Walked into Devizes; rather at my wit's end for money. Branigan announced to me in a letter I had from him last week, that he had ordered his partners in London to send me a bank post-bill for 50*l.*, to defray the expenses of his little girl, which have not yet come to half the sum; but it is very convenient just now. No tidings of it. Drew upon Power for 50*l.*

27th. Gave up my ordered place in the coach, and resolved to stay till to-morrow. Dined at the Macdonalds'; Mrs. P., too, dined there. Had in the morning begun a song to a Spanish air, "Speed to the Battle." Received the 50*l.* from B.'s partners.

28th. Set off in the York House coach for town. A lady in the coach, who, I suspect, was a teacher of music. On my mentioning, in the course of conversation, that I had heard Miss O'Neill sing one morning lately, she asked "Was it one of Moore's 'Irish Melodies' she sung?" I said "Yes." "Which of them?" "One that, I believe, is called 'Love's Young Dream!'" Did not avow myself, though we were alone the greater part of the way. Dined at the George at eight o'clock.

29th. Called at Power's, at Shee's the painter, and at Douglas's: the latter asked me to dine. Called also at Murray's. Has given Lord Byron 2000*l.* for "Mazeppa;" "Don Juan" to be the make-weight. What a trick he has played upon the public about "Mazeppa," leading them to suppose it was the long expected "Don Juan." Was not yet decided upon giving me the guarantee against the claims of Sheridan's creditors on the papers Charles S. has given me. Told him I had begun a new poetical work. He asked me, "Is it disposed of?" and I replied that I was sure he himself would not have a good opinion of me if I were to give up the Longmans. To this he assented with a very good grace; and said he only regretted, and never ceased to do so, that he had lost "Lalla Rookh," when he might have had it. He showed me the amount of his first edition of "Crabbe's Tales," just published, by which it appears that, when the whole (3000) are sold off, he will still be 1900*l.* minus. Met Lord Grey in the street, and had some conversation with him about his late Transubstantiation motion; he means to try it again. Dined at Douglas's and went to Lady Grey's ball at night. Miss O'Neill and the Duchess of York there. Talked a good deal with Pamela.

30th. Called at Longman's. Found that my expected visit to Scotland was mentioned very flatteringly in the "Scotsman." Dined at Lord Dunmore's: company, Lord A. Hamilton, Nicholson and his sister, Sir H. Englefield, Hallam, &c. We talked of literary impostures; that of Ireland, of Muretus upon Scaliger, &c. Sir Harry very indignant against all such tricks; particularly against George Stevens's deceit upon the Society of Antiquaries (of which Sir H. is a distinguished member, though he says he was not among those taken in). Said Stevens "deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail for it." The rest of us seemed to think it was very good fun, and very venial. It was a stone which Stevens had prepared by leaving it some time in a corner to give it the appearance of age, and then corroding a Saxon inscription into it by means of aquafortis, to the following effect, "Here the king Hardicanute, having drank off the cup, stared about him and died." As Hardicanute is said to have died in this manner at Lambeth, he had this stone exhibited in the windows of a curiosity seller in that neighbourhood, where it was, of course, soon found out by the antiquaries, and received as genuine by that learned body, till one of them discovered that the inscription was corroded and not engraved, which detected the trick. Mademoiselle D'Este and Lady Charlemont in the evening. Went to Almack's; asked Mademoiselle D'Este there what *she* thought of Lady Char-

lemont. "Oh, beautiful," she said, "as lovely as Lalla Rookh herself."

July 1st. Went out to breakfast at Holland House. Lord Holland sent for me into his dressing-room; talked of what happened last night in the House of Lords, on the reversal of Lord E. Fitzgerald's attainder; seemed to fear he had said a little too much in the way of praise and gratitude, Lord Lansdowne having remarked to him that he ought to have said something about the injustice of the attainder. Talked, at breakfast, of Sheridan's speech upon Addington's accession to the premiership; the joke from Aristophanes about Theseus, borrowed from a letter of G. Wakefield's to Mr. Fox, which S. had pronounced "curst pedantry," when it was read to him, but afterwards turned it to his own account. Francis said to Lord H. upon Sheridan's stealing his joke about the Peace, "This is the way they live upon me." Lord John Russell's book, the "Life of Lord Russell," just published. Talked with Lord John about his intention of voting against Burdett's motion for reform. Said I did not see how he could with any consistency oppose it; and spoke as strongly as I could of the loss of ground the Whigs would suffer with the public, if they took part against so moderate and fair a proposal as I understood Burdett's was to be. Called upon the Duke of Sussex on the way into town, and sat with him for half an hour. He mentioned the Prince's fancy ball as a good thing for a wag to write something comical upon. Asked me with much kindness about my Bermuda affair. Dined with Rogers. Was to have gone to Lady Ennismore's ball, but heard she was in alarm at the idea of the Regent, (who was expected there) meeting me, and did not go.

2d. Called at Murray's, and found Croker there. Long conversation with him about the Catholic Question (which, he said, we would see carried with a high hand before very long), and about Peel's defeat by Brougham. Gave me a copy of his speech on the Catholic Question, and wrote in it, "To T. M., esq., from his old friend the author." Went from thence to sit for Philips. Lords Grey and Jersey came while I was sitting. Dined at Holland House. Warm dispute between Mackintosh and Lord H. after dinner, about Buonaparte's detention of the English travellers in France; Lord H. being of opinion that our seizure of the ships justified him in it, and Mackintosh alleging the usage and law of nations which allowed plunder by sea, but forbade it by land. Slept there.

3d. Received a note announcing my dear Bessy's arrival the night before from Edinburgh, which she left on Tuesday (29th); a very short passage. Breakfasted with her in Duke Street, and then went to my proctor's, who told me that the first of my three Bermuda cases was to come before the Lords of Appeal on Tuesday next; and he had great hopes it would be dismissed, from the evident signs of collusion in the adverse party. Dined at home with Bess, and took her to the Surrey Theatre in the evening.

4th. Called with Bessy upon Lady Cork. Asked us both to an assembly, to which she said she had invited the Regent, but complained that he never would come near her since I had described him at her routs in the "Twopenny Post Bag." Told me a great deal about Sheridan. First met him and Mrs. S., soon after their marriage, at a Mr. Cootes's. Mrs. S. sung with the Miss Cooteses, the little children that are painted with her in her portrait (by Sir J. Reynolds) as St. Cecilia. Sheridan then an ugly, awkward-looking man. The Duchess of Devonshire anxious to have Mrs. S. to sing at her house, but not liking to have him,—a "player," as she called him. Reminded of this some time after by Lady Cork on her keeping a house two months unoccupied, which she had taken at great expense at Bath, and alleging for her reason that she and her party were detained from day to day at Chatsworth by the agreeableness of S.'s conversation. S. always said the "Rivals" was one of the worst plays in the language, and he would give any thing he had not written it. It was by her brother Monckton's interest, S. first got in for Stafford. He would often keep his chaise and four waiting all day at Monckton's, while he played cricket with the children. Dined (Bessy and I) with Shee. Lady Kennedy came in the evening, and sung; so did I.

5th. Bessy shopping in the morning. We dined at Douglas's at five, and she and they went to the play to see Miss O'Neil in "Juliet," while I went to dine again at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Mackintosh, Brougham, Hallam, Wishaw, Sir Alexander Johnstone,

&c. Got into a sad scrape during dinner, by repeating Byron's unpardonable verses upon poor Romilly; for I found afterwards, that Romilly's son was sitting opposite to me. Left Lord L.'s at nine, and joined the party at Covent Garden. Saw "Mother Goose." In talking of Crabbe with Hallam at dinner, he quoted what Miss ——— had said of him as a companion, that "the cake was no doubt very good, but there was too much sugar to cut through in getting at it." To-day my Bermuda cause comes on.

6th. A desperate wet day. We dined at Power's, in the Strand. Had taken places for Bessy and her train in the Calne coach for to-morrow.

7th. Walked out with Bess, and made some visits. She bought a seal as a present for Mrs. Phipps, and ordered "Sophia" and a "Forget-me-not" to be engraved upon it, which the man said he would have ready by half-past four. Dined early, and saw her and her little ones off. Was mortified sadly at finding that I had by mistake taken their places in the six-inside coach, and that they were crammed in with a legion of disagreeable people, and a pile at the top quite terrifying. Wanted Bessy to forfeit what I had paid and give up going; but she would not. Worried myself about it all the evening. Richard Power and I went to the Lyceum to see the Jovial Crew; from thence to Covent Garden, behind the scenes—Don Juan and Miss Stephens; afterwards to Vauxhall, where we were joined by Beecher and a Mr. French. Saw Madame Saqui ascending among the fireworks, more like a vision than anything I had ever yet beheld. Supped, drank arrack-punch, and was home by three. Have not heard from Toller to-day, so take for granted my cause did not come on yesterday.

8th. Walked about with R. Power in the morning: called at Lord Blessington's, and fixed Sunday for both of us to dine with him. Dined at Richardson's (P. and S.) for the purpose of going to see Miss O'Neil in "Evadne." There being a delay in bringing dinner, we resolved to eat but half of it before the play, and have the rest afterwards. Miss O'Neil's acting most exquisitely touching. Must no longer delay thanking Sheil for his dedication of this very effective play to me.

9th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, and found Luttrell and him going upon the water to follow the Fishmongers' barge, and enjoy the music. Went with them, upon Rogers's insuring my return at six to Douglas's christening dinner. Luttrell, as usual, very agreeable. We were talking of the beauty of the bridges, and how some persons had opposed the building of the Waterloo Bridge, saying it would spoil the river: "Gad, sir," says Luttrell, "if a few very sensible persons had been attended to, we should still have been champing acorns." Nobody puts a sound philosophical thought in a more pithy, sarcastic form than he does. I was mentioning the poems lately published by "Barry Cornwall," which had been sent to me by the author; and that, on my calling at the publisher's to leave my card for him, I was told his real name was Proctor, but that "being a gentleman of fortune, he did not like to have his name made free with in the Reviews." "I suppose," says Luttrell, "he is of opinion *qui non habet in crumenâ luat in corpore?*" (These poems, by the by, are full of original talent.) In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device, a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*," sent back a seal with a shirt on it and the following motto, "*J'en change tous les jours.*" Luttrell mentioned the open scissors with "We part only to meet again." At Hammersmith, on our return, I took the coach to town, but was after all too late, and lost my dinner at Douglas's. Dined alone at the George; and went behind the scenes at Covent Garden to see "Figaro." Miss Stephens and that pretty Miss Beaumont delightful in "Susanna and the Page." There is no such pleasant piece as "Figaro."

10th. Took for granted, from not having heard since Tuesday from Toller, that all was safe; but the truth came upon me like a thunder-clap this morning; the cause was heard and decided against me, and in two months from last Wednesday, an attachment is to be put in force against my person. Toller had written to tell me, but from his misdirecting his note to Duke Street, *Westminster*, I have been left in the bliss of ignorance for these three days past. Went and consulted with the Longmans, who are all anxiety and kindness. Wrote to tell Bessy the sad news, which comes the worse from my having been

lately led to expect that the case would be dismissed. Beecher offered me an asylum in his place near Cork, if I thought I could conceal myself there; and this I should like better than a flight to France, if I thought I could be safe there. Dined with our Power at the George, and went to "Don Juan" in the evening.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and afterwards went out to Holland House. Found they knew of my misfortune on Tuesday last, Brougham having been at the Cockpit when it was decided, and having written a despatch from thence to Lady Holland. R. Power and I dined at Lord Blessington's. Lord B. mentioned a good story of an Irishman he knew, saying to a dandy who took up his glass to spy a shoulder of mutton, and declared he had never seen such a thing before, "Then, I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chop line*."

12th. Wrote to old Sheldon, who recommended this precious deputy (his nephew) to me. Every one says he is bound in honour to bear me harmless through the loss, but I have but little hope that he will. Met Bishop at Power's (Strand) to see his arrangements of the "National Airs" I gave him: like what he has done very much. Dined with R. Power and Beecher at the Piazza, in order to see Miss O'Neil in "Belvidera:" had called upon her in the morning. The play altogether well acted; she, all woman, and thorough woman. What a play it is! and what a woman she is! The Blessingtons in the Prince's box. Joined them after the play, and went home and supped with them. My lady very anxious for me to stay in town for a dinner of Opposition people, they are to have next week; is trying, with all her influence, to bring the Peer over to the right side of politics, and says she is sure of succeeding. Wishes much I would introduce Lord Lansdowne to her.

13th. Had an interview with Dr. Lushington, who advises my keeping out of the way, and has no doubt that by so doing I may make a good compromise with these American merchants. He, as well as Rogers and others, seem to think that any place of concealment in Ireland would not have security enough, and that I had better go to France. By the by, Burdett, on Sunday last, was strenuously advising an application to the Crown to relinquish *its* claim (the least of the three), and was proceeding at last to enforce it so seriously, that I was obliged to declare warmly that I would rather bear twice the calamity than suffer the least motion to be made towards asking the slightest favour from the Crown. It was singular enough that I should be pitted against Sir Francis on such a subject. Called at the Longmans, who have come forward in the handsomest manner, and offered to advance me any sum, in the way of business, to which by compromise I may be able to reduce the sum of the claims upon me (which at present seems to be near 6000*l.*), saying that they have the most perfect confidence in me every way. This is very gratifying, and this is the plan I mean to adopt as the most independent and most comfortable to my feelings. Called upon Perry, who put in a paragraph yesterday stating the circumstance. This paragraph has made a great sensation. He had had a letter from "Examiner" Hunt the night before, urging the instant opening of a subscription, without consulting me at all, and saying, with a warmth, which I am very grateful for, "that he would sooner sell, and would actually sell, the pianoforte which had so often resounded with my music, than not contribute his mite to keep such a man from going to prison." I begged of Perry, however, to put a stop to his intentions of proposing a subscription. Perry most friendlily offered every assistance in his power, and suggested whether a private subscription, in the way of a loan, might not be got up among my own immediate friends, without inciting any objection in my mind. He had already cited Charles Fox as a precedent for a subscription; but this was a blemish in Fox's life to be deplored rather than imitated; and I never shall forget Sir Charles Hastings complaining to me once of Fox's *hauteur* in scarcely returning his bow, "Though, by G—— (says Sir Charles), I was one of those who gave 300*l.* towards his maintenance." Who would have this said of him that could, by a crust and water, avoid it? Called upon Rogers, who objects to my "making myself a slave to the booksellers," and thinks I ought to accept of the offers of friends. "There is my 500*l.* (he said) ready for you. Your friend Richard Power will, of course, advance another." I answered, "No, my dear Rogers, "your 500*l.* has done its duty most amply; and I am resolved never more, if I can help it.

to owe any money to friends." Dined with Admiral Douglas, and went to Mrs. Drummond Burrell's in the evening; the Duchess of York, and all the world (at least all the summer world) there. Came away early.

14th. Dined with Power (Strand) to meet Bishop, who brought two more of the airs he has arranged. He mentioned a good story to prove how a musician's ear requires the extreme seventh to be resolved. Sebastian Bach, one morning, getting out of bed for some purpose, ran his fingers over the keys of the pianoforte as he passed, but when he returned to bed found he could not sleep. It was in vain he tossed and turned about. At length he recollected that the last chord he struck was that of the seventh; he got up again, resolved it, and then went to bed and slept as comfortably as he could desire. Went at ten to meet Richard Power at the York, where we supped; thence home to pack, as I was to be off in the morning.

15th. Set off for home in the York coach at seven o'clock: Pigou's brother one of my fellow-passengers; lives near Reading, and wished me to stop and pass a day or two with him. Found the Phipps's gig at Calne, waiting to take me home. Bessy and the little ones quite well; but the dear girl much annoyed at the idea of my going to France without her. My intention, however, is, if the negotiation should threaten to be tedious (which I rather fear it will), to have her and the little ones over, and settle either at Calais or Boulogne till it is terminated.

16th. Walked to Devizes to witness the nomination of a member for the county, in the place of Methuen, who has resigned. Dined at Salmon's with the Phippses, and walked home in the evening. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, saying he had written to me to town on reading in the newspapers of my misfortune, and as he supposed the letter had missed, he would repeat what was in it, namely, that he would be most happy to assist me in this exigency, either by becoming my security, or in any other way I could point out. This is real friendship, and should make me pause a little in my conclusions with respect to the hollowness of the great. It is the more valuable from Lord L.'s being a man that measures well every step he takes, and therefore means all he professes.

17th. Walked to Bowood. Sat with Lord Lansdowne some time, and thanked him, as well as I could, for his great kindness to me. I had sent him Byron's "Don Juan," and he was most delighted with some parts of it. Walked to show me a pretty path through the wood on my return. Dined at home. The Phippses and Macdonald dined with me on some salmon I had brought with me from town. Mrs. Macdonald and her visitors the Debretts in the evening. Sung to them.

18th. Dined at Bowood. Company: the Hollands and Morpeths, Lord J. Russell, &c. I mentioned before dinner, to Lord Holland, two passages that had struck me in looking over a new publication of Montgomery's that morning. The first was:

> "The dead are like the stars by day,
> Withdrawn from mortal eye,
> But not extinct,—they hold their way
> In glory through the sky."

Lord H. did not much like them. In the first place he said, "they begged the question;" but surely poets are privileged to be even bold beggars in this way. In the next place he said, the stars reappeared continually, which the dead did not: but the poet only compares the dead to stars "by *day*;" and it is too hard upon similes to travel out of the record thus in search of things in which the objects compared are *not* like. The other passage describes a setting of the sun behind a hill:

> "and in his own blue element expires:
> Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
> On Horeb's consecrated mount, and died!"

This he was more tolerant about. Lord John Russell talked to me, with much kindness, about my Bermuda business. We all walked in the evening through the pleasure-grounds. I joined Bessy and Mrs. P. at supper. Wrote an election squib while at supper, copied it out like print, and left it to be sent to the "Salisbury Journal" by Mrs. P. in the morning.

20th. Looked over papers. Began a song to an air of Pleyel's, "To paint her brow is a task beyond." Walked in the evening through the ruin, with Bessy and Mrs. P. (who had dined with us), to Macdonald's, in order to settle about a pic-nic party which we had intended to the wood to-morrow. It being so wet, resolved to have it in-door at Macdonald's instead.

21st. Received a letter from Lord J. Rus-

sell, inclosing one which he had just got from his brother, Lord Tavistock, and which, after requesting Lord John to make inquiries about me as to whether anything was doing to save me from imprisonment, adds, "I am very poor, but I have always had such a strong admiration for Moore's independence of mind, that I would willingly sacrifice something to be of use to him." Lord John in his letter says, that had I not expressed to him on Monday (19th) my resolution not to accept of any assistance, it was his intention to offer me the future editions of his "Life of Lord Russell," just published, which, if worth anything, were much at my service, though he would not have ventured to mention it now only for Lord Tavistock's letter. This is all most creditable both to them and me; and it is really worth while being in the scrape to have such testimonies of friendship exhibited on all sides. Dined at Macdonald's, the cold pic-nic dinner laid out very rurally and tastefully in their barn, which was lined all round with tablecloths, large wreaths of flowers, &c. &c. Danced in the evening, and did not get home till two o'clock.

22nd. Received a letter from my unknown friend Mrs. A., offering me her house as a place of concealment, if I found it necessary, but saying it was unknown to her husband she made this offer, and begging me to answer her letter so as not to discover her having done so. Dined at Bowood: nearly the same party. Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan, which I have made notes of among my memoranda. Sung in the evening, and was rather glad I had an opportunity of making the Hollands *feel* a little what I could do in this way, for they never heard me properly before. Lady H. evidently much pleased: told me afterwards my articulation was the most beautiful she had ever heard. Lord H., Lord Lansdowne, and I talked of poetry. Lord H. inclined to place Virgil and Racine in the very highest rank; but have they enough of the imagination, of the sublime, for this distinction? Dryden too close a reasoner to be much a poet of imagination; yet Milton's imagination did not hurt his powers in this way; at least in what may be called his *political* reasoning, exhibited so powerfully in the speeches of the Devil; the theological argumentation in his poetry being wretched enough. Lord Holland said a man's enjoyment of "The Medal" was the true test whether he was a real admirer of Dryden or not. Lord H. has no ear for the *music* of verse. Gave the last lines of Denham's "Cooper's Hill" as a specimen of perfect harmony in versification; yet in these lines both the pauses and the cadences are unvaried. Milton, as Lord Lansdowne justly said, is the truly musical poet, and Milton was a musician, which neither Pope nor any of his monotonous imitators are. The genuine music of poetry is to be found in the olden time, and we, in these days, would revive its note, if the lovers of the Popish sing-song would let us. Slept at Bowood.

23rd. Breakfasted at Bowood; Lord Holland mentioned a Mr. P——— who lived at Bath, rather a nervous man; and who finding that his estates in Ireland were not going on as they ought, went over in order to examine his agent's accounts; but on his arrival there for that purpose, the agent said to him, "Sir, I think it right to inform you that, if you look over my books, I shall consider it as personal;" upon which poor Mr. P——— returned frightened to Bath again. Dined at home. Mrs. P. dined with us in order to go to a rural party in the evening at Hughes's Belvidere, near Devizes. Very nearly upset by the horse backing down the hill. The place very pretty and the evening delicious. Met Phipps on our return at night to Devizes. He drove us home.

24th. Received a letter from Miss F——— (the lady who wrote "Come, Stella, arouse thee"): full of sorrow at my misfortune, and offering me the copyright of a volume of poems which she has ready for publication. Dinner at home: Salmons and Miss S. Hughes; the Phippses and Brabant in the evening. Sung. Supped out in the open air at ten o'clock, and sat out till half-past eleven. The candles hardly moved by a breath. Had written to Lord Holland about some voters for Bennet. Received a long answer from him, begging me to state particularly to Bennet or his friends, that it was *because* he believed him a friend to religious liberty, and an enemy to all disqualifying tests, that he gave him his good wishes in the contest. A note too from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to dinner to-morrow.

25th. Dined at Bowood; company as be-

fore. Had employed the morning in looking out Mr. Fox's letters from among Sheridan's papers, to take to Lord Holland. Took with me also some letters of the Prince's, in order to put some queries to him about them. After coffee, went with Lord H. to his dressing-room, and read over these letters together. Told me some curious particulars, which I have noted down elsewhere. Returned to the drawing-room and sung. Lord H. particularly pleased with "War against Babylon." Lady H. expressed a wish to me afterwards that I would write something in that style of "philosophical pathos," which she said I possessed, about the captive on the rock of St. Helena. Told me she sent him out presents every three months through Lord Bathurst, and had received two or three messages from him, acknowledging hers and Lord H.'s kindness. Had got other persons too to send him something. Lord Glenbervie had sent his book; so had Lord John Russell. Talked with Lord H. of Barrow and Taylor. He said few people had read them, and laughed at the coxcombry of Jeffrey for referring always so pompously to them, though most likely as little read in them as others. I mentioned I had heard that Mr. Fox was very fond of Barrow. He said he was not aware of this; but that Lord Chatham was, and of reading "Bailey's Dictionary." I said that it was a practice of Curran's too to read through the Dictionary. Lord H. and Lord L. said they neither of them had ever read any English grammar till Cobbett's lately. I mentioned our study of the English grammar in Ireland, and Lord Lansdowne said he could easily suppose that I had made English grammer a particular study, as he had never known any Irishman but myself who did not sometimes make mistakes about "will" and "shall." The best remarks on the use of these words he had ever seen, were in Mitford's "Harmony of Languages." A pun of Lord H.'s upon some one who praised "Trapp's Virgil," "though he knows nothing of Virgil, yet he *understands Trap*." Mentioned that George Dyer, in despair of getting any one to listen to him reading his own poetry, at last, when Dr. Graham came into the neighbourhood with his plan of burying people up to the neck in the earth, and leaving them there some hours (as a mode of cure for some disease), took advantage of the situation of these patients, and went and read to them all the while they were thus stuck in the earth. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Georgiana Morpeth fixed Tuesday to come and call upon Bessy. Slept at Bowood.

26th. Lord H. in the morning hailed me on my coming into the breakfast-room, with a shout of "War against Babylon," and said if he knew how to sing he would have chanted it out in passing my bed-room door. Dined at home. Mrs. P and the Macdonalds in the evening. Played at bagatelle; Mrs. P. and Bessy and I as Bennetites against Macdonald, Mrs. D., Miss Maugham, and Miss Debrett as Astleyites; and beat them.

27th. Waited all the morning for Lady L. &c. Was to dine at Hughes's in Devizes, and met her on her way to the cottage after I had set out. Lord Morpeth one of the party; and, as I found afterwards, Lord Lansdowne and Lord J. Russell joined them at the cottage. Left Devizes at eight and joined Bessy and Mrs. P. at Macdonald's, where I found them dancing quadrilles. Took to country dances, and I afterwards supped out in the garden, in a bower, very prettily lighted up.

28th. Looking over papers in the morning. Drank tea, and supped at Hughes's.

29th. Macdonald took Bessy and me in his carriage to call at Bowood. Found Lord and Lady L. Saw some new pictures he had had down. A copy from one of the Caracci by Ross, most beautiful. Went and drank tea with Mrs. P. P. came home from Salisbury in the evening.

30th. Was to have dined at Bishop's Cannings, but sent an excuse. Had Macdonald and Mrs. P. in the evening, and supped *al fresco*.

31st. Took a cold collation to Chittoway Wood; Bessy and Mrs. Phipps, Miss Maugham, Miss Debrett, and Anastasia. Phipps not well, and could not come. A very delightful day. The Hugheses to supper.

August 1st. Called to inquire after Phipps, and sauntered with him and her through their gardens. Dined at home; and went, Bessy and I, to drink tea at Phipps's. Walked into his wood to choose a place for the pic-nic dinner they are to give on Friday next.

2nd. Bowles called in the morning. Much delighted with an article in "Blackwood's Magazine," concerning his controversy with

Campbell. Told me of his having advised the poor psalm-writer (that comes to him for charity) to turn Dissenting preacher; of his rigging him out with an old black coat and breeches of his own, and saying, "There, now you are fit to preach before any one." Excellent this in a minister of the establishment. In the evening a *fête champêtre* at Salmons' near Devizes; a beautiful place, and every thing gay and *riant;* a boat on the little lake, musicians playing on the island in the middle of it, tents pitched for it, &c. &c. Bessy did not go, which I was very sorry for. Walked about with Mrs. P., and danced afterwards till three o'clock. It was said that the mob of Devizes had threatened to burn the wood, this being the high fever of the election; but all was quiet.

4th. Walked to Bowood, and called at P.'s in the way. Saw Lady Lansdowne, and left with her a memorandum book of Sheridan's, in which I had found Lord L.'s name down among a list of persons for some subscription. Wished to know for what purpose it was. She spoke of Lady Holland; she would not set out on a journey of a Friday for any consideration; dreadfully afraid of thunder, &c. &c. I had received, by the by, a kind letter from her, two or three days since, inclosing one from Brougham, in which he said that Creevey, who lived a great deal with Sheridan, will be very happy to write down for me whatever anecdotes he remembers.

5th. Phipps returned from Salisbury, with franks from Bennet, who triumphed yesterday. Bessy went early to P.'s to assist in making preparations for the pic-nic of to-morrow. We both dined there; and in the evening chose the place in the plantations for the dinner. Put up an awning, and covered the posts with laurel, &c., &c.

6th. Day unluckily wet for the fête, but cleared up a little. Dined in the bower; very merry; the dancing, too, very pleasant; and did not break up till past three in the morning.

7th. Went with Macdonald to dine at Bowood. Company, besides ourselves, Mr. Joy and Bowles. Talked of the Princess of Wales's meditated return to England, and the probable consequences of it: whether it may not be the ambition of Lady Hertford that is stirring up the process of a divorce. Percival's book. When he sent one of the privately printed copies to Canning the latter very prudently sent it back without breaking the seal, and said, as he was sure it would some day or other find its way to the public eye, he would not run the risk of being at all suspected of having any share in its promulgation, by keeping the copy in his possession. Lord L. told me he perfectly remembered the occasion on which he had subscribed 100*l.* for Sheridan; it was to defray the expenses of his standing for Westminster. Talked of the memorandums for speeches among S.'s papers. How different from those left among Burke's. The latter were merely memorandums of the *reasoning*, for Burke could trust the wealth of his imagination. Sheridan, on the contrary, whose imagination was slow, took notes chiefly of the *shining* parts, the figures, jokes, &c. &c. We talked of Vanini the atheist, whom, strange enough, Bowles said he had never heard of. Lord L. mentioned an anecdote (not very credible), that when this poor wretch was in the flames, he was heard to cry out "Mon Dieu!" Mon Dieu!" and on some one saying, "Listen to him now; he owns there is a God," Vanini answered, "Façon de parler." I mentioned his writing a letter to the Pope to say, that if he did not give him a benefice he would, in six months, overturn the whole Christian religion; and I believe he actually set about appointing twelve apostles for that purpose. I have read one book of his, and it is very dull. Came away early and supped at Macdonald's. Began to-day a song to a Maltese air, "When the merry castanet."

8th. To church. Dined at home. Mrs. P. in the evening.

9th. Have been comparing the MS. report of S.'s Westminster Hall speech with the printed one in the history of the trial; and making extracts, which I shall get Mrs. P. and others to transcribe for me. I drank tea at Hughes's.

10th. Lord Lansdowne called, and brought me a letter from Allen, on the subject of my going to reside at Holyrood House, about which Lady Holland wrote to me some days since. They think in Edinburgh it would protect me; and certainly, if so, it would be far preferable to the transportation of my family to the Continent. Allen has written to Thomson of Edinburgh to inquire. Lord L. evident-

ly wishes that I should, at all events, go in the first instance to Paris, as he is going there himself. Dined at Macdonald's, for the purpose of going to Loek's ball in the evening. Bessy came, and dressed after dinner. A very gay ball. Got home at five in the morning.

12th. Called at Bowood. Took with me some of S.'s papers, which Lord L. had expressed a wish to see.

13th. Drove with Phipps to Bowood. Sung for Mrs. P.'s friend Mrs. Tindall, before we went. Dined at Loeke's.

14th. Called on Mrs. P. Thence to Money's, who walked me through some parts of his grounds; very pretty and secluded. A dinner at home; the Hugheses. In the evening the P.s came; played at "The Jew," and supped.

15th. Wrote a verse of a song to the "Garçon volage," and copied out some of my "Life of Sheridan." Dined at Bowood. Company: Lemon and Lady Charlotte, Richard Wellesley, and Sir Charles Ball. Stories of Lady Cork. I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of "Comus," when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster; and my flying from her and taking refuge among the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand. Lord L. told of his calling upon her one morning, and finding her whole establishment assembled and in a state of bustle and important discussion. "Come in," said she, "Lord Lansdowne, come in; I am so glad you arrived at this moment; only think! the grey parrot has just laid an egg." Stories of mistakes of Frenchmen and Englishmen. In returning home in the evening overtook the P.s and Macdonalds riding. Went to sup at Macdonald's.

17th. Transcribed a little. Had a tea-drinking party, and a dance to the pianoforte in the evening; our party about sixteen. Did not separate till near three in the morning. On their drinking my health at supper, made them a short speech, alluding to the probability of my soon being obliged to leave them, which drew tears from most of the women.

18th. Dined at the Book Club at Chippenham; my first time of appearing among them since they elected me by acclamation. Made a speech after dinner, on my health being drunk, in which I eulogised book societies. Said if I wished to give a foreigner an idea of the taste and turn of thinking of the middle classes of England, I should be content to refer him to the annual list of books selected for these societies; no trash, &c. &c.; but works solid, useful, and enlightening; the labours of the historian, &c. &c.; or, if sometimes they turned to reading lighter works, it was but to drink of such rich streams of fiction as that which had lately issued so abundantly from the North,—whose source was almost as hidden as that of the Nile, but which seemed as if, like the Nile, it would flow for ever. If controversy, such controversy as that which Bowles (who was present) had lately maintained with Campbell, "where two of the first poetical champions of the day equip themselves from the shining armoury of taste, and enter the lists in a strife as gentle as it is animated,—while the pure flame of poetical feeling is seen, like that on the helmet of Diomed, issuing from the brow of each combatant during the conflict."

19th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, to show him the letter Allen had received from his friend Thompson, expressing no doubt whatever as to the safety of Holyrood House. Rogers, however, had told Allen that I was threatened with an Exchequer process, which he feared Holyrood would not protect me from; but I have nothing of the sort to fear. Lord L. gave me another letter he had just received from Allen for me, inclosing one from Mackintosh on the same subject. Borrowed a collection of French airs from L., and began words to one in walking home,—"Love is a hunter boy." Dined quietly at home, and transcribed in the evening. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, saying the Duke wished me to go to Woburn for a few days before our departure for Paris.

20th. Wrote to Allen, Mackintosh, and Lord John. Mrs. Phipps took Bessy and me into Devizes in her carriage, that Bessy might return Mrs. Estcourt's visit. Mrs. P. dined with us; and, in the evening, she and I and Anastasia walked through the beautiful valley behind our cottage.

22d. A very kind letter from Mackintosh, in which he says, "You will find in Edinburgh as many friends and admirers as even *you* could find any where." Regulated my papers

preparatory to my flight; tore letters, &c. Dined at Macdonald's to meet the Phippses.

23d. Employed in preparation for my departure. My darling Bessy bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me; but, please Heaven! we shall not be long asunder. Dined at home at half-past two, and dined at Bowood afterwards. Called upon Mrs. P. on my way. Mrs. Bennet arrived while I was with her. Lord L. quoted a line to the poetical Emperor of China, something like, "*Et tous tes vers son bons dans ton empire.*" Told of Lord Morley's having engaged a governess, and afterwards found out, by his misdirecting a letter of hers which he was franking, that she was the female orator at the British Forum. The letter was sent to Mrs. Villiers, and in it the oratoress gave her opinion pretty freely of the family, and mentioned the use she intended to make of the knowledge she acquired among them in her future speeches. Walked with Lord L. on the terrace in the evening. Mentioned to him my transactions with Lord Moira; his promise to me during the reign of the Whigs, that I should be one of the auditors of public accounts; my final interview and conversation with him, &c. &c. Had much talk about Lord M.'s efforts to form an administration, after the failure of his negotiations with Grey and Grenville. He had gone so far as to fix with three or four to go to Carlton House to kiss hands; but Canning, who was one of them, went there in an every-day coat, as he knew he could not kiss hands without a dress one, and was resolved merely to go and see what was doing.

24th. Left Calne for town in the White Lion coach; Windham, Lady Ennismore's brother, joined at Marlborough. Went with him, on arriving in town, to the Piazza, and had turtle and cold punch. Slept at my lodgings in Duke Street.

25th. Transcribed my "Sheridan" for Murray till one o'clock. Called at Tegart's. Met the Duke of Leinster, and got three franks. Miss Tegart knows Cobbett's family, and says the women are as feminine and engaging persons as can be; Miss Cobbett, a particularly nice girl. Went to Power's; and thence to Longman's by water. They advise my taking this opportunity to make my three months' tour, and think the plan I have of a few Poetical Epistles from the most remarkable places would pay my expenses. Called at Drury Lane upon Ward, who promises to give me very important documents with respect to Sheridan's theatrical concerns. Told me the skeleton of the "Forty Thieves" was Sheridan's; then he (Ward) filled it up, and afterwards George Colman got 100*l.* for an infusion of jokes, &c., into it. Sheridan used to lie in bed all day; not for the purpose of indulging his indolence (as he wished it to be supposed, and as it was supposed), but for study and preparation. Told me that once when Sheridan was routed from one house to another, and his things I believe sold, a collection of *gages d'amour*, locks of hair, &c., which vanity induced him to keep, were sent for safe custody to a trusty person, and left there, till, this person dying, they came into the hands of a fellow who resolved to extort money from S. and the women concerned, on the strength of them. S. consulted Ward; and the plan they adopted was to employ a Bow Street officer, make a forcible and sudden entry with pistols into the man's house, and after having gained the treasure, defy him to bring his action. Dined at the George; while at dinner received a note written by a gentleman in the room, a Mr. ——, saying, that finding out who I was, he could not, as a friend of Walter Scott and an admirer of poetry in general, resist the opportunity of introducing himself, and begging I would take some wine with him. Joined him after I had done dinner, and drank a bottle of claret with him. A parson and a poet himself, but not very orthodox, I suspect, in either capacity. Went to the Lyceum, and saw "Belles without Beaux," and "Amateurs and Actors." Wilkinson excellent.

26th. Received a letter from Allen, inclosing one from Thomson, which appears to me to be quite decisive as to the safety of Holyrood House. A letter too from Mackintosh inferring a *different* result of his inquiries; but he owns it is upon the authority of English lawyers, who judge more by analogy than experience. Transcribed till one o'clock. Called at Carpenter's, who told me Lord Strangford had written to him most anxiously about my affair. By the bye, I forget whether I have recorded what I heard from Dublin the other day, that the Bishop of Kildare (whom I know not at all), when a subscription was talked of for me, said his 50*l.* was ready; and "*c'est beaucoup dire*" from a bishop. Called at

Power's, at Longman's, and at Toller's. T. thinks they will not be very alert in their pursuit of me; but I must not trust to this. Dined at Tegart's, Mrs. and Miss Cobbett in the evening; the mother, a quiet, good sort of woman; and the daughter, very gentle, and, I dare say, sensible. When we talked of the rude manners of the Americans, Mrs. Cobbett said it was the *republican* part of them that deserved this character; for the Royalist or Federal party were very different in their manners. Went to the Haymarket, and saw Liston speak a speech upon an ass.

27th. Wrote till one. Went to Power's, and copied out two songs for him. Thence to Longman's, who gave me the proofs of "An Epistle to Thomas Moore, Esq.," of which they are printing fifty copies to distribute among my friends. The name of the author is a secret. By the bye, a thing has just been published, called "The Fudger Fudged; or, T——y M——e and the Devil." I ordered a copy down in Phipps's fish basket the other day: never was there such wretched stuff. Dined at Lady Blessington's; company, Mrs. Purvis, Strœhling the painter and his wife, Dr. Richardson, who travelled with Lord Belmore, and is about to publish; Tegart, and Charles Kemble. Mrs. Strœhling sung in the evening very sweetly. Did not get home till three o'clock.

28th. Transcribed. Made calls. Went with Woolriche to dine at a bad coffee-house in Spring Gardens, and thence to Astley's.

29th. Transcribed. Called upon Mrs. Strœhling, who sung over to me some of the things I liked, and promised to copy them for me. Orme called at half-past two to take me out to dine at Longman's at Hampstead: Mrs. —— looking very pretty: sang some of my "Sacred Songs" with her in the evening. Slept there.

30th. Walked in, after looking over "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." He says of Jeffrey's dress at some assembly, "In short he was more of a *dandy* than any great author I ever saw, always excepting Tom Moore." Called at Heath's the engraver, to see the design Stothard has done for the second number of the "National Melodies." Love and Hope is beautiful, but Common Sense does not tell the story at all. A note from Elliston, wishing me to call upon him at Drury Lane. Went, as I had an appointment with Ward also, in order to get some papers relating to Sheridan from him. Elliston's business was to entreat me to write something for the theatre. When I mentioned the precariousness of writing for the stage he said, "As to *success*, one cannot answer; but as to money, there shall be no precariousness; for I have such dependence upon your talents, that I will buy the piece at once from you. Name your own price, and rate yourself as you ought, among the highest." This is very flattering, but I fear the new manager is altogether too dashing. Dined with Power, and looked over music in the evening.

AN ACCOUNT OF MY TRAVELS IN ITALY WITH LORD JOHN RUSSELL, CHANTRY THE SCULPTOR, JACKSON THE PAINTER, &c.

August 31st, 1819. Dined with Tegart. Went in the evening to sup at Lord Blessington's: had received in the morning some verses from him, reminding me of my engagement to meet the Duke of York, George Colman, Rodgers, &c. at dinner with him to-morrow.

September 1st. Received a letter from Bessy to say that she had made up her mind to come up for a day and see me once again before my departure: delighted at this. Sent an apology to Lord Blessington's. Heard from Rogers that Lord John Russell means to go on to Greece, and would probably take me on with him from Paris. Rogers does not go. Dined at Power's at four, and went to the coach to meet Bessy at half-past six. After she had tea, took her to Astley's and saw the "high-mettled racer." Supped at home. A great effort in my dear girl to leave her little ones even for so short a time.

2nd. Received a letter from Lord John to say he will be in town this evening, and that he hopes I shall "not prefer Holyrood House with a view of Arthur's seat, to Paris with the range of all Europe." Have at last made up my mind, and shall go with him to Paris.

Bessy, too, thinks this best. Called upon Sheddon, by advice of the Longmans, to see whether he is likely to help me out of the difficulties brought on me by his nephew. Took Longman with me. Found him more warm in the cause than I expected. After shopping about with Bessy, and going (she and I) with Rogers to see some panoramas, dined at home. In the evening walked about, and took her place in the coach for to-morrow morning. Wrote to Lord John to say I shall accompany him.

3rd. Up at six and saw my darling girl off in the coach. God send I may meet her in health and in happiness; a nobler hearted creature never breathed! Called upon Lord John, and settled to be off to-morrow morning at seven. Arranged my money supplies with the Longmans, who are guarantees for me to Hammersley for a letter of credit to the amount of 400*l*. Lord John gave me a message from the Duke that he will be happy to take me across in his packet on Sunday morning. Took a warm bath at the Hummums, and dined there. Went to Power's, and arranged some things for him for the second number of "National Airs," which he is unluckily resolved to bring out in its present state.

Saturday 4th. Set off with Lord John in his carriage at seven; breakfasted, and arrived at Dover to dinner at seven o'clock; the journey very agreeable. Lord John mild and sensible; took off Talma very well. Mentioned Buonaparte having instructed Talma in the part of Nero; correcting him for being in such a bustle in giving his orders, and telling him that they ought to be given calmly, as coming from a person used to sovereignty. Told me an epigram of Lord Holland's, on one of the two candidates for Bedfordshire saying in his address, that the memory of his struggle would exist to the end of time:

"When this earth to the work of destruction shall bend,
And the seasons be ceasing to roll,
How surprised will old Time be to see, at his end,
The state of the Bedfordshire poll!"

We mentioned several jeux d'esprit of this kind: "Why did you kick me down stairs?" Dr. Johnson's "Come, my lad, and drink some beer;" and I quoted the following on Cæsar Colclough's taking boat at Luggelaw to follow the hounds:

"Cæsarem vehis et fortunas."

"When meaner souls the tempest struck with awe,
Undaunted Colclough cross'd at Luggelaw;
And said to boatmen, shivering in their rags,
You carry Cæsar and his—saddle bags!"

Talked a good deal of politics. Lord John much more moderate in his opposition than the Duke and Lord Tavistock. The Duke and Duchess arrived about an hour or two after us: drank tea with them.

5th. Breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess, and sailed at ten: rough but quick passage. Got to Calais at one. Woolriche, who goes as the Duke's physician, made one of the party. All dined together at Quillac's, and in the evening Woolriche and I went to the *Spectacle*.

6th. Breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess, and took leave of them; they are going for the Rhine. Woolriche very sorry I was not going on with them; and Lord John told me afterwards that the Duchess said she "wished they had some one with them, like Mr. Moore, to be agreeable when they got to their inn in the evening." A good deal of conversation on the way. By and bye, the Duke mentioned at breakfast a good story Sheridan used to tell of one of his constituents (I believe) saying to him, "Oh sir! things cannot go on in this way; there *must* be a reform; we, poor electors, are not paid properly at all." Lord John mentioned Mr. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny as full of legal knowledge and argument. A good *mot* (of Madame de Coigny's, I believe) about some woman who had red hair and all its attendant ill consequences, and of whom some one said that she was very virtuous: *Oui, elle est comme Samson, elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux.* Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice; she said once, *Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi—c'est la mienne.* Lunched at Breteuil, where were two very pretty girls: got on to Abbeville, where we slept.

7th. Breakfasted at a wretched house at Piequigny: arrived at Chantilly before eight in the evening, where we dined. Lord John talks of staying a fortnight at Paris, having to consult Barillon's papers for a second edition of his "Life of Lord Russell." Hauterive, who has the care of these papers, was very uncivil to him on a former occasion when he applied for a sight of them. The same

person refused to let Mackintosh see some papers for his history, and afterwards boasted to the Duke of Wellington of his having done so. Upon the Duke replying that he thought Mackintosh *might* have been allowed to see them, this fellow said, *Mais, milord, il va écrire une histoire Whig, et moi je suis Monarchique, et vous aussi.* Lord John will, after a fortnight's stay, take me over the Alps; but he goes by Mont Cenis, on his way to Genoa, so that I shall lose the sight of the Simplon, which will be impassable on my return. Slept at Chantilly.

8th. Arrived at Paris between two and three o'clock: went to the Hotel Breteuil, and took the same rooms Rogers and I were in two years ago, with the addition of another bedroom, for which, between us, we pay eight napoleons a week. Dined at Beauvilliers', and went in the evening to the Opera; "Fernando Cortez," by Spontini: admirable music. The ballet, "La Servante Justifiée." Had met in walking before dinner Lord Rancliffe, Lord Auckland, Ward, Lady Granard, and some other acquaintances. Ward walked for some time with us in the Tuileries, and *pumped up* some clever things, but the effort was too visible. Eat ice at the Mille Colonnes after the opera.

9th. Heard the Lansdownes arrived yesterday. Made some calls, on Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, &c. &c. Dined at Massinot's, and went to the Variétés; the "Comédie Grivoise" of Dorat et Vadé, which has some humour in it; and "Werther," which is an admirable burlesque. Lord John went afterwards to Mad. de Flahault's, where I was asked, but did not go, preferring an ice at the Mille Colonnes.

10th. Saw Lord Lansdowne: drove about in Lord John's *calèche*. Went to the church of St. Sulpice; the organ very beautiful. Dined with Macdonald, who has just married Lord Albemarle's daughter, Lady Sophia. Company: the Lansdownes, Lord Auckland, Lord John, and myself. Went to the Théâtre Français to see Mdlle. Mars in the "Misanthrope" and "Les Étourdis," but got squeezed down nearly under the stage, and saw only a scene or two, but those were admirable. The scandal scene, where they all sit to cut up characters, which certainly, one would think, had given the hint to Sheridan, and Celimene's retort upon Arsinoé (I think), the Mrs. Candour of the piece. Not able to stand the pressure: went off to the Opera, to a box which Lord Auckland had, and sat by a pretty little girl, Miss Herbert: the pieces, my old friends "Anacreon chez Polycrète" and "Flore et Zephyre." Lord Lansdowne mentioned at dinner the practice which they have in Ava of annually squirting water at each other,—king, court, and all. Eat ice at Tortoni's afterwards. Lord John to-day mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "that generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

11th. Went to see the Exposition of the year at the Louvre. The pictures strike me as not very good, but I yield to the opinion of others. William Locke (who though an ultra-Fuseli in his taste, knows a good deal of the art) says the French artists are making great progress; and Comerford, the painter, whom I met to-day at the Louvre, praises their historical pictures most warmly. Called afterwards at Galignani's: had already purchased, for forty francs, his complete edition of my works, in six volumes. Cruel kindness this, to rake up all the rubbish I have ever written in my life—good, bad, and indifferent; it makes me ill to look at it. Went to Lafitte's for money, and found a long-wished-for letter from my darling Bessy. Dined with the Rancliffes, Lady Adelaide Forbes, Lord John, and Mrs. Villiers. The fashion now, it seems, among Frenchwomen is politics: they talk of passing the greater part of the morning at the Chambre des Députés, instead of at a milliner's, &c. &c. Went afterwards to the Feydeau; "Richard Cœur de Lion," which I had seen before. Wrote to Gallois to put him off a dinner we had fixed with him, on account of a fête at St. Cloud to-morrow.

12th. Went, at a little after eleven, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and have seldom been more affected than I was at this very interesting place, which throws a sort of charm over death, and is highly creditable to the domestic feelings of the French. The inscriptions, some of them, most simple and touching. Molière and La Fontaine's tombs are near each other, but not decorated or *soignés*. I

did not see Ney's nor Labédoyère's: the name of the former, I hear, is effaced, and it is only to be found out with the assistance of the Concierge. The tomb of the Isabeys is remarkable. Suard's too, who died lately, very old: at the bottom of the inscription over him is, *Il attend son amie;* somebody wrote *Qu'il attende.* I saw there the tomb of poor Miss Coghlan, the Duchesse de Castries, *uxor optima*, as the stone called her. Afterwards went to the great fête at St. Cloud: a large party of us; the Lansdownes, Macdonalds, Lord Auckland, Fielding (Lady Elizabeth's husband), and Mrs. and Miss Herbert. I had the care of the latter through the day. Nothing could be gayer than this fête, and one of the *jets d'eau* was quite sublime. Went to a show to see canaries fire off little cannons, stand on their heads, pretend to be dead, &c. &c. Dined at St. Cloud, and walked about afterwards among the crowd of dancers mountebanks, mirloton players, &c. &c. Returned to town at nine. I went to sup at the Café Hardy, on a *salade de volaille*, having got but little to eat at St. Cloud.

13th. Called upon the Herberts, and sang to them: the little girl sang one or two things rather pretty, which she promised to copy out for me. Went afterwards with Lord John to the Panorama of Jerusalem. Dined with Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald: company, Lord Granard and Mrs. Rawdon. Lord Lansdowne had called before I left home, and fixed to go with me to the Opera: came for me to Lady Charlotte's at seven. The entertainments "Le Devin du Village," "Le Rossignol," and the "Carnival de Venise." Extreme simplicity of the "Devin du Village;" it must be confessed, too, rather dull. Met Count and Countess Flahault coming out of the theatre; asked me to dine with Madame de Souza on Thursday next. This morning looked over some of the "Novelle" of Casti at a bookseller's, and found them much more licentious than I expected.

14th. Lord John mentioned that Lord Holland once kept a journal for a week of the conversations at Holland House, and that he reads it himself with much effect, being such an excellent mimic. Grattan was a principal person in the conversations. Buonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers, who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the Institute *Laissons, au moins, la République des lettres.* Dined at the Cadran Bleu, and went afterwards to the Ambigu Comique to see the "Songe;" the last scene most beautiful; the hinder part of the floor of the stage is completely taken away, and a moonlight valley with villages, &c. made in it. The actors came up from this valley.

15th. My arrival in Paris announced in Galignani. Went with the Herberts and Lord Auckland to the Opera; "Armida," beautiful in music, in spectacle, and in dancers. The song, *Plus j'observe ces lieux, et plus je les admire*, delicious; the symphony mixing the flowing of the river with the warbling of birds. Went home with the Herberts, and on leaving them was stopped by an Englishman on the Boulevards, who begged me to go with him a little way to seize two fellows who formed part of a gang that attacked him last night. "If it hadn't been for my own courage," he added, "by the Almighty God I should have been murdered." Told me that an Englishman had been murdered on the spot a few nights since. His manner very suspicious. Made an excuse of some appointment, &c., and left him to seize the two bravos himself.

16th. Called upon the Herberts: sung to the little girl, and copied out the "Evening Bells" for her. Dreadful rain; got the two pieces of the evening, and came home and read them: — "La Coquette corrigée" and "Le Légs." Dined with the Flahaults: company, Gallois, Monsieur Treechi, &c. Madlle. Mars's acting very charming, but, in my mind, a little over-rated; her head shakes a great deal. The play one that reads better than it acts. Took ice with Lord John at Ruccheси's afterwards. Voltaire listening to an author, who was reading to him his comedy and said *Ici le Chevalier rit*, exclaimed *Il est bien heureux!* By the bye, received a letter to-day from a Sir John Wycherly, of whom I know nothing, apologising for his taking such a liberty with "the first poet of the age," but saying that he has his friend Sir Sidney Smith to dinner, and begging me, "like the bards of old, to waive ceremony and join the party."

17th. A poem on my arrival in Paris in Galignani: received a letter from a lady, who says she is an old friend of mine, and quoting some lines of mine from "Go, where glory

waits thee." She ends the letter thus, "Who can this be? you will say. Come and see." Went with Lady Adelaide Forbes and her sister to the Exposition des Produits de l'Industrie. Called afterwards at the Rue des Moulins, to find the lady who wrote the letter; but she was out. Dined at Beauvilliers' with Lord John; and then, *he* to the Français, and I to the Opera: "La Vestale;" delighted with it, as usual. Few things set my imagination on the wing so much as these spectacles at the Opera.

18th. Left Paris at eleven, and arrived at Fontainebleau to dinner. Went to see the chateau. The table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication still shown, with the marks of his penknife which he dug into it. The old fellow who showed us the gardens (which were laid out in their present style by Nap.) told us the name of the place was taken from a dog of the name of "Bleau," who found out the spring of the stream that runs through it: showed us the court where Nap. took leave of his guards, which the old fellow described with much animation. Saw the theatre, and thought of Rousseau, &c. Had read the "Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste"* in coming along; very interesting and melancholy.

19th. Breakfasted at Villeneuve [-le-Guiard]; dined at Joigny; slept at Tonnerre. Began to-day "Luther's Life," by Bower. Had great difficulty in lighting our fire at night at Tonnerre. I said the wood was like the houses at Paris, *assuré contre l'incendie*, which amused Lord John.

20th. Breakfasted before we set out; lunched at Villeneuve, and slept at Dijon; passed through Montbard, where Buffon's house is. Finished "Luther's Life." Lord John repeated to me some verses he wrote upon Dugald Stewart, which are very good indeed.

21st. Dined at Poligny, and slept at Champagnole: this last a wretched inn. Anecdotes on the way. It was said of Lord Eldon and Leach, that one was *Oyer sans terminer*, and the other *Terminer sans oyer*. Of a translator from the German Benjamin Constant said, *Il l'a fait sortir de l'Allemand, sans le faire entrer dans le Français.*

22d. Ascended the Jura: delighted with the fine winding road up these prodigious steeps, and the wild and singular scenery around. Anxious to arrive early enough for the grand view of the Lake of Geneva, between La Vattay and Gex; were detained at Les Rousses, on account of the horses having been bespoke for a Russian prince. When we arrived at La Vattay, Lord John and I walked on, as the sun was getting very low. It was just on the point of sinking when I ran on by myself, and at the turn of the road caught a sight of the stupendous Mont Blanc. It is impossible to describe what I felt. I ran like lightning down the steep road that led towards it, with my glass to my eye, and uttering exclamations of wonder at every step. Ten minutes later and I should have lost all the glory of the prospect. Lord John joined me, and we walked on to Gex, where the carriage overtook us. Thence to Geneva, to a very excellent inn out of the town, called the Sechcron. Lord J. mentioned that the last night we were at Paris he sat near a man at the Theâtre Français, who was very much discontented at the way in which the play ("Cinna") was acted, and on the following line being spoken, *Ou laissez-moi périr, ou laissez-moi regner*, he exclaimed, *Ou laissez-moi siffler, ou laissez-moi sortir.*

23d. Took a char-à-banc, and went to call on Dumont (the translator of Jeremy Bentham), in La Rue Chaudronniere: found he was at the country seat of M. Duval. This being on our way to Ferney, proceeded thither. Beautiful spot: the country here all so rich and so comfortably laid out; in short, so like England, with the addition of the romantic to the comfortable—a rare mixture. Went from Dumont on our pilgrimage to Ferney: the engravings of eminent men in the bed-chamber: the portrait of the Marquise de Chatelet, not at all handsome: the place in the chapel where Voltaire used to sit; his inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*, effaced at the Revolution. Went through the garden, the walk which he planted. The *ferme* at a little distance, occupied by M. Mallet, *un homme de lettres*, who has raised a sort of cenotaph to Voltaire, with the inscription, *Au chanteur du Père des Bourbons, et au fondateur de Ferney.* There are also various little inscriptions and papers drawn up by this gentleman, which the gardener shows: in one of them it is mentioned, as a proof of Voltaire's humanity, that he always wore mourning on the anniversary of the Mas-

* By M. Xavier de Maistre, lately deceased.

sacre of St. Bartholomew, and actually always *had a fever* on that day: the paper, however, contains numerous proofs of V.'s benevolence. Saw afterwards Voltaire's study cap, embroidered for him by Madame Denis, and the book in which he had pasted the seals of his different correspondents, with their names, in his own handwriting, and terms of reproach annexed to some, as *fou de Lyon*. By the bye, in his bed-room was a profile of the Empress of Russia worked for him with her own hands. M. Budé is the present possessor of the place; it belonged to his family before Voltaire had it. On our return saw Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful.

24th. Dumont called on us at eleven to take us to the library: on the way he told us the standing army of Geneva was 350 men, and that he had proved in the Assembly that it was, in proportion, the largest army in Europe, except that of Russia; this is excellent. The library small, and richest in the theological part; many original portraits; those of Descartes, Erasmus, Calvin, Charles I. very striking; also one of M. Bonnet. This library is only open on Tuesdays, when they give out books as at a circulating library. Some of the manuscripts curious; one particularly, upon black wax—an "Account of the Expenses of Philippe le Bel," which some Monsieur Cramer deciphered with wonderful patience, copied out, and filled up its *lacunæ*. A letter of Newton's to Aland, a Genevese (?) The same M. Cramer who deciphered the accounts of Philippe le Bel, made a calculation of the space that the animals and the food requisite for them took up in Noah's ark, and found out that there was more room than they wanted. The head of M. Bonnet has much active and intense thought thrown into it. Saw a translation of the New Testament in Chinese lately printed at Canton, under the direction of (I think) Mr. Morrison, which is now permitted to be circulated in China. We saw Voltaire's first residence in Geneva, Les Delices; see his epistle from thence. M. Mallet, who lives at the *ferme*, is a judge, certainly not of poetry, if one may judge from his own. Walked alone into the town; bought a book about Ranz des Vaches, and saw at the shop where I bought it a letter of Buonaparte's written in '86, requesting a bookseller to send him the Memoirs of Madame de Warens, and Claude Anet, and some works about Corsica. Met General and Mrs. Cumming: he told me of a sentinel running with fixed bayonet at the driver of his char-à-banc for daring to *trot* past the town-hall; said this was the most arbitrary government in Europe. Another wise Englishman standing by said, "If you knocked a man down here you would be imprisoned for three days," and seemed to think it a very hard case. Lord John dined with his uncle, Lord William, who has a house near the town, called Mont Brillant. I dined alone at the inn, and joined him there at coffee. Went alone to the play and was a good deal amused. A box appropriated, with chairs and an additional cushion, to the Syndics; strange old quizzes. Miss Macdonald, a very pretty Scotch girl, in the boxes; also Madame Beaumont, a celebrated Genevese beauty, whose sister is married to Mr. Eynard, a rich merchant, who has built quite a palace at Geneva.

25th. Walked with Lord J. about Geneva; dined with Lord William, and set off in the evening for Thonon, where we slept.

26th. Travelled by the side of the lake: the view all along delicious: saw Diodati, the house which Lord Byron had, Meillerie, Chillon, &c. Slept at Sion.

27th. Arrived at Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon; an oriental looking little place, with its spires and towers. Ascended the Simplon, which baffles all description. A road, carried up into the very clouds, over torrents and precipices; nothing was ever like it. At the last stage, before we reached the barrier on the summit, walked on by myself, and saw such a scene by sunset as I shall never forget. That mighty panorama of the Alps, whose summits there, indistinctly seen, look like the top of gigantic waves, following close upon each other; the soft lights falling on those green spots which cultivation has conjured up in the midst of this wild scene; the pointed top of the Jungfrau, whose snows were then pink with the setting sun; all was magnificent to a degree that quite overpowered me, and I alter-

nately shuddered and shed tears as I looked upon it. Just, too, as we arrived near the snows on the very summit, the moon rose beautifully over them, and gave a new sort of glory to the scene. Slept at the Hôtel of the Simplon.

28th. Descended the Simplon; new wonders; the torrent here the finest feature; the bridges thrown over it, and the galleries cut through the solid rock. All grand beyond description. The weather too most exquisite, and the soft balmy sun of Italy coming upon us so sweetly as we approached Domo d'Ossola; the rocks clothed with different trees from those we had left; chestnut and beech, and little streams glistening like silver down their sides. Reached Baveno between three and four; took a boat, and went on the Lago Maggiore to visit the Isola Madre and Isola Bella; the garden on the former (where only the gardener resides) very pretty. The palace of Count Borromeo on Isola Bella curious, and some of the rooms, particularly the Salone di Ballo, tasteful and splendid, but the gardens in wretched taste. Returned to the inn to dinner. In the evening walked out by moonlight, and heard on one side the sound of oars upon the lake, and on the other a wild sort of Ranz des Vaches played interruptedly by a horn among the mountains. Galignani says the rhododendron grows in the highest part of the Alps, and is thence called the Rose of the Alps. Must inquire about the pink snow at Spitzbergen, the colour of which, Lord John says, is caused by some herb or flower that grows in it. Slept at Baveno.

29th. Took a char-à-banc and drove to the Lake of Orta, about eight miles from Baveno. Went in a boat on the lake, which is smaller, more rural and secluded than the Lago Maggiore. Our boatman yesterday well described the latter as *più mercantante;* an appearance which the Isola dei Peseatori particularly gives it. Landed at Orta, which stands at the foot of the Sacro Monte, on which there is a church, monastery, &c. There happened to be a fair or *mercato* at Orta, which made the scene very gay; boats full of peasants, &c.; the women with picturesque straw hats; the priests walking among them, &c., &c. The Isola di San Giulio opposite Orta. Many miracles still performed at both those places, according to the authority of our boatmen. Returned to Baveno to dinner, meaning to cross over to Laveno, for the purpose of going by that way to Como, but the only boat large enough to take the carriage was already gone to Laveno. Ordered horses therefore, and went on to Arona through Belgirate, all by the side of the lake, which in the bright moonlight looked most beautiful. We were quite in time for the vintage, as the grapes are still in abundance upon the branches, and all the picturesque work of gathering is going on; the baskets, the ladders against the trees, &c. The only pretty Italian girl I have yet seen was one this evening, bending under a large basket of grapes. Slept at Arona; got a glimpse of the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo in coming into the town.

30th. Left Arona early, crossed the ferry at Sesto, and arrived at Como between two and three; had luncheon and some of the vin-du-pays, which was very good, and then went in a boat upon the lake. Saw the Princess of Wales's house, which she has now sold to the banker whom Forsyth mentions, Torlonia, that has been made a duke. Como thickly inhabited all around, and with much air of business, but nothing to compare in beauty (as far as we saw it) with either of the other lakes. The boatmen told us it was fifty-two miles long, and to see it properly one ought to go as far as Cadenabbia; but we merely went as far as Pliniani, and saw the spring that Pliny has described as rising three times a-day; then stopped at Villa Tansi, where Lord Sandwich and several other English have lived (at present in the possession of a Mr. Locke), and saw the garden, which is very pretty, and a grotto, like all other grottos (as Dr. Johnson says) "fit for a toad." Returned to the inn (the Angel) to dine, and went to the Opera in the evening; a very pretty theatre, and the novelty of its appearance particularly striking to me. A large space round the seats of the pit, in which the men walk about, and talk as in a coffee-house. The opera, "La Capricciosa Pentita," and a ballet upon some Roman subject. The dancers very awkward.

October 1st. Left Como at nine, and arrived at Milan between two and three. Passed on the way the splendid villa called Monte Bello, where (Galignani says) the treaty of Campo

Formio was signed. Went to the banker's and the post-office; but no letter from home. Dined with Lord Kinnaird; company, Silvertop, and a Colonel Browne, attached to our embassy at Vienna. Two Englishmen were robbed the other evening coming into Milan: nothing but robberies in the environs, and the police will give no assistance to apprehend the robbers. The fact is, Kinnaird says, the police is managed by contract, and they go to as little expense of course as they can. Colonel Brown mentioned the great wealth of Esterhazy, I think 400,000*l.* sterling a-year. The condition of its tenure is, that every Esterhazy shall add 80,000*l.* worth of jewels to the family stock; accordingly the accumulation is immense. Colonel Browne saw Esterhazy and his wife at a ball, when they each had jewels about them to the amount of 500,000*l.* In the evening we went (by great favour) to a *prova* or dress rehearsal of a ballet that is to come out the latter end of next week. We went as the party of the Comtesse di Bubna, wife of the Austrian commander-in-chief here. The ballet allegorical and unintelligible, but the theatre was very fine, and the decorations beautiful. The subject was the "Four Ages." The Archduke Raynier (for whom the rehearsal was got up) was in his state box, and this was the only part of the house lighted up. The Palerine is the chief danseuse, or rather pantomime actress, and has a good deal of grace.

October 2nd. Colonel Stanhope called; asked Lord John to dine with Lord and Lady Mansfield on Tuesday. Went to the Biblioteca Ambrosiana; the "Study for the School of Athens," by Raphael, original: most of the pictures copies. Saw the MS. Virgil of Petrarch, with his notes, and a professed autograph in the blank leaf respecting Laura; some think this fabricated: must see his life, &c. This Virgil bound by Buonaparte with several Ns on the back. Saw also the MSS. of the second and third century from which Maii, the present librarian, has taken facsimiles in his editions of Cicero, the Codex pictus of Homer, &c., &c. Many eminent men have been librarians here—Tiraboschi, Muratori, Branchi, &c. Six thousand manuscripts in it. Went to the Brera: some fine pictures; particularly one by Guercino, of Abraham and Agar; by far the most striking picture I ever saw. Never did any woman cry more beautifully than Agar, and the hope that lingers still amidst her sorrow is deeply affecting; in short, it attains the *si vis me flere* effectually, and brought the tears into my eyes as I looked at it. A picture here by Raphael in his early manner, and one in the same room by Perugino; a very sweet picture by Albano, near that of Guercino's. Went to look at a carriage which I think of buying, in order to perform my journey to Venice and Rome; twenty louis is the price; not dear, if it be strong enough; Lord John means to send his servant to examine it. Went to the Royal Palace; chiefly fitted up under Buonaparte, and the rooms, like all his, comfortable as well as grand. His apotheosis on the ceiling of one of the rooms still left; very creditable to the Emperor of Austria, who forbad its being effaced. Eagles about every where. Dined with Lord Kinnaird; only Lord John and myself. Drove on the Corso after dinner, called on Lady Oxford, and thence to the Opera: first night, "The Reprisal;" music by a German, Stuntz; some gleams of beauty in it, but very transient: succeeded perfectly. Went afterwards and eat ice.

3rd. Went to the cathedral: saw the statue of St. Bartholomew carrying his skin about him in graceful folds like a mantle: saw the monument of Cardinal Caprara, *Legati ad Imperatorem Napoleonem Aug.;* the music not very good; one or two pretty girls among the congregation. The carriage has been examined, and the report is it will do, so I am to have it. Frequent robberies lately about Milan, and much panic among the travellers: hope I shall escape. Went to see the Triumphal Arch of the Simplon, which lies unfinished since the fall of Napoleon; a magnificent thing; himself in various forms among the groups,—returning from Marengo, receiving Mack's sword, &c., &c. Went to the Amphitheatre, also begun by him; would have been very grand. A naumachia exhibited there on the birth of the King of Rome, the middle space being easily converted into a lake in two or three hours. The Piazza d' Armi adjoining; a very grand and extensive plain, where Eugene reviewed 80,000 men (according to our laquais de place) before going to Russia. Dined again with Kinnaird, and again to the Corso, which was very gay, and the view

of the city (with its Duomo and spires) very splendid from thence, as well as the Alps at the end of it. Came home and dressed, and went to see the Marionettes; thence to the Opera; Lady Oxford's box. Had gone in the morning with Silvertop and Lord Templeton to try and see the prison, but could not manage it.

4th. Went to the banker's (Tomaso Carli), and drew fifty louis; paid twenty for my carriage. Went to the churches of the Virgin-presso-San Celso (where there is a fine statue of Eve; the Serpent in the shape of a beautiful woman upward); thence to the sixteen ancient columns, the church of S. Ambrosio, the oldest in Milan (to which the great people, emperor, archbishop, &c., always go first); the church of St. Vittore, a very gay and fanciful looking church. Joined Lord John and Kinnaird; bought a small edition of Ariosto and an Italian dictionary; went to the cathedral for the purpose of seeing the body of Saint C. Borromeo, but the exhibitor of it could not be found. Dined with Lord Kinnaird, and in the evening came home to pack.

5th. Left Milan in my crazy little calèche, which Lord J.'s servant (now that he has advised me to buy it) begins to croak about. Very sorry to part with Lord J., and am glad to see he regrets it too. Started at half-past-eight, and got to Brescia (by way of Bergamo), before seven. Went to the inn at the post; bad and roguish; a wretched diuner. Afterwards to the theatre, which is, like all I have yet seen, large and handsome; medallions of celebrated men, all up the boxes on the stage; could distinguish the names of Metastasio and Casti. Knew neither the subject of the comedy, nor the actors. One of the latter, a fat man, very energetic, and, as far as I could judge, clever. The fun of one of the characters was repeating periodically over and over the three following answers to the questions asked him, "*Capisco*," "*Giu*," and "*Si, Signora*." Dreadful thunder, lightning, and rain, when I returned to go to bed. Ordered that I should be called at five.

6th. Called at five, but thought it was raining a deluge and went to sleep again; found afterwards it was only a fountain in the yard; beautiful morning. Started at half-past ten. Two most precious rogues the waiters here: yesterday, being my first day of managing for myself, I find I overpaid the post-boys; but one must pay to learn. Went along the fine lake Di Garda, and saw the Sermione of Catullus at the opposite side, where is shown what they call his grotto. Arrived at Verona before two; went and saw the Anfiteâtro; saw the arch of Gallienus, and the peristyle to the theatre of Palladio, with Maffei's very curious collection of antiques. Dined at a very good inn, the Two Towers, and set off again at a quarter before three. Delicious evening; truly Italian; all the colours of the prism in the sky at sunset. Arrived at Vicenza at the Capello Rosso, at half-past seven; walked about the town by moonlight.

7th. Did not leave Vicenza till seven; arrived at Padua about ten; took a servitore di Piazza, and went to see the churches, &c.—St. Antonio and Sta. Giustina. In the latter (I think) is the bust of Petrarch by Canova, put up within the last year. A statue of Petrarch also in the Prato della Valle, which I passed in going to the church, and near it one of Galileo; both of which Leopold, *Genio loci indulgens*, has erected. The story of St. Anthony's miracle in bronze behind the altar of his chapel. Went to the cathedral; the famous picture of the Virgin was *coperta* for some religious reason or other; saw the tomb of Antenor, the gate of Gallienus, &c. Saw the salle of the Palais de Justice, three hundred feet long, with the monument to Livy erected in it. Met Allen (master of *Dulwich*) coming from Venice. Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicksome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house at Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation,

which, though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal, (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazetta,) where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a laquais de place, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No Opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a traiteur's, and stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan; he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c., &c., down to Pitt himself, who,

"As minister of state, is
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis."

At nine o'clock he set off to return to La Mira, and I went with Mr. Scott to two theatres; at the first a comedy, "Il Prigionero de *Newgate*," translated from the French; at the second a tragedy of Alfieri, "Ottavia;" actors all disagreeable. Forgot to mention that Byron introduced me to his Countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty.

8th. Sallied out with Mr. Scott and the laquais to see sights. Went to the churches Della Salute and Del Redentore, and of S. Giorgio Maggiore, &c. &c. The pictures, I take for granted, very fine, but the subjects so eternally the same and so uninteresting, that I, who have no eye for the niceties of the execution, neither can enjoy them, nor affect to enjoy them. The only things that very much delighted me were four children at the corners of a ceiling in the Ducal Palace, by Paul Veronese, and some of the monuments of the Lombardi, in which there are some very graceful classical figures. There is also a Grecian orator in the court, one of four, brought (I think) from Constantinople, which strikes me as fine. Saw the Library of St. Mark, which is a magnificent room, and the mixture of the marbles and the books gives it a most imposing and Grecian look. The Leda and Jupiter a beautiful thing. Among the portraits of the Doges, in the library, there is a blank left for that of Faliero, who after his eightieth year conspired against his country, on account of an insult he received. Instead of his portrait are the words, *Locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus.* Must examine his history. Lord B. meant to write a tragedy on this subject; went to one of the churches to look for his tomb, and thought he trod upon it on entering, which affected his mind very much; but it was the tomb of one of the Valeri. B. very superstitious; won't begin anything on a Friday. The Piazzetta of St. Mark, with its extraordinary Ducal Palace, and the fantastical church, and the gaudy clock opposite, altogether makes the most barbaric appearance. The mint opposite the palace; the architecture certainly chaste and elegant. The disenchantment one meets with at Venice, the Rialto so mean—the canals so stinking! Lord B. came up to town at six o clock, and he and I dined with Scott at the Pellegrino: showed us a letter which his Countess had just received from her husband, in which, without a word of allusion to the way in which she is living with B., he makes some proposal with respect to money of B.'s being invested in his hands, as a thing advantageous to both; a fine specimen of an Italian husband. Went afterwards to the theatre for a short time, and thence to the Contessa d'Albrizzi's. More disenchantment: these assemblies, which, at a distance sounded so full of splendour and gallantry to me, turned into something much worse than one of Lydia White's conversaziones. Met there the poet Pindemonte, and had some conversation with him; a thin sickly old gentleman. Forgot, by the bye, to mention that I saw Monti at Milan. From the Contessa d'Albrizzi we went to Madame B. who, they tell me, is one of the last of the Venetian ladies of the old school of nobility; thoroughly profligate, of course, in which she but resembles the new school. Her manners very pleasant and easy. She talked to me much about Byron; bid me scold him for the scrape he had got into; said that, till this, *Il se conduisait si bien.* Introduced me to another old countess, who, when I said how much

I admired Venice, answered, *Oui, pour un étranger tout ça doit être bien drôle.*

9th. Went with Scott and my laquais to the Giovanni Palace. The things that struck me were the Marcus Agrippa in the court, the Greek statue of an orator in one of the rooms, and a Cupid of Guido's. It is here, if I recollect right, the story of Cupid and Psyche is in one of the rooms, and we were much amused with two Englishman who could not be made to understand what Favolo de Psyche meant. What brings such men to such places? Went to the Pisani Palace, where there are only two large pictures to be seen. Thence to the Confrairie de Saint Roch, which abounds with Tintorets; and then to the Barbarigo Palace, equally rich in Titians; it was his *atelier*. The Magdalen here fine, but does not cry half so beautifully as the Agar of Guercino. Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him 1000*l.* at five per cent.; that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avvilimento* to him! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of "Lalla Rookh." Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate his store. Went with Scott to the Opera; "I Baccanali di Roma." Malanotte played a man's part. Scott showed me a woman, whom Buonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians not agreeing with him, call *La Bella per Decreto*, adding (as all decrees begin with Considerando) *ma senza il Considerando.*

10th. Went to St. Mark's to mass, but it was over; thence to the Island, where the monastery of Armenian monks is; very neat, and the situation beautiful; they have a good press and print Armenian books here. Returned and walked in the Piazza, where there was a monstrous show of women, but hardly one pretty. Went to the Academia; a cast of Canova's Hebe delicious; the original is not to be seen, being packed up. Copies of some other things of his here, beautiful. A cast from a statue of Buonaparte's mother, which is placed opposite a statue of Nero's mother. Went to the Esposizione of Inventions; pretty much the Venetian make. Went at half past five to the Pietá, an institution for foundlings, and heard sacred music, instrumental and otherwise, by a band of girls, playing violins, violoncellos, horns, &c., &c. Lord B. Scott and I dined at the Pellegrino; before we went Lord B. read me what he has done of the third canto of "Don Juan." In the evening all went to the Opera together, and from thence at twelve o'clock to a sort of public-house, to drink hot punch; forming a stange contrast to a dirty cobbler, whom we saw in a nice room delicately eating ice. Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock; a beautiful moonlight, and the reflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light) gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had.

11th. Went to the Manfrini Palace; a noble collection of pictures; the Three Heads by Giorgione, and his Woman playing a Guitar, very beautiful, particularly the female head in the former picture. The Sibilla of Gennaro still more beautiful. Two heads by Carlo Dolce very fine, and Guido's contest between Apollo and Pan exquisite; the enthusiasm of Apollo's head, as he plays, quite divine. The Lucretia of Guido beautiful. Left Venice at one o'clock, and got to Lord Byron's at three; a handsome dinner ready for me. Saw the Countess again, who looked prettier than she did the first time. Guiccioli is her name, *nata Gamba.* Lord B. came on with me to Stra, where we parted. He has given me his Memoirs to make what use I please of them. Arrived at Padua at seven.

12th. Left Padua at six, and arrived at Ferrara (contrary to what I was told, that it would take me ten hours) at a quarter before three. Took a laquais and went first to a church where there were some pictures by Benvenuto, thence to the University; the library very fine; the illuminated MSS. most precious and curious. Saw the chairs and inkstand of Ariosto, his handwriting, and the Orlando: MS. copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem;" also Guarini's own copy of the "Pastor Fido:" one room of the library allotted to the Editiones Principes. The tomb of Ariosto is at the University. Went to St. Anne's. Tasso's prison is a good deal altered; the grated window is the same, but there is but little of the

real door left. Saw Ariosto's house; some things there in very good preservation, and they have cased the door of his room in order to preserve it. Saw the chateau of the Villa family, the Strozzi, &c. all looking ruinous and deserted. Returned to the inn, and passed a very gloomy evening (the rain preventing me from going to the theatre), wishing myself at home at my own dear cottage, with that dear wife and children who alone make me truly happy. Read a good deal of Lord B.'s Memoirs.

13th. Got up after a famous night's sleep in better spirits, which were however not improved by a charge which a cursed *fabbro* made for mending my carriage. He came into the room, after I had breakfasted, with a piece of rotten wood in his hand, which at first I almost fancied a bit of the door of Tasso's prison, but which proved to be a fragment taken out of one of my wheels. Four Napoleons was what he asked, and after spending all my Italian in squabbling with him, I was obliged to give three and a-half. Started at nine, and after allowing the postillion to take the water in the last post (instead of passing by the boat), which was not very prudent, and which he risked to gain the passage-money, I arrived at Bologna at two o'clock; the Pellegrino; got a laquais, saw the cathedral, and thence to the Academy, where there are to be sure some divine pictures, particularly the "Slaughter of the Innocents," by Guido, in which the faces and attitudes of the mothers are beyond anything beautiful and expressive. Two pictures of Domenichino too, the "Persecution of the Christians under the Albigenses" (I think)* and the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes" are admirable; particularly the former, in which the figures of a youth and girl (with a family resemblance to each other) clinging together amid the massacre are full of beauty. There is also a picture by Raphael of St. Cecilia, in which the female figures are particularly graceful. Went to the churches of St. Peter and Paul, of St. Paul, of the Dominicans (where Guido is buried), and where there is a statue of an angel on one of the altars, said to be by Michael Angelo, of the Corpus Domini, where I saw the body of St. Catherine as it has remained, skin and all, perfect (though it is, I believe, 300 years and more since she died), and dressed and seated up in a most ridiculously frightful manner. The skin of the face and head are quite black. Went to the Palace Zambeccari, where there is a multitude of pictures, but none that struck me very much: saw the fine staircase of Palladio at the Palazzo Ranuzzi; was sorry to find that the fine picture of the Two Apostles, by Guido (which Forsyth praises so much), has been sold and is at Milan. Saw the Neptune of bronze in a fountain in the Gran Piazza. Jackson says this is a figure built up of muscle; the figures around him are females with syren tails; they have been, however, long out of order and dried up. Got a good dinner at my *locanda*, which is a very excellent one, and went in the evening to the Opera: "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini: the Prima Donna who acted the *Maid* was Amati; a pretty, fat, good-humoured looking woman, but no great singer. Asked my way to the Gran Torre (which was my landmark), as I came home, of a gentleman, who very civilly accompanied me: had some conversation with him. He said Rossini was *sempre quello*, and imitates himself in everything: mentioned some English he had known, among others Lady Sophia Marescotti, who is here now, but lives much in the country. Told me some people had been assassinated lately by *ladri* on the Roman road; a bad hearing this for me. A little astonished this evening at hearing an ostler sing in the yard, "Di tanti palpiti."

14th. Went out at nine; first to the Casa Rossi, where there is a delicious picture by Correggio, of the "Marriage of St. Catherine;" the beauty and bridal modesty of the young saint, and the eagerness of the child, very striking; a number of Carlo Cignani's here. Thence to some churches, of which I forget the names and the pictures. Went to Longhi, the banker, and drew twenty louis in Roman scudi. Then went to the Marescalchi Gallery, a large collection; two or three Michael Angelos and a fine Correggio, but not so fine as that of the Rossi. Then to the University, the wax anatomy, natural history, magnificent library, &c. A good many persons at the same time seeing it, among whom was a Greek woman (dressed in all the richest costume of her country), with her daughter, rather an at-

* This must be the Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican. See Murray's Handbook.

tractive sort of person, attended by a courier (the courier of the King of Naples), sent by a great Neapolitan banker, to conduct to him this girl, whom he is about to marry. She has been six years at a collegio at Vienna, where he met her: all this I learned from my *domestico*. Went from thence to the Galleria of the Principe Ercolano, who has married the daughter of Lucien Buonaparte; a fine bust of Napoleon by Canova there; several good pictures, among which I was chiefly struck by a Magdalen of Guercino. Must remark the number of the Magdalens there are. Then to the collection of Tozzoli, where there are some most precious *camei*, and the ivory Christ by Michael Angelo; every thing at these houses and palaces for sale. Afterwards to the house of Count Bianchetti, where there is a Marriage of St. Catherine by Leonardo da Vinci, very good, but nothing to that of Rossi. Then to the Galleria Tanara, which contains a Madonna of Guido, much admired; but why are her eyes so unmeaningly shut up and dozy? There is also here a fine Assumption of the Virgin by Guercino, and a Toilet of Venus by Annibale Carracci, which rather took me. After these galleries, I walked out to the cemetery, which was made in the time of the French here; rather a trumpery place. Saw the monuments that were brought here when the different churches were destroyed; among them Picus Mirandula. In one place the skulls of the Capuchins, that were found ranged in apple-pie order, with the name of the proprietor of each skull labelled on the forehead (Gall). Saw the Chartreux church here; every one of the priesthood a chapel and altar to himself. The number of ridiculous grotesque images of Christs, Madonnas, &c. in these chapels is quite overwhelming; some black Madonnas, very ancient the guide said. Banti the singer is buried in the cemetery. There is a *portico* like that to the Madonna of San Luca, building by contribution of all classes in Bologna, to lead to the cemetery. Went to the gate, which is erected halfway on the portico that goes to San Luca; a fine thing this portico, three miles in length. The view from it (as I returned towards the town) of the villas on the sides of the hills, and the church of the Madonna towering above them all at the top, was very beautiful. After dinner went to the Commedia; a wretched set; the play the same I saw at Brescia; and after it a ball; such a ball!

15th. Set off from Bologna at nine and arrived at Covigliaio between five and six; sorry that I did not set off at four or five and do it all through to Florence in the day. Two great English cavalcades on the road (Sir W. Drummond's and Howard's), owing to which I came in for a wretched garret at Covigliaio. Read on my way some of "Goldoni's Memoirs," which I took away from Lord Byron's library, leaving him an "Ariosto" I bought at Milan in their stead; and, by the bye, have left the first volume behind me at Ferrara. His little notices of Venice interest me now that I have been there, particularly his coming out into the Place of St. Mark to look for some mask that would suggest a plan of a comedy to him, and his meeting with an Armenian. I must buy his comedies at Florence. This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Shakspeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightingly of Shakspeare. Among my epistles from Italy must be one on the exaggerations of travellers, and the false colouring given both by them and by drawings to the places they describe and represent. Another upon painting; the cant of connoisseurs; the contempt artists have for them. To a real lover of nature the sight of a pretty woman, or a fine prospect, beyond the best painted pictures of them in the world. Give, however, the due admiration to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, of Guido, Titian, Guercino, &c. Mention the tiresome sameness of the subjects on which the great masters employed themselves; how refreshing a bit of paganism is after their eternal Madonnas, St. Francises, &c.; Magdalen my favourite saint. Introduce in a note the discussion about the three Marys. Another epistle must touch upon the difference between the Italian women and the German in love: more of *physique* in the feelings of the former: the Italian would kill herself for a living lover, whom she would forget if he died; the German would pine away for a dead one. The senses of the latter are reached through her imagination (as is the case very much with the English woman), but the imagination of the Italian woman is kindled through her senses, &c. &c. Spent a misera-

ble night at Covigliaio, bitten by fleas, bugs, and all sorts of vulgar *animaletti*.

16th. Left Covigliaio at near half after six, and arrived at Florence about half past eleven. The view of the sun rising over those hills was very splendid; the top of the one on which he rested seemed all gold; there could not be a finer morning for a first view of Florence. Read my Guides and Forsyth as I came along. Forsyth always clever, but one does not like the *man* much; for a little while he is very agreeable, but at last he produces the same effect as a fastidious and dictatorial talker in society, who aims at the *striking* in all he says. The slip-slop in Galignani very amusing. One of the curiosities in Florence, he tells us, is "a picture painted by himself, of Jesus Christ,"—"himself," really meaning Michael Angelo. He says also, "the face of this bust (Magliabecchi's), like *that of its original*, is by no means *flattering*." Went to Schneider's hotel; got a very nice bed-room and a *laquais de place*. As soon as I was dressed, went to the gallery, and in a few minutes was in the presence of the wonder of the world, the Medicean Venus. The form was so familiar to my eye, that I cannot say I was much struck by it. I mean I was not critic enough to discover the difference between the original and the copies, so as to give any new elevation to my mind at the sight of it, though it is an object I could look at forever; and there is, after all, something in seeing the original emanation of the artist's mind, which, upon reflection, enhances considerably the enjoyment of its beauties. But for the first impulse, those of the statues, with which I was less acquainted, gave me more pleasure, or, rather, interest; for instance, the Young Apollo, the Venus Genetrix. Titian's Venuses, perhaps for the same reason, did not much inspire me; they had become hackneyed to me by copies; I knew every bit of them by heart. These, however, are things I must not say to the connoisseur. Saw Lord Templeton, Camac, and Silvertop. Called at Lord Burghersh's. Went thence to the church of Santa Maria Novella; nothing very remarkable in it but a vase by Michael Angelo. Took a *colpo d'occhio* of various other things, the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, the Rape of the Sabines by John of Bologna, &c. Then went to the Cascine, a public drive and walk by the Arno. Returned to town by the footpath along the river, which is a delightful walk. The sun was setting; before me lay Florence, looking as it did when Charles V. said it was fit only to be seen upon holidays; on my left was Fiesole, with that sort of rosy light of sunset upon it, which I have never seen so rosy as in Italy; and when I turned my head, there were the mountains of Lucca behind me. Dined at the inn alone; a dinner splendid enough to make up for ten times worse than I had yesterday. Walked a little in the evening, and to bed early. I forgot to mention that the Massacre of the Innocents, by Daniel de Volterra, affected me as much as the subject always does.

17th. Found a red spot on the back of my leg exactly in the place where it broke out two years ago, which alarms me not a little: suspect it is one of those bites (of which I am full all over), which coming on that irritable part, has inflamed more than the others. Went with Camac to see Sir Charles and Lady Morgan; her success every where astonishing. Camac was last night at the Countess of Albany's (the Pretender's wife and Alfieri's), and saw Lady Morgan there in the seat of honour, quite the queen of the room. Capponi too, one of the great men of Florence, sent an order from Genoa, to have apartments at the house of his *homme d'affaires* ready for her on her arrival here. From thence to the church of the Annunziata: heard mass sung, which was very fine. Whether it be my popish blood or my poetical feelings, nothing gives me more delight than the "pomp and circumstance" of a mass in so grand a church, accompanied by fine music and surrounded by such statuary and such paintings; it is a most elevating spectacle. Saw the tomb of Bandinelli here, over which there is his Dead Christ supported by Nicodemus, the figure of Nicodemus being his own portrait. There is also here the chapel of John of Bologna, decorated with basso-relievos and statues at his expense. After mass looked at the rich chapel of the Virgin in this church, where every thing is silver; the most costly lamps, &c., and over the altar is the miraculous picture of the Annunciation of the Virgin, of which it is told that when Fra Bartolomeo was painting it, having finished the angel and all but the face of the Virgin,

which he despaired of doing well enough, he fell asleep, and on waking found the *Volto divino* ready done to his hand. Anxious to have a look at this divine picture, I asked my laquais could it be seen; but he said very gravely that it would not do to expose the *Volto divino* always, and that it is only uncovered upon particular exigencies, as when rain is wanted or sovereigns command it, as was the case lately. In the cloisters there is a commemoration of this miracle in one of the paintings, a fresco on the wall; among which, too, is the celebrated picture by Andrea del Sarto, of the Madonna del Sacco, so called from a bag there is in the picture. Then went to the arcades under the Galleria, which is the fashionable promenade, at this hour, of a Sunday. My leg becoming much inflamed, suppose I shall have to confine myself for some days; lucky that Morgan is here. Went afterwards to the cathedral. The detached campanile, designed by Giotto, is a beautiful thing, but the tiles that form the dome of the cathedral are a sad deformity to it. So dark within, and the day become so gloomy with the rain, that I could hardly see any thing but the Eternal Father and Dead Christ of Bandinelli on the altar; and the group of the Madonna, Christ, and (I believe) Joseph, by Michael Angelo, behind the altar, appeared to me very fine. Had been before this to the Academia delle Belle Arti, where there is nothing very remarkable except casts of two of Canova's statues (the originals of which are at Rome): there are also here the casts from the Elgin marbles, given by the Prince Regent. On one of the altars I saw to-day, which was surmounted by a fine bronze figure by John of Bologna, there were immediately under two china Cupids of *terra invetriata*, with gold wings and gold hair. This mixture of good and bad taste in all they do is for ever striking one. In the cathedral is the portrait of Dante, but I could not judge of it; outside, by the *battisterio*, is what is called the Sasso di Dante, where it is supposed he used to sit. After dinner walked to the Opera through the rain: tried the pit first, but afterwards went to Lady Burghersh's box, where I found her and Sir William Drummond. The opera "Il Medico Ciabattino;" the music by Generale, who was the same that composed the "Baccanali di Roma," which I liked so much at Venice. (I find either Rossini or he has made an opera of "Othello.") The ballet was on the story of "Gabrielle de Verzy," and, for an Italian ballet, very good; the tournament of the horses well managed, and the whole spectacle splendid. Made my excuses to the Burghershes.

18th. Went out to the Gallery, but, being a half holiday, it was shut. Went thence to the Santa Croce, an interesting church, containing the tombs of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri, &c. The Chapel dei Niccolini here is a beautiful thing; the pavement and walls all various marbles most admirably arranged; the *four* Sibyls at the corners of the cupola by Volterrano, full of life and expression. The Limbo dei Santi Padri, by Angiolo Bronzino, a beautiful picture, full of lovely female forms, more like the Paradise of Mahomet than a Limbo dei Padri. The painter's own portrait and those of his wife and daughter (both pretty) are down in the left corner. Called at Morgan's, and, by good luck, the Comtesse d'Albany came in; a clever, off-hand woman. Went afterwards with the Morgans to a sculptor's who makes busts of most English women that come here. Company at Silvertop's (in the same hotel with me), Lord Dillon, Mons. Fontenay, the French Secretary of Legation, Sir Robert Lawley, and Adair. Ferdinand of Spain, it seems, is very popular with the lower orders of the peasantry: it is against the nobles and the cities that his tyranny and exactions are directed; and this alliance between the throne and the mob is perhaps, of all others, the most fatal to liberty. Dillon spoke of the Florentine republic, and quoted Algernon Sidney, saying that it was, for a short time, the most perfect republic that ever existed. In the morning they used to attend to their counting-houses in the humble garb and manner of citizens; in the evening they used to attend in their places as legislators with their *Gonfaloniere*, who was elected every three months, at their head; and at night, when necessary, eighty thousand men, at the sight of the war-fires on the hills, assembled in the vale of Arno to march against the foe. Such was Dillon's account of them.* They talked of

* It is very different from that of Machiavel, who says the Florentine republic vibrated, not between liberty and servitude, but between license and servitude. J. R.

Sgricci, a famous Florentine improvvisatore, who recites off a whole tragedy on every given subject.

19th. Wrote letters, and read some of Byron's memoirs. Lord D. called upon me and sat three hours, part of the time giving me an account of a book he is writing. Tells me that the Liberals in Italy dread the grant of emancipation to the Catholics, as it would give such a triumph to the papacy, the great object of their detestation: their triumph at its late defeat, and the disappointment of Gonsalvi, Litta, and the rest of the papal party. This is very intelligible, and shows what new and different colours a general question may receive from local interests. Lord Castlereagh's support of the Catholics is, with the Liberals, a new reason for hating him: says that Benjamin Constant and the Opposition party in France have the same feelings on the subject. Praises the Italians for their intelligence, but says they have a total want of heart; no cordiality, no hospitality; a grave and reserved people; their dislike of *suggezione* or restraint, which shows itself even in their consideration for others, and in their phrase *Si leva l'incommodo*, when they are taking their leave of any one. Men of great learning in Florence. N———, who has written some tragedies, a violent, extravagant man; said to Dillon that the massacre of Manchester was a lucky event for English liberty, and exclaimed, "Would to God that the Archduke would this night order four hundred Tuscans to be sabred!" The Italians have been so long civilised, that the soil is exhausted, and none of the warmer virtues can now grow there. Sent an excuse to Lord Burghersh, and Camac and I dined together. Morgan and Lady Morgan joined us in the evening; read them some fine things out of Forsyth. By the bye, D. told me that materialism has been long exploded by the infidels here, and that pure Theism, or rather a sort of Unitarianism, is all the vogue.

20th. Went to the Gallery, and took as general a survey of it as I could. Was much disappointed by the Fornarina, which has coarse skin, coarse features, and coarse expression. Among the statues, besides the ever-adorable Venus, are the little Apollo, the Luttatori, the Ganymede. Went to the Palazzo Vecchio; some statues there by Rossi and Bandinelli, and one of Victory by Michael Angelo; like the rest of his works, left unfinished. Went from thence to the Santo Spirito: the Corinthian architecture of this church highly elegant: a fine copy here, by Taddeo Landini, of Michael Angelo's statue of Christ embracing the Cross, which is at Rome: the mosaic of the great altar beautiful. From thence went to the Carmine, which was burnt down all but the old walls in 1771. In the chapel of the Virgin here are the old pictures and fresco which first led the way to the perfection of painting, and which all the sublime masters of the art studied. They are by Massolino Panicale and by Masaccio; and, on the death of the latter, finished by Filippo Lippi; the fire spared these treasures. The *capella* of the Casa Corsini here magnificent; the architecture, sculpture, and painting of it most admirable. The cupola by Luca Giordano is like a little heaven. The *illibatum corpus* of St. Andrea is here deposited, and it is mentioned in the inscription on his urn.

Dined with the Morgans; Lady M. remembered and quoted part of our conversation last night, which was as follows: "Moore,—Well, I don't care how you philosophise, so you leave me my immortal soul. He that steals my purse, steals trash; but he that filches from me my immortal soul," &c. . . . . Niccolini has written a tragedy on the life of Buonaparte, which he has been obliged to send to England to have published.

21st. Went to the Palazzo Pitti; a magnificent thing; the pictures almost all good. Particularly struck by the Holy Trinity of Raphael: the face of the Madonna lovely, and the Saint (St. Catherine, I believe) that leans over the old woman to play with the child, one of the highest order of beauty. The Madonna and Child too by Julio Romano exquisite: the same subject in one of the smaller rooms by Carlo Dolce, done with much sentiment and delicacy. The Cleopatra of Guido beautiful; the Conspiracy of Catiline, by Salvator Rosa, very striking. In a picture of Christ taken down from the Cross, by Andrea del Sarto, the Mary Magdalen, kneeling with clasped hands, and looking with anguish at the wounded limbs of the Saviour, is admirable. These are all that I particularly remember, except the Mistress of Titian—beautiful. Canova's Venus is too long and lanky, but

still very fine: it was undertaken at the time of the rape of the Venus de Mediei by the Freneh, to replaee her loss. Went to the Boboli garden, whieh is very eurious and delightful; statues, walks, fountains, &e. Called upon the Dillons, and went thenee to the chureh of St. Lorenzo, the next after the eathedral: the arehiteeture by Brunellesehi very fine; so are the statues over the tombs of Giuliano Medici and Lorenzo, duke of Urbino, by Miehael Angelo; the repose of the sitting warrior over the latter partieularly striking. The allegorieal groups of Day and Night over one, and Il Crepuseolo and Aurora over the other, are left unfinished. The *capella* of the Mediei most costly in the variety and preciousness of the marble with whieh it is enerusted, but the effeet after all sombre and tasteless. From thenee went to the ehureh of S. Marco: the chapel of S. Antonio here very elegant, and the pietures in it by Bronzino and others exeellent; also the statue of John the Baptist, by Fiaeavelli, after the design of John of Bologna. Pico della Mirandola and Politian are buried here. Went in the evening to the Coeomero; rather good singing; better than at the Pergola. From thenee to Lady Burghersh's assembly; ehiefly English; introduced to a variety of people, and some foreigners introdueed themselves to me. After they all went away, Lady B. made me stop and sing one or two songs for her: got home at two; my leg not the better for the day. Dillon, in talking of Pitt to-day, said he had a thoroughly republiean and revolutionary mind, and eonsidered himself but as the dietator of a republie during his Reign of Terror. Had much talk with Lady Mansfield at Lady Burghersh's, and promised to eall upon her to-morrow.

22d. Went to see the anatomieal wax-work; very eurious; from thenee to the Gallery, whieh I have not yet half seen. Looked over the pietures in the long eorridors, very few of whieh are striking. In Le Festin de Balthasar, by Martinelli, there are some expressive female heads. There is a series of small pietures on the history of Mary Magdalen, by the Chevalier Curradi, but I believe of no great merit. A very pretty Cupid, by an extremely pleasing Bolognese painter, Franeesehini. This Cupid is treading books, erowns, money, &c. under his feet. There is a tolerable Magdalen by an unknown author, with the hand upon a book, and the head turned up. By the bye, the Magdalen at the Pitti Palaee (exeept for the hair, whieh is magnifieent) does not please me by any means. In the room of the Tusean Sehool there is a head of St. Lueia, with a sort of glory shining from the wound in her neek, whieh is painted by Carlo Dolee, and is beautiful. In the Eeole Flamande there is an admirable Claude. From thenee went and ealled upon the Mansfields; stayed with them an hour, listening to their singing, and singing myself. Dined at Captain M'Neil's, and had the Morgans and some others: had been invited by my old aequaintance Wilbraham to dine with him and meet Lord Forteseue, who, by the bye, told me to-day there are eight figures to be subducted from the Niobe group, as having nothing to do with it; two of the theatrieal attitudinarians (sons) are among the number. Went to the Opera, to Lord Burghersh's box; no one but himself there.

23d. Called upon the Morgans, and saw Niccolini: went to the Caza Mozzi, and saw the pieture of the Night after the Battle of Jena, by Benvenuti, the professor of the Academy here: also some landseapes by Salvator Rosa, and the Adoration of the Magi by Carlo Dolei, the drapery of whieh is wonderful. Made some visits. After some hesitation, determined at last to go to Rome; shall travel with Camae. Went to the seulptor Bartollini, who is doing Lady Morgan's head; very anxious to have mine. He spoke rapturously of the Elgin Marbles: said he would give all there is in Italy for them, and that if he had a son to edueate for a seulptor, it is to England he would send him. Went to the Casa Corsini; a beautiful head of Poetry, by Carlo Dolee, the robe eovered with stars; two lovely landseapes by Salvator Rosa, far finer than those at the Casa Mozzi; one of them a view of the Bay of Naples. Dined with Lord Burghersh: eompany, the Mansfields, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison (friends of the Lansdownes), General Ramsay, &c. &e. In the evening, musie; I sung; Lady Burghersh played some of Lord B.'s musie. My song of Bendameer's Stream, whieh he has set to music, has been translated into Italian. Saw the casts of the group of Niobe, whieh Lord B. has had arranged according to Coekerell's idea that they belonged to a pediment. The figures being unfinished be-

hind, and that which is kneeling being left entirely *without* one leg, are strong arguments for this conjecture. Lady Burghersh expressing much anxiety that we should not go to-morrow, I myself well inclined to stay and give up Rome entirely, which with the little time I have to hurry over it, will be rather an operation. Camac, too, seemed not unwilling. Returned home before Camac, and was told by his servant that the horses were ordered for half-past six in the morning; packed up accordingly.

24th. Got up at six, and bustled as much as I could to be ready in time, but was told by my laquais that we were not to go this morning, and Colonel Camac had countermanded the horses. Went to Camac's room and found him fast asleep: waked him, and learned that Lady B. after I came away told him, that I had promised to dine there to-day, and would certainly *not* set out for Rome. After some discussion I proposed to toss up a *paul* to decide whether I should go to Rome or not; heads for Rome; it turned up heads, and we ordered the horses. At half-past eight left Schneider's: arrived at Sienna about five: after dinner went to the Opera; one of Rossini's, who appears to me full of trickery in his music; the singers detestable. Heavy rain at night.

25th. Left Sienne at a quarter after seven: rain came on very heavy: found on our arrival at Radicofani, that the river between this and Pontécentino was impassable; three or four carriages more stopped here on this account. Read Goldoni on the journey here. Bought a cameo made at the Bagni de San Filippo (see Forsyth).

26th. Started from Radicofani a little before seven, and passed the river easily; the road, much of it, very bad. Acquapendente a picturesque place. This and the lake of Bolsena well described by Forsyth; only the beauties of the former rather exaggerated. The lake full of white waves from the wind and rain of the night; the woods on its banks thick and luxuriant. Arrived at Viterbo between three and four: went to the cathedral, which contains some tolerable pictures (one of Albert Durer's), and the Palazzo Commune. While at an apothecary's, Lucien Bonaparte (who is at present here) passed by in his carriage; we walked before the house where he stopped, and he showed himself at the window; a handsome face. After dinner the Princess Chigi, who has been to Florence to marry her daughter, sent in to know at what hour of the morning we should set off, as she should like to join our party. The Cameriere too talks of taking dragoons. Camac made up to the old Princess, and wanted afterwards to introduce me to her: said she knew of my fame, &c. &c.; but this is all nonsense.

27th. Started at eight; the Princess not ready, but meaning to follow us soon; her son, an unaffected, good-natured sort of person. At the second post (from L'Imposta to Ronciglione) it was proposed to us by the guard stationed there for the purpose, to take an escort of two dragoons. I was against it, but consented to toss up for it, as I did for coming to Rome: the *scudo* decided for my opinion. The colonel however said, as the escort would not cost more than fifteen *paoli*, we might as well take it. *A la bonne heure;* so we set off with our two dragoons and the Princess close to us with two more. At Ronciglione they wanted us to take escort again, but we would not. The wretched country we passed through, the heavy sulphurous smells, and the hot weight of the air made me exceedingly languid and feverish, and I half feared I was about to have some serious illness. The first sight of the dome of St. Peter's very fine, and the Piazza we entered through the Porta del Popolo, beautiful. It was the hour of the Corso when we arrived (a little after five), and numbers of carriages, gaily filled, were driving to it. The Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo and the two churches form a very beautiful welcome into Rome. In driving to the Dogana, passed Trajan's pillar. Went to the Albergo di Parigi (by mistake, for we meant to go to the Albergo di Londra), after dinner I felt somewhat better: find it is the sirocco now. Went to the theatre in the evening: an opera of Rossini's, "La Cappricciosa" (something) and "Il Turco in Italia," and a piece of Goldoni's afterwards; the comic singing not bad. Called afterwards at the Hotel des Londres, and find that Sir H. and Lady Davy, and Chantrey the sculptor, are here.

28th. Received a note from Lady Davy offering me the use of her carriage, and herself as a cicerone from twelve till five; gladly ac-

cepted her offer. Went to Torlonia's and got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see. Got one also from Lord John, telling me he will be obliged to leave Genoa immediately, and hasten home to the Parliament, which is summoned in November: this will make a material alteration in my plans. Called upon the Duchess of Devonshire: told me Canning is here; found a messenger waiting for him from England, and he has but twenty days given him to return. The Duchess and Lady Davy, I find, are the rival *cicerones* of Rome; the former has undertaken Canning. Went with Lady Davy first to the Pantheon; took a coup d'œil of it; thence to the Monte Cavallo, where the colossal figures and the beautiful *tazza* or fountain struck me very much: then to the Coliseum, where indeed the very "genius of ancient Rome" meets one—grand, melancholy, sublime, touching; no one epithet can give any idea of the complicated sensations it excites. The day most lucky for it, fine, but not too sunny, and the lights and shadows most admirably flung about. Then to the Gallery, which is a glorious place; the arrangement worthy of the precious things contained in it. Took glimpses of the Laocoon, the Apollo (the truly divine Apollo), the Antinous, Canova's Perseus and Pugilists. Virgil describes Laocoon bellowing, but the expression of his suffering here is too deep for outcry. Perseus rather delicate for a warrior. Went to St. Peter's: well might the inscription *Ædificabo meam ecclesiam* be written here, for it is a church worthy of a divinity. Took but a passing view of it: the barbaric pomp of the Baldacchino, and the ever-burning lamps round the tomb of St. Peter, with the picturesque figures of the monks kneeling at it, all very striking. Canova's monument of Pope Rezzonico, the genius of Rome, a beautiful figure; and the lions, particularly the sleeping one, very fine: but Religion, with the spikes out of her head, is a disagreeable personage. His other monument to the Stuart family, done at the expense of the Prince Regent, with the two angels, in nearly the same attitudes, at each side of the door of death, is, though on too small a scale for such a church as St. Peter's, finely executed; and the fleshiness of the two figures (Canova's great forte) admirable. The copies in mosaic of Raphael's Transfiguration and other pictures wonderful. Dined with Scroope, whom I met at St. Peter's. In the evening went to the Princess Borghese's—a fine creature in her way: delighted to find I knew her friends Ladies Jersey, Holland, and Lansdowne. Showed her beautiful little hands, which I had the honour of kissing twice, and let me feel her foot, which is matchless. Led us through the rooms of her newly-finished villa, which is done with much taste; her bedroom and bath very elegant, and even comfortable. Asked me for Sunday evening next. A fine moonlight: proposed going to the Coliseum: Chantrey and I and Lady Davy went: the effect sublime; the stars through the ruins, &c.

29th. Went early with Chantrey and Bagshaw (son of Sir William) to the Capitol, and ascended the Campanile. Fine view from thence: ancient Rome on one side, and modern Rome at the other; close beneath you the Forum, with ruins of the various temples that seem to have clustered with such profusion on the spot; the temple of Concord, Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Stator, and the Arch of Severus, still very perfect; the arches of Titus and Constantine at a little distance; the Temple of Peace to the left, with Diocletian's baths beyond; on the right, the Temple of Janus Quadrifrons, and the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, and the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, far off, &c., all in sight. I write from memory, without consulting plan or guide. The insulated pillar to Phocas just under. The three fluted columns of the Jupiter Tonans very fine. Took a circuit of these, and then went to the Bagni di Tito, of which the house of Mæcenas is said to have formed a part; the paintings on the ceilings of the corridors very beautiful; perspective in some of them: the sala where the Laocoon was found. Lady Davy told me Sir Humphry observed that this chamber was coloured with vermillion, which, being the colour of honour, he supposed was used there as a tribute to the excellence of the work. This I should think fanciful, for many more parts seem to have been coloured in the same way. Forsyth seems to think these Baths of Titus are confounded with his palace. They show the arch of the Coliseum, to which a sort of bridge conducted from the Bagni, and by which the emperor entered. This arch has no number to it like the rest. It is supposed

Raphael saw the ceilings in these baths (though covered in since his time), as his paintings on the ceiling of the Vatican are so much in the same style. Went to St. John of Lateran; the false taste of the *facciata* pointed out by Chantrey. The Porta Santa, which is walled up, and only broken down to admit the Pope once in every twenty-five years, at which time those who enter with him have their sins completely remitted them. The Santa Scala here, which people ascend upon their knees, and only thus. Saw some women going through this operation. Saw the Baptistery near S. Giovanni Laterano, where there are some fine ancient columns. Went to the church of Maria Maggiore; the inside very beautiful, quite a temple: the fine Ionic columns supposed to be taken from the Temple of Juno. Called upon Lady Davy: went with her to the Rospigliosi, or Pallavicini Palace, to see the celebrated Aurora of Guido —full of poetry and fancy, but pleases me less than works in which there is sentiment or passion. The only head here into which there is this sort of feeling thrown is perhaps rather a defect, as one does not know what can be the cause of its expression. It is a head with the eyes upturned in the way so frequent in Guido, and, unless it be meant as admiration of the glory around (which is, however, not at all the sort of expression it conveys to me), it is difficult to say what feeling it can have in common with the gay, light group that encircles it: the stars in the sky finely done. In another room there is the Andromeda of Guido, where the expression is rather that of contemplative sorrow than the sudden terror caused by the approach of a monster. Forget the story, and the head is exquisite. There is a lovely Cupid here, by Nicolas Poussin, lying on its breast, with the finger in the mouth, perfectly infantine; the colouring of the wreath on the head admirable. From thence to the Farnese Palace: the architecture of the court, designed by Michael Angelo, very chaste and elegant, though of three orders, one above the other. Here was the Farnesian Hercules and the Flora, now at Naples. The gallery painted *a fresco* with heathen subjects by Annibal Caracci and his brother Agostino. From thence to the Spada Palace, where there is the statue of Pompey, at whose base Cæsar was killed. The French, when they acted Cæsar here, had this statue carried to the theatre: how like them! There is also here a statue, supposed to be Aristotle, the attitude of which, except with respect to the hand upon which the cheek rests, is easy and natural. The Judith of Guido is here, which pleases me more than any on the same subject: the upturned and inspired eyes seem to say that the murder has been done under a special impulse from above; and there is much dignity in the way in which she rests upon the sword she has just used. There are two laughing children here, supposed to be by Correggio, delightful; their laugh is as catching (and almost as unmeaning) as yawning; they are meant for cherubim, but are far better as mere mortal brats. Thence to the Farnesina: the fable of Cupid and Psyche *a fresco*, designed and touched *ultimamente* by Raphael, but executed chiefly by his scholars; some of the parts very beautiful, particularly Venus telling her story to Jupiter, with such feminine earnestness; the Cupid bearing the shield on his head, and Psyche carried by Mercury to heaven: the Cupid with the shield is said to be entirely Raphael's. In this casino is also the Galatea of Raphael, which is not quite so delightful as fame would lead one to expect; in short, it gave me no great pleasure. There is over one of the doors a colossal head, drawn by Michael Angelo with chalk, to amuse himself while he waited for one of his scholars, and, *per riprendere* (says the Guide) *Raffaello della piccolezza della sue figure.* Drove to the Villa Panfili—a splendid specimen of the Italian villa; fountains, trimmed walks, statues, &c., &c. Agree with Forsyth that the Belvedere spoils the appearance of these houses. There is, I find, a portrait of the Cenci here by Titian, which I have not seen. Went to see the fine view of Rome from the Pietro in Montorio (a church raised in memory of Peter, who suffered martyrdom here): the little temple annexed to this church, by Bramante, surrounded by Doric pillars, is a beautiful piece of architecture; it is said to be erected in the very spot where St. Peter suffered. The day very bright and clear, and the view of Rome, the Alban Mount, Soracte, Frascati, the Tiber, from hence exquisite. Stopped at the Fontana di Trevi (*l'acqua vergine*) in returning; a grand and striking thing, whatever may be its faults as to taste.

Dined at the inn; the *orvieto* here very like cider. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's assembly; dull enough; but that beautiful creature, Mrs. Dodwell, was there: asked the Abbé Taylor to introduce me to her, but he would not; said it would not be proper, and forced me instead into an introduction to her husband. Much talk with Adair about politics. I was mentioning to Chantrey my having been particularly struck by Michael Angelo's sitting warrior (Lorenzo de Medici) over the monument in San Lorenzo at Florence, and he said, "You are quite right; that is the finest thing of Michael Angelo's I have seen."

30th. Chantrey called upon me, with Jackson the painter. Went with Chantrey to St. Peter's; the high garret windows of the Vatican, on one side of it, rising almost to the same altitude, quite kill the effect of its size. Ought not the colonnades to sweep round to the church instead of terminating each side thus ⌈ ⌉ ? The perspective of the Scala Regi curious; borrowed by Bernini from what I saw at the Palazzo Spada yesterday by Borromini. The statue of Constantine by Bernini full of flutter and effort; the vestibule, at one end of which it stands, magnificent. The Pieta of Michael Angelo on the right as you enter the church is by no means pleasing; a most absurd monument of Bernini's in the right nave to Alexander VII.; a gilt figure of Death is seen lifting a heavy mass of marble drapery. Chantrey remarked very truly that groups of *statues*, wanting that connecting medium and those gradations of colouring which painters give to an assemblage of figures, never have a good effect; they are always best detached. Before we went to St. Peter's we had been at Canova's workshop, and saw the cast for his colossal bronze equestrian statue of the last king of Naples. Canova is to do a statue of the last Pope, to be placed over the sepulchre of St. Peter, that gorgeous spot round which the lamps are ever burning. As Chantrey said, what a place to work for! what an exciting thing for an artist to know that his creation will stand in the midst of such splendours, and under that glorious cupola! Went to the Sistine Chapel to see the Universal Judgment of Michael Angelo; but could not understand it, or feel its beauties. Some of the dead *aspirants* are pulled up by rosaries, others are putting on their flesh for the trip. An extraordinary person that Michael Angelo; seems to have been judged more upon the credit of what he *could* have done than what he has done; his imagination too warm and rapid for such a slow and stubborn material as marble. A better architect, in Chantrey's opinion, than sculptor: a great affinity between him and Dante. The ceiling in this chapel full of fine things of his, Sibyls, &c.; some with as much grace as grandeur. Went to the Gallery; Chantrey so right about the beauty of repose in works of art. The tomb of the Scipios, a sarcophagus of *peperino* (so called from its appearance) or *pietra Albana*. The torso not to be compared, in Chantrey's opinion, with those of the Ilissus or of Theseus: showed me how far it was untrue to nature, in the flesh not yielding to the pressure of the seat. The Greek marble is like coarse salt, that of Pentelicus streaky; so is the Cipolino, but in a different way. Chantrey said, if, by any trick, the Creugas of Canova could be buried, and dug up again in fragments as an ancient statue, it would produce a great sensation. The Mercury, or Antinous, a beautiful head, but the right leg is bowed awkwardly. The boys in the Laocoon, it has been justly remarked, are rather *little men* than boys. The Apollo glorious! no detail of muscle given, as would be fit in a human form, but merely the general beauty of shape and action. In the gallery of statues an exquisite group of a Nymph and Satyr; full of meaning, most spiritedly conveyed. In the same gallery is a fine sitting figure of Menander, with all the *bel riposo* of good sense and taste. The mutilated statue, called the Genius of the Vatican, is very beautiful. It is evident, from the holes in the shoulders, that there have been wings to it. In the Sala delle Muse, I remarked Thalia as particularly feminine and graceful. A fine colossal head of Arian in the Sala Rotonda, and not far from it, one of Giulia Pia; these busts must be portraits, they have so much truth and reality about them; it is easy to distinguish ideal heads. Saw the Loggie of Raphael, which are much injured by the air, except on the ceilings: Murat had windows put here to preserve them. It is only one arm of the second *piano* that is painted from the cartoons of Raphael (*sui*

cartoni) by his scholars; the image of the Eternal Father "flying all abroad" is said to be entirely his. The paintings *a fresco* of the Camera de Raffaello wonderful. In the Angel releasing St. Peter from Prison, the lights are miraculous, and the courage of the artist in drawing those dark iron bars across the exquisite group he had finished, strikes me with astonishment. The pictures of the School of Athens and the Burning of Borgo are two perfect specimens; the one of calm, contemplative repose, and the other of agitated expression and action; the figures of the mothers in this last are beautiful. In the Appartamento Borgia is the celebrated Transfiguration: Chantrey's remark of the frequent duplicates there are of attitudes and actions in all Raphael's pictures, very true; the two men here with outstretched hands on the left is a remarkable instance: the woman who forms the leading point in the background is the Fornarina. The Crowning of the Virgin, in two different pictures, by Raphael, very fine; so is his Madonna di Foligno. One of the interesting things here is the Aldobrandine Marriage, found at the foot of the Esquiline, full of grace and beauty, and not at all deficient in perspective. Dined at the inn with Camac. Guercino's pictures very spotty, and the figures interrupted by abrupt lights and shadows; much better in detached heads, for the same reason nearly as that given above for the defect in statuary,—he does not seem to have had any blending medium for his groups.

31st. Went with Chantrey to Canova's: saw the grand colossal group he has nearly finished, of Theseus and the Centaur; an answer to those who say he only excels in the smooth and graceful. Saw among other things a cast of his Magdalen that is at Paris; a most touching thing; beauty emaciated, and an attitude full of humility and sorrow; the best of all the Magdalens I have seen. Was introduced to Canova, who was sitting for his picture to Jackson for Chantrey; an interesting man, simple and kind in his manners. His Endymion was in the room; promised that I should see another Magdalen he has done, and a Nymph, of which Chantrey speaks highly. Drove with the Seroopes to S. Paolo fuori delle Mure, remarkable for its magnificent columns, 138 in number; the church supposed to be erected by Constantine. In returning, stopped at the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, the burying ground of the English and other strangers. Went thence to the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; none but he could have dared such an extravagant prodigality of beard. The head appears too small and tapering up to the horns, and is, let them say what they will, very like that of a satyr; but still the expression of the face is full of menace and dignity, and the whole thing has a very grand and imposing effect. From thence to Sir Thomas Lawrence's to see his pictures: the daughter of Metternich (a girl about fifteen) as Hebe delicious; the brilliant youthfulness of the face, the delicacy with which the pearls lie on the neck, all charming. Did not much care about his Pope, his Emperor of Austria, nor his Blucher, though they are all finely executed. A clever head of Ghentz (?) and a most animated full length of Gonsalvi. Went to the Chiesa di S. Maria della Vittoria, a rich and beautiful little church, fit to be the chapel to a royal palace. The Teresa here in the ecstasies of divine love very celebrated, but it is not easy to see it well, both from its high situation and the redundant flutter of Bernini's drapery, but the face of the saint seemed well imagined. The smile of the angel, however, is vulgar and inappropriate. Forsyth calls the ecstasy of the saint "equivocal;" but I could not see the face well enough to be sure of what he means. Thence to S. Martino di Monti, remarkable for the gilding of the capitals of the columns, begun but not finished; this is one of the uses of gilding which may be pronounced decidedly tasteless. There is a church under this, and another still deeper, connected by passages with the Baths of Titus. Thence to the Chiesa di Santa Maria degli Angeli, or the Carthusian church, a magnificent temple formed by Michael Angelo out of the principal *sala* of Diocletian's baths. The round vestibule which forms the entrance, and the unencumbered spaciousness of the *Pinacoteca* which forms the *navata transversale* of the church, all is magnificent. Here is the San Sebastian of Domenichino, *a fresco*, which has all the fulness and richness of oil; the lower part of the picture, the mother with the arm round the child, the expression of the head nearly under the prancing horse, and the character of the saint's countenance, all exquisite. This church altogether one of the grandest I

have seen. Went from this to the Capuchin church to see the St. Michael of Guido; a most glorious picture; the calm consciousness of power in this young and lovely archangel, who, without effort or anger, subdues and chains his adversary, is imagined with all the power of genius, and executed with all the power of art. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; company, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, and Jackson. Went to the Princess Borghese's; Adair there, and M. and Madame Bourke. The Borghese very charming; said she should have something for me to take to Lady Jersey, &c., when I was returning: again showed her hand. I spoke of Denon's model of it in marble; said he had also done her foot, but the cast broke. Came away early. Scroope to-day said he could trace all the seeds of the Gothic architecture in Rome; the circular arch, the fluted columns, which, by turning the coucave into convex, became the bundle of small pillars of the Gothic; the zigzag ornament which is continually found in the Mosaics, &c. &c. Have heard from Lord John Russell that he is hurried away sooner than he expected by the meeting of Parliament, and that I must join him immediately at Genoa. This, being impossible, alters my plans, and I believe I shall go on to Naples.

Nov. 1st. This being All Saints' Day, went with Sir T. Lawrence and Chantrey to the Pope's private chapel; the scene very new to me and very striking. The assemblage of cardinals, the singularity of the ceremonies, the venerable weak old age of the Pope (who looked like a dying man in a rich dressing gown), and some parts of the music, affected my mind considerably. Among the most remarkable of the cardinals were Gonsalvi (a very fine looking fellow), Quarantotti (now 87 or 88), Fesch, and little Doria, whose grotesque faces, while praying, amused me the whole time. Litta was at his diocese. After this went to the Palace of the Cæsars; a stupendous ruin; wandered about upon it among laurustinus, phillyrea, &c. Went from thence to the church (just nigh) of S. Gregorio; saw the two fine frescoes of Domenichino and Guido, on the flagellation and martyrdom of St. Andrea; the Domenichino by far the finer of the two; the frightened child beautiful, and the countenance of the saint full of admirable resignation. From thence went to the Capitol, and with some difficulty got in (this being a *festa*), on Chantrey showing his order from Canova. The Sala del Gladiatore, the only one that contains any very fine things. The Gladiator itself much more interesting than the Fighting one. The Antinous exquisite, and restored better than any statue I have seen, the additions being all worthy of the rest. The Venus of the Capitol, in this room, particularly pleasing from the perfect state it is in, and the rich, creamy colour of the marble; the same attitude as the Medici's. A Flora, justly admired for its drapery, having, what Townley used to call, the "reasoning of folds" throughout. Went from thence to the Church of Jesus: a most magnificent church; fine singing going on. Looked at the Temple of Peace, three immense arches. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the prison, where St. Paul and Peter were confined; the miraculous well there, &c., &c. Thence to St. John Lateran to see the people ascending the Santa Scala, and from that to a place near where there was a sort of theatre, with a wax-work exhibition of people going to hell. In the same court a dead woman stretched out, and half-pence scattered upon a plate that lay upon her. Another brought in on a bier while we were there, and a dead child with it. The horrible howl, by way of a hymn, that the fellows set up around, all frightful.

2nd. Went with Chantrey to the bookseller's, Romani, in the Corso, C. having said that he could send any books for me, duty free, with his purchases of marbles, casts, &c., to England. Bought a Tiraboschi, thirteen volumes. Went off to the church of S. Bibiana to see the statue of the saint by Bernini, which Forsyth says comes nearer "to the serene pathos of the antique" than any of his works; and which an Italian duchess (a friend of Lady Davy's) declared inspired her with more devotion than any statue she had ever seen. Much disappointed by it. The concealment of the foot on which the figure stands is unsatisfactory, as taking away the idea of its being sufficiently supported. One does not see either why the other foot should be lifted up; and there is something very awkward in the disproportionate projection of the knee belonging to it. Called on Lady Davy, and went with her and Chantrey to the Palazzo Borghese. "La Caccia di Diana," by Domen-

ichino, a most magical picture. The beauty of the figure half in shadow, drawing one leg up over the other; the ivory back, &c.; the arch, lively look of the girl near the one who has just let fly the arrow; the helpless, innocent expression of the young thing on her back in the water, and evidently very near sinking under it; all is delightful. The picture called the "Graces" (by Titian), but rather like a Venus and two Graces, very fine, but a good deal injured; the story most poetically told. One tying the bandage over Cupid's eyes, while the second holds his bow, and the third his arrows; it is quite the *fitting out* of Cupid. His wings like a rainbow; another Cupid hovers over the shoulder of her who is tying the bandage, as if to watch what is going on. A picture by Paul Veronese, of "St. John in the Desert," which Chantrey admired very much. There is a Sibyl, by Domenichino, very beautiful, only the mouth rather unmeaningly open. A picture by Titian, of "Sacred and Profane Love," which I did not much attend to, and do not well remember. Went to the Villa Albani, a perfectly splendid Italian villa; its rooms crowded with statues, columns, bas-reliefs, &c. The thing that struck me most was the "Cupid bending his Bow" (said to be a copy from Praxiteles), which gave Guido (I think) the idea of his famous picture on the same subject. The *tazza* of alabaster, in the *Sala del Bigliardo*, very beautiful. Dined with Chantrey; saw his drawings of the places he has passed through; excellent. Went to Lady Davy's in the evening. Doubt much about going to Naples. A letter to-day from my darling Bessy.

3d. Went to bargain for more books. Bought Lanzi's "History of Painting." Went to see the church of Cecilia in Trastevere. Rather a striking statue, by Maderno, of the saint lying dead on her side, and the severed head placed on just as she was found. There is some good feeling in this statue, but a failure in truth; for the feet hold by the ground, and do not fall away like those of a dead person; besides, the mutilation and attitude of the head prevents it from being very agreeable. From thence to the Palazzo Corsini. A fine "Ecce Homo," by Guercino; some landscapes by Poussin very good, but nothing elevated or poetical in them, like those of Claude or Turner. Another Julius II. by Raphael, but I believe the worst of them. Some pretty things by Albano. The villa on the other side of the garden here, upon the Monte Gennicolo, is supposed to be the site of the villa of Julius Martial, of which Martial writes, *Hinc septem, &c. &c.* A most splendid palace it is altogether. Thence to the Palazzo Doria, where the things that struck me most (it is not a very fine collection, though large) were the two Claudes; one of them in particular, where a dark tree stands up against the sky in the middle, and there is on the right a magnificent temple. Caravaggio's pictures all disagreeable; sharp and extravagant. It is here the famous portrait by Velasquez is (of Pope Pamfili), which Sir J. Reynolds pronounced the finest picture in Rome. This and the St. Michael of Guido were, they say, the only ones he condescended to copy. We did not see the Velasquez as it was in the *guarda roba*. Went afterwards to the tomb of the Cæcilia Metella. All this ground is interesting; thickly clustered with fragments of ancient Rome, and awaking recollections at every spot. The Circus of Caracalla, the tomb of M. Servilius, the Colombarii, or places for the ashes, the temples of Honour and Virtue (into the former of which, according to Plutarch, there was no passage but through the latter), the Appian Way, upon which all these remains are, &c. Asked Chantrey and Scroope to dine with us at our inn. Very good dinner; excellent champagne, good nizza (or Vin de Nice), and claret. Went to the Opera: "L'Italiana in Algieri." Never was anything so pestiferous as the smell of the house. Monballi by no means a pleasing singer; all art, no voice. Decided upon not going to Naples.

4th. Camac determined to be off, and started at eleven. Went with Chantrey to the studio of Massimiliano; explained to me the progress of a statue; the taking of the points, the working down to them, &c. It is here done by a wooden square, with plummet lines from it, and different sized compasses; managed otherwise in England, as he promises to show me. Went from thence to Camuccini, the first painter in Rome. His first *cartoons* beautiful, but his finished things bad, from his wretched ideas of colouring: "Jupiter presenting the Cup of Immortality to Psyche," and "Cornelia showing her Children," both beautiful in his first sketch of them. From thence to Thor-

waldsen, the rival of Canova, and there are certainly very fine things in his studio; particularly the Mercury, a Peasant Boy, Ganymede and the Eagle, the frieze of the Triumph of Alexander, and a Venus with the Apple. He ought not to have attempted the Graces after Canova. By the bye, Chantrey said the other day in the Capitol that he had as studies always before him the casts of the Apollo, the Antinous, and Germanicus. The first as ideal or divine nature, the second as human nature refined, and the last as real every-day nature. Called upon Lady Davy, and went with her to the Grotto of Egeria, as it is called, but supposed by many to have been a mere nymphæum. Saw the Temple of Bacchus too, and from thence went to S. Onofrio, to the tomb of Tasso. A portrait of him on the wall, said to be taken after his death. Dined with Chantrey, and went to Mrs. Graham (author of the "Letters on India") in the evening.

5th. Breakfasted with Chantrey, and sat afterwards to Jackson who begged to have my portrait. Went and purchased Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," a damaged copy of the Milan edition, for nine *scudi*. Bought also Vasi's "Views of Rome" for ten *scudi;* besides some rows of Roman pearls for my darling Bessy. Went to Raphael's villa, where there is one room painted *a fresco* by himself, with the Fornarina's portrait in various shapes and dresses all around. From thence to a *trattorio*, where we eat bread and parmesan and drank Gensano wine. Then to the Borghese Villa, which exhibits within a melancholy wreck, —niches untreasured of their busts, and rooms depopulated of their statues; nothing left behind but some tasteless and fussy works of Bernini,—the David flinging the stone, and biting his under lip with the exertion, and Apollo and Daphne, with the toes of the latter most frightfully elongated into leaves and roots. There is still, however, an ancient Hermaphrodite here of Greek marble, which Chantrey thinks better than that at Paris. The Florence one he considers as very poor. Dined with Sir H. Davy: the Seroopes, Sir T. Lawrence, and myself; a pleasant day. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's, where I heard Mad. Renaudin sing; the most celebrated musical person they have; and her singing is certainly sweet and tasteful, but the things she selected were not pretty: compositions, I rather think of her master, Crescembini. Mrs. Dodwell looking beautiful; her husband used to be a great favourite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her, and she had six masses said to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

6th. Sat to Jackson; then went with him and Chantrey to Canova, who is sitting to Jackson for Chantrey. The great sculptor a most interesting person, full of all the life of youth and with the simplicity ever attendant upon genius. Took me to see his last Magdalen, which is divine: she is lying recumbent in all the abandonment of grief; and the expression of her face, and the beauty of her figure (which is not at all so wasted as that of the kneeling Magdalen), are perfection. Talked with him for some time while he sat. His views of Europe, and of the impossibility of checking the spirit that is abroad by decrees against the liberty of the press, &c. &c., the same as my own. Sismondi's book (he said), which proves what "brieoni" the sovereigns of Europe are, is prohibited here. They read but little in Rome. The "Lugano Gazette" prohibited. Showed me an extract from it in MS., containing a list of a new ministry said to be forming in England. Talked to him about the collection of poems that has been published upon the various subjects of his chisel; what an admirable field for poetry is afforded. Went then with Chantrey through his studio, and was enchanted. What creations his women are! the Hebe, the Dansatrice, the Diree (the model of which is not yet finished); the Female leading the Old Man, for the Monument of the Archduchess Cristine of Austria; the delightful group of Graces, for the Duke of Bedford; and the Love and Psyche, she holding his hand so delicately while she places a butterfly upon it. This is exquisite; their attitude seems one in which they might stand for hours without wishing to change it. His Washington does not please me; the manner in which he holds the pen is mincing and affected. Chantrey is employed by the Americans on the same subject. Went from thence to the Borghese Palace. The Titian (which I had not looked at half enough before) is beautiful; the colours of the flesh quite magical. Why is it called Profane and Divine Love?

Took a warm bath. Dined with Silvertop: General Ramsay, Mr. Carr, Chantrey, and Duncan.

7th. Sat to Jackson. Called upon Miss Curran, Princess Chigi, the Wilbrahams, &c. &c. Went with Lady Davy, Mrs. Graham, and Mr. Eastlake (an artist studying in Rome), to the Palatine Mount, to the grove where the Arcadians used to hold their meetings. Numerous fragments of capitals, &c. &c. strewed about here. They sent to Sicily for the acanthus to plant around them, the flower of the Corinthian capital. The baths of Livia (so called) are here, but we could not get the key to enter them. The whole thing is very picturesque, and some delightful views of Rome from it. Went from thence to St. Peter's to hear the music. Lord Fortescue just arrived. Speaks of the cascade of Terni with rapture. Both he and his daughter disappointed by St. Peter's; felt a much greater idea of vastness at the Duomo of Milan. Drove thence to the Porta Pia, where people drive or walk on Sundays, but were rather too late. Thence to the Corso. Passed a church, the altar of which was most splendidly illuminated, the doors wide open, and people kneeling in the street. If there had been but a burst of music from it the glory of the spectacle would have been perfect. Music issuing out of light is as good an idea as we can have of heaven. Dined with Chantrey.

8th. Went to Schadow's, a Prussian sculptor here. Some of his works seemed to me pretty good: Achilles defending the dead body of the Queen of the Amazons, &c. Went to Romani's the bookseller; bought Denina's "Revolutions of Italy" and "Poeti Viventi" of Italy. Thence to the Capitol with Wilbraham and Lady Anne. Saw the statues again; a fine bust of Scipio in one of the long galleries. Went from this to see Cardinal Fesch's pictures; a large collection, Italian, French, and Flemish. Saw only the Italian part to-day. A fine Assumption by Guido; very like the picture in London which Watson Taylor has bought; where the Virgin is seen standing on the moon with two of the loveliest angels that ever embellished heaven at each side of her. Like Watson Taylor's picture the best; though the little cherub on the left side of the Virgin here, with his face half illumined by the glory that is behind her, and half in shadow, is exquisite. The three Marys seeing the Angel at the Sepulchre, by Albano, is beautiful; the colouring of the Angel perfect. Three large pictures, forming one subject, the Visitation (or Salutation?) of St. Elizabeth, designed by Michael Angelo, and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, particularly grand and poetical. A sort of creature fit for the heath in "Macbeth;" gigantic, gloomy, indistinct, and sublime. An admirable landscape by Gaspar Poussin, with a ray of lightning darting across it and setting a tree on fire. [Carr says it is not original.] A Magdalen by Guercino, too pallid, but very interesting. After this went with Chantrey and Jackson to the Villa Madama, just under the Monte Mario. This villa now going to waste, and inhabited by common people, has porticoes and saloons designed by Raphael and painted by Julio Romano. The view from before the house, in the sunset, is beautiful. The Tiber running beneath on your left; Rome full before you (St. Peter's, however, unseen), with the white houses of Albano, on the hill beyond you, lighted up; a fine range of mountains on the left, assuming every variety of colour as the sun went down. Jackson and Chantrey sketched the scene. Dined at Scroope's. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and saw a famous Italian beauty, Perticari, whose husband is a distinguished *littérateur*.

9th. Went to settle about my books: found a copy of "Celepino's Dictionary" of seven languages, and bought it for twenty-two pauls: bought also the "Parnaso Italiano," fifty-six vols., for forty crowns: have now got more than 100 books: a great convenience Chantrey's sending them duty free for me. At two o'clock went, a large party of us, to the Sciarra Palace. Not a very fine collection of pictures, except in the single instance of Titian's Mistress, which is one of his most beautiful pictures. The look of sorrowful reproach in those shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly suspected of something wrong, is exquisite. I could imagine her speaking those words, "If to gaze on thee waking, &c. &c.; if that is betraying, thou hast been betrayed." There is a clever picture, the Gamblers, by Carravaggio; a good little Teniers; and the Vanity and Modesty of Leonardo da Vinci, which, notwithstanding the awkward composition of the four hands, and that eternal

triangular face which he gives all his women, is rather a striking picture. Desperate rain. All went to Lady Davy's, and I sung for them. At half-past five Chantrey and I went by appointment to Canova, to be taken by him to see his beautiful Venere Vincitrice (the Princess Borghese) at the Borghese Palace; a great favour to be permitted to see it: Madame Perticari was of the party. Interesting conversation with Canova: told me several conversations he had had with Napoleon: his strong representation to him of the ruinous state of Rome, and Buonaparte bursting out with "I'll make it the capital of all Italy," &c. &c. I saw the statue by candle-light, Canova himself holding the light, and pausing with a sort of fond lingering on all the exquisite beauties of this most perfect figure. What a precious thing to possess! Canova had told Lady Davy with great delight, that I said I would write something about his Magdalen. Madame Perticari too mentioned it now, and said, "*La Poesia é per la Maddalena?*" I answered that the Venere too should come in for her share. Dined with Chantrey at seven. He began a drawing of me with the camera lucida, and Jackson began another. Went to Lady Davy with Chantrey for half an hour, and home.

10th. Sat to Jackson. Bought a few cameos for my dear girl, and wished that the moment for giving them to her was come. Read of the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam from the lieutenancy of his county, and augured from this and other symptoms of the times, sad doings in England. Dined at Sir H. Davy's: M. and Madame de Bourke, Adair, &c.; the Duchess of Devonshire, Lawrence, Canova, &c. in the evening. I sang a little. Lawrence promised to show me the sketch he made of Napoleon's son, describing him as a most interesting boy, and full of all the character of his father,—contemplative, decisive, and animated: every thing in his character military; little armies, &c. &c.

11th. Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. Went with the Wilbrahams and Lady Davy to finish our view of Cardinal Fesch's pictures,—the Flemish and French schools. What struck me most was a fine head of Christ by Rembrandt, and a Magdalen by Vandyck. The sorrow of this countenance is only surpassed by that of Guercino's Hagar. The latter, however, is far beyond any thing in its expression that I have yet seen. The figure of this Magdalen is too robust and abundant, but the upturned eyes almost dissolved in tears are exquisite. There is a much admired picture by Nicolo Poussin, the subject of which is poetical enough; the Hours dancing to the sound of a harp played by Old Time, while a little Love is turning the hour-glass at his feet. There is a most barbarous profanation by Teniers, of Christ crowned with Thorns—finely executed, but vulgarized down to the lowest level of his boors. A bust of Napoleon crowned with a gilt laurel; rather bold of the cardinal. There is a picture too, in the last of these rooms, fit for neither ladies nor cardinals. Went afterwards to the Vatican, and had another view of the inimitable Apollo. The Genius of the Vatican, a beautiful fragment. Dined at Lord Fortescue's; sung with Lady Mary in the evening; then went to Madame de Bourke's, where Cardinal Cacciapiatta, Princess Czartorisky, &c. were. From thence home with Lady Davy, and sung a little for her and Lawrence according to promise. Heard dreadful stories to-day of the danger of going to Tivoli, whither the greater part of the Naples banditti are gone; their cutting off people's ears, and sending them to their friends, &c. &c.

12th. Up at half-past four, and started for Tivoli a little after six. Mr. Spencer (Lord Spencer's son) joined our party. The road to Tivoli dreary and stinking,—the latter particularly, where the canal from Lake Solfatara crosses the road. This lake is the region of the *Domus Albumeæ resonantis*. Why does Eustace confusedly apply these words to the cascade at Tivoli? The grotto of Neptune tremendously fine. Nature never disappoints; the humbug is always found in the arts, literature, ruins, &c. &c. The little streamlets that issue from the rock by quiet ways of their own, and join the tumult afterwards, a fine illustration of —— something—I don't know what. Went to the Villa d'Este, and had a view of the country from the terrace; of Mæcenas' villa, of Adrian's among the cypresses, of the three Monticelli crowned with towers or churches. Returned home to dinner about five: was to have gone to the Princess Borghese's music, and the Duchess of Devonshire's in the evening, but was too tired.

Who can enjoy such a party of pleasure as we had to-day, armed as we were with pistols, daggers, sword-canes, &c. &c.?

13th. Called upon Sir T. Lawrence at the Consulta. Saw his fine picture of Canova, which has all the *beau idéal* of the countenance, yet still possessing a strong likeness. Tremble for Jackson's portrait beside it. Showed me his drawing of young Napoleon, which is highly interesting: a beautiful child, full of thoughtfulness and simplicity; a fine subject for verses; the past, the present, and the future, all contained in it. Went with Chantrey to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; *his* first time. Michael Angelo has been called an "inspired savage," and with some justice. Chantrey thought the statue, though vulgar and extravagant in many respects, upon the whole imposing and grand. He took a sketch of the female statue to the left. Went from thence to the Maria degli Angeli, for another look at the beautiful St. Sebastian of Domenichino. How its fresh and glowing colours kill the picture of Carlo Maratti opposite! This church one of the sublimest things in Rome. Called at Canova's, and again looked over his treasures. It is strange enough (if the world did not abound with such anomalies) that Canova values himself more on some wretched daubs he has perpetrated in painting, than on his best sculpture. Such is poor human nature in its *finest* specimens. He introduced me to the poet who has written upon his marbles, and promised to present me with a copy of the work. Dined with the Wilbrahams: Lord Fortescue, Lady Mary, &c.; in the evening Lady De Clifford. I sung with Lady Mary. Have settled to be off with Chantrey and his party on Wednesday next.

14th. Read Guidi's "Ode on the Arcadians" at breakfast; and, after three or four times reading, could repeat the following lines of it:

"O noi d' Arcadia fortunata gente,
Che dopo l' ondeggiar di dubbia sorte,
Sovra i colli Romani abbiam soggiorno!
Noi qui miriamo intorno
Di questa illustre solitaria parte
L' alte famosa membre
Della città di Marte.
Mirate là tra le memorie sparte,
Che glorioso adire
Serbano ancora infra l' orror degli anni
Delle gran moli i danni,
E caldo ancor dentro le sue ruine
Fuma il vigor delle virtù Latine!
Indomita e superba ancora è Roma,
Benchè si veggia col gran busto a terra:
La barbarica guerra
De' fatali Troni,
E l' altra che le diede il Tempo irato,
Par, che si prenda a scherno:
Son piene di splendor le sue sventure,
E il gran cenero suo si mostra eterno:
E noi, rivolti all' onorate sponde
Del Tebro, invitto fiume
Or miriamo passar le tumid' onde
Col primo orgoglio ancor l' esser Reine
Sovra tutte l' altere onde marine."

I have now written this out from memory. Went to see the collection of Camuccini, the brother of the painter. Some very pleasing things, particularly the Venus and Adonis, a small cabinet picture by Titian,—and a picture, of which the figures are by Giambellini, and the landscape (beautiful) by his pupil Titian; a charming Guido too, of Christ on the Cross; a good Sassoferrato, Virgin and Child; and a curious subject by a pupil of (I think) Correggio, viz. a Child or Cupid crowning a Skull with a Wreath. He has also some fine marbles and *bassi rilievi* that belonged to the Aldobrandini family. There is a picture of Guercino's here, Esther, in which one of the heads is rather like the matchless head of Agar at Milan. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the church of S. Carlo a Catinari, and saw the four cardinal Virtues by Domenichino, in the corner of the cupola; most lovely things; a perfect youthful Hebe; another with a lofty, yet feminine, look of inspiration; and all beautiful. Went from thence to the church of St. Andrea della Valle, where there are also some glorious things over the choir, by Domenichino. We were a good deal interested here by the various examinations of boys and girls (and some, girls of a more advanced time of life) in their catechism. Went to the Pantheon, and looked over the heads of great men placed there, chiefly by the gift of Canova; all the chief painters; Tasso, Ariosto, Alfieri, &c. &c.; Paesiello, Sacchini, &c. &c. Then went to St. Peter's, to hear the music, which was admirable. Dined at Mr. Ellison's. Called at Chantrey's, and found that Canova had sent me the promised poems, with the words *Al celeberrimo Poeta Thomas Moore, Antonio Canova*, in it, and likewise engravings from the statues of the Nymphs, Venere Vincitrice, &c. &c. Saw the palace of the Cenci family, now belonging

to some one else. Here the adventure of the Cencia happened.

15th. Called upon Lady Mary Forteseue, and sung with her for some time. Found one or two pretty airs in her MS. book, which she promised to copy out for me. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the church of St. Agnese, built by Borromini; singular architecture outside; not a straight line in the whole building. The fountain opposite it (Piazza Navona) by Bernini nearly as *outré* in its taste. The inside of the church, which is small and circular, looked very fine by the sort of light with which it is illuminated,—brilliant on the principal altar, and dim on the rest, showing off the *bassi* (or *alti*) *rilievi* over them with very fine effect. Went to the studio of Pacetti, a sculptor of some eminence here: many fine, antique statues, and a female head by Leonardo da Vinci, very beautiful. There are also here the statue of Venus, described by Winckelman, with an elegant tripod beside her. Got money at Torlonia's. Bought Parini's works and a little mosaic of the Coliseum for Bessy, this being the dear girl's birthday. Heaven send her many happy returns of it; and may she always make me love and value her as intensely as I do at this moment. Went at half-past five with Canova, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, Jackson, and Turner (four royal Academicians), to the Venetian Academy of Painting (where Canova first studied when he came to Rome), and saw the naked model,—a very noble figure of a man, who threw himself into the attitudes of the various ancient statues with striking effect. From thence we all went to the Academy of St. Luke's, where there were near a hundred students, drawing and modelling from another naked figure, not quite so good as the former. All dined together except Canova, who has not dined from home these twelve years. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and had some music.

16th. Went out early for the purpose of seeing the Ægina Marbles, but was disappointed. Called upon Lord William Russell, and had much talk about politics and Lord John. From him to Lady Mary Fortescue, with whom I sung for some time; then to Scroope's, who took me to Lady Charlotte Campbell. How changed from the creature I first knew her seventeen or eighteen years ago. Then went with Lady Davy to see the pictures at the Capitol; but very few of them good; the Sibyl of Domenichino the flower of it all. What spirit in the looks! what freshness in the complexion! what grandeur in the drapery! Guercino's Sibyl here fades into nothing before it: I hardly remember anything else that pleased me so much. Went from thence to see the Colonna garden, and, contrary to my expectation, was admitted to see the palace. Very grand; the great gallery magnificent. There is a fine Claude, but rubbed till it has become quite dry, hard, and blue. The beautiful little Cupids painted on the looking-glasses, by Carlo Maratti, pleased me very much, particularly one little fellow with his back turned, at the top of a glass on the left side of the room, and another holding a crab to the thigh of one that is sleeping, and looking maliciously with his finger to his nose. In one of the rooms is the Cencia of Guido, with a strong expression of sorrow in the countenance. The ridiculous modesty affected in the pictures and statues here: one of the wings of the Swan has been altered, and intended so as to cover the beauties of Leda in the water; and a statue of Venus has been plastered over in the most clumsy manner. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, which makes my mind easy as to the impossibility of my having caught him at Geneva. Dined with the Davys: young Forteseue and Elmsley the great Greek scholar,—a most pompous and disagreeable personage. Went in the evening to Scroope's. Miss S. gave me the two pretty Venetian bracelets for Bessy.

17th. Left Rome for Florence at nine o'clock; the party in the carriage, Chantrey, Jackson, Reid, and Bramsen,—the latter a sort of guide and interpreter that Chantrey brought up with him. The only remarkable object of the day's journey was Soracte, which assumed a variety of shapes as we approached it. Arrived at Otricoli before seven, and slept there; a wretched inn.

18th. Started at six, and arrived at Terni about half-past ten. Breakfasted, and went to the Falls, which is five Italian miles off. Never was any thing so magnificently picturesque as this spot. It is not merely the waterfall, though perfect in its way, but every step and every view is full of enchantment. The view from the top whence the water is seen tum-

bling down into some cavity, and then springing out again, as if rejected; the rainbow moving with the wind, and sometimes quite blown away but recovering its hues, and forming again immediately; all beautiful. The views too from below are quite as exquisite. The outline of the dark, bold rocks between you and the fall (of which the different landing-places are seen, when the mist of the spray blows off, and at the very top two lesser streams appear branching out in a sort of forked form); the labyrinth of trees, towards the end of the valley, the root of each tree forming a little island, round which the rapids rush, every thing but the water, still. The rainbow over the fall like the Providence of God watching over a stormy world, sometimes lost sight of for awhile, but soon shining out again, &c. &c. The little orange grove through which you pass in leaving the valley; the rhododendrons on the rocks; the jasmines along the road afterwards. The rest of our day's journey highly interesting; an unvarying feature of this country is the high pointed, rocky mountains, with castles on their summits. Slept at Spoleto; a very clean and comfortable place, and an elysium to us after the filthy wretchedness of Otricoli.

19th. Left Spoleto pretty early, and got to Perugia about two, having been delayed by the want of horses,—Lucien Buonaparte's suite, among others, being on the road. Went to the University, and saw some old pictures by Cimabue, Pietro Perugino, and Perugino's master. Hot with walking so far. Went thence to the chapel, all painted by Pietro Perugino, the most pleasing and least *dry* productions of his I have yet seen. One traces here all the seeds of Raphael's grace; and the embellishments of the corners of the ceiling are evidently the prototype of Raphael's ornamental painting on the Lodges at the Vatican. Dined here, and continued our route all night. It was dark before we got to Lake Trasimene.

20th. Arrived at Florence about two. Schneider's full, but we went to his *piccola locanda* at the other side. After dinner called for Chantrey at Lord Elgin's, and both went to Lord Burghersh's. Chantrey's opinion of the Duomo here very just. The great object of architecture is to produce, by its different forms and projections, different pleasing effects of light and shadows; but an almost flat surface like that of the Duomo, which substitutes variety of colour for variety of light and shadow, is so far from being in good taste, that, at the best, it can be only considered a large and beautiful toy.

21st. Called with Jackson upon Lord Dillon. Read to us the passage in Hobbes, where he compares the Catholic priesthood to the world of fairies; over-strained, but some of it ingenious. I went to the Mansfields, and, after sitting some time, Lady Mansfield took me to Bartolini, to whom her daughter is sitting for her bust. Bartolini again entreated me to sit for my bust to him, and says he can take the likeness in six hours. Appointed to-morrow. Chantrey, who means to make a bust of me, wishes I should sit to Bartoliui, "that we may see the difference." Went from thence to the *Annunziata* to hear the music, but it was not good. Called upon Lady Charlemont, and sat with her some time. Lady Mansfield told me that the effect she produces here with her beauty is wonderful; last night, at the Comtesse d'Albany's, the Italians were ready to fall down and worship her. Lord Charlemont called upon me. Dined at Lord Burghersh's. Went to the Opera. Came home at twelve o'clock, and looked at Jackson's sketch of the Mothers in Guido's Slaughter of the Innocents. Chantrey objects to this picture; which fails, he says, in truth and nature; for it is impossible that so many mothers should express their horror at the same time, in the same manner, viz., by opening their mouths into an exact oval.

22nd. Gave Bartolini a first sitting for my bust. Went afterwards to the Gallery for a short time; took a glimpse of the Venus and the Claude. Then to the Pitti Palace, but could not get in. Then to Molini's, where I bought Boccacio, Alfieri's Tragedies, and Casti's Novelle. After that went with Jackson to the church of Santa Croce to see the picture of Bronzino, the Limbo dei Santi Padri, one of the most beautiful pictures in Italy. The female figure that stands shrinkingly in an attitude something like that of the Venus, most exquisitely painted. The Sibyls of Volterrano did not so much strike me now that I had seen Domenichino's figures of the same kind. Went to Molini's other shop, where I saw himself. Found that he knew me by

reputation; bought Alfieri's life. Saw and talked with Lord Charlemont for some time. Dined at Lord Dillon's. Went to Lady Burghersh's music in the evening. Duchess Lanti sang; fine voice and execution, like a prima donna. Manielli sang with her, and a little Irish girl, Miss Gibbons; all Lord B.'s music. Had much talk with Lady Burghersh about Maria Louisa, whom she knows very well, and often passes some time with at her principality. Loved Napoleon at first, but his *rebutant* manner to her disgusted her at last. Treated her like a child. Her Regency a mere sham; did not know what the papers were she had to sign. Never had either message or line from Napoleon after his first abdication, nor until his return from Elba, when he wrote a short note, and without begiuning "Madame" or "Chère," or any thing, he said he expected her and the child at Paris immediately. Never hears from him from St. Helena. Keeps his picture secretly, and seems to be proud of the child's likeness to him. She is very romantic.

23rd. Sat to Bartolini. Went to Fiesole: a delicious day for it; the view most beautiful; and, after a shower, the sort of light that was over every thing made it ten times more beautiful. The Apennines, some of them covered with snow, which shine out in a sunshine like that of summer. Dined with Sir Robert Lawley: company, Lord and Lady Dillon, Charlemont and Templeton, Lord Francis Conyngham, &c. Dillon's quotation from Bacon to account for women's readiness in arriving at a result without the intermediate reasoning that men require, that the "temperament of women is more cold and *moist!*" The laugh this excited. Sir Robert Lawley's account of the translation of the Memoirs of the Medici to which he has prefixed a preface. The anecdote of the Cardinal, who, being invited to a good dinner on Christmas Day, said he was sorry he could not attend, but there was such a mass at such an hour, such an office at another hour; concluding that, in short, *non si può far niente in questo giorno di diavolo.* Went from thence to Mrs. Arthur's ball. Was introduced, at his own request, to the famous Lucchesini, who told me I was *uno dei pilastri delle arte.* The Charlemonts brought me home. Was locked out, young Lord Caulfield assisting me to knock the porter up. Kept at the door a whole hour, from one to two.

24th. Sat to Bartolini. Desperate snowy day. Went to Lady Burghersh's for the purpose of seeing her put her extracts from Lord Byron's Memoirs in the fire.* Gave another sitting of an hour to Bartolini; Lady Mansfield and her daughter sat with me the greater part of the time. Dined at Lord Burghersh's: company, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lord Lovaine, &c., &c. Went in the eveuing to Madame d'O.'s ball; an Anglo-Florentine ball. She is the banker's wife, and accordingly every body with a good letter of credit asked. The Princess of Wirtemberg there. Drank some very good wine at Lord Burghersh's today, called (I think) Montalcino.

25th. Went to the Gallery. The Madonna of Carlo Dolci is to me very beautiful; but I at the same time feel that smooth mannerism of his which artists condemn. Went to the Pitti Palace. The Conspiracy of Catiline, by Salvator Rosa, very fine; the Venus of Tintoret an exquisite picture. Dined with the Morgans. In the evening to the christening of Lady Burghersh's child. Lord Mansfield represented the Prince Regent as sponsor. All those at the christening in full dress; but Lady B. said I should be a privileged person, and go in every-day habit. I did not however. A ball after the christening. Some of the chief Florentine beauties there; among whom the handsomest was Madame Mozzi, with a pair of those "terrible" eyes that Arthur Young mentions among the women in Italy. Must not forget Chantrey's remarks upon the two busts of Seneca in the Gallery, showing the inferior style of one in its minute definement of all the parts, and the merit of the other in generalizing, and consulting the effect alone.

26th. Got up early to give a final sitting to Bartolini before my departure. Set off with Chantrey, &c., at twelve o'clock. Arrived at Covigliaio between seven and eight A dreadful day, a snowy mist closing around us as we went.

27th. Left Covigliaio at eight. Arrived at Bologna at half-past five. Weather cleared up, but the snow very deep on the Apennines. The scene very fine in its way. A waggon overturned across the road, which stopped us some time.

* Mr. Moore had lent Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to Lady Burghersh.—Ed.

28th. Went to the Gallery. The children quarrelling for the beads in Domenichino's fine picture of the Persecution, the roses scattered on the ground from heaven, and the two lovely girls embracing each other just under the feet of the horses, while another so affectionately extends her hands to protect her aged father; all is admirably imagined. The attitude of Samson, in Guido's picture here, very like that of his Michael. The dead children in his Slaughter of the Innocents, one of them smiling in death, the mother flying away with her child, exquisite; but Chantrey's remark (which, I find, Sir Joshua made before), with respect to the open mouths of the women, very true. There are six or seven figures with the mouths open. The Dead Christ and the Saints of Guido (forming two distinct pictures), a fine picture; the children at the bottom lovely. The Magdalen in Raphael's St. Cecilia here a finely formed creature. In the picture by Pietro Perugino, next to Guido's Dead Christ, the head of St. John the Evangelist is supposed to be by Raphael, being so much more *sciolto* than the rest. Went to the Marescalchi Palace; a lovely head of St. Cecilia by Domenichino. Canaletti's view of Sta. Maria della Salute here, with a stormy sky, has more painting in it than any one of his I have seen. Left Bologna about two. Arrived at Modena too late to see the gallery of the Ducal Palace, though we attempted it. Could only see that there were some fine Guercinos, and a good Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto. The palace a splendid building, but the façade only half finished, like every thing here. The cathedral a sort of Gothic, and has a spire—one of the very few one sees here. Slept at Modena.

29th. Left Modena before five in the morning, and arrived at Parma to breakfast. Went to the Gallery. The admirable St. Jerome of Correggio. "How very like Sir Joshua!" I exclaimed the moment I looked at it; and Jackson and Chantrey fully confirmed my idea. The faces of the angel and the boy on the right full of a sort of grotesque sweetness, and perfectly original. The infant Christ must have suggested to Sir Joshua his Puck. There is also the Madonna della Sedilla here of Correggio. In the picture by Raffaelle in this gallery he has painted the Fornarina as St. Catherine; a very lovely figure, the prettiest of his Fornarinas I have seen. Jackson thinks the Fornarina in the tribune at Florence is not Raphael's. The library at Parma splendid; contains 80,000 volumes. Went to Bodoni's printing-house, and bought a copy of Gray's poems (printed here) for Bessy. Went to the monastery of the Benedictine nuns, where Correggio has painted the children round the ceiling very fancifully and beautifully. These are engraved, I believe, by Rosaspina. The cupola of St. Giovanni and the cathedral are also painted by Correggio, but are much injured and hardly discoverable. Rosaspina, however, has had them engraved. Went from thence to see the toilet of Maria Louisa given her by Napoleon; the cradle, with the eagle at the bottom of it, and the letter N. in various places; all is silver-gilt. At dinner to-day, in calling for a bottle of champagne, which I had lost as a wager, I told the waiter, *C'è un scomesso ch' io ho perduto. Perduto!* he exclaimed, *Ah, per Bacco!* This beats Bob Acre's oath for appropriateness. Slept at Parma. Had gone to the Opera, and seen there Maria Louisa.

30th. Left Parma at five, and arrived at Milan to dinner, having stopped to see the Bridge of Lodi on the way. Wrote a note before dinner to Lord Kinnaird, who came in person to answer it. When I mentioned the waiter's *per Bacco!* to him, he told me that the Austrian government had lately refused permission to the ballet master at Milan to produce a ballet on the subject of Cymbeline, on account of the immorality of betting upon a woman's virtue. He offered us his box for the night, and Chantrey and I went. The same ballet of which I had seen the Prova. The last scene, where the Titans are destroyed by a thunderbolt, and all the nymphs and children are seen in a sort of "visionary distance" behind, is beautiful.

December 1st. Went to the Brera. Jackson took a sketch of the delightful Agar for me. Both he and C. pronounced it a feeble picture as to execution, but agreed as to the admirable expression of Agar. The Albano here (which was also brought from Bologna with Guido's Peter and Paul, and the Guercino), a beautiful picture; the subject, the Ratto di Proserpina: Venus reclining in the clouds, and turning round to kiss Cupid, who seems to have just flown up to her after his achieve-

ment; the little Love in the dance, whose face is seen from behind; the wing of one on the right; the temple in the background; all most poetical. In the large picture of Domenichino here the head of his Sibyl is repeated; as, indeed, it is often in his pictures. Chantrey does not admire the Duomo of Milan; thinks it too flat, and without any of the grandeur or richness of our Gothic at home. As we came along yesterday, I asked C. and J. which of the painters they would wish to be if they had their choice among all. C. said Tintoret; and J., Raphael: the former on account of the prodigious works of Tintoret at Venice, which I regret I did not see more perfectly. I also did not dwell half so much as I ought on the fine Assumption of Titian at the Academy, from which J. has taken a sketch of the child that holds up the drapery of the Virgin,—a delicious thing. Tintoret's Miracle of the Hammer is in the same room. Kinnaird came to us while we were at dinner. Started between four and five from Milan, and slept at Novara.

2nd. Left Novara very early, and arrived at Turin about six. Very ill all this day.

3rd. Colonel Fitzclarence, who arrived a day or two before, sent to tell Chantrey he had an opportunity of seeing a private collection of pictures,—the Marquis Cambiaso's. Went with him and Upton. A Madonna and Child by Raphael; the two heads (of angels, I believe) in the background, beautiful. A fine Rubens, the Dance of Infant Satyrs; one of the most pleasing of his I have ever seen. A picture by Titian, where one of the female figures holds a thin glass bell, in which a little Love is inclosed; showing as the Marquis explained it, *la fragilità dell' amore.* Went thence to the Ducal Palace; a most splendid thing, all gold. None of the pictures pleased me much, except Vandyck's picture of Charles II. and two of the other Stuarts, as children: beautiful in its way. The character of the little child with the apple admirably caught. There is also a fine portrait, by the same, of Prince Thomas (I think) on horseback. Dined; and left Turin at night.

4th. Breakfasted at Susa, and commenced the ascent of Mont Cenis in a thick, dense fog, out of which we rose gradually into all the sunshine of a clear, glorious morning; according to the promise of our postillion, who said, as we came along, *Il n'y aura pas de brouillard sur la montagne.* The golden appearance of the mist, before the sun quite rose above it, appearing almost like his golden curls showing themselves, and then turning to silver after he had risen. The valley below us full of a sea of mist, reminding one of the deluge, and as if we were escaping out of it to the high places: so very dense too, and some parts of it, as it began to evaporate, rising slowly with a sort of feathery swell, and as white as snow. Two men on each side of our carriage all the way, to keep it from upsetting. Arrived at St. Jean de Maurienne; a most wretched inn, where we slept.

5th. Arrived at Chambery at half-past five; took a *char-à-banc*, and went with Jackson to see the chateau where Rousseau passed the happiest time of his life with Mad. de Warens. The way to it very rural and wild. Though it was almost dark when we arrived at it, Jackson contrived to make a little sketch of the house for me. Returned to dinner, and slept at Chambery; a most comfortable house. Heard here at night the only characteristic national singing I have met with on the Continent.

6th. Left Chambery between six and seven. Saw Buonaparte's road at the Echelles; a grand thing, and the view of the Valley at the end of the long gallery through the rocks beautiful. Emanuel's old road, though wonderful enough, and the portal to it through the high rocks magnificent, is nothing to Napoleon's. There is a monument, with an inscription, at this opening of Emanuel's road. The passage hence through the mountains very grand. Arrived at Lyons between nine and ten.

7th. Walked about Lyons. The situation of the town very fine, and the view from the inn windows (Hotel de l'Europe) of the height on the other side of the river, with the old castle upon it, very striking. Left Lyons at seven in the evening to travel all night. Were stopped at Tarrare for want of horses, and sat at the postmaster's fire, drinking brandy and water, for two hours.

8th. Breakfasted at Roanne. A new bridge building here, begun by Buonaparte. The current of the Loire about to be turned here. The house where we breakfasted was formerly the post, but was dispossessed of this

(as the landlady told us) on account of Napoleon having slept there on his way from Elba, and thus being suspected of knowing his intended return. Reached La Palisse between four and five; dined and slept there; a very comfortable house.

9th. Stopped to lunch at Moulins, where we had a gay scene with the *marchandes* that came in to sell knives and scissors, and the little girl who brought the Moulins hats to sell, to whom Chantrey gave at my suggestion, a five franc piece, which made her very happy. At Villeneuve-sur-Allier Chantrey bought two of these country hats for his wife and mine. Supped at Pouilly; the white wine of this place famous, and very good. Travelled all night.

10th. Breakfasted at Fontenoy, and arrived at Fontainebleau at two. Went with the rest to see the palace. Saw what I had not been shown before, a statue of Telemachus in the gardens, by Canova, which Buonaparte had sent from Italy, and which was the first thing (the gardener said) he inquired about on his coming into the garden on his way from Elba. Slept at Fontainebleau.

11th. Arrived at Paris before one o'clock. Went as soon as I could, with a beating heart, to inquire for letters from home. Found only one from my darling Bessy, dated as far back as her birthday, the 15th of November. All, however, was then well; and I trust in Heaven the delay of further intelligence is only owing to her waiting the time of my return to Paris. Received a letter also from the Longmans, telling me that nothing has been done in my Bermuda business as yet; and that it is the opinion of Sir J. Mackintosh (as well as their own most decidedly), that I ought not to go to England at present. This is a sad disappointment; my dear cottage and my books! I must, however, lose no time in determining upon bringing Bessy and her little ones over; and wherever they are will be home, and a happy one, to me.

12th. A visitor announced to me, a stranger; said I had done him the honour to leave a card with him last night. Found I had mistaken another doctor for Yonge. He professed himself rejoiced at an accident which had brought him acquainted with one whom he had long, &c., &c. Proved to be a Mr. Williams, an Irishman, a very gentleman-like sort of person, who offered his services to take lodgings, or do anything useful for me. Went to call on the Granards and Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald. Asked to dine by Lord G. to-day, but had promised Chantrey with my fellow-travellers. Went to Galignani and read the newspapers. Dined at Beauvilliers', and went afterwards to the Opera: my old acquaintance, the "Carnival de Venise." From thence to drink out a wager of punch, which Bramsen had lost at the Mille Colonnes. Wrote a letter this morning, for Chantrey and Jackson, to the Count Forbin, to ask permission for them to see the Louvre, which is at present shut.

13th. Wrote to my dear Bessy and the Longmans. Met at the post-office an old acquaintance, O'Hagarty, who was an emigrant in Dublin, and taught the harp. I remember Stevenson saying (when O'Hagarty declared he had no other resource but this or else staying in France to be guillotined), "Egad, it was *head* or *harp* with you," a phrase used in tossing up a halfpenny in Dublin. Called afterwards on Mrs. Herbert. Came home to sit to Jackson for a pencil drawing he promised to make of me. Found that the English ambassador had left his card with me. Lord Granard called while I was sitting to Jackson. All dined at Véry's; the Romanée Conti excellent. Went in the evening to see Talma in Coriolanus. His "Adieu Rome," had something fine in it; but there is a great deal of ruffianism in his acting. Stood with Chantrey a long time looking at the extraordinary statue of Voltaire at this theatre. Though quite contrary to Chantrey's theory of what is beautiful in art, from its entering into all the common details of nature, yet he confessed that it has something very admirable in it, and that he never tires of looking at it. Houdon was the sculptor. It would be frightful to have the image of any person one loved with such a true and ghastly resemblance to life.

14th. The permission for Chantrey and Jackson arrived, with a very civil note to Chantrey from Count Forbin. Got in with them as their interpreter. Chantrey explained to me the nature of glazing and scumbling. The former is laying a substratum of white, and then painting with a transparent colour (blue, red, &c.) over it; the latter is chiefly used for the purpose of producing aerial perspective, and consists in brushing thinly over,

with an opaque colour, any distant objects that have been first clearly and accurately painted, so as to give them the haze of distance. He showed me a picture of Rubens, in which a cloud had been painted over again by David: remarked what dead, untransparent colouring it was beside the rest. Jackson, for pleasure, would have a collection of *Titians*, that is, for the *sensual* pleasure; but for the intellectual a set of Raphaels, the latter being so grand and severe. Titian painted upon very rough canvas, without preparing it so much as is generally done. Raphael's Michael and Satan very inferior to Guido's. Teniers sometimes imitated Guido; could imitate any master. The fine picture by Titian, of the Cavalier and his Mistress: Chantrey made me understand, by comparing this with the picture beyond it, the difference between the minute details of the inferior art and that fine, general view of nature which a great artist gives. Pointed out to me the finest statues. He admired very much the Zingarella, and took a sketch of it; the Boy with the Goose; the Head of Vitellius, &c. It was Bernini who supplied the cushion to the Hermaphrodite. By the bye, of Bernini, C.'s criticism is that he did not know the boundaries of his art, nor of what it was capable; but attempted effects that only belong to painting, such as motion, flying draperies, &c., &c. Dined with Lord Granard, and he and I went to the Italian Opera: the "Barbiere" of Rossini.

15th. Went out in pursuit of lodgings; found a little *fairy* suite of apartments; an *entresol* in the Rue Chantereine, and took them at 250 francs a month. Dined at General Fitzgerald's; Sir Sidney Smith of the party. A large assembly after dinner; Lord and Lady Thomond, Lady Clanricarde, Lord Massey, &c. &c. Came away early.

16th. No letter from Bessy. This is very painful and unaccountable. Called on the Granards. Dined with Chantrey, &c., at the Rocher de Cancalle. Ordered them a most *recherché* dinner; *tronçons d'anguille, paté de foie gras, sauté de carpe, &c.* Went afterwards to three of the little theatres on the *Boulevards*, and were much amused.

17th. Chantrey and the rest went off. Dreadfully wet weather, and Paris most uncomfortable. Called upon Fielding and Lady Elizabeth, who had asked me to dinner; but I had engaged to dine with my new friend Dr. Williams. Made some other calls. The Doctor's dinner was at Grignon's, *solus cum solo*, and dull enough. Went early to the Opera: that most trumpery thing, "Le Rossignol;" but the ballet of "Nina" made up for it. Bigottini very touching in this character, and some of the music full of pathos.

18th. No letter from home; know not what to think of it. Every thing here seems dreary. Read some of "Corinne" at breakfast. The introduction of the heroine absurd enough,—the car, the senators, the speeches, &c.; but the style and remarks are always very striking. Went to seek for Viotti in order to get permission to attend the rehearsal of Spontini's new opera, "Olympie," this evening. Met him; and he promised to admit Lord G., myself, and Fitzgerald. Sent an apology to Mr. Giffard, with whom I was to dine; and Lord G., Fitzgerald, and myself had an early dinner at Beauvilliers'. The rehearsal very singular; the stage lighted up, and all the scenery in form, and the artists in their every-day clothes: the music, too, full of notes and overloaded harmonics; and the way it was squalled and mewled out by Madames Branchia and Albert detestable. Went afterwards to Coulon's ball, where all the *filles d'Opera* go; a Napoleon the ticket. But few of the celebrated ones there; Madlle. de Gros, who danced a waltz very beautifully with Montjoye; Paul's sister; Madlle. Dupont of the Théâtre Français; Bourgoing of the same, &c. What can induce men to lavish their time and money on such creatures as these? It is to me, with all my fondness for the sex, inconceivable. Came away between one and two.

19th. A letter, at last, from Bessy; our dear Tom has been very ill, but she says he is now better. God send him health! Had not yet got my letter from this. Called upon Fielding, and went to my lodgings: saw my landlady; a good deal of a Tartar. Am happy to find, however, she lives a good way off. Made calls with Fielding at the Ambassador's (saw Lady Elizabeth Stuart), at the Dalrymple's, Hamilton's, Lady Westmoreland's, Lady Rancliffe's, Gallois, &c. Dined with Fielding; none but himself and Lady Elizabeth. Went with him to the Français, and saw Madlle. Mars in the "Suite d'un Bal Masqué." The *equivoque* of this little piece well managed,

and her acting charming. Went from thence to Madame Flahault's: a pretty French woman there, Mad. Laborde. I saw my old acquaintance the Duchess de Broglie (Mad. de Stael's daughter), who received me very kindly. Reminded her of the night she danced "Mrs. M'Leod" with me in London.

20th. Left the hotel for my new lodgings. Walked about with Fielding to order wood, tea, sugar, &c. A disagreeable operation for me to turn housekeeper by myself. Went with Lord Granard and Fielding to dine at the Cadran Bleu, for the purpose of seeing the "Petites Danaïdes" at the Porte St. Martin. With some difficulty got places; amusing enough. Little Jenny Vertpré very pretty. Fielding and I drank *punch à la Romaine* at Tortoni's afterwards.

21st. Had a letter from Lord John Russel. His speech on the reform of corrupt boroughs admirable. Nothing gives me more pleasure, both for his own and the country's sake, than his success on this occasion. Walked about with Felding, after reading the papers. Wanted me to dine with him, but I refused, and dined alone at the Rotonde. Went to the Gaité afterwards, and finished with iced punch at Tortoni's. The weather as hot as summer.

22nd. Paid my landlady a month in advance, and signed and sealed according to the same form as had been submitted to by the ambassador of Constantinople (Adair), who, I find, was my predecessor in these lodgings. Called on Denon, and saw his lithographical publications. One of the engravings he showed me was from a drawing by Procaccini, whom I guessed, from his style, to be an *élève* of Correggio; and I happened to be right. Dined with Fielding, and went in the evening to Lady Westmoreland's, to take leave of her on her departure for Italy. From thence went to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Was introduced to her husband, who is a sensible, quiet sort of person.*

23rd. Desperate wet day. Wrote to my dear Bessy, my mother, Rogers, and Lord John. Dined at Comte de Flahault's. De Souza's story of the violent patriot declaiming against tyranny, and saying that the people ought to rise with one voice and cry out *Vive la Liberté!* at the same time whispering the last word himself, as if he feared the very walls would hear him. Music in the evening. Paer and his daughter sung; he in the *buffo* style, and very well; seems a fine, hearty fellow.—One of the things sung by him and her and Flahault was an air that they sing to the bagpipes at Rome in Christmas time. It is harmonised by Paer, and is very pretty. I must have it for my National Melodies. Went afterwards to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's assembly, where I saw Pozzo di Borgo, Suchet, &c.—Was introduced to Prince Galitzin, a Russian, who has all my poems by heart, and came sidling up to me with a line or two every now and then during the night.

24th. Had a ticket from Lady Ranelife to the Chamber of Deputies, and went there, but could not get in, it being quite full. Dined alone at the Rotonde, had been pressed by the Flahaults to dine with them, but said I was engaged. Madame Flahault called to take me to the Opera, the "Olympie." Nothing can be more poetically imagined than the scenery and ballet of this opera. It is a curious idea of Madame Flahault, that Lord Byron chose Venice for a residence, because, as nobody walks there, his not having the power is not so remarkable. Wet to the skin coming home. Stopped at the Rotonde on my way to buy a bottle of brandy, and drank some with hot water before I went to bed. Saw a tour through Switzerland at a stall to-day, dedicated to the Thunder, *C'est à toi, Tonnerre, que je dédie mon livre.*

25th. Christmas Day! Alas! I thought to pass it with my dear family. Have been asked to dine by Fielding; but would rather, *faute de mieux*, pass the day with the Granards, who are the oldest acquaintances I have here, and old recollections have always something domestic about them. Resolved to invite myself to dinner there, and called; but Lord G. anticipated me by asking me himself. Told him, however, my intentions. Lady Charlotte and Fitzgerald at dinner, and Lady Ranclife. Went to Mrs. Giffard's in the evening, and heard Blanzini and his wife sing some very pretty things. Mrs. Fitzherbert, too, who I thought had cut me, gave me a very kind greeting.

27th. Received a letter from my dear Bessy, to say she sets off from Wiltshire to-day.—Meant to go in the mail for Calais myself at four, but the eternal work of passports delays

* The Duc de Broglie's unpretending manner conceals his remarkable abilities, but only for a day.—Ed.

me: have taken my place for to-morrow. Was to have dined with the Dalrymple-Hamiltons, but sent an excuse, and dined with the Fieldings, and went to the Olympic in the evening. Joined the Herberts in Mons. Pradell's box.

28th. Got my passports and set off at half-past four, in the mail for Calais. My companions two Frenchwomen, one of whom gave me a very interesting account of her sufferings at St. Domingo, and the kindness of the people of Baltimore to her on her arrival there. In talking of the backwardness of the American literature, I said, what would always prevent them from exerting themslves much in that way, was their having already the work done to their hands in the literature of the mother country; and that, in fact, to be *langue epuisée. Comment*, she answered, *une langue epuisée*, when there are such poets as Byron and Scott alive? This silence about me I bore very philosophically: found afterwards she had heard much of my name, but never read me. Travelled all night.

29th. Cold, dreary travelling all day.—Found, from the conversation of my companions, that there is much fear of dissension throughout France, and that commerce is already checked by the appearance of clouds in the horizon. This agrees with what Mad. Flahault told me; and these prognostics of a storm have all appeared within a few weeks.

30th. Arrived, after two nights' travelling, at Calais, about seven o'clock this morning. Went to bed at eight, rose again a little after ten, and heard there were two packets in the distance. Breakfasted, and went down to the pier, where I remained till the packet entered the harbour. Numbers on deck, but no Bessy. At last the dear girl and her little ones made their appearance. Our meeting most happy. The little ones quite well and blooming, and my Bessy herself (notwithstanding a fall she had from a pony during my absence, which broke her nose almost to pieces) looking extremely well. She never told me of this accident, but it was a severe one, and confined her to the house for weeks. What an escape! Her beautiful nose, too, that might have vied with Alcina's own, to have been so battered. It is still swelled, and the delicacy of it a little spoiled; but it will soon, I trust, come right again. Dispatched a man from the pier to take the mail for us to-morrow night; but he misunderstood me (from my speaking English with him), and took the places for to-night; an unlucky mistake, as we all want rest. However, there being no help for us, dined and set off together at six; myself, Bessy, the two young ones, and our excellent servant Hannah, all together. A cold, cold night, with the ground as slippery as glass from the frost.

31st. Crept along all day, in much anxiety for my precious charge, for the hills were as dangerous going up as down; but our conversation about all that has happened during our separation beguiled the way. Find that Power has published the second number of the "National Melodies" in the unfinished state in which I left it; provoking this. Travelled all night in continual alarms from the slipperiness of the roads.

January 1, 1820. Arrived safe, thanks to that God whose goodness I would not *not* feel for the world! Four nights in the mail rather fagging. Got dinner from a *traiteur:* my dear tidy girl, notwithstanding her fatigue, set about settling and managing everything immediately.

2nd. Employed in unpacking and arranging. Took Bessy to walk on the Boulevards in the evening; the shops glittering with *étrennes* of all sorts.

3rd. Down to the Rue St. Antoine for silk for a pelisse, and bought a bonnet. Took Bessy to dinner at Véry's at the Palais Royal; her reluctance to enter the room. Went afterwards to see the Marionettes; where, notwithstanding her bonnet, somebody cried out, *Voila une dame Anglaise!* Finished at the Mille Colonnes.

4th. We called upon Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and went afterwards to the Couturiere. Rather hard upon me to be the interpreter on these occasions; indeed, housekeeping, millinery, everything, falls upon me just now, and I fear there is but little chance of leisure for writing; besides, there is this infernal young lady learning the pianoforte over my head. Dined at home, and read in the evening; the first time I have attempted anything like study for some months.

5th to 8th. Days hardly worth the noting; spent in efforts to settle ourselves, with but little success. Wrote to tell the Longmans that I meant to call my projected little work, "The Fudge Family in Italy." Had an an-

swer to say they were much pleased with the idea. Began some of the picture sketches. Am only able to manage a few lines a-day, by staying in bed to breakfast. Read through Fresnoy's "Art of Painting," with Sir Joshua's commentary on it. Read also "Richardson on Painting." Bessy visited by Madame de Flahault, Lady C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Herbert, &c., &c. Lady E. Fielding said to me, comically enough on my return from Calais, "Every one speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it."

9th to 14th. An idle habit, thus lumping the days; but they may well say, *nos numerus sumus*, for they have here little more in them. Thought, before my month was out, of looking out for other lodgings, and walked over to the quartier of the Luxembourg with Fielding and Bessy for that purpose. Saw nothing that would do. A boarding-house in the Faubourg St. Honoré rather tempted me; 500 francs a month for board and lodging; but resolved upon trying my present rooms for another month, having changed my study and bedroom to the back, where the piano-forte playing young lady cannot annoy me. Bessy very ill on the 13th and 14th. Asked to dine at the Flahault's on the 14th, but she could not go: I did. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, and a long and very kind one from Lord Lansdowne. Worked a little at my poetical scraps. Engaged at present on the "Journal of Mr. Connor." Read "Travels in Italy," by a Madame de Recke, and bought several works of the same kind. Have made a resolution (in which Bessy joins me with pleasure) not to go into society here, excepting a few quiet friends to dinner sometimes. This relieves my fears both about time and purse; and I shall, I trust, get on more industriously from henceforward.

15th. Bessy still very unwell. A note from Mrs. Herbert to offer to take us to the Italian Opera this evening; but neither can go. A note too from my poetical friend, Mr. Lake, describing himself in great distress, and begging the loan of six Napoleons: can hardly refuse him, but have only three myself till Monday.

16th. Called upon Madame de Souza, by appointment, to talk about the romance she is writing. Wants to publish it in London, but Murray refuses to buy, through fear of piracy in Paris. This, she says, may be obviated by letting Didot (whom she can rely on for not going further) print a few copies here, in order to secure the copyright. I promised to write about it. Read me some of her romance, which was very delicately done, "Adèle de Sénanges," &c. &c. Went upstairs afterwards to the Flahaults. Some conversation about Maria Louisa. Flahault was the person sent by Napoleon, during the Cent Jours, to prevail upon her to join him; but, he says, he saw at once she was determined not to come. I heard read an original letter of Napoleon's to the Empress Josephine, after the surrender of Mack, written in a great hurry, but full of most pithy matter. Begins carelessly about the state of his health, and then suddenly comes to this awful sentence: *J'ai détruit l'armée Autrichienne.* The postscript is *Mille choses aimables à Hortense.* It is directed *L'Empereur à l'Imperatrice.* Went afterwards to call upon Gallois and see his library; an excellent one; very rich in English literature. G. full of kindness in his offers of the use of it. Asked me all about my Bermuda business, and said the Duke of Bedford had talked a good deal to him about it. Went from thence to call upon Mr. Lake with the three Napoleons; not at home. After dinner Bessy suggested that I ought to have left the money, as the poor man might be distressed for it this evening, so I set off again to his lodgings, and left the money sealed for him, promising to give the next to-morrow.

17th. Got forty pounds at the banker's, and gave Mr. Lake his remaining three Naps. Walked with Bessy to call upon Lady Augusta Leith, Lady Granard, and the Herberts. Lady G. very cordial to my dear girl and the little ones. In my apology to the Duchesse de Broglie for dinner on Wednesday, I mentioned Thursday by mistake, in consequence of which she has written a most urgent note, talking of the many *tentatives infructueuses* she has made to have me, and hoping that I am not engaged for Wednesday; so must go. Dined at home. In the evening Madame de Flahault called to take me to the Opera (theatres being an exception to my vow against going out). The opera "Tarare;" the dancing scene in it quite beautiful.

18th. Worked a little at my poetry. Dined at home.

19th. Stayed at home all the morning.

Dined at the Duke de Broglie's: company, thirteen in number besides myself, who was the only English person present. Some men there of reputation for talent, whose names I do not well remember. They discussed English literature as fluently as if they knew anything of the matter. One of them fell into a mistake rather flattering to me. In mentioning those of Lord Byron's works he liked the best, he said the "Corsair" and "Lalla Rookh." Sat next to Madame de Broglie, whom I took out to dinner. Talked with her brother Auguste about Sheridan. He said Sheridan was not at all *un homme instruit;* he knew nothing whatever of French. So like a Frenchman! Told me that he heard, when he met Sheridan at Oatlands, that he (S.) had been, a little before, found reading the Memoirs of Grammont, for the first time, in a translation. In talking of the very unripened state of political knowledge in France at present, I said, *leurs commencemens sont interessans. Oui,* he replied; *les commencemens des jeunes gens sont interessans; mais les commencemens des vieillards . . . helas!* A son of General Custine's one of the party. Came away early.

20th. Wrote a few lines, and went to make some calls. Dined at home.

21st and 22nd. Employed chiefly in looking for lodgings. Thought of going to Versailles; and Dr. Williams brought a Mr. Read to introduce to me, who lives there, and promises to make researches for me. Walked with Bessy to the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Champs Elysées in pursuit of some quiet lodgings. Saw rooms in the latter, about which I am to give an answer to-morrow.

23rd. Called upon Madame de Souza, and heard some more of her romance, which begins to be rather a task. Have written to the Longmans for her. Went out to walk with Dr. Williams to see a cottage in the Champs Elysées, where he once lived. Quite the thing I want; as rural and secluded a workshop as I ever have had.

24th. Walked out early with Bessy and Williams to the cottage, and decided upon taking it. Should have lost it if I had been a day later. Fixed with the proprietress, to meet and sign and seal on Thursday next. Dined at Latin's: the company, Boissouade, who, they tell me, is the French Porson; Gail, professor of Greek, whose edition of Anacreon I remember my mother buying for me when I was about nineteen, and busy with my own translation. How happy the gift made me! Gail is a convivial and rather weak old man. There was also M. George, professor of theological eloquence: the Abbé Dillon; Spurzheim, the craniologist; a M. Dorien, who has written two epic poems that nobody has read, a very gentlemanlike and well-informed person. The day was altogether very amusing. Story of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, "What, lend *him* money! *Vous lui donneriez des emetiques; il ne les rendroient pas.*" Truffles another subject; whether the ancients knew them. The only reason for thinking so is that Pliny mentions a *champignon souterrein;* but he does not mention its being used in cookery. After dinner Spurzheim questioned me as to my music; whether I paid much attention to the calculation of the *time.* I told him I did not; and he said he could perceive that in the form of my head above the temples. A friend and pupil of his was in the meantime feeling the back of my head, and discovering there *friendship, love of children, &c. &c.* This is carrying the joke rather too far. Boissonade, I find, is contributing materials to Valpy's new edition of the "Thesaurus."

25th. Bessy and I dined with Dr. Williams; no one else but a Mr. Vanderhausen. Williams says a French lady told him gravely the other day, that she considers these *Piqueurs* (the monsters in Paris that stab women), to be the natural consequence of the study of Lord Byron's works, and the principles inculcated by him. Went in the evening to the Porte St. Martin to see the "Petites Danaïdes."

26th. Dined with Bessy and Dalton at Beauvilliers'; treated the party, which cost me two Napoleons. Went to the Opera in the evening; "Aristippe" and "Zephyr et Flore." Bessy not so much delighted as I expected.

27th. Drew fifty pounds from the banker's and went out to meet my new landlady; Fielding and Williams with me. F. much pleased with the little *guinguette.* The papers not being ready, I returned home for Bessy. Called on Mrs. Locke and at the Granards, in our way. Lady Adelaide and Lady Caroline took us in the carriage to the cottage. Settled

every thing with my landlady and paid three months in advance. Asked Lord Granard to dine with us to-morrow, for the purpose of going to some spectacle. Lady Caroline offered to join the party, and eat an Irish stew in an *entresol*, by way of novelty. Dined with the Fieldings: sung in the evening to him, her, Montgomery, and the governess,—all four weeping. This is the true tribute to my singing.

28th. Ordered some dishes at the Rotonde, in order that the Irish stew might be in good company. Walked to take a box at the Ambigu Comique. Lord Granard came to dinner, Lady C. not being able to come on account of the desperate state of Lady Augusta's son, who is not expected to live. Went in the evening to the Ambigu Comique. Calas was the piece, and it was not a little interesting to see a whole audience of Catholics in tears for the sufferings of a Protestant family.

29th. Went to make visits with Bessy, and to purchase some things for our new abode.

30th. Called upon Madame de Souza, and heard a little more of the novel.

31st. Left the Rue Chantereine, after six weeks of the most uncomfortable residence I have ever endured, and transported my household goods to the Champ Elysées. A delicious day to begin with. Fleeced most dreadfully by the old harridan landlady in the Rue Chantereine. The delight of my whole establishment at getting into a cottage and garden, not to be expressed. Heaven send them health and happiness in it.

February 1st. Every thing promises for comfort and quietness in our new abode. Doctor Yonge called on me to tell me of the king's death, supposing my debt was to the government, and that this event would be a means of gaining my reprieve. Worked a little, and read "Reynolds's Discourses" in the evening. What excellent sense there is in them.

2nd to 5th. Days passed quietly and busily, writing at the rate of between twenty and thirty lines a day.

6th. Williams and Dalton dined with us.

7th to 11th. Writing away. The Longmans have announced for some time "The Fudge Family in Italy," to be published in the month of February; but I shall not be ready till the end of April. Lord Granard and Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald called; also Lady E. Fielding, Lady Hunloke, Mrs. Leeson, &c. &c. A Mr. Warden, a naturalised American, introduced to me. Sent me a copy of his work on America.

12th. Mr. Rawlins returned from London; brought me the two boxes of books and papers for my Sheridan task, which I left behind. A letter from Branigan, from Jamaica, in which he tells me that there was a subscription about to be set on foot for me there, till, on the receipt of my letter, expressing my intention to decline any such aid, he put a stop to it.

13th to 19th. So busy writing that I have not time to take note of my days; but they are all alike, near thirty lines a day. Dined with the Fieldings once in this week, the only time I have yet dined from the cottage. Read various works on Italy: "Thompson's Travels" (just published, and for the remarks on Art, pretty well), "Voyage en Italie," Stendhal's "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," &c. &c. The Duke de Berri's assassination an important as well as shocking event. Imputed by the Royalists to the politics of Mons. de Caze, the present minister. A lady said, who went to see the body laid out at the Louvre, *Voilà la seconde exposition au Louvre de l'industrie de M. de Caze*, alluding to the exhibition of works of French industry this year. My poor mother has been very ill, and I have written to Corry to advance them any additional money they may want, either for her comfort, or the expense they have been at in changing lodgings.

20th. Called upon M. Gallois, and looked over his library for some work relative to the adventures of Rienzi: found the history by Abbè de Cerceau. G. highly interested by my account of my cottage life, my hours of study, meals, &c. &c. *Ah, c'est une douce vie que vous menez là.*

21st and 22d. Nothing remarkable; thirty lines each day. In the three weeks I have been here I have done 600 lines.

23rd. Walked with Bessy into Paris. Called on the Fieldings; Lady E. Asked me to dine to-morrow.

24th. Dined with the Fieldings; only themselves; very agreeable.

25th. Took little Statia a walk to the English pastry-cook's after dinner, for some cakes. Twenty to thirty lines a day.

26th and 27th. Negotiating for a new servant in place of the porteress, who has hitherto been our cook. Are about to take the cook of Lady Lanesborough, who lives near us. Madame Flahault called one of these days and saw Bessy. Camac dined with us on the 26th: full of his Italian princesses. Told us of his taking Turner's (the artist's) umbrella on the Campanal of the Capitol, to screen the Princess of Denmark from the wind, knowing neither the Princess nor Turner; of the wind blowing the umbrella back and injuring it very much, to the annoyance of Turner; how the Princess paid him with smiles, &c. &c.

28th and 29th. Little else than "scribble, scribble."

March 1st. Our new cook arrived, and I expect our *ménage* will be much more comfortable. Asked Dalton, Dr. Yonge, &c. to take tickets for a concert which Dr. Williams patronizes to-morrow night, and at which he is to sing.

2nd. Dined at Beauvilliers' with Dalton and Jack Story (an old Leicestershire acquaintance) and went with them to the concert afterwards. Some of the music very pretty. A daughter of Paccini's, rather a pretty girl, played charmingly on the pianoforte. Lady E. Fielding was there, and brought me partly on my way home.

3rd. Dr. Yonge called, and offered to take Bessy to make any calls she might wish, in his carriage. Went with him; called at Lady Rancliffe's, and saw her. Then to Lady Herbert's, whom we saw, and sat with also. Dined afterwards at Yonge's lodgings, Douglas (my old college friend) to meet us; and went in the evening to the Feydeau to see the "Chaperon Rouge."

4th. Dalton has been so long anxious to give me a dinner at Beauvilliers', that we dropped in and dined with him there; and from thence, afterwards, to the Vaudeville, where we saw "La Visite à Bedlam" and "La Volière de Frère Philippe."

5th. Called upon Madame de Souza, and saw her husband's Camoens. This book has cost him near 4000*l.*, and he has never sold a copy.

6th. Bessy and I walked in early to the Marché des Jacobins, to provide for our dinner-party to-day. Yonge, Dalton, and Douglas dined with us; a most excellent dinner, admirably cooked by our new *artiste*. The evening a very hearty one. I have now finished a thousand lines.

7th to 10th. Worked away, but begin to despair of being able to keep my promise to the public of "Fudge Family in Italy." Am too pressed for time now to do justice to the humorous part; must therefore only publish it as a journal. Dined with the Fieldings one of these days; Lord Robert Fitzgerald the only other person. Lady E. mentioned some lines of Lord Cowper's upon a tax-gatherer, which are comical enough. Went that evening (the 10th) to Madame de Flahault's,—the only breach in my anti-company system I have yet made. A small party; Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Seymour, Lady E. Stuart, Mrs. Ellis, Lady Hunloke, &c. Flahault sung, and so did I; very nervous about it. If I had given way, should have burst out a-crying; as I remember doing many years ago at a large party at Lady Rothes's. No one believes how much I am sometimes affected in singing, partly from being touched myself, and partly from an anxiety to touch others. De Roos (Lord H. Fitzgerald's son) lent me his carriage home.

11th to 14th. My dear Bessy severely ill. Dr. Yonge attended her twice a-day. Between my anxiety about her, and my desire to get on with my little work, much harassed and downcast. This decides me to give up the humorous part of my plan: shall now call it "The Journal of a Member of the Pococurante Society."

15th and 16th. Bessy much recovered. The other day, Lake (Galignani's poet), while waiting for me below stairs, wrote with a pencil the following lines, addressed to little Anastasia:

> "Sweet child, when in thy beauteous face,
> The blush of innocence I view,
> Thy gentle mother's features trace,
> Thy father's look of genius too,
> If *envy* wake a moment's sigh,
> Thy face is my apology."

Made an effort to organize a quiet dinner of some Irish friends for to-morrow (St. Patrick's Day).

17th. Dined, ten or eleven of us, at the Two Swans; Lord Massey, Gen. Fitzgerald, Sir J. Burke, Douglas, Williams, &c., &c. A very jolly day. Williams and I sang some of the "Irish Melodies," and our voices went admirably together.

18th to 23d. Here are several days which I have let pass too far to recollect precisely what I have done upon each. Dined one day at Fielding's; company, Lady Hunloke and George Dawson. Wrote to the Longmans, to mention my change of plan with respect to the little work, and proposing to have it printed here, for the greater expedition of sending over proofs. Worked regularly every day, but begin to fall off in my daily number of lines. Read parts of Daru's "History of Venice" (which M. de Souza lent me), and wrote a poem on the subject, which is one of the best I have done. Read also Cereeau's account of Rienzi's conspiracy; on which I have also written a poem. A parallel might be drawn between Rienzi and Napoleon.

24th. Had Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald and her husband, Fielding, and Dalton, to dinner. F. told me that G. Dawson is gone off to England to try and make interest with the Duke of York, to get the king's consent to his marrying Miss Seymour. Our dinner went off very agreeably. Lord Cowper's epigram is as follows:

"Next comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;
And the people all give him whatever he *axes;*
In enforcing his dues he uses no flummery,
And though *Winter's* his name, his proceedings are *summary.*" *

25th. Dined at the Salon for the first time, and looked at their playing in the evening. Am not surprised at young men being tempted to ruin themselves. Fielding and I afterwards called upon Douglas, who had been thrown out of his gig two or three days since, and nearly broke his arm. Found him sitting up with his two physicians, *à l'Irlandaise*, very nearly the end of half-a-dozen of claret.

26th. Dr. Yonge dined with us. In the evening, Dr. Williams and Mr. Warden came. They mentioned a curious acoustic instrument, shaped something like a telescope, which being placed on the chest, and the ear applied to the other end, tells whether there is any cavity in the lungs; as, in that case, the noise is heard to come plainly from the chest, otherwise it is heard from the mouth. Mr. Warden, who has lent me the "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," says it was given to him by a Comte Stendahl; so that, notwithstanding the conjectures about the *alias* of this author, Stendahl may be his real name after all. Asked Warden where he is, that I may acknowledge the copy he sent me from Italy some months ago. Thinks he is somewhere near London; at least, that Count Stendahl whom he believes to be the author.

27th. Was to have dined with Story, but put off on account of the illness of his housekeeper. Received an answer from the Longmans, to say my present title would do very well, and that they had no objection to my getting the work set up in Paris.

28th. The Vaudeville in the evening.

29th and 30th. Worked and walked. Begin to grow a good deal dispirited about my Pococurante. A set of detached poems can hardly do much in the present day.

31st. These three days past our Champs Elysées very gay with that truly French exhibition of Longchamps. Received, to my great surprise, a letter from Stendahl, dated (as well as I could judge from a fracture in the paper), "Palerme," telling me he had just read "Lalla Rookh" for the fifth time, and saying that, as I must have friends who love the arts, *pour avoir quelque chose de commun avec eux*, he sends me an order for three copies of his "Histoire de la Peinture," which he begs me to read. The order on the bookseller is signed Aubertin, but the note to me is signed Stendahl. This is all odd enough.

April 1st. Walked with Bessy to market, and lost a great part of my day by doing so.

2nd. Williams dined with us. Some very characteristic stories about Irish Orangemen and freemasons.

3d. Took dear Anastasia to school for the first time. It is a school quite near, where we can see her every day, and she is to come home every Saturday till Monday. Fielding called upon me, and went to Stendahl's bookseller with our order, as I intend one of the copies for Fielding. The bookseller evidently knows nothing about him, and says he believes he is travelling. The orders on him always signed Aubertin. Have come nearly to the resolution of not publishing my Pococurante; at least till I have done something of more importance.

4th. Walked to the Marais to look for Smith, an English printer, whom I think of employing to set up my little work, if I determine to go on with it. Had some difficulty

* I have always heard these verses attributed to Mr. Theodore Hook, and I believe rightly.—Ed.

in finding him. He said he would send me an estimate of the expense.

7th. Went to see the Marquis Somariva's collection, with Bessy and Fielding: the Magdalen of Conova its chief ornament; an exquisite thing, and excelling in what is generally out of the sphere of sculpture—expression.

8th. Writing on; rather inclined to persevere in my publication; but it is somewhat discouraging now to write, when the attention of all the reading world is absorbed by two writers—Scott and Byron; and when one finds such sentences as the following in the last Edinburgh Review, "These novels (Scott's) have thrown evidently into the shade all contemporary prose, and even all recent poetry, except, perhaps, those inspired by the genius, or demon, of Byron."

9th. Williams called on us in the evening; and he, Bessy, myself, and our neighbour Mrs. Brook, sallied forth to enjoy a little of the humours of the Palais Royal. Went to the Café de la Paix, the Café des Aveugles, and another, where the lady *au comptoir* is just six feet two inches high. Much amused with our evening.

10th. Received a note from Madame de Souza, begging me to call upon her on the subject of her romance. Received also the estimate from Smith; 32 francs a sheet for six copies, 36 francs a sheet for 300 copies, the paper, of course, not included. Went myself in the evening on a ramble through the theatres of the Boulevards; saw Mad. Saqui, &c., &c.

11th. Called on Madame de Souza. Didot prints 1500 copies of her work (consisting of two volumes, 250 pages each) for 3000 francs, paper and all. This is very cheap. Madame de Flahault walked back with me home, and offered Bessy her box at the Italian Opera for the evening. Went and saw two pieces, in one of which Pellegrini sang.

12th. Bessy took a fancy for some spectacle in the evening. Walked in early; enlisted Dr. Yonge and Edward Moore as recruits. Dined at a *restaurateur's* opposite the Cadran Bleu, and went to three or four little theatres. At one of them had a private box for ten sous apiece.

13th. Called upon Wedderburn Webster. Told me he had heard from Lord Byron (about two months since). He was at Ravenna. Fear from this that he has got into the clutches of the Guiccioli's husband.

14th. Walked to the Jardin Marbœuf, which will be a favourite haunt of mine during the summer: wrote some lines there. Have been employed this day or two in correcting the second number of the "National Melodies" for Power.

15th. Dined at Flahault's. A lady (Mrs. Skinner) had called upon us in the morning, who said she had translated, while in India, the prose story of "Lalla Rookh," for the amusement of her moonshee, and he was astonished at the accuracy of its costume. No one at Flahault's but themselves and the De Souzas. Went with Madame de Flahault to the Italian Opera. When we were leaving the theatre, the Duchess de Raguse came over to whisper to her, and asked (as Madame de Flahault told me afterwards) whether it was Mons. Walter Scott she had by the arm. Upon Mad. de F.'s saying, "No, it was Mr. Moore," the Duchess replied, *Ah! c'est la même chose, c'est Lalla Rookh que j'adore.* This Duchess de Raguse has, it seems, *cut* her husband, on account of his treachery to Napoleon. I had mentioned to Mad. de Flahault, the other day, how strange I thought it that Lady E. Stuart had never returned Bessy's visit. She spoke of it to Lady E., who assured her she *did* visit us in the Rue Chatereine, but would not do it again, as that had been a mistake. Though Bessy does not care a pin about such things, I like that these high people should be made to *mind their manners.*

16th to 19th. Lost two of these days at very stupid dinners; one with a Leicestershire squire, Jack Story, and the other with Wedderburn Webster, at the Trois Frères Provençaux; Douglas of the latter party. Meant to go to the "Barbiere di Seviglia," but was too late, so adjourned to the Café de la Paix; drank punch, listened to nonsense from ——, and was heartily sick of both. He told me that, one day, travelling from Newstead to town with Lord Byron in his vis-a-vis, the latter kept his pistols beside him, and continued silent for hours, with the most ferocious expression possible on his countenance. "For God's sake, my dear B. (said W—— at last), what are you thinking of? Are you about to commit murder; or what other dreadful thing are you meditating?" To which B. answered, that he

always had a sort of presentiment that his own life would be attacked some time or other; and that this was the reason of his always going armed, as it was also the subject of his thoughts at that moment.

20th. Dined with the F——. By the bye, told me some time ago that Madame de Flahault had betrayed all the secrets of the Princess Charlotte, with whom she was on terms of close intimacy, to the Regent. So far is this from being true, that when, on the Princess's marriage, the Regent required of Madame de Flahault, in the name of Prince Leopold and his own, to give up all the Princess C.'s letters, she boldly but respectfully refused, saying she valued them too highly, &c.

22nd. Bessy and I took dear Anastasia in the evening to the theatre of M. Comte, where we saw an extraordinary old man eat whole walnuts, and a crawfish, a bird, and an eel, all alive. A *gens d'armes*, who seemed to know all about him, said that he suffered no inconvenience from any of these things, except the walnuts, which he could not digest. He swallowed also a pack of cards, his comrade accompanying it with the joke of "Vous mangez à *la carte*."

23rd. Fielding and Lady E. dined with us. In the evening we all walked in the Jardin Marbœuf; and, afterwards, Fielding and I went to a concert given by Livius, where I heard Mdlle. Münck sing very pleasingly. Viotti, too, was there, whom I always like to meet. Lord Trimlestown told me this evening that he is occupied in translating my "Paradise and the Peri" into French. He wrote, some years ago, rather pretty French verses to me on my poem to the "Invisible Girl," which also, at the same time, produced some very lively lines from Croker. I lost the copies of both by lending them. Croker imagined a woman of fashion to address me on the prospect of my becoming a lawyer, deprecating the idea that I should ever be

> "Wrapt in a gown a world too big,
> And shaded in a waste of wig!"

24th. Called upon Fielding; and he and I went to the printer's, but again missed him. Thence to Breguet's, and saw some of his very curious inventions in wheel-work.

25th. Dined with the Villamils, and went with them in the evening to see "Marie Stuart," the new French tragedy. Very successful; but, as I thought, very dull. Elizabeth goes on a hunting party from London to Fotheringay; and Marie, pointing to the horizon, says, *C'est là qu'est mon pays; là l'Ecosse commence;* she continues,

> "Ces nuages errants, qui traversent le ciel,
> Peut-être hier ont vu mon palais paternel."

There are, however, one or two pathetic passages, and one or two well-turned lines. After the play, Miss Wilson, one of our party, having on a hat, certainly rather remarkable, attracted the attention of the *parterre*, and almost every man in it looked up at our box, laughed aloud, and almost hooted; and if the entertainment had not commenced, there is no knowing how far they would have carried their insults.

26th. Began to transcribe for the press. Went to Madame de Flahault's in the evening, from an idea that she had fixed with me to meet the Duke of Devonshire at tea; but found she had dined out.

27th. Received a note from Madame de Flahault expressing her regret that she had let me know that the Duke was coming to her, and saying she hoped I would show I forgave her by coming early to her concert this evening. Transcribed through the day; the evening wet; did not go to Madame de F.'s.

28th. Received a letter, at last, from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady B. of his having given me his memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:—

> "Kirkby Mallory, March 10, 1820.
>
> "I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake, I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the *consequences*.
>
> "A. Byron."
>
> "To Lord Byron."

His reply to this, which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it and taking a copy) to forward to Lady B., is as follows:

"Ravenna, April 3. 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as, before it could take place, I shall be where 'nothing can touch him further.' . . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with Florentine,

'Et io, che posto son con loro in croce
. . . . . e certo
La fiera moglie, più ch' altro, mi nuoce.'

"Byron."

"To Lady Byron."

The Villamils, Miss Wilson, and Edward Moore dined with us, and went in the evening to the Variétés.

May 1st. Wrote to Lord Byron. Went with the Storys to the Italian Opera in the evening; the "Barbiere," which improves upon me. Lord Kinnaird came to the box to me; arrived only a day or two ago from Milan; staid with us and saw Bessy out. Agreed to fix a day to dine together at Flahault's.

2nd. Called upon Madame de Flahault: fixed Friday to dine to meet Kinnaird. Told Madame de Souza of the answer I had received from Murray, who does not appear to wish to have anything to do with her romance. Told me of Napoleon, that, when he was embarking from Elba, his four hundred veterans wished to be aboard the same ship with him; but the captain of the vessel remonstrated and said, that if there came the slightest breath of wind, they would be upset with so many on board; and that he must take at most but the half of the guard; upon which Bonaparte answered, *Il fera beau;* and ordered that all should accompany him.

4th. Williams dined with us; went in the evening and bought a copy of the French translation of "Lalla Rookh," just published by the translator of Lord Byron. It is amusing enough that they have given a biographical sketch of me before it, entitled, "Notice sur *Sir* Thomas Moore."

5th. Sent Bessy's mother three pounds, making eleven since Bessy arrived.

6th. Dined at Lord Flahault's to meet Lord Kinnaird. By the bye, he said at F.'s the other day, that he felt there were three persons he ought to have called out; the Duke of Wellington, De Caze, and Dupin the advocate-general; the former was too much above him, he said, and the last too much below him.

7th. Williams dined with us; he has begun copying out Lord B.'s "Memoirs" for me, as I fear the original papers may become worn out by passing through so many hands.

8th. A wet day; but went to Villamil's in a calèche, which I had hired; Williams, Bessy and I, Hannah and the children. Left the latter at V.'s, and went on, after a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, to Versailles. Only saw the palace; it was too wet to walk about and see the *grandes eaux*. Returned at night between nine and ten.

9th. Gave the first copy of my work to the printer a week since, and he promised me a proof on Friday last; but none has yet come, and the season is far advanced. Have begun a poem on Lord Byron, which is a ticklish subject, whether with reference to himself or the public.

10th to 13th. Nothing particular. Received the proof of the first sheet, and forwarded it quite correct to the Longmans on the 13th. Went (on the 9th or 10th) with the Fieldings to look at houses in the neighbourhood of Villamil, as they wish to have one there. Lunched with the V.s, who asked the Fieldings to go out there with us to a fête next Sunday. Another of these days the Storys dined with us, and Douglas, and Dr. Yonge. Douglas has received a letter from Lord Strangford, in which he complains of my not having answered the letter he wrote from Sweden, and says, "As there is no one almost I love half so well as Moore, his silence grieves me." Went to the Vaudeville in the evening. Went on the 11th to a concert at Flahault's, where I heard a very beautiful Spanish woman sing, Madame Merlin. Her singing, however, not very good; and spoils her features as much as playing the flute did Miriova's. Had a long conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie. On the 13th, went with the Storys to the Italian Opera.

14th. Though the day was wet, the Fieldings called upon us, and we all went to pass the day with the Villamils. It cleared up; and, before dinner, we walked to look at the apartments at Bellevue for the Fieldings: would not do, however. Saw La Fayette

there for the first time, and was introduced to him; a fine, interesting old man.

15th. Dined at Madame de Flahault's to meet Loch, an Edinburgh man. Went with him in the evening to Madame Flahault's box at the Opera. Had a note to-day from Sir C. Morgan; he and my lady just arrived from Italy. Have written to ask them to dinner some day this *week*. Received a note from Lord Essex, saying that he is here for a few days, and hoping I will dine with him soon.

16th and 17th. Dined one of these days with the Fieldings. Told me that a person meeting a friend running through the rain with an umbrella over him said, "Where are you running to in such a hurry, like a mad mushroom?"

18th. Dined with Lord Essex; his niece, and the Fieldings, and Dueane, the company. Went with F. in the evening to the Porte St. Martin. Potier, in the "Marriage du ci-devant Jeune Homme," excellent. My work goes on printing, but rather slowly. Called at Denon's, who has promised Bessy a copy of Rogers's portrait.

19th. Dined with the Fieldings, who, I grieve to say, are about to leave Paris to live at Boulogne. Went with them in the evening to Madame de Flahault's to meet Lady Morgan. The Davys there; who, by the bye, called upon me some evenings since; just arrived. Davy went to Ravenna to see Lord Byron, who is now living domesticated with the Guiccioli, and her husband after all. He was rather anxious to get off with Davy to Bologna, professedly for the purpose of seeing Lady Davy, but I have no doubt with a wish to give his *Contessa* the slip. There were at Flahault's also great numbers of the French *liberaux;* Constant, General Foy, Sebastiani, &c. &c. Came away early.

20th. The Morgans and Fielding dined with us. We went in the evening to the Variétés, where Lady Elizabeth joined us.

21st. Dr. Yonge and Douglas dined with us. We were joined in the evening by Williams, and we all went to a fête at the Beaujon. Nothing can be more singular and beautiful than the view from the gallery of this extraordinary place.

23d. Still writing, and giving copy, as I write, to the printer. Went to dine with Douglas and Yonge at the Cadran Bleu, and visited two of the little theatres afterwards. Talking of importance of individuals to themselves, D. mentioned a letter from a servant maid, in which she says, "I hear it is all over London that I am about to leave my place."

24th. Had been invited for to-day to dine with the Davys and a *Roman* party at the Rocher de Cancalle, but had already promised, at the request of Douglas, to dine with Henry and Lady Emily at the other side of Paris.—The Miss Byrnes (the eldest of whom is heiress to 8000*l.* a year) took us. Poor Lady Emily sadly broken, and looking all but dead.—The day altogether an interesting one. We had music in the evening, and the Miss Byrnes played and sung. It is so long since I myself have sung, that my breath almost failed me with nervousness. Lord H. Fitzgerald, whom we found (with Lady de Roos) paying a morning visit on our arrival, mentioned a circumstance of an English lady taking lodgings in the Champs Elysées; and after she had agreed for them, the proprietor said, *Et je vous assure, Madame, que vous ne verrez rien de dégoutant ou effrayant.* It was a maison de santé, where mad people were taken.

25th. Went to take a box at the Feydeau for our party to-night, and called upon Lady Davy. Saw Sir Humphry, who dines with the Due de Richelieu, and she comes to dine with us. Have asked Fielding to meet her.—On my return found that Lord Kinnaird had been to bring back Lord B.'s "Memoirs," and Bessy had asked him to dinner. He came, and made the party very agreeable. Told us of a Scotchman who, upon being asked by a stranger the way to some place, answered, as usual, with the question of "Where do you come from?" "That's nothing whatever to you," answered the other. "Very true," replied the Scotchman, "nor is it muckle concern of mine where ye are ganging, either." Saw the "Voitures Versées" and the "Maison à Vendre," at the Feydeau. Lady Davy told me that an Irish lady, Mrs. M'Neal, whom I met in Italy, told her at Naples that I spoke with great gratitude of her (Lady Davy's) attentions, in showing me all the sights at Rome; and that I said she "was the best Cicisbeo in Italy. By the bye, have just received a wretched eatchpenny from London, called the "Man in the Moon," where I am caricatured as "Erin's pocket Apollo," and as a Cupid.

26th. Called upon Fielding, but missed him by mistake. Walked in with Bessy and the children in the evening. Wrote in Lady E.'s album, which she left behind for the purpose, my verses upon "Love and Time." Am asked to dine with the Cadogans to-morrow; but as the Storys have got a box for Rossini's "Turco in Italia," shall prefer that.

27th. Breakfasted with Fielding, and went about with him till half-past one. He goes to-morrow to his new house at Boulogne; for which I grieve very sincerely, as he is almost the only man here I have any pleasure in associating with. Williams came to write out the Memoirs, and dined with us. In the evening Bessy and I went with the Storys to the Opera. Lord and Lady Spencer were there. The music of this Opera not good in general.

28th May; June. Here follows an interval of near a month, during which I have taken "no note of time," on account of the various distractions that have occupied every minute; among which, the chief was the finishing my work for the Longmans. Just as I was sending them the last sheet, and the title, I received a letter from Longman himself, inclosing one from Sir J. Mackintosh, to whom they had shown the first two sheets of the work, for the purpose of asking his opinion as to the prudence of publishing the attacks it contains upon Castlereagh, Van., and Sid., at this moment, when it is possible my friends, in bringing this Bermuda business to a settlement, may have to apply for the remission of the government part of the claims. Mackintosh is of opinion that I certainly should not publish them, as it might interfere with the success of such an application; which he thinks could not fail to be acceded to, and without "imposing much restraint on my liberty." The Longmans agree perfectly with him, and suggest that I should "work this volume up without the politics, or entice my muse into some other region." I answered it was with the most perfect willingness I agreed to give up the publication, as nothing but a wish to reimburse them the sums they had advanced for me could have induced me to send such a frail bark afloat among the public just now; and that if they were good enough to wait, the giving up of the work was much more a relief than a disappointment to me. That if the satire was good enough to justify, in any degree, the imprudence such a step would appear in many people's eyes, I should say *at jacta esto alea*, and give it to the world; as, though I had agreed with them in suppressing it, it was not at all on the grounds that they and Sir J. Mackintosh had so considerately suggested, but solely from my wish to let the next thing I publish be of some magnitude and importance; and that I did not think it at all likely that I should ever consent to receive anything in the way of favour from any member of the present government.

It is impossible for me to recollect the dates of the occurrences during this month, but I shall set them down at random, as they present themselves to my memory.

Our Wiltshire friends, the Lockes, arrived for two or three days in Paris. Dined with them at their hotel, on the very day the disturbances on the subject of the election law assumed the first alarming appearance. This was, I recollect, Saturday, the 3d of June.—On the Monday following, Bessy and I walked in after dinner to call on them, and found great agitation every where. Saw the crowd of students on their way to the Faubourg St. Antoine, to try and excite the people of that quarter; shops all shutting up in the Rue de la Paix. After leaving Bessy at home, returned to the Place Louis XV., from which I found the cavalry had cleared away all the people. These disturbances lasted thus the whole of this week, and I certainly thought it probable some serious explosion would follow; but the concession made by the government tranquillized, at length, the mind of the public, and the week following everything was as quiet as before. The appearance of the Champs Elysées during this time, filled with troops, and the cavalry dismounted and resting under the trees, was highly picturesque. One of the evenings (Monday 5th), after the cavalry had been making vain efforts to disperse the *attroupements*, there came on a desperate shower, which effectually did the business; and a man running into a shop where I had taken shelter, exclaimed, *Cela vaut bien tous les gens-d'armes*. It is said that the royal family had actually begun to pack up for Compiègne.

Received a letter from Lord Byron about the 7th or 8th commissioning me to find out an Irishwoman of the name of Mahony, who had

written to him to request he would let her have the proof sheets of one of his new works that she might translate it into French, and so make a little money by being first in the field with a translation, she being an orphan, &c. He begged me, if I found she was deserving of assistance, draw upon him for a few hundred francs for her; but to tell her "not to translate him, as that would be the height of ingratitude." She had said in her letter to him, "Moore is here, and is writing; I might ask *him*, but it is a Life of Johnson; and the French don't care about Johnson." I called upon the lady, and found her so respectably dressed and lodged, that I felt delicate, at first, about mentioning the gift Lord Byron intended for her; and when, on my second visit, I presented the fifteen Napoleons, the poor girl refused them, saying it was not in that way she wished to be served; having contrived hitherto, though an orphan, to support herself without pecuniary assistance from any one. She began to talk about "Moore;" upon which I thought it right to declare who I was; and her broad Irish stare at the communication was not a little diverting. It should be mentioned that charity to this lady would be quite as disinterested, and as solely *pour l'amour de Dieu*, as that of Sterne to the poor woman "with the dislocated hip," as she was not at all handsome. On returning the first night from seeking her in the Rue de Bondy, with Williams and Mr. Sullivan, I got completely *cerné*, in a small street between two lines of troops, who let everybody in but no one out. We thought we were likely to be kept there for some hours, if there should be any rush of the mob towards the spot; but, after some expostulation, one of the *gens-d'armes* let us slip privately between his horse and the wall. This was on Saturday the 10th.

Received during this month two more letters from Byron, informing me that law proceedings are about to be commenced by the Guiccioli's husband for a separation, and exulting in the *éclat* it will make. Received a note from a woman, signing herself De Bocher, expressing great anxiety to know me, and begging me to call upon her. Did so, and found it was the celebrated ——, now grown rather old. Something to me very disgusting in the manners of these *femmes entretenues;* I have always felt it so.

Gave a good many dinners this month, till Bessy (whose three pounds a week was beginning to run very short) cried out for a *relâche*. Had Lady Davy, Silvertop, and Lord Granard together; the Storys another day; Sullivan, Dr. Yonge, Heath (my old friend the engraver), and his travelling companion Mr. Green, &c. The day that Heath dined with us was one of the few hot ones that we have had this summer; and we had dinner out of doors under the shade of the trees, which with champagne and *vin de Grave*, well *frappé*, was very luxurious. Frequent parties too to plays and gardens. Saw a man go up in a balloon from Tivoli which brought tears into my eyes, being the first I have seen since I was a little child. Saw Madle. Garnerin afterwards ascend from the Parc de Sablons, which did not affect me at all. There was a balloon in the form of an elephant went up from the Beaujon, and a Frenchman exclaimed, as its ungainly legs were dangling in the air, *Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.* Wickedly comical.

Dined one day with the Mansfields, who had just returned from Italy. Went with them to the ballet of "Clari," and left my opera glass with young Lady Caroline, who has taken it away with her to England. Lady Frederica about to be married to Stanhope. Lord Mansfield had received most gloomy letters from his Tory friends in England, prognosticating revolution and all sorts of devilment from the queen's arrival, and the popular *furor* in her favour. The king's worst enemies must be satisfied at the pickle he has got into now.

Dined with the Flahaults, and met there a pretty woman, Mad. Lavalette, who (singularly enough) volunteered to perform the same office for Labèdoyére (his wife having refused) that her namesake afterwards succeeded in so fortunately.

Lady Elizabeth Stuart sent a kind message to Bessy through Lady Davy, expressing her regret at not knowing her, and hoping she should have an opportunity of making her acquaintance. Said the same to me afterwards.

July 1st. Came out upon our promised visit to the Villamils at La Butte Coaslin, a beautiful place hanging over Sévres, and commanding a superb view of the Seine, Paris, St. Cloud, &c. They have fitted for us, very comfortably, a small cottage near their house, where I shall be more independent in my mornings than if I

were an inmate; and shall, I hope, have leisure to complete some work. They are plain, excellent people; and Mrs. Villamil sings sweetly and tastefully, which will be an *agrément* for our evenings. Have been trying this week past to perform my promise to Power, of having a number of the "National Melodies" ready for him within the month of June, but have as yet done but five songs.

2nd. Heath and his friend Mr. Green called to take Bessy and me to Versailles, but she too ill with the restless nights little Tom gives her to go. I accompanied them. Heath told me some anecdotes of Sheridan, with whom he was very intimate. H. was one of eight who lent him a hundred pounds each for some purpose, which I must inquire further about from Heath. H. came to La Butte, and we had music. Told me that the proprietors of the "Day" newspaper, before they joined with the "Traveller," had actually a meeting to consider whether they should not change their politics. Precious fellows! Q——, who is a proprietor of the "Traveller," and who has always been a Whig, if not a Radical, in his politics, writes the high-flying government articles in the "New Times."

3rd. Went into Paris in the carriage with Mrs. V. and Miss Wilson; performed some commissions; walked back to Sévres; music in the evening.

4th. Finished a song to a waltz air, and copied it out. Have some thoughts of a novel in verse; the subject modern and English; to be in letters.

5th. Was to have gone to a *déjeuner* at Simnot's, but sent an apology. Wrote another song to a Portuguese air. Walked before dinner with Bessy to Meudon Terrace, and in the evening to the Wood of St. Cloud.

6th. Heath came to breakfast, for the purpose of going to see the [Sévres] manufactory and Meudon. He and Kenny dined with us.

7th. Heath came to take Bessy and Miss Wilson into Paris; Villamil and I went in a cuckoo. Called upon Douglas to see his wretched bargains in the picture way; *soi-disant* Murillos, del Sartos, &c. Thence to the bazaar in the Rue de Cadé, where there are a few good pictures; though, I think, hardly one of them is original. Leda and Nymphs, by Correggio; the price 80,000 francs; a beautiful landscape, said to be by Domenichino; several Murillos, &c. From thence to Galignani's, where Villamil purchased a copy of the "Musée Napoleon;" price 110*l.* We then went to the Luxembourg, which gives me a higher idea than I have yet had of the French school. Great beauty and power in David's Sabines and Leonidas. Girardet's Deluge, an extraordinary fancy, extravagantly executed; far too bright and sunny to give an idea of the horrors of the Deluge; Poussin's a more sublime notion of it.

8th. Was roused at five in the morning by the intelligence of Mrs. Villamil's *accouchement*. Wrote words to a Scotch dirge. Williams and the French physician dined with us. W. told me that Villamil had given him 5000 francs. Received a note from Miss Edgeworth, begging me to call upon her.

9th. Another note from Miss Edgeworth, to say she wishes me to join a party to the Marquis d'Osmond's, at Chatenay, on Wednesday next. Kenny, the dramatic author, who lives at Bellevue, near this (and to whom Heath introduced me), called at the cottage. This poor man married Holcroft's widow, with six or seven children, and not a sixpence of money. He has five by her himself; and they live here in a waste house, almost in a state of starvation. His later efforts too, in the theatrical way, have been unsuccessful. Talked of the "School for Scandal;" thinks Joseph a very unskilful character, and that no one could be imposed upon by such ill-contrived villany.* Douglas dined with us; Villamil, with his usual hospitality, having invited him the other day when he came to call upon us.

10th. Went into town. Called upon Miss Edgeworth; not at home. Went to Galignani's to consult Cone or Ebel about the crystal hunters of the Alps: could make out nothing. Introduced Brownlow North (the bishop's son) to Villamil; he is coming out to lodge at Meudon.

11th. Have done two more songs, which makes the number of twelve for the "National Melodies."

12th. Cadeau, a painter, came down for the purpose of taking a sketch of the cottage I am in here, which Villamil offered to have painted for me, when I said I had drawings of my

* I cannot agree with Mr. Kenny in this opinion; besides which, if the villany is too well concealed, the audience may be deceived as well as the characters in the play.—Ed.

former cottages, and meant to have one of that in the Allée des Veuves. Walked with him to choose a good point of view. Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *examen domûs*, a fine girl. By the bye, he told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk), that Shaw, having lent Sheridan nearly 500*l.*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "'Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you have now the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c. &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask *me* for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask *you* for five and twenty pounds."

13th. All went to town; Villamil and I in a célérifère. Despatched my two songs to Power. V. and I breakfasted at Tortoni's, on oysters, mutton cutlets, chablis, and coffee. Purchased some books on Egypt, having again taken up the idea of making that country the scene of a poem. Have purchased within these few days Maillet's "Description of Egypt," Abdallatif's "Relation d'Egypte," Quatremère's "Mémoire," and "Fables Egyptiennes." Have also been reading De Pauw on the same subject. All dined (Bessy, Miss Wilson, Villamil, Doller, and myself) at the Rotonde, and went to the Variétés in the evening. Arrived at home at twelve. Mrs. King (who was our companion in the célérifère) told us that her husband, wishing to ask for pump-water, looked in the dictionary for "pump," and finding *escarpin* (which means a *light shoe*), asked for *escarpin eau.*

14th. Sat under the trees in the beautiful glade we have here, and read, with but little interruption, from breakfast till dinner. Finished the first volume of Maillet in Egypt. Have at length, I think, got the outline of my Egyptian story. Mr. Sullivan called after; walked with us; told me that that unfortunate man Trotter (so unaccountably taken up by Mr. Fox) died in a wretched garret in Cork, as an out-patient of the hospital there.

15th. Read Maillet, and the part of Antenor's travels relating to Egypt. Walked about the park of St. Cloud, which was all quiet and coolness. Have offered to be godfather to the Villamil, and have been accepted of gladly.

16th. Studied, and wrote letters. In the evening, all went (with the children of both families, making about eight or nine little ones) to the fête at Meudon. Bought fairings, saw the dancing, and made the young things as happy as possible. I took little Tom on my lap in a merry-go-round, and he crowed the whole time with joy.

17th. Sent off letters to Mackintosh, Perry, and Rogers. In the evening walked with Villamil and a Mr. Dumoulin to see the dancing and fireworks at Meudon.

18th. Read. Walked to ask Kenny to dinner: saw his wife. Poor fellow! He and Dumoulin dined. A walk in the evening by the banks of the Seine, delightful. Would have liked it much better, however, if I had been alone.

19th. Read Quatremère and some of the "Fables Egyptiennes," by Pernetz. After dinner walked with Bessy, &c. to the park of St. Cloud.

20th. Went into town with Villamil; breakfasted at Véry's. Took him to Madame de Souza, with whom he was much pleased. * * * Madame de Souza gave me Chenier's book, in order that I might make use of what he says about her novels in the article which I have promised her for the "Edinburgh Review." Bought "Sethos," an Egyptian romance; and have found a work by Chateaubriand, called "Les Martyrs," which is very much in the same *beat* with my new story. Must buy it as soon as I have money enough: also Larcher's "Herodotus." Villamil very kindly, when I was mentioning this morning my anxiety to consult Fleury or Tillemont's "Ecclesiastical History," said he had long been wishing for the book, and begged me to buy it him. In the evening listened to Mrs. V. singing, with her sweet voice, some of the wild and melancholy songs of her country. She sang also a *bolero* of her own, which is full of character.

21st. Finished De Pauw and the "Fables

Egyptiennes." Think I have got my mind now sufficiently imbued with the subject to make at least a commencement, which I shall in a day or two.

22nd. Read "Sethos," from which I find the author of "Antenor" has extracted his account of the Egyptian mysteries word for word. After dinner walked to the Lantern of Diogenes; the view from thence by moonlight beautiful.

23rd. Read "Sethos;" much pleased with it: whose is it?

24th. Madame de Souza and Gallios came out to call upon us and the Villamils. G. and I talked of the wonderful learning of La Mothe-le-Vayer, and some of those old writers. He said that the *esprit de société* prevented men from reading as deeply as they used to do. At the time when the streets of cities were neither paved nor lighted, people were obliged to stay at home in the evening; and, in fact the invention of *réverbères* had produced a complete revolution in the state of the human mind. Madame de Souza told me what a servant (who had come the day before to ask her to get him a situation, and who had been in the employ of Murat) said to her, *J'ai servi le Roi de Naples, et je n'aurais pas quitté Naples, si Murat n'avait pas été culbuté.* This mixture of the ceremonious title of king with the familiar phrases that followed, contained in it, she remarked, the whole history of the Revolution. Gallois has promised to lend me Gibbon, Regnier's Egypt, and D'Anville.

25th. Began my Egyptian poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it; am delighted with my subject. Think I shall call it the "Epicurean." The story is to be told in letters from a young Epicurean, who, in the second century of Christianity, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the Elixir of Immortality, which is supposed to be among the secrets of the Egyptian priests. He meets during a festival on the Nile, a young girl, the daughter of one of their priests who had lately died. She enters the catacombs, and disappears. He hovers round the spot, and at last finds a well, &c. by which those who are initiated enter (as described in "Sethos"); sees the maiden in one of the theatrical spectacles which they used to exhibit in the subterraneous elysium of the Pyramids; finds opportunities of conversing with her. Their intercourse in this mysterious place described. They are discovered; and he is thrown into these eternal prisons where they who violate the rules of initiation are confined; is liberated by the girl, and they escape together; reach some beautiful region, where she lingers with him, and is near becoming a victim to his arts. She flies, however; and it appears, by a letter from her, that she is gone to take refuge with a Christian monk in the Thebais, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had, in dying, consigned her. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place in Egypt, and she is seized, chiefly through the means (unintentionally) of her lover, and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described in a letter from the Solitary of Thebais, and the attempt which the young philospher makes to rescue her. He is carried off, nearly dead, to the cell of the Solitary. His letters thence after he has become a Christian, and devoted himslf to repentance and the remembrance of the beloved saint who has gone before him. If I don't make something of all this, the devil's in it.

26th. Wrote some more. Walked in the evening. Kenny was of the party. Told me rather a good story of Macklin. When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynolds's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, &c. &c., and how proud I shall be to continue to merit," &c. &c. Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir! before you go any further, have the goodness to tell me *who* are *you*, and who is the fellow you're talking of."

27th. V. and I went into town, and breakfasted at the Rocher de Cancalle. I bought "Les Martyrs" of Chateaubriand, and find he has in some degree anticipated part of my thought, by making a pagan girl become a

martyr. He places his scene in the time of Diocletian.

August 1st. Wrote eighteen lines of my poem. Am now in the first letter which the Epicurean writes from Alexandria to his friend in Athens, giving an account of the dream he had, which set him upon going into Egypt in search of the Elixir of Immortality. Have done more than a hundred lines. Within these few days received a letter from Bowles, with a very pretty poem, written by him at Sloperton Gate, on his pony *insisting* upon stopping with him there.

3rd. Went in the evening, with Bessy, to town. Received a letter from Perry, which had been delayed some time at the ambassador's, informing me that he had arranged a letter of credit for me, on Lafitte, for 500*l*. He is always kind and ready.

4th. Wrote eighteen lines in the morning, and then went with Bessy to finish her lace commission for Heath, in Paris. Met Yonge in his carriage, which he gave us the use of for the rest of the day. Called on the Storys, and proposed to them to join us at a restaurateur's to dinner. Dined at Véry's; Mrs. S., her sister, a Dr. Lamb, Dr. Yonge, and ourselves. *Omelette aux confitures*, with a glass of noyeau thrown over it; a very excellent thing. Returned in the célérifère at eight.

5th. Set off with Villamil, on a long-projected trip to Ermenonville, Chantilly, Compiègne, &c.; arrived by St. Denis and Louvres, at Mortefontaine, which was (and, V. supposes, still is) the property of Joseph Buonaparte. Beautiful masses of water here, a great part of which was made by Joseph, who, on the signing of the treaty with America (which took place here in 1800, I think), gave a sort of marine fête upon those waters. He used to have 400 workmen constantly employed here. Those Buonapartes were the fellows to keep all around them in a bustle. He is called *Prince* Joseph here by every one. Dined at Mortefontaine, and meant to have slept there; but I suggested going on to Ermenonville, which we did, and put up at the sign of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Walked instantly to the chateau, and considered ourselves very lucky, as the sun was just setting; and we could not possibly have had a more happy moment for seeing the beauties of this most interesting place. Visited, first, the view *before* the house, which was flat, rural, and glowing, and put me in mind of one of Cuyp's pictures: took a peep at the wild lake and barren scenery which is separated from the rest of the grounds by a road; and then went to the view *behind* the house, which, in the pale light of that hour, with its little temple on the hill, and the solitary tomb on the Isle of Poplars, had an effect most solemn and touching. Left it between eight and nine, with the intention of returning for a more extensive tour round the place in the morning. Found that Compiègne would make us take more time than I, at least, would wish to give, and determined to return home next day.

6th. Rose at six; and, after breakfast, went to the chateau. Were escorted, as on the night before, by an old English steward, who had lived with the family of the Girardins between thirty and forty years. Rousseau inhabited the lodge in which he now lives at the gate. Had the rooms upstairs, and died there after a visit to the Hermitage on the wild lake. The account of his desiring to be taken to the window when he was dying, is, according to our old friend, all a romance. Feel now how lucky we were in our views of the evening before, as the place looked far less interesting in the equal glare of sunshine than it did in the soft midday light by which we first viewed it. M. Girardin, during the Revolution, though suffering various insults from the people around him, to whom he had been a benefactor, yet still continued here as long as they left him the bones of Rousseau; but as soon as these were carried away to the Pantheon, he quitted his favourite lakes and woods with disgust, and never more returned during the remaining thirteen years of his life. He seems to have been a man (in spite of his bad inscriptions) worthy of such a residence. The old fellow told us of the style of his living before the Revolution; his thirty covers every day, his band of music in the establishment, his buckhunts by night in those woods with torches and horns, &c. &c. The little temple near the Isle of Poplars is fancifully imagined. It is dedicated to the advancement of Science, and, *like* science, left imperfect. On the finished columns which form the front are the names of Newton, Montesquieu, Descartes, Voltaire, William Penn, with

the respective inscriptions, *Lucem*, *Justitiam*, *Nihil est in rebus inane*, *Ridiculam*, and *Humilitatem*. At the back of the temple there is nothing but the *bases* of future columns, and *Quis hoc perficiat?* inscribed on the first. The materials for finishing them are strewed about picturesquely on the bank. This is all rather well imagined, though the names he has written on the standing columns might have been better selected. The whole temple is, by an inscription within, dedicated to Montaigne. Some parts of the *agreste* lake on the other side of the road reminded me of scenes in the river St. Lawrence. The tomb of the Inconnû adds another interesting association to the lake where the temple is. The place altogether, I think, contains 3000 acres, or rather *arpents*. Left Ermenonville between twelve and one, and arrived at home to dinner. In the evening I sauntered out and called upon Kenny. Miss Holcroft a very nice girl, sang me a song or two to the harp. Kenny told me that Charles Lamb, sitting down once to play whist with Elliston, whose hands were very dirty, said, after looking at them for some time, "Well, Elliston, if *dirt* was trumps, what a hand you would have!" Received to-day a letter from Rogers, which begins thus, "What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed!"

8th and 9th. Read, wrote, and walked,—always the most useful account I give of myself.

10th. Obliged to go in with my letters. Called at the Granards. A clever paper from England to-day, written by my friend Lord John, in the form of a Petition to the King on the subject of the Queen; full of good sense, moderation, and talent. Called upon Lady Annesley (Sophy Cawdor, the soldier's wife), who wanted me to dine with her and some French countess at a restaurateur's. Was proceeding to dine at some such place myself, when I met Mercer, who asked me to dine with him to meet Sir W. Gell and Keppel Craven, who were on their way from Naples to England, as witnesses for the Queen. Accepted the invitation: Gell still a coxcomb, but rather amusing. Said the constitution of Naples came in a gig (*corricolo*). Told some ludicrous things about the Duchess of Devonshire's sway at Rome; her passion for Gonsalvi, her admiration of the purity of the Roman government. Returned in the nine o'clock célérifère.

11th. Wrote sixteen lines, and then went in to join Villamil and the ladies, for the purpose of giving them a long-owed dinner at a restaurateur's. Received a letter from Egan, the harp-maker, in Dublin, very well and flatteringly indited, telling me of the perfection to which he had, at last, brought the Irish harp, and begging me to allow him to present me one of his best, as a mark of admiration, &c. &c. Dined at Riche's; dinner very good, and not dear; fifty francs for five of us. Dumoulin has proposed to copy out Lord B.'s "Memoirs" for me, and he will be more industrious at it than Williams. Lord B. in his last letter, alluding to what I told him of my intention, approves of a copy being made, and deposited in honourable hands in case of accident.

12th. Received a parcel from Power, containing, among other things, Luttrel's new work, "Advice to Julia," full of well-bred facetiousness and sparkle of the very first water. It is just what I advised him to do, and what few could have done half so well. Worked and walked.

13th. Received a letter from Elliston, urging me to do something for Drury, and expressing his anxiety about Lord Byron's tragedy. Went in the evening to see the dancing at St. Cloud.

14th. Went to town with Villamil. Called upon Madame De Souza and Gallois, to ask them to dinner here on Thursday next, to meet the Dukes and Duchesses of Sau Carlos and Santa Fé. The De Souzas will come; Gallois ill, and fears he cannot. Borrowed of him Regnier's "Mémoires sur l'Egypte" and another work. Looked over D'Anville's map. D'Anville never out of Paris, and yet, when the Comte de Choiseul (ambassador at Constantinople) took his plan of the Troad on the spot, D'Anville found and corrected a number of errors in it.

15th. Finished my first letter, consisting altogether of 280 lines. Some Spaniards to dinner.

16th. Went into Paris for the remainder of my custom-house operations. Received a letter from Power, in which, to my horror, he

incloses an advertisement which he is about to publish, announcing the eighth number of the "Irish Melodies," as "ready for the press;" not a word of it yet written! Bought De Pauw's "Recherches." Met Phillips the painter, Naldi, &c. &c. Received a letter from Lord Strangford, marked "confidential," telling me he is anxious to remove a misapprehension I am under about the Prince's 200*l.* gift to Sheridan; can furnish me with facts, he says, that will completely disprove that story. Shall be glad to hear them. I can only say that I have the authority, direct, of Vaughan (Him of the Hat), for his being commissioned by the Prince to offer the money; and the authority, at second hand, of Sir Gilbert Blaine and Mrs. Sheridan, for the *time* at which it was offered (viz. when Sheridan had become unable to take any sustenance), as well as for its being by them respectfully refused.

17th. Began a National Melody to a Sicilian air, and searched in Bunting for Irish airs.

18th. Went in the evening into town, with the packet of lace which Bessy has bought for Heath; a Mr. White takes charge of it for me. Received on my return a letter from the unfortunate daughter of my friend ——, who is passing through Paris, entreating to see me. Bessy instantly set her heart on the generous project of offering, if she would quit B——, according to the desire of her father and mother, to take her to live with us till she could safely deposit her under their roof. My noble-hearted Bess! Few women would have the courage or heart to do this; and, what makes it more generous is, that she never liked —— from the first. It will, however, be utterly impossible.

19th. Went into town to see this poor creature. Found her with B——, and was a little shocked at first at the composure and confidence with which she met me. When he went away, however, had some serious conversation with her, and mentioned Bessy's proposal. As I expected, she said it was quite impossible; they had lost every thing in the world for each other, and must remain together. Her first burst of tears was on telling me that she was about to sell some of her trinkets to enable them to leave Paris. Went to the Granards, and came out to the manufactory with the girls, Lord Granard, and Mercer. After seeing the manufactory, brought them to Villamil's to see Bessy, who had been ill two or three days, and was then in bed.

20th. Bessy much better. Wrote words to an Irish air. The Storys called at half-past two; and they and we and the Villamils, after a luncheon, went to Versailles to see the Great Waters play. There were some symptoms of a renewal of disturbances last night in Paris. People speak of a conspiracy to blow up the Chateau de Vincennes; have not heard particulars. Was told the other day that the insurance on the houses at Paris, M.A.C.L. (Maison Assurée contre l'Incendie), are interpreted by the wags into *Mes amis, chassez Louis.*

21st. The conspiracy not so formidable as represented, but the funds have fallen. Copied out the two Melodies I have written within these two days, and dispatched them to Power.

22nd and 23rd. Read Denon's "Voyage en Egypte," and made extracts. Began words to a pretty Venetian air Mercer gave me.

24th. Finished two verses to the air, and copied them out. At two o'clock went into town with Bessy and Miss Wilson. Dined by myself at Véry's while the ladies were shopping. A concert in the Tuileries Gardens this evening, being the eve of St. Louis. Returned in the célérifère at nine.

25th. Began an Irish Melody. Went in to dinner, Villamil and all, to the Storys'. Fireworks in the evening, on the Place Louis Quinze, which we were to have gone to Mrs. Labouchere's house (late the Duke of Wellington's) to see, but were too late. Returned home through the Bois de Boulogne; a most lovely moonlight down by the river.

26th. Finished my Irish Melody (three verses) during a walk to Bellevue, St. Cloud, &c. Had a couple of cutlets on my way, in a delightful little cabinet at a restaurateur's, looking over the Seine. Shall often pay a visit to this place if I stay here. The Envoy of Buenos Ayres dined with us. Sung in the evening with Mrs. V.

27th. Wrote a verse of another Irish Melody, and set off at two in a cuckoo to dine with Mr. Read at Versailles. The horse stopped half-way, and was unable to proceed; was obliged to go on a-foot. Company at Read's, his wife and sister, Mr. Johnson, a Mr. Moore, and Sir Robert Hudson. R——, a poet of the Hunt school; at least I believe so, for I have

not read his works; a gentlemanlike person. Saw but the last remains of the waterworks in the evening. Mrs. and Miss Crawley (mother and sister to the formidable looking poet, who, as Murray says, "thinks himself the moral Lord Byron") drank tea with the Reads, and lent me a new publication of Crawley's, called the "Angel of the World." This gentleman is one of the very few clever Irishmen who have thought proper to make war upon me (in ambuscade too), more than once. I am afraid he will never be successful enough to give me the same motives for attacking him.

28th. Went in by appointment to call on Madame de Souza, for the purpose of being taken by her to the Institute. Was received there with much kindness by M. Fourrier, one of the Egyptian *savans*, and author of the "Mémoire" prefixed to the great work on Egypt. He promised to lend me a copy of this memoir; said that he merely held the pen, for that every word in it was *disputé* among the whole number of those on the Expedition, and that it was the result of their collected knowledge on the subject. Talked of the different writers on Egypt; recommended Jablonski. Had my name inscribed among those permitted to read in the library of the Institute, which is open every day from eleven till four. When I mentioned to Madame de Souza what he said about the concoction of the memoir, she told me it was all done too in the presence of the Emperor! Villamil and the ladies came into town; met them at Riche's to dinner, and went all to the French Opera afterwards: the ballet of "Clari," more touching than all the stately, humbug tragedies they possess.

29th. Read the Mémoires of Andreossy and others on Egypt, published in two volumes. Have also read within these few days Regnier's work, which is almost purely a military detail, exposing the bad conduct of Menou, and attributing the defeat of the French entirely to him. Severe upon Lord Hutchinson, his slowness, timidity, &c. &c. Forgot to mention that yesterday, after being at the Institute, I called upon Denon, and told him my desire to get a little assistance from him in my Egyptian plan. He fixed Friday for me to go and *causer* with him on the subject. Showed me the cabinet of things he had himself found in Egypt; particularly the foot of a mummy, of beautiful shape and proportions; and so fine a knowledge had they (he said) of what was true beauty, that, in order to keep the instep in its elevated shape, they had put (as he showed me) a fold of linen or cotton in the hollow part of the sole. A large dinner at Villamil's. In the evening sung with Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. V.

30th. Had scarcely begun my studies for the day when Douglas called to entreat of me to dine with Lord Miltown, who had sent his carriage for me. Refused as sturdily as I could, but Douglas persevered, till, finding that my day was already cut up by him, I thought I might as well sacrifice the rest. Went in, and dined at the Two Swans; Sir Henry Mildmay made the fourth of the party. Returned in the célérifère at nine.

31st. Copied out some extracts from Denon. Walked with Bessy and the little ones in the park at Bellevue: played quadrilles in the evening, while some of the ladies danced. Wrote to Lord Strangford, and sent him a fragment of Byron's writing, which he requested to illustrate an edition of Sir Fulke Greville's "Life of Sir Philip Sydney."

September 1st. Went into town early for my appointment with Denon. Showed me his original drawings made on the spot in Egypt; various views of the island of Philoè, all beautiful; the isle of Elephantine also highly picturesque. I wish I could take my poetical people to these islands, but I fear they are too far off. The entrance of the temple of Tintyra (Dendyrah) full of taste and elegance; and that of Latopolis still more so. Said he had never seen, among all the ruins of Italy or Sicily, anything to compare with these for grandeur, except, perhaps, the Coliseum. The strange figures with beasts' heads, he thinks, were all allusions to the disguises and ceremonies used in initiation. The broken-up statue of Memnon, whose fragments cover an immense space of ground, measures fifty feet across the breast, from shoulder to shoulder. Staid near four hours with him, looking over these drawings and hearing his explanation of them. Arrived at home at five. Scotch friends of Villamil's at dinner, and Kenny in the evening. All violent against the Queen; rank Tories of course. By the bye, the edition of Sydney's life, alluded to above, is by Sir Egerton Brydges, and dedicated by him to Lord Spencer, Lord Byron, William Spencer, Strangford, and William Herbert, as equally descend-

ed from *the* Sydney, and "worthy of that descent by attachment to literature," &c. Among the drawings of Denon was one of the Sauterelle, which is very large, and, he says, harmonious. He took them for bees at first; their colours are rose, mixed with black. In talking of Savary's never having been further than Cairo, he said S. had that kind of imagination which is chilled by the real scene, and can best describe what it has not seen, merely taking it from the descriptions of others. This is very much the case with myself.

2nd. Villamil is going into Switzerland for some weeks with his Scotch friends, which rather compels me to prolong our visit a little further, as Mrs. V. wishes very much that we should not leave her in his absence. We are accordingly to be called to the upper house. Copied out extracts from "Tableau de l'Egypte," Denon, &c., and went into Paris at four to join the ladies, &c., who were to meet at a restaurateur's with V.'s Scotch friends. Ordered them a *dîner fin*, which pleased the Sandys exceedingly. In the evening sauntered about the Palais Royal, and went to see Marionettes and Ombres Chinoises. Got thoroughly wet coming home in the tilbury.

3rd. Wrote words to an Irish air; three verses. Copied out, and walked a little. The Scotchmen to dinner. Music in the evening.

4th. Wrote letters, and went into town. Called at Madame Souza's to see if Fourrier had sent the book there he promised me. She out, and the book not visible. Asked to dine by the Storys. Met Douglas, who told me Lord Miltown expected me to dinner at six o'clock. Went there; but his lordship did not come in till near seven, when he brought the awful news that four or five dandies were at his heels. This was too much. One dandy or so I can bear, but a whole dinner of dandies (such conceited, fastidious ones as D.) is insupportable; so I begged him to keep my secret, ran out of the house, and went and dined at Véry's. Got home at ten o'clock.

5th. Began another Irish Melody: the words founded upon the whimsical idea of a mad Irish scribbler of the name of Hamilton, that we Paddies are descended from the Jews; upon which hypothesis I found a parallel between Erin and the "sad one of Sion,"—England, of course, Babylon.

6th. Villamil went off on his Swiss expedition, and we left our little pavilion for the great house, not without some regrets on my part. Poor Williams, like many other people in this world, has got into difficulties by borrowing money from Jews, and must fly from Paris. Have written some weeks since to Lord Strangford, with the very faint hope of getting him taken out on the embassy, in any situation, medical or otherwise. No answer. Mean also to speak to Lord Miltown, who *might*, perhaps, have been glad of him as a secretary and companion to Italy, had he not sent for the same sort of conveniency from Ireland. Too late, I fear, everywhere; shall try, however.

7th. Wrote a verse or two of my Hebraico-Hibernian Melody. In the evening took the whole party to a restaurateur's at St. Cloud, and had coffee. Had lunched there myself in the morning, and met Prince Galitzin, who is just returned from Spain, and gives but a bad account of both its present state and future prospects. Numbers of people assembled about Diogenes' Lantern this morning, to look at the eclipse. The effect of the whole landscape in that sort of veiled light which the eclipse produced, was curious and beautiful.

8th. Went into town in order to take the Lady Forbeses to see Sommariva's Magdalen. Called at Madame de Souza's, and found that Fourrier had sent the book there. Mercer was of our party to Count Sommariva's, who, on finding out who I was, showed particular kindness and civility to me. Said that Canova considers the Terpsichore in his (the count's) possession to be his masterpiece. Much mistaken, I think. Saw the Galatée, which he has painted as a "*homage* to Canova, not as a present;" though the public thought proper, he said, to report it otherwise. Went to a bookseller's to look at a copy of the "Voyages de Pythagore," which, I believe, I must buy, though it costs three Napoleons; but there is so much in it concerning Egypt, that my Circulating Library copy, unless I transcribe a whole volume of it, will not be sufficient for my purpose. Meant to have dined with the Storys at Riche's, but Williams's anxiety for an answer from Lord Strangford delayed me beyond the time, and I dined alone at Véry's. No answer after all. Got home at ten.

9th. Began another Irish Melody. Dined late. Kenny told me that John Lamb (the brother of Charles), once knocked down Haz-

litt who was impertinent to him, and on those who were present interfering, and begging of Hazlitt to shake hands and forgive him, H. said, "Well I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and do not mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts *me*."

10th. Dined early, a large party, in order to go to the fête of St. Cloud afterwards. Too late for the waters; but took Anastasia to see the wild beasts, tumbling, &c. and bought some fairings. Finished my Irish Melody in the morning, which makes now six that are done towards the eighth number.

11th. Went into Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the Père la Chaise before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would be, very much affected; but our dull guide insisted upon taking us to the worst part of it, which a good deal spoiled the effect. Saw the tombs of Labedoyère and Ney, which I had missed last year. Gave them a dinner at the Cadran Bleu (Bessy, Dumoulin, Miss Wilson, Anastasia, and Dr. Yonge's little girl), and took them afterwards to the Porte St. Martin. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about three Napoleons, just what I ought to have reserved for the "Voyages de Pythagore." Bessy, however, told me when we came home, that she had saved by little pilferings from me, at different times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books.

12th. Read Fourrier's book, which is only the preface to the great work, and contains nothing that I care a pin about, referring merely to the events of the Expedition. Went in to dine with Madame de Souza. Bought the "Voyages de Pythagore" with my dear girl's stolen money. Company at dinner, M. Fourrier, Gallois, Comtesse Rumford, and the De Souzas. F. talked a good deal about Egypt before dinner, but I already knew most of what he told me. He said the Egyptians, though they did not draw gracefully, had a perfect idea of the *haut style* in art; and that an accurate description, in lively language, of some of their *tableaux sculptés*, would be as sublime and striking as a copy of it in drawing must be dry and uninteresting. He instanced Mr. Hamilton's descriptions of some Egyptian sculpture, which I must take care and see.—The Egyptians had no idea of *nuances*, or perspective, in their painting. F. said that perspective is not founded in truth, as lines do not really seem to approach each other in nature as they are represented in painting. He praised De Pauw's book as one of authority, notwithstanding its occasional *bizarrerie*. Spoke of "Sethos" as a classic book in France.—Gallois mentioned a little work by the same author (the Abbé Terrasson) upon the *Applicabilité de la Philosophie aux Productions de l'Esprit*, and said it was full of ingenuity and talent. In talking of the witnesses against the Queen, who stopped at Beauvais and went home again, Fourrier said that the next batch should come through certain towns in France celebrated for false witnesses. De ——, I think, is one of them; and De Souza quoted a passage from the "Plaideurs" (allusive to this character of that place), which I must see.—Fourrier mentioned a good instance of parody in this play; a famous line (of Corneille's, I think,) which Racine applies to a huissier, leaving it quite in its original form—

"Des rides sur son front ont gravé ses *exploits*."

The pun is in the double meaning of the last word. The "Plaideurs," it appears, does not act very well. They praised Fleury's work, "Des Mœurs des Israélites."

14th. Called on Gallois. Told me his surprise at hearing from Malthus that all his works had not brought him more than a thousand pounds. It seemed to him that the English character must have a good deal changed, to prize works of imagination so much more than those of depth and utility. Looked over D'Anville's map of Ancient Egypt, and find he makes Lake Mœris about eight leagues from Memphis. A letter from Lady Donegal, and one from Lord Byron; the latter full of epigrams. * * * * Saw Rees at three, but he was engaged to dinner. Told me that my Bermuda business was in a fair train; that Sheddon shows much anxiety about it; but that nothing can be done till the Crown's claims are brought into court, and this cannot be till January next. So here we are for the winter. He said that Lord Strangford mentioned, the day he called in Paternoster Row, that he had had much conversation with Lord Castlereagh about me; and that Lord C., in speaking of what I had written against him, said that "the humorous and laughing things he did not at all mind, but the verses of the Tu-

tor, in the 'Fudge Family,' were quite another sort of thing, and were in very bad taste indeed." This I can easily believe.

15th. Began an Irish Melody. Read some of Heliodorus's "Ethiopics" (in a French translation), and the second volume of Paul Lucas's "Voyages." Went into town between three and four to dine with Rees. Kenny accompanied me. Dined at Véry's; and went afterwards to the Café de la Paix, de Mille Colonnes, des Aveugles, &c. Rees has brought Bessy Walter Scott's "Abbot."

16th. Went to La Chapelle's to order wine for Mrs. V. Find he keeps a little shop, like the fellow who serves me, and in the same street: he was in his tradesman's jacket, packing up some wine. This is the man Villamil had the other day to meet the Duke of San Carlos at dinner! such a thing could not happen in aristocratic England.

17th. Rees came out to breakfast for the purpose of going to see Versailles and the waters of St. Cloud. Williams was of our party. Met the ladies at St. Cloud at four, and having seen the humours of the fair came home to dinner at seven.

19th. Went into town to call upon young Perry, who is arrived, and to dine with Rees at Smith's the printer; Humboldt to be of the party, my chief inducement. Called at Denon's with Rees, &c. A good thing in a letter I have had from Tegart, that the Queen has said she never committed adultery but once, and that was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. The dinner at Smith's very pleasant, thanks to Humboldt. He promised to lend me a translation of Strabo, in the notes of which there is much about Egypt. Spoke contemptuously of the great government work, as a confused heap of common-places; Fourrier's a pompous preface, with nothing in it. Said the Egyptians were blackish, with good aquiline noses; the Sphynx a negro face (which it certainly appears in Denon's drawing of it). Asked him if he thought Cleopatra was "blackish?" Yes, certainly. He remarked that we know less of the individual character of the Egyptians than that of any other nation of antiquity. I said that their institutions were such as to make the state and theocracy every thing, the individuals nothing. He instanced other countries, where the people in the same way acted by masses,—the Chinese, the Etrurians,—and where nothing secured the result of individual exertion. Said that Dr. Young (the writer in the "Quarterly") had come nearer the discovery of some clue to the hieroglyphics than any one. Mentioned Chateaubriand's "Martyrs," and said he had studied most extensively for that work, and had actually travelled to the regions there described for the purpose of accuracy. Got home at ten. Rees has some books here in Paris, out of which he has allowed me to select some for use while I remain; and I have chosen the "Encyclopædia" and "Pinkerton's Travels."

19th. Finished Heliodorus. Much more of a romance, and more interesting, than I thought it was, having never before read any but detached passages in the original.

20th. Read Sonnini, in whom there is but little for my purpose, except the description of seeds and flowers. He never found, or went to see antiquities on his way. Sang with Mrs. V., before dinner, some beautiful Nothurnes of Blanzini's.

22nd. Began another Irish Melody, finished Sonnini, and sent to the library for the Volney and Savary. Took Anastasia to St. Cloud, and treated her to the merry-go-round and the camera obscura.

23rd. Met Croker at St. Cloud with Theodore Hook, who is his travelling companion. Finished my Irish Melody this morning; have now done nine.

24th. Sent off my three Melodies to Power. Read Volney; found that all Humboldt said about the negro face of the Sphynx, &c. &c. was from Volney. Kenny came in the evening; walked with him to the Télérifère on his way to town, and then took a saunter in the moonlight to see the dancing at St. Cloud.

25th. Went into town, having promised Hill and Perry to dine with them at a restaurateur's. Called on Lady Granard who has been very ill. She thinks the "Abbot" cannot be Scott's, as it is evidently written to favour the Queen's cause: says that the circumstances and authorities she has either known or consulted on the subject, convince her that Greenfield is the author of the greater and better part of these novels. Scott might have written the "Tales of my Landlord," but not the "Waverley" series. * * * A frightful bust of Petrarch in bronze here,

which I did not remark before; thought to be authentic, but looks like an old, dull, sensual monk. Met Richard Power, to my no small delight, in the Palais Royal; he arrived but last night, with Wrixon, Beecher's brother. Both joined our party at the Rocher de Cancalle, the remainder being Hill, Perry, Kenny, Poole (the author of "Hamlet Travestie"), and O'Meara, the celebrated surgeon of Napoleon, who is here upon the Queen's business, forwarding witnesses, &c. &c.

27th. Power came out to breakfast; began a sketch of our little *pavilion* here. All went on to Versailles; and he and I, Bessy and Miss Wilson, walked through the Trianons, delighted with the "Cruche Cassée" of Greuze at the Grand Trianon. There is also a pretty statue by Chaudet, a young man who died at twenty-three—a Cupid with a butterfly and rose. Comte Sommariva has a small figure by Chaudet, representing Sensibility, who has just touched a sensitive plant, and withdrawn her hand on seeing it move. This is not very good. Power told me what a judge of painting he had heard I was grown, and that Jackson said he would take my opinion before that of most of the connoisseurs he knew. I have still, however, but very little confidence in my own judgment of this art, and am yet but a learner; my zeal, too, has a little gone off since I left Italy. Martial's well-known epigram, I am not surprised to find, has been applied to the quarrel between their majesties. I remember translating it thus, when I was a boy,

> "So like in their manners, so like in their life,
> An infamous husband and infamous wife;
> It is something most strange and surprising to me,
> That a couple so *like* should never *agree!*"

Richard Power dined with us; as excellent a fellow as ever.

28th. This morning the young son of the Duchess de Berry was born. As I came in in the cuckoo, one of my fellow-travellers, supposing this to be Saturday, said it was well the child was not born a few hours sooner, as Monsieur had all the old womanish superstitions about the ill luck of Friday, *Ils sont fanatisés*, he said; *toute cette maison est fanatisée*. Walked about a little after dinner to see the illuminations, and returned home by the nine o'clock coach.

29th. Walked through the park of St. Cloud to Ville d'Avray and enjoyed the deliciousness of the day and of the scenery, with an enthusiasm even more youthful than when I was really young; for *then* my ardour was expended upon living objects, and it is only within these few years I have begun to delight in the charms of *in*-animate nature,—the safest, as well as the purest, passion. Finished the Egyptian part of Strabo in the evening.

October 1st. *Non mi ricordo.*

2d. Wrote letters; one to Wilkie, telling him fairly I did not find it possible to go on with my Sheridan task here, at such a distance from all those living authorities, whom I felt the necessity of almost at every instant consulting. Dined with Richard Power, Wrixon, Lyne (an Irish barrister), and Story, at Beauvilliers'.

3rd. A day of fêtes for the young Bourbon. Went into town to dine with the Storys. Richard Power and I and Wrixon dined at Story's, and went to see the fireworks on the Pont Louis Seize afterwards. Power gave me to-day a most precious gift—a head of Grattan in wax, powerfully like, and executed in Dublin.

4th. I dreamt last night that Rees told me in confidence, that my friends in England were purchasing an annuity for me. They are certainly doing something of which the secret is withheld from me. In the first place, Perry some time ago wrote me a letter in which he said, "I am happy to see, by a transaction which I witnessed yesterday in an Assurance office, of which I am a director, that your Bermuda business is in a fair way of being settled." What this can mean I know not. In the next place, Rees told me when he was here, that he had taken the liberty of opening the letter which Mackintosh sent through his hands to me, in order to see whether something was mentioned in it, which (as I understood him) he did not wish me to know. And in the third place he said to Kenny (who mentioned it afterwards to me), "Moore has a great many good friends, and *some that he is not at all aware of.*" All this is very mysterious, and it is no wonder it should set me dreaming. But no matter; as long as they don't do anything to compromise my honour or independence, God speed their labours! Dined at Beauvilliers' and went afterwards to the Opera,—"Panurge" and "Flore et Zephyre:" exquisite as usual.

5th. Poor Dumoulin, who has been some

days confined to his bed, very ill and delirious this morning; and Williams, who pronounced him in danger the day before yesterday, has never been to him since. This is bad. Went into town, distressed and angry, in order to send out whoever I could to this poor, lonely man. The people of the inn, too, have moved him down to a noisy front room, without curtains, where the rattle of the coaches, and the glare of the windows must make it seem like a little hell to him. Remonstrated with them, and requested that he should be changed carefully into another room. Had an appointment with Madame de Souza at twelve, to accompany her to the Bibliothèque du Roi; but called to put it off, that I might go in search of Williams or some other physician. She told me she had a still better plan for my reading the great work on Egypt, which was at the Ecole de Médecine, where M. Moreau would give me a little cabinet to myself, with a fire in it, &c. &c. Found that Williams had gone out this morning to Dumoulin. When I told Madame de Souza of his neglect, and said I hoped he could produce some tolerable reason for it, she said, in her expressive broken English, "That man must be dead himself for an excuse." Dined with her: company, Lord Kinnaird, Gallois, M. Moreau, Mr. Labouchere, and myself. Lord K. full of intelligence about the state of England, where he perceives a rapidly growing coalition between the middling and lower classes against the higher. In talking of the equal distribution of property among children in France, under the present law, we were led to joke upon the consequences of a similar *partage* of a father's talents among his family; what a gavelkind of genius the Duke of Northumberland (for instance) could afford, &c. &c. Lord Kinnaird told us he saw Monsieur and Madame pelted with sausages, on their passing through the Champs Elysées, during the Saturnalia of Tuesday; all in play, but comical enough. A sausage actually hit the Duchess's bonnet, and her dame d'honneur was *accablée* with them.

6th. Have resolved to devote one of the songs of this number of Irish Melodies to Grattan. Such a work should, for its own sake, contain a remembrance of *him*. Looked for an air to suit it, and found one. Walked about Meudon and St. Cloud, enjoying the glories of this rich autumnal sunshine.

8th. Went in at two to see Madlle. Garnerin go up and descend in the parachute. Her ascent most grand; the sun shining upon the balloon when it was high up made it look like one of the golden apples of the Hesperides hung in the air; but we did not see her come down again. Dined with the Storys, and he and I went to the Beaujon afterwards.

9th. Went to Denon's who, I found, has a copy of the great work on Egypt, and said, when I told him I was going to read it at the Library, *Mais donnez moi la préférence*. Received, all of us, invitations to the grand ball at the Tuileries on Wednesday.

10th. Villamil arrived as we were sitting down to an early dinner for the purpose of going to the Opera. The ladies and I went. "Don Juan." Fodor comes up perfectly to one's imagination of Zerlina; her singing and acting of "Batti, Batti!" perfect. Lord Wellesley and his wife in the next box to us.

11th. Took a walk of three hours through the vineyards on the opposite hill to Meudon; the day delicious. At night went alone to the ball given by the Gardes du Corps at the Chateau of the Tuileries, in honor of the *Naissance*. Not so fine as I expected; Versailles English, and bad French.

12th. Went to the Bibliothèque de Médecine at half-past two, and found a fire prepared for me in the Doyen's cabinet, where I read till past four. Returned to dinner; music in the evening.

13. Read and wrote. Have now finished, at intervals, about twenty-four or twenty-eight lines of my song upon Grattan.

14th. Went into town with Villamil. Took him to Denon's, who had the massy volumes of the "Egypte" laid out for me. Asked him would he entrust me with the volumes of the text; and he said, though he never lent to any one, yet, if I would be secret, he would to *me*. Met ———, who walked about with me and made me take a family dinner with him at his hotel. I have not seen so much of him since we were in college together, and I find that his vanity is even greater than has been reported to me, and his display of cleverness far less than I expected. He is undoubtedly a good partisan, a quick skirmisher in reviews and newspapers, and a sort of servant of all-work for his employers; but as to any thing of the higher order of talent, I am great-

ly mistaken if he has the slightest claim to it. Could collect from him that the instigators and managers of the present infamous prosecution against the Queen are all at loggerheads with each other; the Chancellor accusing the Attorney-general, and *vice versâ*.

15th. Went with Villamil, and passed five dull hours at a horse-race in the Champ de Mars, with nothing to amuse me but the varieties of the sunshine and shadow upon the golden dome of the Invalides, the groups of horsemen, the fields, &c. &c.

16th. We took our leave of La Butte after three months and a half's residence; and, as far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sweet sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer. Our *déménagement* was, as usual, managed so well and expeditiously by Bessy, that I felt none of the inconvenience of it, and we are now reinstated comfortably in our home in the Allée des Veuves. We dined alone with our little ones, for the first time, since the first of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, "This is the first rational day we have had for a long time."* I sat up to read the account of Goëthe's "Doctor Faustus" in the "Edinburgh Magaziue;" and, before I went to bed, experienced one of those bursts of devotion which, perhaps, are worth all the church-going forms in the world. Tears came fast from me as I knelt down to adore the one only God whom I acknowledge, and poured forth the aspirations of a soul deeply grateful for all his goodness.

17th. Met —— walking with a gentleman and two ladies. After I had passed, I observed the party stop; and the gentleman make signs to —— as if to call me back, which —— accordingly did, saying, "Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you." It was no other than the right honourable orator himself, who put out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner. A singular circumstance this, and as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me. His daughter a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up), that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now *clinched* this determination. Dined at home snugly, and read the great work on Egypt in the evening, five or six volumes of which I brought away from Denon's.

18th. Called upon Canning, and was at —— at five to dinner. His conversation today less ostentatious, and much more sensible. He says he wrote his article on the Elgin Marbles for the "Quarterly" in one morning. Went with him and his little girl, &c., to the Gaiété in the evening, to see little Poucet.

19th. Finished my lines upon Grattan, which amount to forty-eight; much the largest poem in the "Melodies."

20th. Read and wrote. Have apprised Jeffrey, through the Longmans, of my intention to review Madame de Souza's novel, so must set about it immediately.

22nd. Began the review of Madame de Souza.

23rd. Dined with Lord Ranelifle. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck (she was Lady Mary Lowther), Lady Adelaide Forbes, and Mercer. Lady Mary invited me to go with her to her box at the opera. Went, and saw the new ballet, "Les Pages du Duc de Vendôme," which is beautiful. Heard to-night that Madlle. Garnerin, whom I saw ascend in the balloon a fortnight ago, has never been heard of since. This is frightful. They say that, intending to descend by the parachute, she forgot to take the implements necessary for that purpose; and, accordingly, became the victim of the balloon to be carried wherever it pleased, and perhaps has been starved in the clouds. Lady Mary told me that Wordsworth, who has returned within the last fortnight from Switzerland and Milan, was making inquiries after me, and wishes to see me.

24th. Went with Bessy to market, and afterwards called upon Wordsworth. A young Frenchman called in, and it was amusing to hear him and Wordsworth at cross purposes upon the subject of "Athalie;" Wordsworth saying that he did not wish to see it acted, as it would never come up to the high imagination he had formed in reading it, of the pro-

* Mrs. Moore was quite right: in reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy.—Ed.

phetic inspiration of the priests, &c. &c.: and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone could it be properly enjoyed—that is to say, in the manner it was acted *now;* for he acknowledged that till the Corps de Ballet came to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage —*une action morte.* Saw Wordsworth's wife; she seems a comfortable sort of person enough. A note came from Lady Mary while I was there, to offer us both seats in her box at the Français, for the evening; and the struggle of Wordsworth (who had already arranged to go with his wife and sister there) between nobility and domesticity was very amusing. After long hesitation, however, and having written one note to say he must attend his wife, *my Lady* carried it, and he wrote another accepting the seat. I should have liked well enough to have gone myself, but this was our dear little Tom's birthday, and I had promised to pass the evening at home. Walked with Wordsworth, who was going to call upon Canning, and finding that Canning expected him, by his having left his name and Peel's with the porter, did not go up. While I was at dinner, a note arrived from Canning to ask me to dinner to-morrow. This is excellent! Can he ever have read the verses in the later editions of the "Fudge Family?" I fear not. Wrote to say I should have the honour of waiting on him.

25th. Read "Mdlle. de Tournon" in the morning, for the purpose of this little twaddling task I have brought upon myself of reviewing it. Finished also Madame de Genlis's touching story, "Mdlle. de Clermont," which is, to be sure, charmingly written. Dined with Canning. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much; but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which showed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ, and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion. Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth;* one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

26th. Read the "Princesse de Clèves," the first attempt at an historical novel (I believe) in French. Its great charm is the naïveté and straightforwardness of the details.

27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of "Childe Harold" founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. "Tintern Abbey" the source of it all; from which same poem too, the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of "Childe Harold," is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation.* Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them; common-place contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his "Sir Charles Grandison" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed

* There is some resemblance between "Tintern Abbey" and "Childe Harold;" but, as Voltaire said of Homer and Virgil, "When they tell me Homer made Virgil," I answer, "Then it is his best work;" so of "Wordsworth" it may be said, "If he wrote the third canto of Childe Harold, it is his best work."—Ed.

to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c., as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his "Political Economy," and Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting." Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.* I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuileries; he goes off to-morrow. At twelve o'clock, Phillips the painter, and his wife, called upon us. Mentioned the fine collection of pictures he has just seen at Munich, a combination of two or three different collections. Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, "the game I aim at is of the highest sort." Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without any thing having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, "Davy!" and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No, what was it?" "To show the world my own opinion of it." Williams and Mr. Crawford dined with us, and we afterwards went to the Feydeau, where we saw two rather dull things, the "Deux Jaloux" and "Corisande." On my return home I received a letter giving me the melancholy, though long-expected, intelligence of the death of one of my dearest friends, Dalton. How fast they go!—but *his* death was a relief both to himself and all who loved him.

28th and 29th. Nothing remarkable. Finished the article on Mad. de Souza, and hope to be able to send it off on the 30th.

30th. Began copying the article, but was stopped by the want of a reference to one of Mad. de Souza's novels. The bookseller whom I had commissioned to look for a copy of "Jablonski" brought me a copy, which I bought of him for eighteen francs.

31st. Went into Paris with Bessy for visits and purchases. Called upon Mad. de Souza, who read us an extract from some Memoirs, giving an account of the enormous quantity Louis XIV. used to eat. "I have seen him," says the writer of the Memoirs, "not once, but often, eat four plates of different soups, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a dish full of salad, a piece of ham, a slice of mutton with gravy, and a large quantity of all kinds of *confitures*." Mr. Crawford came to us in the evening: he mentioned a curious instance of Canning's sensitiveness to attacks from the press; that, many years ago, when he was about to be married, he called upon Perry, and expressed a hope that there would be no quizzing remarks upon the circumstance. Find that Mr. Crawford is the author of several articles in the "Edinburgh Review;" that on Lord Amherst's Embassy, one on the Commerce of the Indian Archipelago, &c. &c. On our return home to dinner to-day we found Kenny waiting for us, having brought Miss Holcroft to introduce to Bessy.

Nov. 1st. Had a note from poor Dumoulin, to say that he is "indebted to God knows who for a remittance of ten pounds just sent him by his family." This is in consequence of the letter I wrote to his father during his illness. He adds, however, that as this will hardly pay his expenses, he may perhaps have to trouble

* There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth.—Ed.

me in a day or two for five Napoleons. Kenny and Crawford dined with us; the first little dinner we have ventured since our being reduced to one servant.

2nd. Went into Paris with Crawford, and took him to Denon's. Denon out. I remained there alone about an hour, looking over the great Egyptian work. Remarked that there is much beauty in those female faces, which are among the sculptured ornaments in the Tentyra. Dined with the Granards: company, the Mercers, young Crosbie, a Mr. Rich, &c. &c. Mercer mentioned that, on the death of the Danish ambassador here, some commissaire of police having come to the house for the purpose of making a *procés verbal* of his death, it was resisted by the suite as an infringement of the ambassador's privilege, to which the answer of the police was, that *Un ambassadeur dès qu'il est mort, rentre dans la vie privée.* Lord Bristol and his daughters came in the evening; the Rancliffes too. Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, "in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London."

3rd. Read. Walked after dinner, and met my old friend Joddrel, who is living with his family at Passy. Went in the evening with Bessy to the Fosters; had music.

4th. Went into Paris to order a pianoforte. Looked over Belzoni's Atlas at Galignani's. Received a letter from Dumoulin's father, full of thanks, &c.

5th. Bought a work while in town yesterday ("Histoire des Juifs"), the sixth volume of which promises to be very useful to me in my Egyptian story. Had resolved now to resume this task, and pursue it uninterruptedly, but have received such anxious letters from Wilkie and Murray (who have borne, I will say, with singular patience the intention which I lately communicated to them of suspending my Sheridan operations till I return to England), requesting me, at least, to give them a few pages of preface for the collection of S.'s works which they are about to publish, that I cannot with any decency refuse it. I believe I have not mentioned in my Journal that, about a fortnight ago, I wrote to Wilkie, representing the exceeding difficulty of continuing my "Life of Sheridan" here, so far away from all the oral authorities it was so necessary for me to consult, and that it was my intention not to go any further in the work till I arrived in England; begging them at the same time to draw upon me at six and eight months for the sum which they had advanced to me on it. They have said nothing of this latter part of my communication in their answers, but in my last letter I have again referred to it, and said that I must at least insist upon their taking interest on the sum advanced till the work is finished.

6th. Took Bessy in to attend Mulock's first lecture on English literature; *flumen verborum guttula mentis.* One of his figures was rather awkward, if pursued too minutely. He talked of persons going to the "well-spring of English poesy, in order to *communicate what they have quaffed to others.*" I dined with Sir H. Mildmay; a dinner of dandies, but rather agreeable. It seems that, in consequence of Denman's bold parallel between his Majesty and Nero, Carlton Palace is now called "Nerot's Hotel." Henry de Roos sung with Lady Mildmay in the evening, as did I some of Blangini's Notturnes. Sung also a great number of my own songs, and had the pleasure of seeing my audience much pleased. It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business." By the bye, Mr. Stretch, whom I walked with yesterday, said he had been told by the nephew of the Persian ambassador, that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into their language, and that the songs (particularly that about "Bendameer's Stream") are sung about every where; nor can they believe there but that the whole work has been taken originally from some Persian manuscript. Went in the evening to Lady E. Stuart's. Bessy had been asked, but would not go.

7th. Read, and walked about the garden. Williams dined with us.

8th. A lovely day. Walked in with Bessy to pay some visits. Tried over some Irish airs in the evening, in order to find one for a story on the subject of Donoghue and his White Horse.

9th. Wrote a verse of the song about Don-

oghue; copied it out and sent it to Power. Went into Paris at three, with Bessy. Called upon Miss Edgeworth, who was not able to receive us. Dressed at Villamil's (where Bessy remained to pass the evening), and dined at Lord Charlemont's. Made Bessy's apology for not dining there. Company, Lord and Lady Lovaine and their daughter; the dinner very agreeable.

10th. Dumoulin thinks of being moved to a *maison de santé* in Paris; but they ask eight or ten Napoleons a month, and his money is but barely sufficient to pay for where he is. Have offered to advance five Naps., if Mr. V. will give the remainder. Saw this morning at the bottom of a pill-box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words, "May Hebe's choicest gift be thy lot, thou pride of Erin's Isle!" Glory on a pill-box! Read the great work on Egypt; have nearly finished all the volumes of it Denon lent me. The "History of the Jews" has given me many useful hints with respect to the Cabalistical theology which they borrowed from the Egyptians.

11th. Read till two, and then went into Paris. The decision of the House of Lords against the Queen occupying every one's mind and tongue. What a barefaced defiance of all law and justice, and what precious scoundrels there are in the high places of the world. My excellent friend Lord Lansdowne has, however, done *his* duty on this occasion; and while there are yet left such men as he and Lord Grey, the salvation of England is not wholly to be despaired of.

12th. Began my preface to Sheridan's works. Went in, between three and four, to dine with Mrs. Villamil, for the purpose of taking all our little ones to the Marionettes in the evening. A party of fourteen of us, nurses, children, and all.

13th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to express my delight at his conduct. Have heard that my darling mother has been very ill, but is now better. God preserve her dear life! Often too sad bodings come over my mind about her and my beloved father. Went to market with Bessy, and then to the reading-room. The news of the bill's defeat arrived to my great joy. Wrote to Douglas, Lord Rancliffe, &c., about the dinner, which we had agreed to have whenever this cursed measure came to its catastrophe.

14th. Wrote some more of the preface. Called with Bessy upon the Boddingtons and Forsters. Dined at Lord Rancliffe's. Lord Charlemont will join our dinner, which is to be, I believe, on Sunday.

15th. Sadly interrupted by my vicinity to Paris, and the various calls and distractions that it produces. Wrote a little, and read "Clarke's Travels." This is my darling Bessy's birthday. Kenny and Williams dined with us; and we had the Forsters, Storys, and Villamils, in the evening.

16th. Took my letters. A very pretty little poem to-day in the "Examiner," signed "A. B., Canterbury," written for the purpose of "inviting some fair friends to came and celebrate the poet Moore's birthday." Read Clarke in the evening, and Jablonski.

17th. Went in with Bessy to Mulock's lecture. Absurd and false from beginning to end. Dryden was no poet; Butler had no originality; and Locke was "of the school of the devil," both in his philosophy, politics, and Christianity. We called upon Lady Charlemont, who was all kindness to Bessy. Dined with the Storys; and Viotti having given his box at the French Opera to Lady Augusta Leith, went with her, and saw the "Pages."

18th. Had a letter from the Longmans, to say that the hope they had of finding out from my deputy that the money had never been paid into his hands, had been disappointed, and they must now proceed to negotiate as soon as possible. Kenny called in, and speaking of such a calamity coming upon one so perfectly innocent of all delinquency in it as I am, said, "It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it." There is a great deal of truth as well as humour in this. Kenny wrote his "Raising the Wind" in seven days. Read Clarke in the evening. By the bye, K. paid me the three Napoleons to-day.

19th. Had a note from Madame de Souza to ask me to dine to-day, to meet Fourrier and Gallois. Said I would. Finished my preface, and at two went out to Sèvres, with Williams, to see how poor Dumoulin is getting on. Found him wretchedly ill; he can hardly recover. Dinner at Madame de Souza's very agreeable; nothing but French spoken, which, when there are no English by, I can manage very well. Gallois had in his pocket a copy

of "Little" (the 1st edition), very nicely bound, which he had found *en boutiquant* for five francs. Fourrier, in speaking of the mummies, said that one is often able to trace the *family features* in a number of them deposited together. He promised to borrow me a copy of "Zoega" from the Institute. Left at about nine, and went to the Granards, where I sung a little with Lady Caroline. At home before eleven. There is a dinner announced at Grignon's in celebration of the Queen, which I rather fear originates in a low quarter, and may make it necessary to give up ours, for fear of being confounded with them.

20th. Had a letter from Lord Byron; very amusing; several epigrams in it; one of them for the approaching anniversary of his marriage (2nd of next January), most marvellously comical:—

To Penelope.

"This day of all our days has done
The worst for me and you;
'Tis now six years since we were *one*,
And five since we were *two*."

Went into town with my letters. Dined at Story's: company, the Villamils, Forsters, &c. &c. Music in the evening.

21st. Answered Byron. Called upon Sir Charles Stuart to know if he could put me in the way of having the MS. of "Byron's Memoirs" (the continuation of them), sent from Ravenna. He said there was no way, except Byron could get it as far as Florence or Turin; in which case Lord Burghersh, or Hill, might forward it by a courier. Came back for Bessy at five, and both went to dine with the Villamils, who had taken a box for the new opera of Rossini in the evening. The Spanish Consul (to London) and his wife at dinner. The opera wretched ("Torvaldo and Dorliska," I believe it is called); all bits and scraps out of the rest of this rather over-rated author's works. It is said that the Duchesse de Berri wrote to her father (as a slap over the knuckles for his late sanction of the Revolution), *Je suis accouchée d'un fils et pas d'une constitution.* Villamil, before dinner, on my praising his Geneva watch (which I have had the loan of while he was away), entreated me to accept of it as a *gage d'amitié*, but I declined it *friendlily*.

22nd. Read Jablonski, and found some good hints for my work. Went in to dine at Mercers to meet Sir W. Gell, expecting to hear much about the Queen. Company, the Forbeses, Lord Valletort, Warrender, &c. &c. Gell full of jokes, but few of them good. Spoke of some one who calls the Champs Elysées the Sham Elizas. His best hit was upon Cornwall's using the word "blasted." "That's not language for good society, sir; it is too much of the *Æolic* dialect." The day altogether tolerably pleasant.

23rd. Copied out my preface (or as I prefer calling it advertisement), and went with Bessy to leave it at the ambassador's. Made some calls, and returned to dinner. Had sent Denon's books home in the morning, and got some more volumes back, which I read in the evening; one of these *savans* (M. St. Hilaire) an insufferable coxcomb.

24th. Soon after breakfast, to my great surprise, Lord John Russell was announced to me. Arrived last night; truly happy to see him. Talked much of the political proceedings in England: thinks that the Queen's business has done a great deal of good in renewing the old and natural alliance between the Whigs and the people, and weakening the influence of the Radicals with the latter. Told me, to my great pride and delight, that he (Lord John) has just dedicated the second edition of his Essays to me; spoke of my poem on him, which appeared to have given him great pleasure. Lord Granard called to ask me to dine with him to-day, and Lord John bid me say I was engaged to *him;* agreed to meet at four in town. Corrected some of the "Irish Melodies" for the edition Power is about to print, and went at three into town. We dined at Véry's, and went to the Français afterwards: "La Fille d'Honneur," a comedy by Duval, rather interesting.

25th. Corrected some more of the "Melodies." Called at Lord Granard's. Begged me to fix a day for Lord John to meet me there: mentioned Tuesday. Called on Madame de Souza, who said Tuesday was the day Lord John had agreed for us both to dine with her. Went to Gallois: told me he had found, among his books, "Greave's Description of the Pyramids," which he thought might be useful for me. Found Lord John at home: walked out together in the Tuileries. Says the great difficulty the Whigs would find in coming in would be the want of some one to

lead in the House of Commons. Does not think there will be any change. The King, before the Queen's trial, opened a sort of indirect negotiation with Lord Holland for the purpose of sounding, but it came to nothing. We drove about in a cabriolet: called on Lady Charlemont, &c. He proposed I should dine with him alone at his hôtel, and I sent home to tell Bessy, lest she should wait dinner; a very agreeable *tête-à-tête*. *Chez moi* before ten, and found a copy of Lord John's book, just arrived by the ambassador's courier, from the Longmans. He calls himself in the dedication my "attached friend." This tribute from a Russell gives me real pleasure.

26th. Corrected the "Melodies;" read; walked into Paris. Read the French work in the evening. Yonge supped with us.

27th. Went to call upon Lord John, but he was out. Called at Lord Charlemont's. While there, the Duke of Hamilton came in. Much talk about Italy, and the chance the Neapolitans have of defending themselves against the Austrians. The Duke as high and pompous in his manner as ever. Returned home at four, and found that Lord John had been to ask me to join him at dinner at the Français. Walked in again; dined at Véry's; and went to see "Athalie," which I confess I found rather an operation, except only the scene where Joad is under the influence of inspiration, and where the effect of the chorus breaking in affected my imagination most powerfully.

28th. Went in with Bessy to market for to-morrow, when the Villamils and Lady Augusta Leith are to dine with us. Have had a letter from home, to say that my darling mother is somewhat better. Dined at Madame de Souza's: company, Lord John, Lady Gwydir, Gallois, De Lessert. The task of speaking nothing but French throughout the whole dinner rather oppressive; it is so impossible to bring out one's mind as one wishes; *on dit ce qu'on peut, et pas ce qu'on veut.** And then for English people to address each other in bad French appears to me so ridiculous, that I can hardly keep my countenance while I am engaged in it. Came home early, and read Lord John's book, which is delightful.

* This was, I believe, the observation (and a very just one) of Mr. Hare, Mr. Fox's friend. He is one of those men who glittered with wit and humour in their day, but whose fame *caret vate sacro*.—Ed.

29th. Wrote a note to Lord John, to express what I felt on reading him: said it "was a rare thing to be at once so sensible and so lively; and to be furnished, like a pyramid, both with point and base." Revised my "Melodies," and read Jablonski. Our dinner very comfortable. Music in the evening.

30th. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, beside Lord John, Mercer, Lord Valletort, the Rancliffes, &c. It was mentioned at dinner, as a specimen of French punning, that the following was among the Potierana lately published, "Il a l'esprit *seize*," i. e. *treize et trois* (très étroit). Mercer told me of a punster who had much the character of never opening his mouth without a pun, that one day, upon his merely asking some one at dinner for a little spinach, the person stared, looked puzzled, and said, *Je vous démande pardon, Monsieur, mais*, pour cette fois, *je ne comprends pas*. The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of exercise. Sung in the evening, and so did Mercer; one a pretty air, which he learned from Madame Durazzo, but could not get her to tell him the words. "Io credo (she said) che sono *improper*."

December 1st. Looked over my Egyptian notes, for the purpose of resuming my poem, and beginning another epistle. Forgot to mention that I walked yesterday to the Mercers for the purpose of ordering a pianoforte for Lady Rancliffe; and, at the same time took the opportunity of looking at the lodgings in that quarter, as our year here will end the first of February. Found them dear; saw nothing comfortable under 1500 francs a-year, unfurnished. Have heard of a house at Auteuil, which I have some thoughts of taking, as I have almost made up my mind not to return to England till I have finished my poem. Dined at Lord Rancliffe's: company, Lord Bristol, Mercer, Lord Granard, and Lady Adelaide. Some singing in the evening.

2nd. Wrote some lines of my second letter. Have heard within these few days, from the Longmans, that the King's proctor had called upon them, to say that he hoped, in two or three months, to have some favorable news to communicate to me.

3rd. Received from Madame de Souza the large folio volume of Zoega, which M. Fourrier promised to procure for me. Dined at home. Read Zoega in the evening.

4th. Thought of words for one of Blangini's Notturnes to send to Power. Walked with Williams to the maison de santé to see poor Dumoulin. Shall have to advance the money for his fortnight there; the Villamils seem very awkward in producing their promised share of the sum for him. Williams thinks he will not recover. Walked about with Lord John, and called on the Charlemonts. Thought I was engaged to dine at the Forsters', but, on coming home, found they did not expect me till the evening; and I went and dined at Rosset's (a restaurateur) in the Rue de Rivoli. Mdlle. Münch and her mother at the Forsters'. Sang two or three Italian trios with them. This girl's voice and manner of singing very good. Supped, and home at twelve. Find that the pretty vignettes in Forster's edition of "Anacreon" are from Mrs. Forster's drawings.

5th. Finished the words to Blangini's Notturne. Read Zoega. Went in at four to Lord John: dined together at Véry's. In Voltaire's "Adelaide de Guesclin," when (on the first night, I believe) the actor said, *Es tu content, Coucy?* a voice from the *parterre* answered, *Cosi, Cosi.* We went to the Vaudeville, and saw the "Jugement de Midas" and the "Rendez-vous, Bourgeois." Asked Lord John to dine with us on Sunday; and half fixed for Bessy, and him, and me to go to a restaurateur's and *spectacle* on Thursday.

6th. Wrote a few lines of my letter. Walked by the Seine for an hour. Williams dined with us. In the evening read Zoega. Was to have gone this morning (Bessy and I), with Lady Charlemont, to Mulock's lecture; but finding that I myself was to be one of the victims of his tomahawk to-day, deferred our going till Friday.

7th. A note from Rancliffe asking me to meet Lord John to-day, but having given Bessy the hope of our enjoying a day together, did not like to disappoint her, so refused. Copied out my duet, and corrected the proofs of the "Irish Melodies" which Power sent me; dispatched them by the post. Bessy and I went shopping: dined afterwards at a wretched restaurant at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, and in the evening to the Variétés. Four pieces, none very good. The Englishman's *toujours* in Douvres et Calais, amusing enough.

8th. Read Zoega in the evening.

9th. Went with Bessy to the market for to-morrow's dinner, and after this set off by myself, on a house-hunting expedition, to the Marais. Went as far as the Place Royale, and was not sorry to find myself for once in the Rue de Tournelle, where Ninon de l'Enclos, St. Evremond, &c., used to hold their Epicurean meetings. Saw nothing that was not dear or uncomfortable, or both. Must give up all thoughts of that quarter. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord John, Lady Rancliffe, Burgess, and Lady Montgomery, &c. A very agreeable day. Much talk with Lady R. about the unlucky change of politics in her family, which she very much regrets. In talking of Lady Holland's management of the conversation at her table, Lord John mentioned her great dislike to the subject of bullion, and her saying once to Lord Lauderdale after an illness he had, upon his introducing this topic at Holland House, "My dear Lauderdale, as long as you were ill, I suffered you to talk bullion, but now I really cannot suffer it any longer." A light subject for an invalid, put upon a regimen of *bouillon* and bullion. Came away with Lord John at half-past ten, and went to Tortoni's to eat ice. Talked of Mackintosh's want of observation in common life, and his helplessness in the House of Commons from that circumstance. Tierney, who is, on the contrary, more minute than comprehensive, has rather a slighting opinion of his consequence; and says he is a "very good historical man, and may be relied upon for a sound opinion about Cardinal Wolsey or so; but for anything of the present day," &c. Asked Lord C. to dine with us to-morrow.

10th. Read and walked a little. Lord John, Lord Charlemont, and Mercer, to dinner with us. The day went off very well. The noble Lords seemed excited by the novelty of their situation in such a little democratic cabin, and were more than usually agreeable. Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious and speech-like pomposity of his conversation) that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord—— he

said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character; so remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnably well worth his while." Took Mercer with us in the evening to Villamil's, where there was music; young Sapio and his father, and a French girl. Bessy has been persuaded by Lord Charlemont to dine with him on Saturday next.

11th. Went into town to Mulock's lecture. Find that he praised me in his discourse on the living poets, the other day, exceedingly; set me at the head of them all, near Lord Byron, who, he says, is the only person in the world who seems to have any proper notion of religion! In alluding to "Lalla Rookh" he said, "As for his Persian poem (I forget the name of it), I really never could read it." The lecture to-day upon evangelical literature and religion in general; mere verbiage. Had to dinner with us, Miss Mackey, Wilder, and Tate; rather a different day from yesterday. The Villamils in the evening; all stopped to supper.

12th. Wrote eight lines of my poem. Went in (Bessy and I) to dine with the Villamils: company, young Sapio and Williams. Poor Dumoulin died yesterday morning. Williams opened him to-day, and found that his death was occasioned by the quantity of bark which another physician had given him, and which produced inflammation in the stomach and brain. What a world it is! Here are two men whom I saw drinking wine together a few months ago, and now one of them is cutting open the other.

13th. Wrote ten lines. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Lord John, Lord Alvanley, Lord Valletort, Kangaroo Cooke, the Rancliffes. The dinner too large for conversation, and there was but little fun from Alvanley. Cooke told of Admiral Cotton once (at Lisbon, I think) saying during dinner, "Make signal for the Kangaroo to get under weigh;" and Cooke who had just been expressing his anxiety to leave Lisbon, thought the speech alluded to his nickname, and considered it an extraordinary liberty for one who knew so little of him as Admiral Cotton to take. He found out afterwards, however, that his namesake was a sloop of war. Lord Granard mentioned of the thin-legged Bavarian ambassador here, that the other day at court, his sword having got between his legs, a short-sighted person behind him remarked to a friend, "What an odd dress that gentleman's is; he has a white stocking on one leg, and a black one on the other." Left the Granards before nine, with Lord John, to call on his friends the Grahams, to whom he wishes to introduce me; but they were out, and he drove me home. Read some of Zoega before I went to bed.

14th. Went into town with Bessy for our dinner at a restaurateur's with Lord John. Chose a new bonnet for her. Met Lord John at the Cadran Bleu at five, and thence to the Porte St. Martin to see Potier in the "Beau Narcisse" and the "Danaïdes."

15th. A beautiful, clear, frosty day. Walked to Auteuil to see the house Williams recommends; a comfortless concern, like almost all I see. Looked at some other apartments there, but found nothing to suit me. A quiet dinner at home, which of late is a rarity to me. In the evening, read. Have done ten lines to-day.

16th. Lord Granard called. Walked out with him a little way, and then went alone as far as Neuilly, where I meant to have a search for lodgings, but there were threats of rain, and I returned home. Dined (Bessy and I) at Lord Charlemont's; the dear girl looking all neatness and beauty; not so pretty as Lady Charlemont certainly, but having the advantage of more youth on her side. The day very agreeable. Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours'

coaching. Have done about twelve lines to-day.

17th. Wrote a little, and walked. Called upon Kenny, and found he had been very ill. Asked him to dine with us; very agreeable; is much frightened at the idea of his tragedy coming in contact with Lord Byron's, which is, I understand, to be played at both theatres. Left him in the evening, and read for about an hour and a-half at Zoega. He supped with us.

18th. Wrote my letters, and went in to call upon Lord John, for the purpose of being introduced to his friends, the Grahams. Find he has nearly finished a little novelette, a story, since he has been in Paris. Sent off to Perry by to-day's post, the parody he wrote on William Spencer's poem the other day. Spencer's is entitled "The Year 1806;" and begins, "It is gone with its thorns and its roses." Lord John's parody begins, very happily, "It is gone where the late Mr. Rose is." Mrs. Graham a nice little Frenchwoman. Told us that her friend Mdlle. Montjoye (one of the ladies of the Duchesse d'Orleans) mentioned the Duke's having spoken of me as being very well known to him, and that he seemed surprised at my not having been to wait upon him. Must go, I suppose. Staid with Lord John till five; and then went to dine at Bombarda's, a restaurateur's, for the purpose of being in time to see the "Mystères d'Isis" at the Opera. Was much interested with the scenery and costumes, which are said to be after drawings by Denon.

19th. Received a note from Lord John (to whom I had once mentioned the circumstances of poor Dumoulin's death), telling me that he had just been paid five hundred francs, which he had lent some time ago to a French officer; and that, as he was determined not to touch the sum, he inclosed it to me that I might make use of it for the discharge of my poor countryman's debts, &c. &c. I wrote in answer that I had every reason to think the father would be forthcoming in all that was necessary, but that I would keep a couple of hundred francs to meet any demand that might be urgent. Dined at home, and read in the evening.

20th. Bessy and I went in to dine with Lord John at Véry's; had a *cabinet particulier*. Mercer was of the party; a very agreeable dinner. Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingerhouz, who, when he was told that old Frederick of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On vhat authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *vill* say he vas de greatest tyrant dat ever existed." Went all, except Mercer, to the French Opera, to see "Nina," which was acted to perfection by Bigottini.

21st. Went with Lord John, Mr. M'Kay (who has a pass for all the prisons and hospitals), and Bessy, to see the Hôtel Dieu and the Salpêtrière; the former, a general hospital, and admirably conducted; the latter, for superannuated women and mad women, also a very interesting institution. To the Hôtel Dieu the government allows a franc a-day for each sick person: there are now near 1000 in it. Dined with M'Kay at the *table d'hôte* at Meuriee's, for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, the "Sketch-Book;" a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man.

22nd. Took a walk alone, for about two hours and a quarter, to Neuilly, by the Barrière du Roule, and back by the Champs Elysées. Found, when I returned home, the packets from Lord Byron containing the continuation of his "Memoirs;" the postage altogether forty-six francs and a-half. He advises me, in the letter which accompanies them, to try and dispose of the reversion of the MS. now. This is worth consideration. Williams dined with us. In the evening I went to the *parterre* of the Opera to see "Anacreon" and the "Jugement de Paris."

23rd. Breakfasted with Lord John, and went afterwards with him, M'Kay, Williams, and Mr. Irving, to the Saint Lazare prison, for female offenders; well regulated. Some of the women go out with considerable earnings from their work. The *chef* mentioned one who had made 1500 francs when she left it. He says the morals of the prison are much improved. Went home with Lord John afterwards, and read a little story he has written since he came to Paris, called the "Nun of Arrouca." Dined at Montron's; the party, two or three Sicilians,

Perigord, Latour Maimbourg, a Madame Hamelin, &c. &c. Lord Alvanley the only Englishman besides myself in company; the day very agreeable. A translation of "Lalla Rookh" in French verse, by a M. Arnaud, is, it seems, now in the press: he does not understand a word of English. This produced a discussion as to the possibility of a translation, under such circumstances, doing the original justice. M. Airoldi, a very agreeable Sicilian, whom I sat next to, mentioned, as a case in point, that the best Italian translation of Homer is done by Monti, who does not know anything of Greek. M. Arnaud is the author of "Germanicus" and some other tragedies. They talked of a celebrated Sicilian poet, the Abate Mele, whom I never heard of before, in the *genre Anacreontique* and pastoral. M. Airoldi told me that, under Murat, one of his spies once came to tell him, that, in a certain house, a sonnet had been discovered by a person of the name of Filicaja, beginning *Italia, Italia, &c.* They then showed him a copy of the sonnet, which is by no means inapplicable to the state of Italy of that time. Murat agreed it was very seditious, and ordered them to arrest this Filicaja immediately. On coming to the house, however, where they found the sonnet, and mentioning the object of their search to the master of it, he said that there was but one small objection to their arresting Filicaja, namely, that he died about 200 years ago.* Went from Montron's to the Français, where Lord John and Lady Rancliffe had taken a box, and saw Madle. Mars in the "Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard."

24th. Have done now about 100 lines of my second letter. Slow work this, but I must turn over a new leaf. Had a letter from the Longmans, saying they think it would be quite right for me to stay in France till I have completed my Egyptian work. Easily said this. Walked with Bessy, Miss Forster, and the children, to the Louvre. Dined (both) with the Villamils; an odd party of the Sapios, Spaniards, &c. &c. A man told us of a Frenchman in London having mistaken the sign of the Two Friends over an eating-house for the Deux *Friands*. A considerable accession to the *ménagerie* in the evening. Singing by the Sapios, Mrs. Villamil, Mercer, &c.

25th. Went with Bessy and Williams to see the house at Auteuil. She liked it all but the kitchen, which is away from the house, and a wretched paved place, such as we could not bear to see our excellent Hannah inhabit. The French do not care where they put their servants. Dined at home, of course, to-day, and made Williams partake of our beef and plum-pudding. Finished Zoega in the evening.

26th. Wrote a few lines. Took a long walk by myself to the Boulevards des Invalides et du Mont Parnasse. Saw many houses to be sold, but no furnished lodgings. At six o'clock Lord Granard's carriage came for us, and Bessy and I dined there. A vast effort for her, and one she will not repeat, although the girls were civil and kind to her. No one but Lord John at dinner. In the evening came Lady Rancliffe, Princess Castelcicala, Prince Somebody, &c. &c. Came away early.

27th. Had a job-coach for the half-day to return some of Bessy's calls. Miss Forster went with us. Dined afterwards (Williams of the party) at the Cadran Bleu, and went to the Ambigu Comique to see "Thérèse," a most interesting and well-acted little piece. The villain Valter, admirable. Received to-day Crawford's work from London.

28th. Began words to a Notturne for Power. Went in to order wine for dinner. Have perceived, within these two days, a little tumour in my groin, produced by the same cause as that which I had about ten years ago. Lord John and Mr. Irving came to dinner; the evening very agreeable. Mr. Irving complains grievously of the last thing Lord Byron has sent, as unworthy of himself, and likely to injure Murray's property in the former works. Lord John went to Lady Rancliffe's ball, but I begged him to make an excuse for me. The tumour begins to be so troublesome, that I have resolved to send for Dupuytren in the morning. In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man, who being asked did he understand German, answered, "No, but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." Another, going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No,

* This story has been told of others, especially of Eugène Beruharnois, Viceroy of Italy. Probably not true, but *ben trovato*.—Ed.

sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," &c. &c.

29th. Sent for Dupuytren: fear very much that the tumour will suppurate, which, from the place in which it is situated, may give me much uneasiness. Dupuytren arrived at one; says that the tumour will disperse, and ordered me a mercurial plaster for that purpose; but ordered me to lie in bed, and be very careful of myself. Were to have had some people to supper in the evening, but wrote to put them off. Montron called; said, in bad English, upon my remarking that Lady Byron was not a fit wife for Lord B., "'Tis indeed a very hard thing to find a good person in that capacity." Williams and his friend Dunwiddy (two of our guests whom the notes had not reached) came to supper in my bedroom. Asked Dupuytren to-day, whether he had been paid for his visit to poor Dumoulin; and, when he said not, paid him.

30th. Thought myself a little better. Read, and endeavoured to write, but visitors interrupted me,—Forster, Lord Granard, and Lord John, who says, as I cannot dine at Lady Rancliffe's with him on Monday, he will set off on that day. He looked over some of the sheets of Lord Byron's continuation of his "Memoirs." In the evening I read a little of Crawford's book. Williams came to tea. My darling Bessy nurses me most attentively and tenderly.

31st. A good many visitors. Lord John came between two and three, and read over the remainder of B.'s continuation. Staid with me till near six. Goes off to-morrow. I wrote a few lines of my poem to-day.

January 1st, 1821. Had rather an uncomfortable night, and fear that the tumour is suppurating. Sent a note to Dupuytren by Mrs. Forster. Read some of Jablonski, and wrote a few lines. Dupuytren did not come.

2nd. A visit from Dr. Arthur, to offer his services. *L'abondance de richesses* in doctors, at all events. Gallois came, and sat for some time: lamented that Lord John showed to so little advantage in society, from his extreme taciturnity, and still more from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others: said that several here to whom he was introduced, had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine that to Frenchmen such reserve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature. After Gallois came Y —— (another doctor), and persisted in staying till Dupuytren's arrival; which quite put an end to my plan of keeping my *friends* out of the concern; and he was, of course, called into consultation. It appeared that the tumour had already broken, and Dupuytren widened the aperture (roughly enough) with a lancet, which Y —— said, afterwards, was unnecessary, and would render it rather tedious in healing. Bessy, who had walked out with Williams (another doctor) to make some purchases, was a good deal alarmed, on her return, to find me bleeding. Williams dined below with her, and came up to my room at night for supper; during which I read out to them Irving's beautiful account of Christmas in his "Sketch Book." Looked this morning over the "Curiosities of Literature." Quotes from Bacon's will the following striking words: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." A pretty quotation for small editions, *Quam brevis immensum cepit membrana Maronem!* (Martial.) He says, "Though the fire offices will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscripts." A fine instance of Fairfax's admirable translation. Tasso of Olindo, *Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede;* which Fairfax has done.

> "He, full of bashfulness and truth,
> Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought."

3rd. Read, and tried to write a little. Nicolle of the Port-Royal Society said of a *show*-off man in society, "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the stair-case." Noah (according to the Rabbins), when in the ark, had no other light than jewels and pearls. Among the titles of the king of Ava is, "absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas." Good *invalid* reading this kind of book is. I wish men oftener would give us what they *read* than what they *think*. Mr. Baring and Charles Sheridan have called upon me, but I could not see them. Have been much easier since the lancing.

4th. Corrected the revise of the advertise-

ment to Sheridan, and copied out with some difficulty the duet of "Blangini" to send to Power. Williams in the evening.

5th. Have got to a sofa, which is less enfeebling; about twelve or fourteen lines between to-day and yesterday. Saw Mrs. Story, who is just returned from England, and has brought the shawl I commissioned her to buy for Bessy: come just in time for the dear girl's new year's gift. Douglas called; said he had heard me highly praised yesterday by Mr. Irving. Williams in the evening; read me a passage from a letter of his wife's, in which she calls down all the blessings of heaven upon me for my friendship and services to him. Poor fellow! I have done nothing for him; I wish I could. I see that Byron in his continuation says, that I advised him to go into the details of his loves more fully; but, if I recollect right, it was only his adventures in the East I alluded to, as in recounting these there could be but little harm done to any one. He showed me once, I recollect, a letter of Lord Sligo's, relating the adventure by which the Giaour was suggested, and with which he seemed to intimate that he himself was connected.

6th. Wrote thirteen lines to-day.

7th. Came down to the *salon;* found myself much feebler than I had the least idea of. Douglas called with Lady Susan and one of her daughters: proposed to me to go out a little way in their carriage, and, the day being so fine, went with them for half an hour. Walked a little in the garden afterwards. In the evening, wrote a few lines, which I rejected before I went to bed.

8th. Mrs. Story called to take me out in her carriage at half-past two; a gentle, kind-hearted little woman, worth hosts of your clever ones. Eat a very hearty dinner, and wrote some lines in the evening; have now finished my second letter within two lines.

9th. Wrote the two concluding lines before I got up: this letter is 192 lines long, and I have been no less than five weeks about it! This will never do! Walked about the garden for half an hour, and went out for a short time with Mrs. Story at three. Read in the evening.

10th. Drove out with Mrs. Story, and made calls; in the evening read over my Egyptian notes for my "Letter."

11th. Again drove out, all wet days; no walking. Miss Forster dined with us, and I sang to her and Bessy in the evening.

12th. Drove out, and walked a little. Bessy and I dined with the Forsters; music in the evening: an agreeable day. Wrote words this morning to a Notturne of Blangini's. A letter from Lord John to-day, the second I have received from him since he went. A letter from Lord Byron yesterday; in which he tells me of his intention to visit England in the spring, and proposes (as a means of paying my debts) that he and I should set up a newspaper together on his arrival there.

13th. Drove into town rather late: not being able to return time enough for dinner, dined at Dupont's, the *restaurateur's* (formerly Massinot, whom I have commemorated in the "Fudges"), and got home to tea at seven. In the evening began copying out my Blangini duet.

14th. Began words to another Notturne of Blangini's before I got up. Drove out with Mrs. S. Dined at home, and finished my copying of yesterday's Notturne in the evening.

15th. Wrote letters to Lord John, Lady Donegal, &c., and dispatched my Notturne to Power, besides finishing the words of the other. Had seen, Saturday (13), Lord B.'s verses to me ("My Boat is on the Shore"), very incorrectly given in the "Times;" sent off a correct copy of them to-day to Perry, and added some nonsense of my own about Sir Richard Steele, the high sheriff, who has just dispersed a meeting in Dublin by the military, beginning,

> "Though sprung from the *clever* Sir Richard this man be,
> He's as different a *sort* of Sir Richard as can be," &c.

Dined at Story's. Went to Villamil's: music in the evening; the Sapios, &c. &c.

16th. Began my third letter. Dined at home, and read in the evening.

17th. Wrote a few lines: went in with Bessy and the little ones to walk them about the Palais Royal. Dined with the Storys, and went to the Mille Colonnes in the evening for coffee and Ponch à la Romaine.

18th. Went out with Mrs. Story: called upon Douglas, and asked him to meet Charles Sheridan at dinner with me to-day; Lord Granard the other guest: had asked Wash-

ington Irving, too, but he was engaged. C. Sheridan clever, but not a very negociable sort of cleverness; he will never turn it to much account in the world. Mentioned a good story of a robber who plundered the mail by means of four or five straw figures with muskets planted behind a hedge: told an anecdote of his father having induced a sentimental old maid to put a favourite cock to death, and then placing himself privately behind her bed at night and crowing faintly (as the ghost of a cock might be supposed to cry), in order to frighten her, which he did effectually. I made Douglas dispatch a note to Lady Susan and her daughters to come in the evening. They arrived accordingly to tea, and we had music; staid supper, and did not leave us till near one.

19th. Wrote some lines. Douglas Kinnaird called at two; walked with him in the Tuileries Gardens for an hour. Went to dine (Bessy and I) at the Two Swans; a sort of frisk set on foot by Douglas and Lord Miltown: company, Sir G. and Lady Webster, Baron and Baroness Roebeck, Lady Susan and her daughters, Douglas and Lord Miltown: rather a noisy and frivolous day. In the evening all adjourned to Douglas's, where we had music. Irving and Lord Sandon added to the party.

20th. Wrote some lines: walked by myself for a couple of hours on the solitary road that leads off from the barrier of Neuilly, and brought back a few more lines.

21st. Went in and left my excuse for dinner to-day at Sir H. Mildmay's. Met Lord Granard, who took upon him to be sentimentally angry at my never dining with *him*, and said I was cutting my old friends. Dined at home: have done this week near fifty lines of my third letter.

22nd. Dispatched a fourth duet of Blangini to Power. Vicomte Chabot (an old acquaintance of mine, who dined at Lord Miltown's on Saturday, and who is in the service of the Duke of Orleans) called, and left a note for me to dine with the Duke to-morrow. I had had some conversation with Chabot on Saturday, in which I said how flattered I had been to find, from the intimation I received through Madame de Montjoye, that the Duke had not forgot me, and that, only for the necessity of the dress coat, with which I was not provided, I should have gone to his levée. Chabot (as he tells me in his note) mentioned all this to his highness, who has thus answered my confession of having no coat by asking me to dinner. Walked with Charles Sheridan, for the purpose of leaving my answer at the Palais Royal: am engaged to Lord Ranelliffe to-morrow, but, of course, cannot disobey the Royal command. Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said certainly, "Latin, Greek, and Algebra:" "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebrians, to be sure," said Sheridan. Dined at Lord Gwydir's: company, the De Souzas, Ranelliffe, Montron, Alvanley, Kinnaird, &c. &c.: the conversation chiefly in French. Madame de Souza said very truly that admiration is a feeling *qui ne désire que finir;* I forget quite the phrase, but it meant that admiration is always impatient to put an end to itself, and is glad to seize the first opportunity of doing so. Went from thence with Bessy and the Storys to Sapio's concert, given at a Russian nobleman's house: very crowded; heard but little. Introduced Bessy to the Duchess of Sussex, who said she was very like what Lady Heathcote was in her day of beauty, and had "a very wild poetic face." Mademoiselle d'Este said to me too, "What a very handsome person your wife is." Had sandwiches at Story's afterwards.

23rd. Chabot called again to say that the Duke was obliged to go to the Tuileries this evening, and as he wanted to have a little more of my company, and "to talk over old times," he wished, if possible, I would dine with him on Friday next instead. Chabot offered to call at the Rancliffes' on his way back, and tell them I was free now for my engagement to them: did so: the company at Ranelliffe's, Kinnaird, Cook, Alvanley, Montron, &c.; six or seven English speaking broken French to each other, because there was one Frenchman (who could speak as good broken

English) in company: this is too absurd, and the conversation was, accordingly, as dull as it was ungrammatical; even Alvanley is stupid in French.

24th. Wrote a little. Bessy and I dined with the Douglases: company, Washington Irving and his brother, Williams, and Lord Miltown; in the evening, Baroness Roebeck, a young bride of seventeen, with the most perfect Hebe eyes and cheeks I have seen for a long time. Sung a good deal; supped, and had a very pleasant evening. Called this morning before dinner on Mr. Canning, and was most cordially received. Miss Canning and I to practise Blangini together.

25th. Wrote letters, and walked into Paris: saw the "New Edinburgh" announced, and find that "Madlle. de Tournon" is in this number. Dined at Boddington's. Went with the Forsters to a ball at a Mr. Boode's, a Dutchman; very splendid and very raffish; came away immediately.

26th. Called upon Chabot (whose rooms are over the Duke of Orleans's) at a quarter before six, in order to go under his escort to dinner. The Duke met me on my entering the room with, "I wish you a very good night, Mr. Moore:" he however speaks English perfectly well. There was only their own family party; and though the thing was at first rather formidable, I soon found myself perfectly at my case among as unaffected and domestic a circle as ever I witnessed in my station. The Duke drank wine with me at dinner *à l' Anglaise*, and I was placed next the Duchess, who did all the civilities of the partridges, patés, &c., before her in a very quiet and kind manner. After the dinner, which was over unusually soon, the Duchess sat down to work, and four or five fine children were admitted, with whom the Duke played most delightedly, making *polichinelle* caps for them, &c. Mademoiselle showed me a lithographic work lately published, "The Antiquities of Normandy," and the Duke and she at each side of me looked through the whole of the engravings. They then asked me to sing, and I have seldom had a more pleased audience; indeed, the reiteration of "charmant," "delicieux," &c. became at last almost oppressive. The Duke reminded me of the songs he had taught me at Donnington Park, "Cadet Roussel" and "Polichinelle est par tout bien reçu," and I played them over, which amused him very much. He said he did not see the least alteration in my looks since we last met, which must now be near eighteen years ago. In talking of the fitness of the English language for music, and the skill with which (they were pleased to say) I softened down its asperity, a Frenchman who was there said, in the true spirit of his nation, *Mais la langue Anglaise n'est pas plus dure que l'Allemande*, never seeming to have the least suspicion that his own is the most detestable language for music of any. The "Evening Bells" seemed particularly to be the favourite, and the whole family understood English well enough to comprehend the meaning of the words. As I was engaged in the evening to the Forsters, I begged of Chabot to ask whether I might take an early leave, which was granted, with a thousand expressions of thanks for the pleasure I had given them, &c., and I came away at a little after nine, very much pleased and flattered by the day. Music at Forster's; Madlle. Monck, Mrs. Dickens, &c. &c.

27th. A free day; went into Paris, half intending to go to some spectacle in the evening, but returned home at six to an Irish stew, and read afterwards.

28th. Douglas Kinnaird called in the morning; had taken a box for the Variétés; agreed to join his party at the Trois Frères Provençaux, consisting of Sheridan, young Hibbert, and Sir Charles Willoughby: pieces at the Variétés, the "Bonnes d'Enfans," "Diable d' Argent," &c. &c. Called this morning at Canning's to answer their invitation for Friday; saw him, and sat some time there.

29th. Besieged by hosts of visitors now every morning, but contrive to do a little, and have this week written fifty more lines of my third letter.

30th. Wrote ten lines. Sheridan called; asked him to dinner: the Forsters in the evening.

31st. Wrote fourteen lines. Dined at the Villamils'; some singing in the evening; Mercer, Sapio, &c.; a very pretty trio just composed by Garcia.

Feb. 1st. Did nothing. Dined with the Storys; a large party of Websters, &c. A most unprofitable day altogether, except that I went for about ten minutes in the evening to a Mrs. Fyler's, and saw a number of pretty

English girls, as refreshing to the eyes in this country as a parterre would be in a desert.

2nd. Wrote a few lines. Dined at Canning's: company, Sheridan, Lord C. Churchill, Gen. Buchan, and one or two more. Not much from Canning. In talking of letters being charged by weight, he said that the post office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hippesley's, "it was so dull." I sung for them in the evening, and Miss C. sung some duets of Blangini with me. Refused an invitation this morning for the Duke of Orleans's music on Sunday.

3rd. Called at Chabot's, and left the first number of my "National Melodies" (which I borrowed from Lady Webster) for Mademoiselle. Had company at home: the Villamils, Washington Irving, Forster, and Story; Mrs. Story and the Miss Kingstons in the evening. Sapio came too, and we had a good deal of music: supped, and did not break up till two; all seemed very happy.

4th. Wrote some lines. I dined at Douglas's. Went away between eight and nine to the Duke of Orleans's; the rooms looked very splendid; the music good; Ciuti, Bordogni, Pellegrini, &c. Lord Miltown took me back to Douglas's, where I sang and supped. This morning took Irving to introduce him to Mr. Canning.

5th. Have now done fifty-three lines this week. Went out rather early and made some calls. Dined at the Ranclifes': took Irving with me to introduce him: company, Lord and Lady Charlemont, Lord Bristol, Kinnaird, &c.; an agreeable day enough. A letter from Lord Byron to-day, in which there is the following epigram upon the braziers going up "in armour" with an address to the Queen:—

"The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass
An address, and present it themselves all in brass:
A superfluous pageant, for, by the Lord Harry,
They'll find where they're going much more than they carry."

The Longmans tell me that, in consequence of my article on Madame de Souza's novel, they have had it translated.

6th. Wrote some lines. Dined with the Storys at Véry's (Bessy of the party); and went to Feydeau to see the opera of "Joseph" by Mehul. Some operas do not *do* at this theatre; the French are as unfit for the heroic in music as in poetry; the light, common style is their element in both.

7th. Dined at Mad. de Souza's; only Gallois and a Frenchwoman, whose name I could not make out, an idolatress of Lord Byron, as almost all the Frenchwomen are. Spoke of M. Mercier's prohibited play, "La Démence de Charles IX.;" his style *bizarre* and affected. M. Arnaud (the person who has translated "Lalla Rookh") has also written a play, "Guillaume de Nassau," which they think could not be acted on account of its political allusions. Talking of authors reading their plays in society, they asked if it was the practice in London. I said no; that the English would not stand it; it would make them laugh. The Frenchwoman said, *Nous dissimulons mieux l'ennui.* The fact is the English have too quick a sense of the ridiculous to go decorously through such an operation. I remember when a party, many years age, consisting of Monk Lewis, Miss Lydia White, Lady Charleville, &c. got up a reading of "Comus" at Lady Cork's, I saw Lord Grey (who sat in the front of the audience) put his hat before his face, as soon as Lewis stood up to begin, "The star that bids the shepherd fold," and he was evidently concealing a laugh. I had foreseen that this would be the case, and having at first undertaken to read "Comus," contrived afterwards to smuggle myself out of it, and was merely concerned with the musical part of the business. Returned home about ten, and found Mrs. Story and her cousins, who supped with us.

8th. Wrote between to-day and yesterday twelve or thirteen lines. To-day a grand treat for the little ones; the Villamils, the Storys, and ourselves had taken four boxes at Franconi's for our whole establishments, and mustered there, what with nurses, children, and one or two adult friends, thirty in number. Some of the very young ones fell asleep half way in the evening, but all enjoyed themselves heartily, and the whole flock was got home again without any sort of embarrassment or accident.

9th. Wrote about eight lines; dined at home, and went in the evening for the purpose of seeing the new opera, "La Mort du Tasse," but could not get in. Went from thence to the Gymnase, and saw two very amusing pieces, "Le Colonel," and the "Cuisinier and

Secrétaire;" the examination of the pretended cook by the pretended secretary, in the latter, excellent. *Comment entendez vous les ortolans à la Provençale? quel est votre système la dessus?* In one of his songs he calls himself Le Cæsar de la Bechamel, and L'Alexandre du Rost Bef.

10th. About twelve lines. Received the "Ediuburgh Review" with the article on Madlle. de Tournon: tremble a little at the way in which Madame de S. will take it. Dined at Sir G. Webster's: company, his brother, and the Storys, and Lord Miltown.

11th. Walked out to look again at the house at Auteuil. Had some idea of taking an additional apartment there, for the sake of a better kitchen; but, upon my asking the woman whether I might *sous-louer* these extra rooms, which would be much more than I could make use of, she said that they had already suffered too much by the subletting of the apartments in separate chambers to individuals; and added (as if she saw my *radicalism* in my face), *Je n'aime pas qu'on fasse une république ici.* Dined at Villamil's; music in the evening; the Sapios, &c. &c. Left that house with the Storys at twelve (Bessy and I), and went to sup at Lord Miltown's, where we found Lady Robert Fitzgerald, Lady Saltoun, &c., and did not get home till near three o'clock.

12th. Fifty lines this week. Met Gallois. Madame de Souza, it appears, is much mortified at the article I have written, particularly at the extract I have made from her "Adèle de Senanges." This is unlucky. I confess I hesitated about the passage myself, but it was coupled with a fling at the proceedings against the Queen, and I could not bring myself to leave it out. Why did I break through the resolution I had formed, never to review the work of a friend? Dined at Lord Charlemont's: the Rancliffes, Kinnaird, Mrs. Henry Baring, Sir Sidney Smith, &c. This last-named person said, that, when he was at Jerusalem, there was no *Bible* to be had for love or money. Mrs. Story called for me, and I went with her to Lady Susan Douglas's: there was music there, but I came away immediately, notwithstanding a violent seizure upon me by Lady Susan, and by a much more irresistible person, Mademoiselle d'Este.

13th. Wrote to Lord Byron. Called upon Kinnaird, who goes off to-day. Dined at the Forsters', a family party, and took a lesson in quadrilles from the girls in the evening. Have determined to send Anastatia to Mrs. Forster's, whose usual price for girls is 100 guineas a year, but who has expressed a readiness to take her upon more moderate terms. Found a note on my return home from Miss Drew, to offer me a ticket and convoy to the funeral ceremony for the Duc de Berri at St. Denis, to-morrow.

14th. Went early to the Douglases', but they, from not having heard from me, had given up the thought of going; breakfasted with them, and returned home, but was chased out again by visitors. The two Miss Forsters and Williams dined with us.

15th. Dined at the Storys': had written some lines in the morning. Have received two or three kind notes from Madame de Souza, but fear there will never be the same cordial feeling between us again. Some attempts at singing in the evening, but the card-tables got the better of us.

16th. Dined at Mildmay's. Company at Mildmay's, Lord Sandon, Lord Francis Leveson, the De Rooses, &c.

17th. Dined at the Granards', and was home early in the evening.

18th. Wrote near fourteen lines. Dined at the Douglases', and went to Lafitte's *soirée dansante* in the evening; prettier French women there than it is often one's luck to meet with.

19th. Have done, notwithstanding my abominable and frivolous dissipation this week, near fifty lines, and not bad, at least so I think now: what they will appear upon cooler revisal is another thing.

20th. Worked at a second *verse* for one of the Irish Melodies ("Oh, the Sight entrancing)," which I had left unfinished. Dined (Bessy and I) with Mrs. Story and her cousins, and went to the Variétés: "the Bonnes d'Enfans," "L'Ennui," "Ci-devant Jeune Homme," the "Interieur d'une Étude." It is all settled with the Villamils, that we shall take the cottage of theirs that Col. King had last year.

21st. Finished my verse. Dined at the Rocher de Cancalle, with a party invited by Col. Cope, Lords Charlemont and Rancliffe, Fitzherbert, Fox, Lambton, &c.: a dinner at twen-

ty francs a head, and, of course, full of erudition: *bisque d'écrerisses, epigramme d'agneau*, and (still more literary) an historical salad (*salade d'homards historiée*); a *pâte d'Angoulême*, one of the best things in it. A good deal of laughing, at very little expense of wit. Some of us afterwards adjourned to Mrs. Fitzherbert's, a pretty and rather gay little woman: at home before twelve. Not a bad pun of Rancliffe's to day, that the *points* of the *epigrammes d'agneau* were *pointes d'asperges*.

22nd. Sent off my second verse to Power. Have received by Flahault (who is arrived for a short time) a very kind letter from Lord Lansdowne. It is amusing to find that even he is becoming a reformer; and the same impulse of the times that makes him a reformer, will make others revolutionists. Dined at home; Williams of our party: Mrs. Story, her cousins, and Kenny came in the evening, and supped with us. Kenny told us a story of an outside passenger of a stage coach, whom his fellow-travellers called "the gentleman in black" ("Won't the gentlemen in black have some breakfast?" &c.). When the coach was overturned, and the coachman was collecting his passengers, he saw one of them sitting in a rut, powdered over with dust, and said, "And pray who are you, sir?" "I am the gentleman in black," was the answer.

23rd. Went out early to breakfast with Flahault: showed me a letter from Italy, giving an account of the state of the country, of the Carbonari, and the opposite party, the Calderai: the former though not regularly organised are bound by an oath; and their first principle is to forget all distinctions, and co-operate as Italians for the great cause. They have contrived to get the lower clergy into their interest by connecting religion with the objects of the sect. Went and took a box at the Porte St. Martin. Bessy and I dined with the Storys, and went all (joined by the Villamils) to this theatre: the "Vampire," Jeune Werther," and the "Dieux á la Courtille."

24th. Walked into town with Irving: employed, during the morning, in finishing another Irish Melody, "Yes sad One of Sion." Dined with Canning: company, Burgess and Lady Montgomery, Rancliffe, Lord Bristol and daughters, and Chenevix, whom I did not know at first, not having seen him for near twenty years. A good deal of conversation with him and Canning after dinner. Chenevix's ultraism (which was the motive of his writing those strong articles against France in the "Edinburgh") breaks out at every word. Talking of the sort of *enragé* that Ducis had made of Hamlet, he said that Talma, in acting it, was like Casimir Perrier in the Tribune: remarked that, for many years after the Revolution, the French artists never painted a picture without introducing *blood* into it. He spoke of the exceeding comicality of my translation of Lamartine's verses in the last "Edinburgh;" but find he regretted the slight I had thrown upon this young author, as it had been his intention to introduce him to the notice of English readers as the only, in short the *earliest*, French poet. From Canning's, Irving and I went to the Opera, Henry de Roos having given me an order for two to his box.

25th. Went to the Chapel Royal with the Douglases. A little girl and her mother in tears before me during the service: upon inquiring, I found that it was at the sight of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had had the little girl educated, and whom she had never seen so close before, that caused *her* emotion, and of course affected the mother also. Went afterwards with Villamil to see the collection of M. Portalis in the Place Vendôme; he himself received us. Some fine things: a good picture by Murillo; a head of a man full of expression by Spagnoletti; a beautiful small picture by Carlo Dolci, of Christ surrounded by the saints that preceded his coming; a portrait of an old man by the same author, and a female head surrounded by flowers, very pretty and delicate; some fine Vanhuysums. Portalis invited us to his house on Wednesday next. Dined with Lord Rancliffe: company, Lord Sandon, Lord Francis Leveson, Lord Granard, and Lady Adelaide; rather agreeable.

26th. Still correcting the 8th Number of my "Irish Melodies. Called on Lady Gwydir: dined with Keeny, by invitation, at the Bœuf à la Mode; a stinking place, but not a bad dinner. Williams and a Mr. Emerson of the party. Went afterwards to see the "Mort du Tasse" and the "Carnavale de Venise."

27th. Dined at the Palais Royal, in consequence of an invitation through Chabot yesterday, who mentioned in his note, that Mademoiselle had made arrangements for the music she promised me in the evening, and that

I should hear her play. All very kind. The Duchess told me, soon after I came in, rather a flattering piece of news; namely, that at a *grande fête*, at the court of Berlin, the other day, the royal family had represented, in character, the story of "Lalla Rookh," and our own Duke of Cumberland, Aurungzebe. Madame Dolomieu, one of the dames d'honneur, promised to translate for me the programme of the fête, which is in German. The Duchess said that Chateaubriand had written home an account of it, and described it as the most splendid and tasteful thing he had ever seen. Mademoiselle gave me her arm in going to dinner, and I sat between her and the Duchess. After dinner had some conversation on politics with the Duke: seems to think there must be war, ere long, between England and Russia: spoke of the bad part France is acting with respect to Naples. I sang a little, and they seemed to like it very much. At nine o'clock Paer arrived with his daughter and a flute player; the girl sang, and Mademoiselle played a sonata, accompanied by Paer and the flute, very charmingly. At half-past ten I came away with Chabot, who took me to Lady Ranelliffe's ball. A very pretty assemblage of women, both French and English; among the former were two of the beauties of the day, Madame Barrante and Madame Baufremont. Returned home early.

28th. Still occupied in the disagreeable task of eking out verses for the 8th Number. Dined (Bessy and I) at Villamil's; and in the evening V. and I went to M. Portalis', those pretty rooms looking very well by candlelight, and filled with very good company of both nations. Music by Pellegrin, Garcia, Madame Jidd, &c. Some church singing, accompanied by an instrument called the expressive organ, not very agreeable. Had some conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie: got home about one. Met Lord Charlemont on his way to me this morning, for the purpose of consulting with respect to some opposition which he understands will be made among the red-hot Tories here to my taking the chair on St. Patrick's Day: went with Lord C. to Col. Cope's, and, after some consultation with them, decided upon the part I should take. Both offered to stand by me, if I meant to persevere in being chairman; but this would neither be good taste nor good temper.

March 1st. Had some alarms this morning of a return of the tumour on my thigh; applied a plaster, and was rather downcast about it. Dined at Lady Montgomery's: company, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Baring, Lord Sandon, Dandy Montague, Warrender, Rothschild, the Ranelliffes, &c. Montague mentioned that D'Este, when he first came to Paris, was persuaded that *belle comme le Pont Neuf* was a fashionable phrase when speaking of beauty, and applied it to some women. All going to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's ball, except myself, who, in a fit of pride, stay away: have no idea of being asked merely with their *mob*. Bessy, too, asked to-night. Mrs. Cadogan had invited me to go to her box at the Opera, but I returned home early from Lady Montgomery's.

2nd. Went to the meeting of the committee about the Irish dinner at Cope's; was voted into the chair. Proposed Lord Charlemont to them as president of the dinner; agreed to of course. Am a little sorry that I gave in so easily myself, for I now find that numbers are disappointed at my not being president, and I can trace the objections to no one but that *par nobile* of geese, W. and F. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Lords Sandon and Francis Leveson, Robinson, and Lady Helena, &c. &c.; a dull day. Rancliffe mentioned that Whitbread used to be called the "Chevalier de *Malt*," and that Lord Melville was said to be his "entire butt."* Went afterwards with Bessy and the Storys to Sapio's concert; a bad business. Hear that the Fieldings are arrived.

3rd. Williams called upon me; went with me to Lafitte's, where I drew a bill upon Power for 40*l.* at three months, and lent Williams ten Napoleons out of it. Went with the Villamils and Storys to dine at Brizgi's, an Italian house; very dirty and disagreeable: the Duke of St. Carlos and all his family there: nurses and little children, &c. all dine there almost every day. Villamil treated us to the dinner. Adjourned to his house afterwards, and had music till twelve, when we all went to the bal masqué at the Opera. Bessy much amused in teazing some of her acquaintances. Left that at three, had sandwiches and hot wine at Story's, and did not get home till near five.

* A joke of the Duchess of Gordon. She said to Mr. Whitbread in 1805, "Do you know what I call Lord Melville now, Mr. Whitbread? I call him your entire butt?" —J. P.

4th. Received from the Marquise de Dolomieu a translation of the Berlin programme, with a very civil note, in which she says, *Je ne saurais assez vous dire combien j'admire votre inimitable poesie.* Dined with Lord Charlemont at Véry's; happy to find Fielding of the party. Not a very agreeable day: the dinner too French, and the company too Irish; Galway politics and truffles *usque ad nauseum:* home early.

5th. Dispatched at last the poetry of the 8th Number, corrected and filled up, to Power. Met again at Cope's about the St. Patrick's dinner. Forgot where I had been asked to dine, and went to Grignon's, where I met Sir Henry Willoughby, and we dined together. Came home before ten, and found poor Bessy very ill with cold. Willoughby mentioned that Talleyrand once, upon somebody who squinted asking him, *Comment vont les affaires,* answered *Comme vous voyez.* Received a letter within these few days from Florence from Lord Burghersh, directed "*Tom* Moore, Esq. Paris," inclosing an Italian opera to which he has written music, and wishing me to translate it, if it appeared to me good enough.

6th. An idle morning. Dined (Bessy and I) at the Villamils': company, the Sapios, W. Irving, and his brother. A party in the evening; Lord Granard and the two girls came, Mrs. Story, &c.; singing and supper.

7th. More idleness. Called by appointment on Madame de Dolomieu: another French woman with her: surprising how well acquainted these women are with my poetry. On my mentioning that Lord Byron had said, in one of his late letters to me, that if honour came unlooked for upon him during the Neapolitan struggle, he hoped I would at least celebrate him by another, "Oh breathe not his name," they turned instantly to the page of my book where the song is. Left my card at the Duchesse de Broglie: dined with Lord Ranclifle (one of the series of *restaurateur* dinners) at Robert's: dinner very bad.

8th. Went into town early with Bessy, in order to market for to-morrow's dinner. Dined at Cadogan's: company, Fielding and Lady Elizabeth, Lord Miltown, Leveson, and Mercer: rather agreeable. From thence to Mrs. Hamilton's, where I met Denon, and had some talk with him: he spoke of Bessy's beauty. From thence, for ten minutes, to a Dr. Lafin's, where there was music. Then to Lord Miltown's ball, Bessy having refused to go on account of the expense of a dress. A very brilliant ball; in one quadrille set counted eight pretty women, French and English,—Madlle. d'Este, Lady A Forbes, Miss Canning, Madame Barante, Madame d'Oudenarde, Madame Shackerly, &c. Left at two with Mrs. Story, who brought me home.

9th. Mrs. S. drove me to the Cadran Bleu, in order to negotiate for our St. Patrick's dinner. Meurice asks the enormous sum of 65 francs a head, but I rather think the Cadran Bleu will do it for 40. There is a strong party still for my being chairman. Lord Miltown says he will put in his own claim against Lord Charlemont, as being prior to him in rank, and will then yield in favour of me; but I trust nothing will be done to offend Charlemont, who is a particularly manly and friendly person. Our dinner at home consisted of Irving, Fielding, Villamil, and Colonel Corbet, an old college acquaintance of mine, who was obliged to leave Ireland in the "time of the troubles," and has been fighting in the French service ever since. He was one of the four given up by Hamburgh to the English government. Our dinner went off well; plenty of talk and wine; in the evening the Storys and Forsters; supped and left us at one.

10th. Bessy and I dined with Mrs. S., and went to the Gymnase in the evening: a new piece, the "Gastronome sans Argent;" Perlet excellent.

11th. Went to the Cadran Bleu, and got their calculation of the wines that would be necessary. Amusing to see how little they know of our mode of drinking. The great weight of the wine was, of course, thrown in the second service, and, *after* dinner, the allowance for fifty Irishmen was "two bottles of Malaga, two of Lunel," &c. &c. I, however, explained the matter to them. Dined at home; and Bess and I went to the Villamils in the evening: the Story party came and all supped there. Wrote a note to Lord Charlemont, to beg he would decide as to the dinner.

12th. Dined with the Douglases. Sapio came in the evening, and we looked over some glees for Saturday; fixed to meet again at Douglas's on Wednesday.

13th. Breakfasted with Henry Leeson, who drove me afterwards in his cabriolet to Lord

Charlemont's. Lord C. continues chairman, and I don't know but what it is all for the best. Drove thence to the Cadran Bleu to give my final answer. Took a box for the evening at the Porte St. Martin; dined (Bessy and I) with the Storys, and went to this theatre in the evening: Potier in the "Cidevant Jeune Homme," and pretty little Jenny Vert-pré in "Riquet à la Houppe;" both admirable. Gave orders this morning for the printing of the tickets, &c.

14th. Dined with the Douglases; Williams and Sapio there; had a good practice of glees in the evening.

15th. Met Lord Charlemont, Col. Burton, &c. at Cope's, to take some arrangements about the dinner. Dined with the Fieldings: Lady Payne, a Mr. Clay, and Montgomery, the party. Young Galignani (who has, ever since his father's death, been anxious for me to give him such a cession of the right of publishing my works in France as may enable him to suppress the cheap editions now preparing here), called upon me this morning with the copy of a document, in which, instead of the nominal sum of 4000 francs, which was at first mentioned as the consideration for which I sold him the works, he has inserted, with the intention of making it *real*, the sum of 2000 francs, of which he begged my acceptance: signed the paper and took the money.

16th. This being our dear Anastasia's birthday, Bessy has invited all the little Storys, Villamils, Forsters, and Yonges (amounting to near twenty) to a dinner. On my return to dress, found Bessy very ill with a headache, but endeavouring, notwithstanding, to do the honours to her little party. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord Bristol, Lady Montgomery, Lady Saltoun, &c. In the evening a large party; a very pretty Frenchwoman, Mad. Chateaubriand. Was introduced to the Duchesse de Clemont-Tonnerre, who asked me to a concert on Sunday next. Begged of Lord Bristol to propose Lord Charlemont's health to-morrow. On my returning home found that Bessy had been obliged to go to bed from sickness of stomach and head, but that at eleven o'clock, hearing from Villamil (who came to fetch his little ones) that my little god-daughter Mary had had two or three attacks of fits in the course of the day, she got up and set off to assist Mrs. V. in nursing and watching her. Waited up for her till half-past one, but she did not return.

17th. Bessy came home at ten this morning, having sat up all night with the child. Went out with Galignani to confirm the document I gave him on Thursday, by signature before a notary. Have all along felt scruples at putting a false date to this paper, but felt these scruples still more strongly after confirming it thus formally by a second signature. Begged of Galignani to suspend further proceedings in the business. Went and consulted Le Roy (Villamil's notary), who thinks some other mode might be adopted, *plus conforme à la verité*. I begged of Galignani to let it be done in this way, and that I would more willingly refund the money than sign anything colourable or false even in form. Called upon Douglas to make further arrangements about the dinner. At half-past four went again with Galignani to his own attorney, who seems to think the affair may be arranged so as to meet my scruples, and yet secure the property to Galignani. Went from thence to the Cadran Bleu to see how the dinner was laid out, to look after the wine, and see the names written on the plates, &c. &c. Douglas there to assist me. About sixty sat down to dinner. The day very lively and interesting: never saw anything like the enthusiasm with which my health was drank, and the speech, with which I followed it, received. The manner in which I applied the circumstance of St. Patrick's name, meaning originally the Devil, had a particularly good effect. I spoke twice after, and, in proposing the memory of the old Earl of Charlemont, pronounced an eulogium on Grattan, which was cheered most rapturously. The glees we had got up told wonderfully: altogether, I have never seen a better public meeting. At twelve o'clock, Lord C. left the chair, and we all separated. On my return found that Bessy was again gone for the night to nurse the little Villamil.

18th. Williams called, and I begged him to write some account of yesterday's meeting for Galignani's paper, which he did.

19th. Went out at ten o'clock to Galignani's, and attended him to his notary's, where a paper was drawn up, dated at the time when I actually did agree to transfer the right of publishing, which I, of course, very willingly signed. Too happy to dine at home to-day.

Bessy in low spirits at parting with our dear Anastasia, who goes to-day to Mrs. Forster's. Irving called near dinner time; asked him to stay and share our roast chicken with us, which he did. He has been hard at work writing lately: in the course of ten days has written about 130 pages of the size of those in the "Sketch Book;" this is amazing rapidity. Has followed up an idea which I suggested, and taken the characters in his "Christmas Essay," Master Simon, &c. &c., for the purpose of making a slight thread of a story on which to string his remarks and sketches of human manners and feelings: left us at nine. Lady Gwydir had called in the morning to give me a *coupon* to her box at the Opera, but I did not go. Heard this morning, to my great regret, that about six or seven drunken fools remained after the party broke up on Saturday, and disgraced it by a quarrel among themselves, which made it necessary to call in the *gens d'armes*.

20th. Went to make some calls. Dined at Lord Granard's; *dullissimum dullorum*. Irving came in the evening. Went thence to Lady Montgomery's ball: full of pretty women; Miss Canning the most lovable. Paid one of these days (I forget which) four Napoleons to a man for copying out Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" he had the conscience to ask eight or nine.

21st. Not very well; this company-going hurts and wearies me. Dined at Doctor Lafanus': company, Chenevix, Sir William Peacocke, Bligh, &c. Chenevix mentioned, as an instance of the importance of dancing masters, one who, the other day, when the person employing him wished to fix him to a particular hour, and said that the other artists were accommodating in that way, answered, *Oh, oui, c'est bon pour ces autres artistes, mais un maître de danse doit choisir ses heures.* He also mentioned, "les Artistes Décorateurs" in the Palais Royal. Went thence to Lady Gwydir's box at the Opera.

22nd. Saw in the *affiches* that the "Fille d'Honneur" was to be acted, and wrote off to Mrs. S. to take a box. Dined with her (Bessy and I), and went to the Français: Irving of our party. The "Jeunesse de Henri V." the entertainment, in which Michot (who acts no more after this season) played Capitaine Copp admirably. Supped at Mrs. S.'s afterwards.

23rd. Dined at home, and read a little in the evening; rare occurrences with me now.

24th. Went down to the Cadran Bleu with Douglas, to see how our account lies there: find there is enough of wine left to settle all extras, without calling upon the pockets of the stewards. Took a box at Franconi's. Bessy and I dined at the Douglases', and all went to see the "Attaque du Convoi;" military spectacles got up *con amore* at this theatre.

25th. This day ten years we were married, and, though Time has made his usual changes in us both, we are still more like lovers than any married couples of the same standing I am acquainted with. Asked to dine at Ranelliffe's, but dined at home alone with Bessy. This being Sunday, our dance, in celebration of the day, deferred till to-morrow. Received a letter yesterday from my dear father, which notwithstanding the increased tremor of his hand, is written with a clearness of head and warmth of heart that seem to promise many years of enjoyment still before him. God grant it!

26th. Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. I went and wrote to my dear mother, and told her, in proof of the unabated anxiety and affection I feel towards her, that a day or two ago, on my asking Bessy, "whether she would be satisfied if little Tom loved her through life as well as I love my mother," she answered, "Yes, if he loves me but a quarter as much." Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Véry's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management, and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters, and Miss Bridgeman, the Villamils, Irving, Capt. Johnson, Wilder, &c., and the Douglases. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places: a circle of chalk was drawn round one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crash, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near

four in the morning. Irving's humour began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him. Read this morning, before I went out, "Therèse Aubert," and cried over it like a girl.

27th. Two strings to our bow to-day; the Fieldings and the Français, or the Douglases and the Opera. Bessy too much knocked up for either, and I divided myself between both. Dined with the Fs., and went to the Opera with the Douglases, the "Barbière." Heard of the surrender of the Neapolitans, without a blow, to the Austrians. Can this be true? Then there is no virtue in Maccaroni.

28th. The news but too true; curse on the cowards! Dined at home; Lady Gwydir's box at the Opera, and Mrs. Arthur's ball tempting me in the evening, but went to neither. A very kind note from Madame de Souza to-day. Galignani told me the other day, that every person setting up as a bookseller in Paris is obliged to get four persons to testify solemnly for him that he understands Latin, Greek, &c. &c.

29th. Dined at the Granards': was also asked to Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis, but could not get off the Granards. By the bye met Madame de Genlis last Sunday at Denon's, with Lady Charlemont; a lively little old woman, but by no means so fantastic a person as Lady Morgan makes her.

30th. Wrote a few lines about the rascally Neapolitans.* Dined (Bessy and I) with the Fieldings, and went to the Gymnase in the evening.

31st. Went out (Storys and Irving) to Sèvres, to show them the manufactory, and to make some arrangements in our cottage for the summer, but old Colonel King would not give the key. The wheel of Mrs. S.'s carriage came off as we returned; our *chute*, however, very easy and innocent. Dined with Chenevix. Some agreeable conversation after dinner: talked of the rage for constitutions now; the singularity that it is no longer the English constitution which is proposed as a model, but the Spanish or French; said that I supposed it was because they knew the English constitution took time to form it, and those they wanted must be like *cotelettes à la minute*. The notion of being able to have a perfect constitution at once, *per saltum* as it were, reminded me of a circumstance mentioned by Sir Gore Ouseley, that, once on his telling the King of Persia, to his great astonishment, that the revenue of the post office alone in England amounted to more than that of his whole dominions, the king, after a few moments' thought, exclaimed, "Then I'll have a post office," forgetting the few preliminaries of commerce, &c. &c.; and, indeed, the first necessary *sine qua non* of his people being able to write letters. They mentioned Ali Pacha having, some time ago, sent a messenger to Corfu to look for a constitution for him, and his once wearing his three tails of the three revolutionary colours. A Frenchman there spoke of the Languedocian language: said it was the old Roman language, and still exists; that the common people of the country all speak it, and that they say of any one who does not, *Il se donne des airs; il parle Français*. He quoted a passage from one of their ancient songs, in which the lover says, "You ask me for your heart again; I would willingly return it if I could, but, having placed it beside my own, I no longer know one from the other." The idea, it seems, inculcated and believed among the French is, that the Duke of Orleans and English gold produced the Revolution. Went from thence to Mercer's; heard two or three things from Madlle. Münch and Ṣapio (not over well sung), and got home at twelve.

April 1st. Finished my lines about the Neapolitans. Took a solitary walk (for the first time these many weeks) along the Boulevard de Roule. Dined at Lord Ranelifle's: company, the Duc de Guiche, Warrender, Lord Alvanley, and Lady Adelaide. The talk at dinner all about horses and birds, but in the evening we had something better. Alvanley mentioned a book, called "L'Histoire du Système," giving an account of Law's money plan, and full, he said, of curious anecdotes about that whole transaction. There was a hump-backed man, who made a good deal of money by lending his hump as a writing-desk in the street, the houses and shops being all occupied by people making their calculations. The story about the Irish chairman whispering to Sheridan on the night of the fire at Drury Lane, "Don't make yourself uneasy, Mr. S.; in about ten minutes the devil a drop more

* See published Works, vol. vii. p. 392. "Aye, down to the dust with them slaves as they are."—J. R.

water there will be to be had!" Sir A. C —— once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chows, Sir Arthur?" "Oh, several; a very cruel race." "The Cherry-Chows?" "Oh, very much among them: they were particularly kind to our men." "And pray, did you know any thing of the Totteroddy bow-wows?" This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing him. Came home early. Lady —— said Louis XVIII. called Talleyrand *une vielle lampe qui pue en s'éteignant.*

2nd. Copied out my Neapolitan verses, and sent them to Perry; not bad. Dined at home, and took Bessy in the evening to drink tea with Mrs. Villamil.

3rd. Wrote to Lord Byron, and went to the post with the letter. Called at Galignani's: a strange gentleman in the shop accosted me, and said, "Mr. Moore, I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, but I was requested by the Princess of Prussia to tell you, if ever I met you, how beautifully the fête at Berlin, taken from your 'Lalla Rookh,' went off." He then told me several particulars. The Grand Duchess of Russia (daughter of the King of Prussia), who acted "Lalla Rookh," is, he said, very handsome; and the sister of Prince Radzivil, who played the "Peri," a most beautiful little girl. He expects some drawings that were made of the principal personages in their costumes, and will show them to me. Took courage, and called upon Madame de Souza for the first time since the article: was very kindly received, and walked about her garden with her. Dined (Bessy and I) at Story's: company, the Villamils, and Irving. Sung a little in the evening. At ten, Lady E. Fielding called to take me to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Repeated my Neapolitan verses to her and Fielding. She said they were like sparks of fire running through her in all directions. Saw there Madame de Barante, looking very pretty; the Duchesse de Raguse, and the Marquise de Dolomieu, who called me *un monstre*, for not having been to call upon her. Home at twelve. Have been reading a little miscellany these two or three days, from which the following things are worth preserving as illustrations. Talking of coral reefs and islands, "There is every reason to believe that the islands which are occasionally raised by the tremendous agency of subterraneous volcanoes, do not bear any proportion to those which are perpetually forming by the silent but persevering exertions of the sea-worms, by which coral is produced." "The transformation of insects is only the throwing off external and temporary coverings, and not an alteration of the original form. Reaumur discovered that the chrysalis, or rather the butterfly itself, was inclosed in the body of the caterpillar. The proboscis, the antennæ, the limbs, and the wings of the fly are so nicely folded up," &c. In the diamond mines, "when a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of seventeen carats and a half, he is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom by paying his owner for it:" a pretty story might be made out of this. "When a negro is suspected of swallowing a diamond, he is confined in a solitary apartment, and means taken to bring the gem to light."

4th. A desperately wet day. Dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, the Gwydirs, some unpronounceable Russians (Prince and Princess Sabatscoff, I believe), Count Funchal, and Gabriel Delessert. The Russians a very unaffected, amiable-mannered pair. Funchal just the same merry, hideous little fellow, I remember him, sixteen or seventeen years ago at Tunbridge Wells, when he used to wear his hat in a particular way (as Wm. Spencer said), "to look like the Duchess of St. Albans'." Delessert mentioned rather a comical trick of some English, who took an Ottoman flag with them to the ball of St. Peter's, and planted it over the Angel. The astonishment of the cardinals next morning at seeing the crescent floating over St. Peter's. Went from thence with Funchal to Lady Gwydir's box at the French Opera; Sir C. Stuart and King there. Afterwards to Lady Aldborough's soirée. A good deal of conversation with Lady E. Stuart, who told me that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into German. It has now appeared in the French, Italian, German, and Persian languages. Lady Saltoun told me that a gentleman had just said to her, "If Mr. Moore wishes to be made much of,—if Mr. Moore wishes to have his

head turned, let him go to Berlin; there is nothing else talked of there but 'Lalla Rookh.'" Douglas took me home.

5th. Wrote to Rogers. Went about the character of a new cook we are hiring, and then out to Sèvres (where Bessy and Mrs. Villamil had already gone), with the keys of the cottage we are to take possession of for the summer. Took measure for window curtains, &c. &c. Dined at Lord Bristol's. Mad. de Genlis could not come. Company, the Stuarts, Mr. and Miss Canning, Lord and Lady Surrey, Funchal, &c. Dully placed at dinner; in the evening, sung, and liked my audience much.

6th. Dined at home. Miss Forster came to tea, and the Kingstons. Some singing.

7th. Bessy called away by the increasing illness of Mrs. V.'s child. I dined alone at Véry's. Went afterwards to a book-auction, and bought Rousseau's works, thirty-seven small volumes, for sixty-eight francs. Brought Bessy home at night. Had called in the morning on Lady Gwydir, and repeated to her my Neapolitan verses.

8th. Jane Power arrived from England on her long meditated visit to us. Brought the copy of the "National Melodies," which I had ordered for Mademoiselle d'Orleans; most splendidly and tastefully bound. Dined at Fielding's: company, Lattin, Fazakerley (who has been the bearer of a copy of Rogers's last edition of "Human Life" to Bessy, "from an old friend"), and Montgomery. Lattin very amusing. Mentioned some Frenchman who said he had not read the "History of France" but had *guessed* it. Talked of Forsyth's book on Italy; its wonderful learning and ability. I mentioned some strange errors he had fallen into; and Lattin noticed his assertion that Acton was the son of a barber.

9th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne: mentioned to him the report of a revolution at Constantinople, and said, "Nothing now is wanting to bring the 'Rights of Man' into proper disgrace than their being taken up by the Turks. The Spanish constitution translated into good Turkish would complete the farce." Dined at Douglas's to meet Harry Bushe and his wife, just arrived. Bushe, *à propos* of Lord Eldon's *larmoyant* propensity, quoted some verses about Provost Hutchinson from the "Baratariana:"

"Who feels all his crimes, yet his feeling defies,
And each day stabs his country with tears in his eyes."

Douglas mentioned Hutchinson's having gone once to Lord Townshend to ask for some situation for his daughter Prudentia; and, on Lord T.'s saying that he really had nothing just then left at his disposal but a captaincy of dragoons, the ready place-hunter replied that he would be most happy to accept of it; and Miss Prudentia was accordingly made a captain of dragoons. Mrs. Bushe played in the evening, and I sung. Bushe said that Grattan died possessed of an income of 9000*l.* a-year, owing fifty thousand, having borrowed to purchase. When I returned home found that Bessy had gone to sit up with Villamil's child.

10th. Dined at home; had Irving, Dr. Williams, and Power's man of business, to dine with me. Poor Bess still at Villamil's. Never was there a creature that devoted herself to others with so little reserve or selfishness. In the evening went with the Kingstons and Jane Power to the Vaudeville. Called at V.'s in my way home to try and persuade Bessy to return with me, but she would not; she promised, however, to take off her clothes to go to bed there.

11th. Dined at Lord Granard's to meet Lord Beauchamp. Went from them alone to the Variétés: saw half of the "Marchande de Goujons" and the "Coin de Rue." From thence to Villamil's: the baby better, but Bessy would not leave her.

12th. Power's man, Mr. Goodlad, came to settle the signing of the deeds of assignment he has brought: took him to Forster's, who was witness on the occasion. Went thence to show him the Beaujon, and took Miss Forster with us; four courses in the car with her. Walked off Mr. Goodlad thence along the Boulevards to the little theatres, when I took a box for the evening at the Ambigu, and (as he wished much to dine at a restaurateur's, but, not speaking French, did not know how to manage it), I gave him in charge of the landlady of the Cadran Bleu, and chose his dinner for him. Dined at Story's, and went to the Ambigu: the "Famille Irlandaise," a piece founded on the rebellion of '98, General Lake, &c. &c. Called at Villamil's for Bessy, and brought her home. The following extracts are from the "Curiosities of Literature:"

—"It is an odd observation of Clarendon in his own Life, that 'Mr. Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr. Hales; and it was an age in which there were many great and wonderful men of that size.'" "'Lord Falkland was of low stature, and smaller than most men:'" and of Sydney Godolphin, "'There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient unto his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company, where he was the properer man.'" "It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire." An old writer calls coffee "this wakeful and civil drink."

13th. Dined with Lord Trimlestown: company, Lord Granard, Lattin, Harry Bushe, &c. Lattin and I told Irish stories by the dozen. Some of his very amusing. A posting dialogue: "Why, this chaise is very damp." "And a very good right it has to be so, sir; wasn't it all night in the canal?" Lord Trimlestown mentioned a person saying, upon seeing an upstart nobleman covered with stars and orders, *C'est de la noblesse plaquée.* Found, on my return home at night, Lord Byron's letter about Bowles and Popery, which Fielding had sent me to look over. The whole thing unworthy of him; a leviathan among small fry. He had had the bad taste to allude to an anecdote which I told him about Bowles's early life; which is even worse than Bowles in his pamphlet quoting me as entirely agreeing with him in the system he is combating for.

14th. Occupied all the morning in taking places in the diligence for Mr. Goodlad and Miss Forster, who avails herself of the opportunity of his return to go to England. Dined at Peters's; Lord Rancliffe took me in his cabriolet. A very handsome house and dinner; *au reste*, dull enough.

15th. Dined at Fielding's: George Dawson and Montgomery. Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob, go and see who's that that's killed;' 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir.' —Poor Captain Kelly, a very good customer of mine; 18, 19, 20, there's your change, sir." The Storys called for me at eight; came home with them, and they and Emma Forster supped with us. Bessy very much affected by my singing "I'm wearing awa'," and obliged to leave the room.

16th. Days of idleness and waste. Have done nothing for weeks past, except about a dozen lines to a cavatina of Carafa's. Walked into Paris with Bessy, to provide for dinner. Called afterwards to take leave of Emma Forster; a scene. Had to dine with us, Harry Bushe, Douglas, and Irving. Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, &c. in his neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the *lemons?*" Douglas mentioned the son of some rich grazier in Ireland, whose son went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter beginning as follows: "Dear Father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price." Lady Susan and her daughters, and the Kingstons, came in in the evening, and all supped. A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!"—*Grêle, grêle, toute grêle.*

17th. The Kingstons dined with us; and all went to the Variétés in the evening: much amused with Vernet in the "Marchande de Goujons."

18th. Dined at home; Williams of the party.

19th. This being the great day of the Longchamp, Mrs. Villamil lent Bessy her carriage on the occasion, and it was arranged that Anastasia should go with Mamma, and that Tom and the two maids should be stationed on chairs in the Champs Elysées, and bow to Mamma as she passed. Irving and I walked about there for hours, but saw nothing of any of them; grew alarmed about six o'clock, and sent an apology to Rancliffe, with whom I was to have dined to meet Czartoriski and Lady De Roos. I saw Bessy at last, who had been detained, but not by any accident. Dined by

myself at the Trois Frères, and came home immediately.

20th. Went in with Bessy to shop. Saw the "Examiner," which quotes my Neapolitan verses from the "Chronicle," and says, ".their fine spirit and flowing style sufficiently indicate the poet and patriot from whose pen they came." Dined at Fielding's: company, Lambton, Montgomery, Fazakerley, and young Talbot. The day very agreeable, as it always is at the Fieldings'.

21st. Went to the Louvre, with Mrs. Story, Bessy, and the Kingstons: afterwards lounged about at bookstalls; read the newspapers at Galignani's. Called on Charles Fox, who is just come from Constantinople, and is on his way to the Cape of Good Hope. Says Lord and Lady Holland will be here in the course of the summer. Dined at Story's.

22nd. Went out to St. Cloud, to see the chateau and Meudon with the Kingstons and Bessy; a lovely day, fit for laugh and idleness. Dined at Story's.

23rd. Have begun words to a quadrille air. A young Frenchman called upon me with part of a translation of "Lalla Rookh" in verse; a professor of the classies in Belgium: left his MS. with me. Dined at Harry Bushe's: company, Col. Cope, Lord Charlemont, Douglas, Lattin, &c.; a noisy dinner. Bushe told of B., the Bishop of (I forget what), saying after his fourth bottle (striking his head in a fit of maudlin piety), "I have been a great sinner; but I love my Redeemer." This bishop is one of the opposers of the Catholic claims; so is F.——! Godly ecclesiasties! pity *their* church should be in danger! Went to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's in the evening; had some talk with William Bankes, who is the bearer of an early copy of Lord Byron's tragedy. Introduced Irving to Sir Charles Stuart.

24th. Dined at home, and went with the Storys and Bessy to the Français: Madlle. Duchenois in "Jeanne d'Arc." Attended watchfully to her recitative, and find that, in nine lines out of ten, "A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall," *is* the tune of the French heroics. Took the Storys this morning to see Gérard's "Corinne."

25th. Dined at Story's: company, Cope, Irving, &c. &c. Cope mentioned a good specimen of English-French, and the astonishment of the French people who heard it, not conceiving *what* it could mean, *Si je fais, je fais; mais, si je fais, je suis un Hollandais.*

26th. Called on Lady Charlemont, and walked some time in her garden with her. She has not seen Lord Byron's tribute to her beauty in his pamphlet. Dined at home; and went in the evening, with the Storys and Bessy, to the Odéon: a splendid theatre, but wretched, bad acting. The afterpiece, the "Voyage à Dieppe," very amusing. Copied out my "Quadrille Song" this morning, and sent it to Power.

27th. The young French professor called: showed me a recueil of poems he had written, translations, some of them, from my "Melodies." Dined at Story's, to meet Caroline Kingston's lover (just arrived), and a Captain Lane. The following little notices are from the "Curiosities of Literature," which I have been reading occasionally during my idleness. "His notion (Dr. Campbell, in his 'Hermippus Redivivus,') of the art of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women was eagerly credited. A physician, who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies." "They have the custom (the women in that long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagunes), when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs (chants from Tasso), and continue to do so with great violence till each of them can distinguish the response of her own husband at a distance." This is very poetical. "The laws of the Twelve Tables, which the Romans chiefly copied from the Grecian code, were, after they had been approved by the people, engraved on brass: they were melted by lightning, which struck the Capitol and consumed other laws." "A schoolmaster (in Rome) was killed by the *stiles* of his own scholars." "Virgil, when young, formed a design of a national poem, but was soon discouraged from proceeding, merely by the roughness and asperity of the old Roman names; such as Decius Mus, Lucumo, Vibius Caudex."

28th. Dined at home. Went with Bessy and the Storys to the Panorama Dramatique. Much pleased with the spectacle.

29th. Was to have gone to Malmaison, but the day not fine enough. Took Lady Elizabeth Fielding and her daughters to see Gérard's "Coriune," Mad. Gérard having written me a very civil note to fix the time. Walked with Irving to call upon Lady Saltoun. Dined at Story's, intending to go to Lady Charlemont's in the evening, but did not.

30th. Went to the Louvre with the Kingstons, Mrs. Story, and Bessy. Villamil pointed out a female in one of Rubens's Luxembourg pictures, whose face resembled Mrs. Story's.

May 1st. The commencement of the fêtes on the Due de Bordeaux's christening. Saw the procession in the morning; at least, had a glimpse of it from the Quai de Voltaire. Dined at Story's, and in the evening walked out to see the illuminations and fireworks: was foolish enough to take Anastasia with us, and got into an immense crowd with her to my great alarm. The misty darkness of the night very favourable to the effect of the illuminations, which, in the Tuileries Gardens, were most magnificent: the star by itself in the middle of the dark sky, over the Legion d'Honneur, particularly striking, and the long arcade of light at the end of the gardens beautiful. Saw the fireworks (but badly) from a Mr. Penleaze's windows on the Quai Voltaire.

2nd. Walked about the Champs Elysées to see the humour of Mât de Cocagne, distribution of the sausages, &c. &c. Had tickets for both Nôtre Dame yesterday, and a ball at the Hôtel de Ville to-night, but, not having a *habit habillé*, made no use of them.

3rd. Dined, the same party, at the Café Français, and went to the French Opera in the evening. Saw a new allegorical opera, got up in honour of the occasion, called "Blanche de Provence;" the music (by Cherubini, Paer, and two others) very pretty, and the dancing delightful. Received this morning Lord Byron's tragedy. Looked again over his letter on Bowles. It is amusing to see through his design in thus depreciating all the present school of poetry. Being quite sure of his own hold upon fame, he contrives to loosen that of all his contemporaries, in order that they may fall away entirely from his side, and leave him unencumbered, even by their floundering. It is like that Methodist preacher who, after sending all his auditory to the devil, thus concluded,—"You may perhaps, on the day of judgment, think to escape by laying hold of my skirts as I go to heaven; but it won't do; I'll trick you all; for I'll wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer." So Lord B. willingly surrenders the skirts of his poetical glory, rather than let any of us poor devils stick in them, even for ever so short a time. The best of it is, too, that the wise public all the while turns up its eyes, and exclaims, "How modest!"

5th. Went through the disagreeable inquisition of our furniture, &c. by our landlady, and took leave of her and the Allée des Veuves for good and all. Bessy and the servants set off for Sèvres about one; and I (after going to the Père la Chaise with Mrs. Story and the Kingstons) got there at seven, and dined with the Villamils. Kept awake at night by the nightingales. Finished to-day Lord B.'s tragedy; full of fine things, but wants that necessary ingredient, interest. Not one of the characters excites our sympathy, and the perpetual recurrence of our memory to Otway's fine management of the same sort of story is unfavourable even to Lord B.'s great powers.

6th. The Storys (children and all) came out, and all, except Bessy, who was too tired with our *déménagement*, went to Versailles to see the Great Waters. Dined at Madame Raimbault's (or rather her successors), with great difficulty, being obliged almost to battle for our dinners; and having called at La Butte on our way back, proceeded to town with the expectation of a fête at Beaujon; but there was none. Slept at Story's.

7th. Went to the Beaujon; descended in the cars three times with each of the Kingstons, and four times with Mrs. S. From thence for money to the banker's. Met there old Montague, Burgess, and Lord Sandon. Had previously called upon Lord Essex, who told me of the King's late civility to the Opposition at Brighton, and his having had Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Cowper, &c. to dine with him. Mentioned this to Lord Sandon, who said he was himself at the dinner; that Lord Cowper was very sulky; would hardly answer the King, and stayed outside in the passages as much as he could. Lord Lansdowne, on the contrary, all courtesy.

Burgess, who is setting off for Scotland, repeated his invitation to me to visit him there on my return. He quoted, *à propos* of something, Lord Thurlow's two lines upon the Dutch—

> "Amphibious wretches, speedy be your fall,
> May man *un*dam you, and God damn you all!"

Montague spoke to me about my verses on his "dear friend" Perceval's death. Dined by myself at Bombarde's, and came out in the célérifère at six. Received a note from Chabot, announcing a present of a clock from Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

8th. The first quiet morning I have had for a long long time: arranged my books, &c. Walked out: sketched two or three verses of a song. Dined well and comfortably. Walked to shop with Bessy in the village. Received an invitation to dine with the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly to-morrow.

9th. Wrote to Chabot to make the best excuse in his power for me to the Duke. Walked, read, and copied out my song. Dined with the Villamils, to meet the Princesse Talleyrand, and a comtesse and marquise, whose names I could not make out. It is said of Madame Talleyrand that one day, her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, &c. &c., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant: at last, upon her saying, *Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!* he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe. There are various stories of her *niaiserie*. Upon being asked once what part of the world she came from, she said, *Je suis d'Inde* (Dinde), meaning *des Indes*. Sat next her at dinner. She talked much of "Lalla Rookh," which she had read in French prose. Mentioned her having passed three months with the King of Spain and his brother and uncle at Valençay: said it was all a story about Ferdinand's embroidering the petticoat, and that it was the uncle who did it. Seemed to remember nothing curious about them, except her having eaten, one day, a dish of little fish caught expressly for her by the uncle; and that Ferdinand, who had been always accustomed to wear uniform, said to her, upon his putting on a new suit of velvet, "I think I look like a *bourgeois* to-day!" She seemed to think this very interesting. Praised Bessy's beauty to me. Some singing in the evening.

10th. Went into town, partly to take in my letters, and partly to bring out Mrs. Story for our party to Malmaison. Left Paris with her and Miss Morris at a quarter past twelve, and arrived at the Grille of Malmaison at two: were soon joined by the Villamils and Bessy. The library here very interesting, as having been Napoleon's *cabinet de travail*, and still in the same state, they say, as when he left it. In one of the salons the letters N. and J. are alternately on the ceiling. Went on afterwards to St. Germain; dined; saw the chateau, the room into which Louis XIV. used to descend by a trap to Madame de la Vallière, the chambers of James II., &c. Returned to La Butte at nine. Received to-day Mademoiselle d'Orleans' letter, which is highly kind and flattering; she signs herself *Votre affectionée*.

11th. Walked, and read over what I have done of my Egyptian letters; must make great alterations. In the evening Mrs. Story and Miss Morris surprised us with a visit. Went to Villamil's, and had some music.

12th. Resumed my Egyptian work, and wrote seven or eight lines. It will require some thought and time to get back into the train of the story.

13th. Went into Paris early. Called upon Mr. Graham Moore (the author of the lives of "Ripperda and Alberoni," &c.), who has brought me a letter of introduction from Sir J. Mackintosh. Went to the Fieldings. Called to return Greffulhe's visit; the first time I have seen his splendid house; twenty-five acres of beautifully arranged pleasure-ground in the middle of Paris! Talked of Sheridan. He said that Sir A. Absolute was evidently taken from Old Mirabel in the "Inconstant." Went from thence, according to appointment, to meet Lord Essex at Marshal Soult's, to see his pictures: a large assembly of English

there, the Bessboroughs, the Ponsonbys, the Bristols, Canning, &c. &c. The collection remarkably fine; almost all Murillo's; the most interesting among which appeared to me, the Prodigal Son, Christ with the Man at the Pool, and a Saint looking up at a Burning Heart. There is also a little sketch from a large picture, very beautiful. I should like to see those pictures of Murillo's placed beside some of the best of the Italian school. There is a Christ of Titian's here, and a picture by Sebastian del Piombo, but the former does not strike me as very good, and the latter is not of a style to admit the comparison. As it is, I have never seen a collection that appeared to me more curious and valuable. Returned to Sèvres with Mrs. Story and her children, who dined with us; the rest of the party, Kenny, Story, and Dr. Yonge. Music at V.'s in the evening.

14th. Went into town with Bessy in a cuckoo, and called upon our dear Anastasia, who looked very well, and (*selon nous*) very pretty. Afterwards went with Villamil to see a copy of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, which at least enabled me to see more of the detail than I was before acquainted with. What a strange jumble to be called sublime! From thence I went to Madame de Broglie's, who has written to me to fix a day to meet M. Lafayette at dinner, he having expressed a great wish to know me. Saw Miss Randall, and fixed next Monday. Miss R. said how much she had been struck by the resemblance between Lord Byron's smile and Buonaparte's. From thence to Chabot's to see my clock; found Lady Isabella at home. The clock very handsome; a figure of Homer playing on his lyre; must have cost, perhaps, near thirty Napoleons; too splendid for any room I shall ever have to put it in. Dined at Lord Essex's: company, Lord Thanet, Fazakerley, Vaughan, Denon, and Cornwall, Lord E.'s daughter, and her governess. Lord Thanet spoke to me a good deal of Sheridan. Sheridan very unfeeling about Richardson's death. When Lord T. spoke to him about it a fortnight after, as a melancholy thing, he said, "Yes, very provoking indeed; and all owing to that curst brandy and water, which he *would* drink." When I mentioned S.'s want of scruple about stealing other people's wit, Lord T. said he might have made use of Molière's apology for the same practice, *C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout ou je le trouve.* He said that Sheridan, at no part of his life, liked any allusion to his being a dramatic writer; and that, if he could have spoken out when they were burying him, he would have protested loudly against the place where they laid him, as Poets' Corner was his aversion: would have liked to be placed near Fox, &c. Said that Lord John Townshend and (I think) Hare went to Bath for the purpose of getting acquainted with Mathews, and making inquiries about his affair with Sheridan. Mathews described the duel as a mere hoax—in fact, as no duel at all; that Sheridan came drunk, and that he (Mathews) could have killed him with the greatest ease if he had chosen. A precious fellow this Mathews was! Lord T. said he thought that Sheridan never was the same man after Richardson's death. R.'s argumentative turn was of great use to him in stirring up his mind, and making him sift thoroughly any new subject he took up. This is not improbable. Cornwall mentioned rather a good story of Sheridan's taking Dowton's gig to come to town, while Dowton, with all the patience and sturdiness of a dun, was waiting in the parlour to see him. Denon remarked of Murillo's Prodigal Son, that the traces of gold are seen on the rags he wears, and that the remains of his shirt are of the finest texture. Vaughan said that there are seventy-two Titians in the Escurial. Arrived at La Butte at a quarter past ten.

16th. Twelve lines. Went to drink tea at Kenny's in the evening: took Irving, who called, with us. Kenny told a story of one Jim Welsh, who said, "Rot me, if I don't take a trip to France; and rot me, if I don't begin immediately to learn the language." He got a grammar, dictionary, and master; and after three months study thought himself qualified to undertake the journey. Just before he set out Duruset came up to him one day, and said, *Eh bien, Mons. Welsh, comment vous portez-vous?* Jim stared, looked bothered, turned his eyes to the right and left, and at last exclaimed, "Now rot me, if I han't forgot what that is." Mrs. V. and I sung.

17th. Wrote six or eight lines. The Storys came out early for the purpose of seeing Puteaux, the late Duke of Feltre's place; a very agreeable morning. All dined with Villamil;

a hearty evening, and laugh and Lafitte went round merrily, but poor Bessy confined at home by a bad cold.

18th. Wrote some lines. Walked in the evening.

19th. Villamil and I went into Paris to see the Palais Royal. Took Mrs. Story and Miss Morris with us. The Duke's pictures not very good; some of them in the very worst French taste, by Picot, Coudry, &c. &c. Horace Vernet's Battle of Jemappes a poor thing. Two portraits, by Philippe de Champagne, of the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin struck me more than any thing I saw there.

20th. Have done seventy lines since last Saturday (12th). Wrote a few to-day. Dr. Williams came up and dined with us. Mrs. S. and Miss Morris after dinner to see Bessy, who is still far from well.

21st. Bessy much better. This is the day I fixed with Madame de Broglie to meet M. de Lafayette at dinner; went in at two. Received two letters from Lord Byron. In one of them he says that the lines on the Neapolitans, which I sent him, "are sublime as well as beautiful, and in my very best mood and manner." Company at the Duc de Broglie's, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Duc and Duchesse Dalberg, Wm. Schlegel, Count Forbin, M. de Lafayette, Auguste de Stael, the Swedish ambassador, and, to my surprise, Madame Durazzo, of whom I have been hearing so much in all directions. A fine woman; must have been beautiful; not at all like an Italian. Sat next Miss Randall, and had much talk about Lord Byron. She said Lord B. was much wronged by the world; that he took up wickedness as a *subject*, just as Chateaubriand did religion, without either of them having much of the reality of either feeling in their hearts. Had much talk with Schlegel in the evening, who appears to me full of literary coxcombry: spoke of Hazlitt, who, he said, *l'avoit dépassé* in his critical opinions, and was an ultra Shakspearian. Is evidently not well inclined towards Lord Byron; thinks he will outlive himself, and get out of date long before he dies. Asked me if I thought a regular critique of all Lord B.'s works, and the system on which they are written, would succeed in England, and seems inclined to undertake it. Found fault with the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" for not being sufficiently European (in other words, for not taking notice enough of M. Schlegel and his works). Auguste de Stael, in praising these works, said that if there came a being fresh from another planet to whom he wished to give a clear and noble idea of the arts, literature, philosophy, &c. of this earth, he would present to him the "Edinburgh Review." M. Schlegel seemed to think that this planetary visitant had much better come to *him* for information. Sung in the evening. Madame Durazzo perfectly acquainted with all my "Melodies," Irish and National. All seemed much pleased with my singing; the Duchesse de Broglie exclaiming continually, *Oh Dieu, que c'est joli!* M. Schlegel said I made the English language sound as soft as the Italian.

22nd. Wrote to Lord Byron. Mrs. S. set me as far as the Bois de Boulogne on my way home.

23rd. The Villamils gave a child's party in honour of their little Philip's birthday. Nineteen little ones and thirteen adults sat down to dinner. We danced in the evening; villanous weather.

24th. Went into town: wrote twelve lines before I started, and six in the cuckoo going in Went with Villamil to see a collection of pictures that are to be sold; a beautiful little Cuyp and some good Ruysdaels. Irving and I went out in a cuckoo, and dined at Kenny's; Villamil of the party.

25th. Wrote sixteen lines. Bessy went into town. I dined at Villamil's with Kenny, and walked in the evening.

26th. Wrote some lines; have now done eighty this week.

27th. Went in at two about Lady Davy's lodgings, she having written to Bessy to procure some for her. Could not get a place back in consequence of the fête at Sèvres, and dined alone at Rossel's. Came out at six. Mrs. Story and her children to tea and supper.

28th. My birthday. They come too quick. Went in and breakfasted with Mrs. S. Got some money, and came out with Fielding, young Talbot, and Montgomery, who dined with me; Villamil and Kenny of the party. A very nice dinner (as all seemed to think), and the whole day agreeable. Fielding told us that when Gouvion St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe), and gave his name, *Monsieur de Saint Cyr*, the clerk answered, *Il n'y*

a pas de De. Eh bien! M. Saint Cyr.—Il n'y pas de Saint. Diable, M. Cyr, donc.—Il n'y a pas de Sire; nous avons décapitaté le tyran. Wrote eight lines to day.

29th. Walked about; a beautiful day; the first we have had for a long time. Wrote eighteen lines. Kenny mentioned yesterday, as a specimen of translation from the French, "A room furnished with fifteen *shepherdesses* (bergères)."

30th. Engaged to dine with the Fieldings to-day. Went in with Mrs. Story. Met Fazakerley on the way, who told me Lord and Lady Holland were arrived. Called upon them: a very gracious reception from my Lady. Showed me a letter she had just received from Lord John Russell, in which he talks of going to Spa; but she said, with an air of triumphant certainty, "Don't mind that, however; as soon as he knows *we* are here, he will change his plan." The Hollands have taken the fine house of Madame Crawford. No company at Fielding's. Talked of strange etymologies; poltroon, from *pollice trunci*, soldiers who cut off their thumbs to avoid going to the wars; topsy-turvey, from topside t'other way; hocus pocus, from *hoc est corpus*, &c.; pantaloon, from *pianta leone*. A good punning one—*méchant* (wicked), from *meche* (a wick), &c. A letter from Lord Byron to-day, with some more sheets of his "Memoranda;" postage, 10 fr. 12 sous. Came home in the gondola at nine. Two lines I met in "Athalie;" how else than according to the "Cobbler there was," can they be repeated?

"N'a pour ser'vir sa cause', et venger' ses injures'
Ni le cœur' assez droit', ni les mains' assez pures'."

June 1st. Went into Paris at two. Saw a copy of the "Mémoires de l'Académie," in seventy-four volumes (12mo.), which I am much tempted to buy. Gave 20 francs to secure it till to-morrow, and in the meantime shall make inquiries about it: price asked for it 74 francs. Dined at Story's: a large party, of which the only good ingredients were Fielding, Villamil, Irving, and a niece, newly-arrived girl, Miss Lee. Sat between her and Mrs. S. Sung in the evening. Took leave of Fielding, who starts to-morrow for a year or two's tour in Switzerland and Italy. Wished me to go on with them to Fontainebleau, and pass Sunday with them there; but cannot. Returned to La Butte at twelve.

2nd. Have written seventy-two lines this week. Went in to dine with Lord Essex. Called at Galignani's to look at the "Manuel des Libraires" for the editions of the "Mémoires." Find that the 12mo. is in 102 vols.; so, of course, shall not buy this incomplete one. Went to the bookseller's, and got my 20 francs back again. Company at Lord Essex's: Young the actor, Lord Thanet, Standish, and Denon. Sung for Miss Capel and Denon in the evening; the latter said it was the first time he ever heard English made to sound like Italian. Came home in the célérifère at nine.

3rd. Employed to-day in corrections of the 3rd No. of "National Melodies." Had company to dinner: the Storys, Villamil, and the Sapios. Went all to Kenny's in the evening. Little Mary Villamil again alarmingly ill.

4th. Wrote two or three additional verses to "Hymen once his Love-knots selling." Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. A desperate wet day. Read some of "Belzoni's Egypt" before I went to bed. Kenny said that Antony Pasquin (who was a very dirty fellow) "died of a cold caught by washing his face."

5th. A large party asked to dine at Villamil's to-day. Begged of him to let the dinner take place at our cottage instead, as the alarming state of the child would make it uncomfortable for him to have company at his home; but he preferred letting it remain as it was. Company there: the Storys, the Sapios, Dr. Williams, Wilder, Irving, Mr. Hinchliffe, and Kenny after dinner. Neither Bessy nor Mrs. Villamil came down. Wilder said that an Italian, who was with him while he was dressing, upon his mentioning that he was coming to me, wrote *all' improvista*, an acrostic upon me, which he had forgotten to bring, but would give me another time. In seeing Mrs. S. down to the Grille at night, she, and I, and Irving lost our way in the wood, and had a good deal of laughing before we got out of it again. Bessy resolved to sit up with little Mary to-night, who was evidently dying.

6th. At about a quarter after ten this morning the poor little thing died. Bessy and Dr. Williams sat up with it the whole night, and Bessy had it for six hours on her lap, where at last it died. Williams said he never saw anything like the strength of mind, and, indeed, of body, which Bessy showed throughout the

whole time. This day altogether gloomy. We dined with Villamil, and he, and I, and Williams walked in the evening.

7th. This day still more miserable than yesterday; the weather wretched, and the house comfortless and deserted, from Bessy being away all day with Mrs. Villamil. Wrote a few lines.

8th. Had fixed to-day to dine with Lord Bristol, to meet Madame de Genlis: felt very ill-inclined to it, from my spirits and the barometer both being low. However, went in without having quite made up my mind. At near six o'clock sent an apology to Lord Bristol, dated from La Butte, but the stupid servant said I was in Paris, which brought a note back again from his lordship entreating me, if possible, to come. I however persisted in my caprice, and dined at Story's. Not quite right; for he is a most amiable man, and deserved the effort; but the necessity of returning home at night, and having to walk in thin shoes up the wet road from the célérifère to my cottage, is too great an operation to expect from any one. Left Paris at eight.

9th. Have written some fifty lines this week, and come to the conclusion of my third Egyptian letter, which comes to about 520 lines.

10th. Wrote a dedication and short preface for the letter-press edition of the "Irish Melodies." The weather still of the worst kind.

11th. Copied out the dedication and preface, and revised some things for the appendix of the same work. Went in at one. Received from Wilder the acrostic of his Italian friend; well enough for an *improviso*. Bessy and Jane Power in town. All dined with the Storys. Major Henley mentioned a play of Racine's (of which I forget the name), the commencement of which is very applicable to the history of Napoleon. Met Luttrel to-day, who is just arrived. Find that he took unkind my not acknowledging the receipt of his "Julia;" a sad trick of mine, this laziness about writing.

12th. Reading over my notes about the Pyramids previous to beginning my fourth letter. Weather and spirits still bad. Read Belzoni, &c.

13th. Went in for the purpose of dining with the Hollands. Called on Lady Bessborough; told me that, when she was a child, she was *en pension* at Versailles; used to be a good deal taken notice of by Marie Antoinette; spoke of the very striking air of dignity her countenance could assume. On one occasion, when she (Lady B.) had been playing with her in the morning, there was to be a reception of ambassadors, whom it was the custom for the Queen to receive sitting at the bottom of the bed. The child, anxious to see the ceremony, hid herself in the bed-curtains, and was so astonished and even terrified by the change which took place in the Queen's countenance, on the entrance of the ambassadors, that the feeling has never been forgotten by her to this hour. Went from thence to Lady Granard, who told me that Lord Forbes is appointed one of the aides-de-camp to accompany the King to Ireland. Called afterwards at Madame de Souza's, and found Lady Holland there. Met Luttrel on the Boulevards and walked with him. In remarking rather a pretty woman who passed he said, "The French women are often in the suburbs of beauty, but never enter the town." Company at Lord Holland's, Allen, Henry Fox, the *black* Fox (attached to the embassy), Denon, and, to my great delight, Lord John Russell, who arrived this morning. Lord Holland told before dinner (*à propos* of something), of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon some one saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," answered, "Oh, I never looked at the cuts." Allen told me of a Mr. Henry Scott being now in Paris, who was a great friend of Sheridan's and could, he thinks, give me some information about him. The dinner rather *triste* and *gêné* both from Lord Holland's absence (being laid up with the gout) and Denon's presence, *one* foreigner always playing the deuce with a dinner-party. Luttrel set me down at Story's. Slept there.

14th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. Has brought me a copy of his last book, "On the English Government and Constitution," which is already going into a second edition. Was bearer of a letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how dilatory and indifferent all parties have been in the Bermuda negotiation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed *any*, end to my exile. Mentioned Scott having shown a letter from him acknowledging a copy

"from the author" of "Kenilworth." I expressed my doubts as to the possibility of one man finding time for the research (to say nothing of the writing) necessary for accuracy in the costume, &c. &c. of such works; but he says they are only superficially or apparently correct; that, if looked closely into by one conversant in antiquities and the history of the respective periods, they abound in errors; that Charles Wynne detected some gross ones in "Ivanhoe," besides others very trivial, which the orthodox Charles was as much horrified at as the more serious ones. For instance, "only think what an unpardonable mistake Scott has fallen into about the Earl of Leicester" (this must have been in "Kenilworth"); "he has made him a Knight of St. Andrew, when he was in reality a Knight of St. Michael!" or, *vice versâ*, for I forget which way it was. Came home in the gondole to dinner. Villamil in the gout; sat with them in the evening.

16th. Have been able to do but about thirty-five lines this week. Mrs. Story came out to-day with her two little ones to pass some time with us. Had also Dalton, Irving, and Kenny, to dinner. Went to V.'s in the evening, and had music.

17th. Wrote twenty-two lines. Dined, all of us, at Villamil's. Had walked before dinner with the children, &c. to the Lantern in St. Cloud; a lovely day.

18th. Went in at one. Dined at Story's with Miss Morris (the governess) at three o'clock; champagne in ice, fine strawberries, &c. &c. Called afterwards on Lord John Russell, who was about dressing to dine with Lord Stafford (he is to dine with us on Thursday). Told him all I thought of the wisdom, moderation, and usefulness of his last work. Came home in the gondole at eight. Kenny and his wife supped with us. He told some very amusing stories about Lanza the composer and Reynolds, who was about to write an opera for him. "Have you done some oder littel tings, Mr. Reynolds?"—"Oh, yes, several." "Vat is one, *par exemple?*"—"Oh, it was I who wrote 'Out of Place,' last winter." "God d——, I hope dis will be better than dat." The scene, too, at the rehearsal of the music, where, to Lanza's despair, they were cutting it by pages-full in the orchestra, and when little Simons, imitating Lanza's voice out of a corner, said, "You may cut dere."—"Who de devil say dat? no, no,—cut! cut! nothing but cut! You will cut my troat at last." Wrote eleven lines to-day.

19th. Took a cold dinner to the park at Bellevue: had all the children with us, and passed a very delightful day. Wrote some lines before I went out.

20th. Wrote sixteen lines, chiefly in sauntering about the park of St. Cloud.

21st. Wrote a few lines in the morning. Irving, who was to dine with me, came about two, and brought the MS. of the work he is writing to read to me, which he did sitting on the grass in the walk up to the Rocher. It is amusing, but will, I fear, much disappoint the expectation his Sketches have raised. Between three and four Lord John and Luttrel arrived, and all walked together to Meudon. We were speaking of the pedantic phrases of physicians,—the word "exhibit" for instance; and Luttrel said that "exhibit" was chiefly used for mercury. "You *exhibit* mercury, *throw* in the bark, and *premise* a venæsectio." Villamil, Mrs. S., and Jane Power were our other diners. The dinner (the *physique* of it) was not so good as usual. But I made up in the wines,—Chambertin, Champagne, Madeira, White Hermitage, Claret, and Muscat. In speaking of my abuse of the Americans, Irving said it was unlucky that some of my best verses were upon that subject: "put them in his *strongest* pickle," said Luttrel. Lord John in going asked me to fix a day to dine with him and Fazakerley; fixed Thursday next.

22nd. Wrote and walked. Lord Granard and Lord Raueliffe called before dinner: asked them to come and dine on Wednesday next. Lady Augusta Leith, Miss Morris, and the Villamils, dined with us to-day; and Kenny came after dinner.

23rd. Have done between eighty and ninety lines this week. Went in with Jane Power and Mrs. Story at one. Got 30*l.* at Lafitte's. Called upon Lambton and Lady Louisa. Dined at Story's, and returned with her and Jane in the evening.

24th. Wrote thirty-two lines to-day in bed and sauntering about. Dined at home. To Villamil's in the evening.

25th. A large *diner champêtre* given by the Villamils, in the park of Bellevue: the Storys, Kennys, Williams, Irving, Poole (author of

"Hamlet Travesti"), &c. &c.; pleasant enough. After Williams and I had sung one of the "Irish Melodies," somebody said, "Everything that's national is delightful." "Except the National Debt, ma'am," says Poole. Took tea at Villamil's, and danced to the pianoforte. Wrote thirteen or fourteen lines before I went out. In talking of the organs in Gall's craniological system, Poole said he supposed a drunkard had a *barrel* organ.

27th. Lady Davy called; asked her to stay to dinner, which she did. Our company, Lords Granard and Rancliffe, Kenny, Irving, Mrs. Story, and Jane Power. Kenny said of Luttrel's "Advice to Julia," "that it was too *long* and not *broad* enough." Rancliffe said that the chancellor is of opinion the Queen must be admitted to the coronation dinner if she claims it, and that they are inventing all sorts of large tureens, &c. &c., to hide her from the king.

28th. Wrote some lines and went into town with the Storys. Called on the Hollands: both very gracious: wanted me to stay to dinner, as my agreement with Lord John and Fazakerly was off, but I had promised the Storys to go to the fête at Beaujon in the evening. Lord H. praised "Lalla Rookh" very warmly; and my Lady declared that, in spite of her objection to Eastern things, she must, *some time or other*, read it herself. Said she also hated Northern subjects, which Lord H. remarked was unlucky, as the only long poem he had ever written was in that region. Spoke of Canning. Lord H. said he was not ill-tempered, but wrong-headed, and had *le main malheureuse*, always contriving to turn the worst view of the public towards the public; that this arose very much from over-refinement, and from aiming at high delicacy of sentiment, &c. On my saying that authors now did not keep their poems nine years, Lord H. said, "No, no; who is to pay the *interest* all the while?" Asked me to dine on Monday. Dined at Story's, and went to the Beaujon; all dull, except four or five flights I took in the ears with Mrs. S.

29th. Bessy came into town at twelve to pay visits, having hired a job for the purpose. Found Lady Davy and Lady Charlemont at home. Went thence to Lady Rancliffe's and the Granards', where we were let in also. Called to see our darling Statia, who looked very well and pretty. Bessy returned home, and I dined at Story's. Returned at night with the Villamils.

30th. Have written between eighty and ninety lines this week. Must begin to transcribe, there being now, in all, about 1400 lines of my Egyptian work written. Called at Kenny's in the morning, and found he had gone to bed in a pet, because somebody had taken away his ink bottle. Dined with Villamil. Kenny came in the evening, and all supped and drank tea with us. Have transcribed something to-day.

July 1st. Transcribed. Dined at home. Walked with Bessy, &c. through St. Cloud in the evening, to look for a spot for our *diner champêtre* next Wednesday.

2nd. Went into town early. Called upon the Lockes, who are arrived. Took Irving, to present him to the Hollands: my lady very gracious to him: Lord John there. I had told him that Villamil meant to translate his last work into Spanish for the enlightenment of his countrymen, and find he is much pleased at the intention. Lord Holland said there might be some useful notes added to the translation, containing hints to the Spaniards on the improvement of their present institutions, &c. &c. Mentioned, as an instance of the foppery of the French about their language, that an author, some time since, writing a play on the subject of Philippe le Bel, where the word *monnaie* must of necessity be introduced, found, after consulting the chief literary men of his acquaintance, that it it was impossible to introduce that word in the full dress of poetry, and accordingly was compelled to give up the plan altogether. *Quære*, whether *cash* is not subject to the same difficulty? Lord H. doubted whether *cash* was a legitimate English word, though, as Irving remarked, it is as old as Ben Jonson, there being a character called Cash in one of his comedies. Lord H. said Mr. Fox was of opinion that the word *mob* was not genuine English. Appointed to dine with Lord John at Riche's. Went to Lady Mildmay for the MS. of Lord Byron I had lent her to read; sat some time with her. Mentioned how much she felt afraid of Lord Byron, when she used to meet him in society in London; and that once, when he spoke to her in a doorway, her heart beat so violently that she could hardly answer him. She said it was not only her

awe of his great talents, but the peculiarity of a sort of *under* look he used to give, that produced this effect upon her. Separated from Lord John about eight, and returned in the Parisienne with Mrs. S. and Jane at nine. Lord John means to come to take a bed with us at the *pavilion* we had last summer.

3rd. Transcribed; and went in at three. Dressed at Story's, where Luttrell called to take me to dinner to Lord Holland's. Had met Morier, who offered to take me in the evening to M. Langles' conversazione. Company at the Hollands', Lambton, Lady Louisa and her sister, Lord Alvanley, Lord John, Lattin, Lord Thanet, Lord Gower, &c. Talking of Delille, Lord H. said that, notwithstanding his pretty description of Kensington Gardens, he walked with him once there, and he did not know them when he was in them. Mad. de Stael never looked at any thing; passed by scenery of every kind without a glance at it; which did not, however, prevent her describing it. I said that Lord Byron could not describe anything which he had not had actually under his eyes, and that he did it either on the spot or immediately after. This, Lord Holland remarked, was the sign of a true poet, to write only from *impressions;* but where then do all the imaginary scenes of Dante, Milton, &c. go, if it is necessary to *see* what we describe in order to be a true poet? Lattin mentioned that Gail, the old Greek professor here, who was a great friend of Delille's, embalmed him after his death, and varnished him, and after making a horrible figure of the poor poet, put a wreath of laurel round his head. Lord Holland mentioned having once been betrayed into a most exaggerated compliment, in saying that Virgil was lucky in meeting a poet as great as himself to translate him: to which Delille answered, *Savez vous, milord, que ce que vous dites là est joli. mais très joli.* Before dinner, on my remarking to Luttrel a fine effect of sunshine in the garden, which very soon passed away, he said, "How often in life we should like to arrest our *beaux momens;* should be so obliged to the *five minutes* if they would only stay ten." Allen, on our talking of persons who described what they had not seen, said that Adam Smith never attended to anything that was said in conversation; and *yet* (or rather, perhaps, *because* he did not attend) used to give the most delightful and amusing accounts of all that had been said, filling up the few outlines his ear had caught from his own imagination. Talked of the numerous editions of Voltaire now printed. (By the bye, Gallois mentioned the other day, as an instance of the great increase of printing and publishing, that in Marmontel's lifetime they did not venture to publish a complete edition of his works, but printed the popular things separate from the rest, in order to facilitate the sale; and that it took a long lapse of time, even so, to sell off the whole; whereas, within some years past, a collection of all his works (including the "Théâtre," which nobody ever reads) has gone off not only successfully, but rapidly. He granted, however, that reading has not increased in proportion, but that books are become more an article of furniture and luxury than of study. Lord Holland said that Lord Exeter burned his copy of Voltaire at the beginning of the French Revolution, and that he had been told Lord Grenville had actually turned a copy out of his library at the same time. Went with Fazakerley and Morier to M. Langles': a dingy set of *savans* there. M. Langles very civil to me: talked of "Lalla Rookh;" offered the use of his library, &c. &c. Introduced to M. Jullien, editor of the "Révue Encyclopèdique, who said he was about to write a detailed article upon my works, their character, &c. &c. Was afterwards introduced to M. B——, who addressed me in poetical prose; said he had *soupiré* after me for a long time; that he last summer wandered through the country which I had immortalised by my "Melodies;" *Je n'y pensois qu'à vous; je vous demandois aux rochers*, &c. &c. Was rather bored by the whole thing, and heartily glad to escape. Slept at Story's.

4th. Came out early in the Gondole. Had asked a large party to a dinner in the woods to-day, but the weather so bad that the cold meat must be eaten within doors. Lady Susan Douglas and the Drews came out early in order to see the Sèvres manufactory; escorted them thither. Our company at dinner, they, the Forsters with our dear Anastasia, Dalton, the Storys, &c. Merry enough. Sung and danced in the evening.

5th. Went in early with Villamil for the purpose of introducing him to Lord Holland.

Much talk about Spanish politics, on which subject Lord H. and Allen are very much interested. Walked about the garden with them. Dined at Morier's: company, M. Langles, Denon, Pozzo di Borgo, Hamilton. Pozzo di Borgo very complimentary to me on my introduction to him. Much talk about Egypt. A curious matter of speculation to trace the source from which she derived her knowledge and civilisation. Could not have been from the East by the Red Sea, because it is evident it proceeded immediately from *Upper* Egypt, a course it could not have got into upon this supposition. It must have been from Abyssinia and the interior of Africa, which bewilders the mind but to think of. The interior of Africa! how little we really know of this world! In talking of Soult's pictures, on my mentioning that I heard he wished to sell them, Pozzo di Borgo said that, if so, he should be happy to treat with him for them for his master the Emperor; that he had made some very good purchases in Paris; among others the Gallery of Malmaison, which he had bought, I think, for seventy thousand pounds. In this collection was the Cupid and Psyche of Canova. In the evening a Frenchman came in who had dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and brought the intelligence that Buonaparte had died on the 5th of May. Pozzo di Borgo, in talking to me of the news, said it was a *triste catastrophe*, and that, in spite of every thing, he could not help feeling a *sentiment de tristresse* at it. He asked if I was at work upon any subject, and trusted I would not remain idle. Went from thence in Fazakerley's cabriolet to the Opera to join the Forbeses, who had given me a ticket for their box. Heard a few scenes of "Don Juan," and then joined Villamil, whose carriage took us home at twelve o'clock.

6th. Busy preparing the *pavilion* for Lord John. Our company to dinner: Lord Granard, Lady Adelaide, Lady Caroline, Lord John, Luttrel, Fazakerley, and Villamil. The day very agreeable. Luttrel in good spirits, and highly amusing: told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus, I'm *over*-paid for the job." Lord John told us that Bobus Smith one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, T. said, *C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas bien.* Went up in the evening to Villamil's, and had music. She sung some of her boleros to the guitar, which delighted Fazakerley exceedingly. By the bye, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, "Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I *really* am sure of, speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me." There are some fine points about Lady Holland; she is a warm and active friend, and I should think her capable of *highmindedness* upon occasions.

7th. This week has been one of pure and unmixed idleness; have done absolutely nothing; so much at the beck of every one that chooses to have me. Had asked the Lockes to come out to-day to see the Sèvres manufactory (of which I am, I think, become the *concierge*), and dine with us. Accordingly they came, with three children and a governess. Lord John wisely did not join our party, but sauntered about by himself till dinner, at which time Kenny joined us, making altogether twelve. Some agreeable conversation in the evening, after the company were gone.

8th. A proof that Lord John feels himself comfortable is, that he has begun another book this morning; the subject the "French Revolution;" or rather a sketch of the long series of misrule and profligacy in the upper orders that led to it, and made it necessary. It will, I have no doubt, be amusing, because he means to found it upon anecdotes drawn from the French Memoirs; and it will be useful, as reminding those people who now talk of nothing but the "horrors of the French Revolution," that there were other horrors antecedent to it, which must in fairness be taken into account. Dined at Lord Granard's, who has persuaded us to transfer our restaurateur dinner (fixed for to-day) to his house: company, besides Fazakerley, Lord John, Luttrel

and myself, Col. Palmer, Mrs. Rawdon, and one or two more. The usual clouds hung about the dinner, notwithstanding some of the materials. Lord John drove me to the gondole office, and I arrived at home at nine.

9th. Irving came to breakfast, for the purpose of taking leave (being about to set off for England), and of reading to me some more of his new work; some of it much livelier than the first he read. He has given the description of the booksellers' dinner so exactly like what I told him of one of the Longmans' (the carving partner, the partner to laugh at the popular author's jokes, the twelve-edition writers treated with claret, &c.), that I very much fear my friends in Paternoster Row will know themselves in the picture. Went with Villamil to dine with General Fuller at Versailles; a party of ultras. High dispute about Spain with Villamil, in which two or three coxcomb Frenchmen exhibited their usual ill-breeding and mummery. Sung a little in the evening.

10th. Wrote about twenty lines. Went in to dine at Lord Holland's, Villamil being unable to go from the gout. Company, Lord John, Fazakerley, Irving, and Allen. Left them at nine, and came out in Villamil's carriage alone at eleven. Kenny and Irving set off together for England to-morrow. Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon "Lalla Rookh;" he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:—

"Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer;
Than the former;
So the most recent
Is the least decent."

11th. Breakfasted at Villamil's to meet the Marquis Santa Cruz and his family; very amiable persons. Am much inclined to think with Lord Holland, that the Spaniards altogether are among the best people of Europe. A good deal of talk with the Marquis. He says that Spain, whatever she may suffer or do, will not retrograde in liberty. Told me of the reception which the Comte d'Artois, the other day, gave to Torreno, the Spanish minister to Berlin; he hardly looked at him when introduced by Santa Cruz, but turning abruptly round to the Prussian minister said, *J'espère que vous serez content du ministre que nous venons d'envoyer chez vous* (meaning Chateaubriand); *au moins, il ne revolutionnera pas votre pays:* this is worse than foolish. Wrote some lines, and took a late dinner with Villamil. Dear Statia passed this day with us, and returned with Mrs. Forster in the evening.

12th. Lost a great part of the day in letter writing, &c. Dined at home.

13th. Wrote something. Went in at five to join the Villamils at Riché's, for the purpose of attending Mrs. Forster's musical party in the evening: the Storys went with us. Mademoiselle Naldi sung very charmingly; Mrs. V. and I much teazed to sing, but both refused; too many foreigners and professors. Returned home about twelve,

14th. Wrote a little. Went into town at four to dine at Lord Holland's: company, Lord Gower, Duc de Broglie, Dumont of Geneva, Lord John, &c. Lord Holland said that the Cheltenham waters are manufactured every morning for the drinkers, and are *not* natural. Some pleasant conversation with Lord H. in the evening. He said that Apreece (the Cadwallader of Foote) had a trick of sucking his wrist now and then with a sort of *supping* noise, in which Foote exactly imitated him. Upon this farce coming out, Apreece went to Garrick for the purpose of consulting him as the propriety of challenging Foote for the insult; but all Garrick said was, "My dear sir, don't think of doing any such thing; why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist." Spoke of Foote's farces; "Witty, but wrong," in Smirke, which Foote used to say so well. Lord H. said to-day that Mr. Fox was always an advocate for the mode of raising money by lotteries, maintaining it was a just tax upon vanity and avarice. Lord H., however, added laughing, that he believed the opinion rather arose from his uncle's strong passion for play in general. Came out in a cuckoo at half-past nine. Villamil is getting on with his translation of Lord John's book; has bought for the purpose "Father Conolly's Dictionary," which Lord Holland, however, says is a very bad one. Heard to-day that Rogers is dangerously ill.

15th. Have written this week seventy lines. Went in for the purpose of passing two or

three days with the Storys. Miserable wet day. S. and I went to the Feydeau in the evening: "Jean de Paris," a very pleasant little piece.

16th. Went to the Chamber of Peers, to hear sentence passed on the person lately tried for a conspiracy: sat with Dumont. Dined at Hardy's, with the addition of Dalton and Capt. Arbuthnot: chose them an excellent dinner. A ball at Story's in the evening in honour of her birthday. A strange sort of evening from various reasons. Bessy did not appear, not feeling well enough, and fearing to bring on the erysipelas again by dancing. I danced quadrilles all night with Misses Drew, Pigot, Chichester, Arthur, &c. The supper very magnificent. Did not get to bed till five o'clock.

17th. Called upon the Granards, &c. Dined at S.'s, and went to Tivoli in the evening: a true summer's night. Bought a little set of books to-day, the "Encyclopédie Poetique."

18th. Called upon Gallois, who told me that he had just seen a pamphlet in prose, professing to be "*traduit de l'Anglais de Sir Thomas Moore*, on the death of Buonaparte," with an ode on the same subject annexed, as written by Lord Byron: an audacious catchpenny; but it's something that one's name can *furnish* a catchpenny. Came out to Sèvres at three: at dinner early at Villamil's: Lord John, Fazakerley, Luttrel, Lady Davy, Gallois, and Ora (a Spaniard). The day very agreeable. Talking with Luttrel of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked what religion he was, "Me! I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what is that?" "Oh, sensible men never tell." He mentioned too, at dinner, a good sort of sham problem, "Given, the tonnage of a ship, and the course she is upon; required, the name of the captain." Singing in the evening: Ora sung to the guitar some thoroughly Spanish songs.

19th. Gallois dined with Lord John and me. Began this morning something for Power: words to an air of my own, which I mean to pass as national.

20th. Villamil rode with Lord John in the morning. All dined with me.

21st. Went into town early, in order to get Bessy's passports, take the places, &c. Dined (Lord John and I) at Villamil's; Dalton of the party. All I have done this week is a verse or two of a song for Power.

22nd. Drove into town with Bessy at three. Dined at Story's and came out at eight in the evening.

23rd. All in a bustle preparing for Bessy's departure. Went in to provide money for the dear girl. Dined at Story's; Dalton of the party. Bessy arrived with her trunks in the evening.

24th. Could not sleep all night with anxiety about the morning's operation. All up and ready in time. Saw Bessy comfortably off at nine o'clock, with Jane Power, Hannah, and dear little Tom. Heaven guard her! Breakfasted at Perry's, and returned to Story's to dress. Made some visits to Madame Durazzo, Luttrel, the Bushes, &c. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Mr. Sneyd (who, I find is the author of those lines on "Lalla Rookh"), Sir Charles Stuart, Lord John, &c. Ellis rather clever. Had some very delightful conversation with Lord Holland after dinner. Told me some highly amusing anecdotes about Dr.——, a matter-of-fact Irish atheist, resident in France during the Revolution; who, Lord H. thinks, was mainly instrumental in heating Burke's imagination about that event, by writing letters to him, in which he claimed for himself and brother atheists the whole credit of bringing it about. Burke believed him, and saw nothing henceforth but atheism and all sorts of horrors at the bottom of it. Lord H.'s mimicry of this man's manner; of his boasts of proselytism among his patients, "at those moments when the solemnity of their situation made their minds more open to the truth;" of his rising in a French coffeehouse, when some one had expressed doubts whether ever any man was really an atheist, and saying gravely, *Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de l'être; non seulement je ne crois pas qu'il y ait un Dieu, mais je le sais et je le prouve, &c. &c.:* all was irresistibly comical, and made us laugh as heartily as ever Liston did. Sir C. Stuart afterwards joined us. Talked of foreign ministers: their difficulty sometimes in making out materials for dispatches. The Prussian government requires of its ministers to turn at least the first page. It appears that England manufactures at present a much greater quantity of silk than France. Slept at Story's.

25th. Called upon Lattin, who showed me the room which he destines for me in his house; a little dark, dirty, bathing room. I'll none of it. Went to the Granards. Lady Adelaide walked with me to Lord Ranelifle's, and ordered *his* bedroom to be prepared for me whenever I came into town, Ranelifle himself having just gone to England. Called at the Hollands'. My Lady just going out to dine, and offered to take me as far as the Bois de Boulogne on my way to Sèvres. Went thence to Galignani's, to beg him to get a contradiction of the pamphlet imputed to me and Lord Byron into one of the French journals. By the bye, forgot to mention that yesterday morning at the Louvre (whither I went for the purpose of seeing the fine statue discovered at Milo), I met Comte Forbin and Gerard the painter, who spoke of this *brochure*, and advised me to contradict it in the French papers. Came out in the gondole at four with Williams, and dined at Villamil's; a party of foreigners, Spanish and German; rather amusing. Slept at home.

26th. Wrote some letters; a verse or two of a song, &c., and went into town at two. Called upon Benjamin Constant to beg he would use his interest with some of the French papers to have the brochure contradicted: he said no one believed it to be mine. Dined at Lattin's: company, Lords Holland, John Russell, Thanet, and Trimlestown; Messrs. Maine de Biron and Denon, Luttrel, and Conecannon. Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other; "and its rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef*." Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hogshead of it," was answered, "No, but there's a bellyache in every glass of it." In talking of the feeling of the Irish for Buonaparte, Lattin said, that when he was last in Ireland, he has been taken to a secret part of the cabin by one of his poor tenants, who whispered, "I'll know *you'll* not betray me sir; but just look there, and tell me whether that's the *real thing*," pointing to a soi-disant portrait of Buonaparte, which was neither more nor less than a print of Marshal Saxe, or some such ancient. Denon told an anecdote of a man, who having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day."—"Most willingly." "Name your day, then."—"*Aujourd'hui, par exemple*," answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrel told of a good phrase of an attorney's in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties." Talking with Lord Holland about George Lamb's translation of Catullus, I mentioned how beautifully Cowley had done some parts of the Acme and Septimius—

> "While on Septimius' panting breast,
> Meaning nothing less than rest."

Upon which Lord H. said he would have sworn this second line was my own. Slept at Rancliffe's.

27th. Breakfasted at Lord Granard's. Called afterwards on the Miss Berrys. Miss Berry employed about some work which will make it necessary for her to come and live in France. Having a private opportunity to write to Lord Byron, sent him his (supposed) "Ode on Napoleon's Death," and a ridiculous engraving of him upon a *rocher*, in order "that he might see what justice they do to his mind and body here." Came out to Sèvres at four. Dined with Villamil; Williams of the party. Slept at the pavilion. Got a letter in the evening from my darling Bessy, who had arrived safely at Calais, and gives the following laconic description of her fellow-travellers: —"Little Tom on the way was delightful, Jane very quiet, poor Hannah very sick, the gentleman very gentlemanly, and the lady (*I* think) a lady's maid." Received also a letter from Murray, consenting to give me two thousand guineas for Lord Byron's "Memoirs," on condition that, in case of survivorship, I should consent to be the editor.

28th. A day of incessant rain: home very,

very dull. Copied out three songs to send to Power, and wrote a little of a fourth. Dined with the Villamils. Received a note from Miss Drew to join their party to Versailles to-morrow.

29th. Went with the Douglases to Versailles: a fine day, but very a dull one.

30th. Another letter from my darling Bessy, who has arrived safe at Dover. Went into town; saw my dearest Anastasia in my way. Called at the Hollands': asked me to dine; and though I went in with the determination of being free for the evening, I consented. Frere's brother just arrived from Constantinople. Told us something about the Turks; but very muddily, as if he had been himself dosed among them with opium. Drove about a little with Mrs. S. Somebody told at dinner of a little French boy from college saying, when his father remonstrated with him upon some insubordination or waywardness he had been guilty of, "*Mais Papa, il faut marcher avec son siècle.*" Lady H. showed me some verses Lord Holland had written to her in English and Latin upon the subject of Napoleon's gift; some lines of Lord John's too. She said I must do something of the same kind, and wished she could have a few lines from Lord Byron too, to add to her triumph. Lord Holland's verses chiefly turn upon the circumstance of the box having been originally given to Napoleon by the Pope, for his clemency in sparing Rome. Frere objected to the last line of the Latin. Went about nine o'clock to the Storys.

31st. Made two sets of verses to Lady H. about the box before I got out of bed, but did not write them down. Called upon her with the intention of breakfasting, but she looked so out of temper, that though I sat down to the table, yet as no one asked me to partake of what was going on, did not venture to say that I had not breakfasted. Went for that purpose to Rosset's the restaurateur. Idled about Paris. Dined at Douglas's: Sir John Gifford and young Murray of the party. Went to the Opera to join Lady Holland, who asked me in the morning; pretended to think her box full, and came away again. Returned to Douglas's, and took Lucy to Tortoni's to have ice.

August 1st. Found Rogers was arrived. Drove about a little with Mrs. S., and called upon Rogers at four; his sister and niece with him. Received me most cordially, and I truly happy to see him again. Staid with him till it was time to dress for dinner at the Hollands': company there, Lord Thanet, Lord John, Gallois, the two young Foxes, &c. Somebody mentioned that Canning had said, upon Ward's late tirade in the House against Austria, "Then I suppose lodgings are very bad and dear at Vienna." Lady H. read me a letter from Lord William Russell at Spa, in which he mentions that the Grand Duchess of Russia is there, and that she always carries about with her two copies of "Lalla Rookh" most splendidly bound and studded with precious stones, one of which he had seen. In the evening came Benjamin Constant, Casimir Perrier (a very good-looking man), Lord Alvanley, &c. Lady Holland proposed to Rogers and me to drive out with her on the Quais; a *triste* operation in a shut-up carriage, at the rate of a mile an hour. As soon as I could escape, went to Tortoni's and refreshed myself with an ice.

2nd. Breakfasted at Lord Granard's. Called upon Rogers; Luttrel with him. Luttrel said that he has all his life had a love for domestic comforts, though passing his time in such a different manner, "like that king of Bohemia who had so unluckily a taste for navigation, though condemned to live in an inland town." Walked about the Tuileries Gardens for an hour and a half with Rogers; sarcastic and amusing as usual. Dined at the Storys': the company not worth enumerating, though amounting to about fifteen dull souls in all. Went in the evening to Tivoli.

3rd. Rogers having proposed to come out to the *pavillon* to-day with his sister, I bustled away early with a pigeon-pie and some other provisions for the dinner. Took up a pretty Dutch girl in my cuckoo, who deals in shawls, and gave me her history. With the assistance of Mallard the *traiteur* and Mrs. Villamil, made out a very respectable bill of fare. The Rogerses arrived before two o'clock, and went with me to Meudon and the Sèvres manufactory: our dinner very lively and agreeable; Villamil and Lord John of the party. Lord John slept in the little *pavillon*. Rogers quite distressed at hearing from me that Lord Byron had just finished a tragedy on the story of Foscari.

4th. Lord John went into Paris to prepare for his journey to Switzerland with Ward: a large dinner at the Villamils; the Storys, M'Leods, Dalton, a Mr. Wilks (a Dissenter who lives at Bellevue, author of a work on the "Persecution of the French Protestants"), Capt. Arbuthnot, &c. &c. Mr. M'Leod told Dalton that he himself heard Walter Scott say that the "Fire Worshippers" is the best poem written by any of the living poets. *Can* this be true? Music with Mercer and his sister in the evening.

5th. A sultry day. Felt heavy and feverish, partly from taking too warm a bath: did but little. Dined with Villamil, after a walk to St. Cloud to see the Waters play. Wrote a verse of a song for Power.

6th. Went into town with Villamil. Called on the M'Leods, in order to fix a day for them to take me to Coulon's dancing school, to see the new Spanish dancer of whom so much is said. Dined at the Cadran Bleu with Rogers, his sister, and niece, and Lord John. Lord John has again given up his idea of leaving Paris, and means to come out to La Butte. Rather inconvenient this, as the attendant Bessy has left me in the cottage turns out to be a stupid, drunken dawdler. This morning too our former cook sent me a most earnest and well-written letter, telling me she had a good place offered, but that she preferred mine to any she ever lived in; that if I would take her back now, she would be most happy; or if I chose to wait till Bessy's return, she would come to us from the best place. It is unlucky I have declined this, as she would be most useful to me just now. All our party went in the evening to the Porte St. Martin to see the "Solitaire." A letter to-day from Bessy, who is safe in Wiltshire. Slept at Rancliffe's.

7th. Breakfasted at Story's. Had my little Anastasia in from Mrs. Forster's, to show her to the Rogerses. Walked her about a little afterwards, and met several of my acquaintances, who seemed to admire the dear girl a good deal: bought her a little French book. Mrs. Story took me in her carriage to pay a visit to Bowditch (the Ashantee man), who has sent me a whole heap of his new publications. An immense journey off to the Quartierde Jardin des Plantes: one ought to be as great a voyager as himself to visit him. Showed me the specimens of fossils which they are liberal enough to lend him from the Museum, for the lithographic drawings of his work on "Natural History." Dined with Rogers and his sister at Beauvilliers'; they went to the Français afterwards, and I to "Otello:" fine effects of harmony in this opera, and a few touches of feeling, such as Otello's "*Sì, dopo lei morrò,*" and the scene where Desdemona hears the gondolier singing, "*Nessun maggior dolore:*" this whole scene very romantically imagined.

8th. Asked to breakfast with the Hollands this morning (as I had been to dinner yesterday), but went to breakfast with Rogers. Have been lucky enough to get my cook back. Went to Chevet's to buy a pie towards my dinner at home to-day; *perdreaux aux truffes;* gave thirteen francs for it. Mrs. Villamil, however, just come to town; says they expect Lord John and me to dine with them, which will be more convenient. Called on the Hollands. Wrote out for Lady H. one of the sets of verses which I made upon Napoleon's gift to her, and which she seemed to like very well. Lord John drove me out to Sèvres in his cabriolet; dined with Villamil. By the bye, there have been lately some attacks upon me in the "Courier," and a defence in the "Chronicle;" the former, however, far more flattering than the latter, as bestowing warm praise in the midst of its censure. Suspect Croker of it.

9th. The Villamils were to have had a party to the woods to-day, but the excessive rain made it impossible. Some of the invited, however, came; Captain Arbuthnot and the M'Leods. Lord John eat his boiled chicken alone in the little *pavillon.* I dined with Villamil. Went in at night to meet Rogers and his sister, by appointment, at Beaujon, but they were not there. Went down the cars ten or twelve times with the young Scotch girl. Slept at Rancliffe's.

10th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went afterwards to the Louvre with him. The nose of the new statue from Milo badly restored, which gives the face in some respects an air of coarseness and vulgarity; but a very fine thing: would much rather have had it than the lanky Diana. R. spoke depreciatingly of Chantrey and Canova. Said Gerard's Henry IVth was "like a tin-shop," which is true; a hard glitter about it. Explained to me what is called breadth of light, by Correggio's pic-

ture of the Nymph and Satyr. Beautiful hands in one of the female portraits of Leonardo da Vinci. Went to Denon's; his meeting with Rogers very comical—kissing him, &c. &c.: the sweet character of his heads by Giambellino, on a gold ground. Dined with Miss Rogers and the niece, R. being engaged to Lord Stafford's, and went to see Talma in Nerou. The announcement of the catastrophe in long, dull speeches most tame and uninteresting. The touching exclamation, *Oh ciel, sauvez Britannicus!* given very coldly by Bourgoin. Supped at Mrs. Story's.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers. A letter from my darling Bessy, who is about to leave Wiltshire for Derbyshire. Dined with Rogers; *dîner de commande.* Went in the evening to see "Don Juan."

12th. Breakfasted at Tortoni's, and went afterwards to see the new opera house, a rehearsal going on. Went at one o'clock, a large party of us, to see Soult's pictures, Lady Holland, Madame Durazzo and her husband, Lord Clare, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), the Rogerses, &c. &c. Was anxious to see whether this collection could conquer the prejudices R. has against Murillo. He confessed he never before had such a high idea of this master, but still saw all the faults of his manner, the want of strength and decision, the florid colouring, the undignified and ordinary nature of his figures and faces, &c. &c. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Rogers, Lord Herbert, Mrs. Rawdon, &c. The Miss Rogerses called to take R. and me to the Beaujon: a military fête, the storming of a fort, &c., very beautiful: went down the cars twelve times. Went to Lord Holland's afterwards. Ranelliffe returned from England to-night. In talking to Rogers about my living in Paris, I said, "One would not enjoy even Paradise, if one was obliged to live in it." "No," says he; "I daresay when Adam and Eve were turned out, they were very happy."

13th. Breakfasted with Lord Ranelliffe. Drove about with Mrs. Story. A dinner given by Lord John, at Roberts', to the Rogerses, Luttrel, and me; gayer day than Saturday. Rogers's story of his having called a lady *une femme galante et généreuse* at Père la Chaise to-day; her anger and the laughter of her companion, who seemed, as if she said, "It's all out; even strangers know it." Went to the Variétés in the evening. Rogers joined us, after a visit to Miss H. M. Williams, and gave us an amusing account of it; the set of French Blues assembled to hear a reading of the "Mémoires de Nelson," which R. was obliged to endure also; the dialogue with Miss W. on the stairs, &c. &c.

14th. Breakfasted at Mrs. Story's. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Lord and Lady Sefton, Rogers, Humboldt, &c. Humboldt mentioned at dinner a theory of Volney's (I think), with respect to the influence of climate upon language; that, in a cold, foggy atmosphere, people are afraid to open their mouths, and hence the indistinctness and want of richness and fulness in the sounds of their language; whereas, in a soft balsamic air, which the mouth willingly opens to inhale, the contrary effect takes place. Talked of the comic dramatists of France, Regnard, Destouches, &c. &c.: the comedy of the "Irresolu" (by the latter, I believe), and that amusing touch of character at the end, *J'aurais mieux fait, je crois, d'épouser Célimène.* Went (Rogers and I) to the Italian Opera: the "Barbiere."

15th. Breakfasted with R.: read me his story of Foscari, which is told very strikingly. Was to have seen the pretty Spanish dancer, Maria Mercandotti, this morning, but, being a fête, no dancing at Coulon's. Drove with the Rogerses to Bagatelle, but not admitted for the same reason: went thence with the two women to Nôtre Dame, and saw the Royal Family walk in procession. Dined at M'Leod's: party, Villamil, Mr. Gisdin, and myself. A little M'Leod (two years and a-half old) repeated to me, quite correctly, the lines from "Lalla Rookh," "Tell me not of joys above," taught by his young aunt, who seems to have everything I ever wrote by heart. Sung in the evening. Joined the Rogerses at Tivoli: went down the cars some half dozen times, and then to Lord Holland's. My Lady very anxious I should dine there to-morrow to meet Mercier (author of "Louis IXth") and Count Torreno. Rogers, speaking as we walked home of the sort of conscription of persons of all kinds that is put in force for the dinner of the Hollands, said, "There are two parties before whom everybody must appear—them and the police." Took leave of them: he starts for Switzerland to-morrow.

16th. Invited Anthony Strutt (who has

brought a letter of introduction from his uncle) to dine with me at Sèvres to-day. Met Fawcett the actor, and asked him out too. Found, when I arrived, that Lord John was to dine with Villamil, who expected me also. Had my party, however, to myself, and joined them in the evening. Slept at Sèvres.

17th. Not very well, nor in good spirits. Cried bitterly over the account of the Liverpool packet lost the other day. No letter from Bessy. Endeavoured to write a song to a Sicilian air, but in vain; in short, all day at two lines, without success. The Villamils and I picnicked our provender: had dinner *chez moi*, Lord John, they, and Dr. H——. Mrs. S. came in the evening. A letter too from Bessy, which made a material alteration in my spirits.

18th. More successful with my Sicilian air; wrote two verses. Sauntered about with Lord John. Both dined with Villamil; Dalton of the party.

19th. Began another Melody to a Swedish air. Lord John drove me in his cabriolet. Both dined at the Hollands': company, Villamil, Arnauld the poet, Mrs. Rawdon, a Mr. Ponsonby, &c. It turns out to be quite an invention what Madame Hamelin told me at Montron's, of Arnauld having translated "Lalla Rookh." What led to the mistake was his having mentioned to her that he was trying to put some of my Melodies into French verse: a good deal of talk with him before dinner. Said to be one of the authors of the "Miroir;" the government persecute him incessantly. Lord H. told me that, among the thirty excepted from the amnesty on the Restoration, Flahault's name was at first inserted, but through Talleyrand's interest was afterwards removed, and (as they thought it necessary to make up the exact number of thirty) poor Arnauld's name, being the first that occurred, put in his place. Went in the evening, with Allen and Henry Fox, to Beaujon. Supped afterwards at Mrs. Story's.

20th. Breakfasted at the Café Hardy. Made sick by the excessive heat. Was too late for Lord John's; and went to Beauvilliers,' where I found Harry Leeson sitting down to dinner alone, and joined him.

22nd. Finished my song to the Swedish air, and wrote it out. Lady Holland called to take Lord John and me in to dine with her. Did not see her; he did, but refused. Dined quietly together. Mrs. S. called in the evening to take me to a fête at Marbœuf; but there was none. Slept at Rancliffe's.

23rd. Went with the M'Leods to the Panorama of Athens, whose dreariness rather consoled me for not having been at Athens. Dined at Rancliffe's: company, Villamil, Lord John, Long Wellesley, Daly, &c. Wellesley mentioned an anecdote to show the insincerity of George III., that in giving the ribbon to Lord Wellesley (after having done all he could, as Lord W. well knew, to *avoid* giving it to him), he said, "I recollect, my Lord, having thought, when I saw you as a boy at Eton, that I should one day have to bestow this distinction upon you." Lord R. told a good thing about Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present king when the news of Buonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is she, by Gad?" said the King. Put this into verse afterwards. Went and eat an ice at Tortoni's in the evening.

24th. Came out early for the purpose of looking after the arrangements of my dinner to-day. Company: Rancliffe, Lord John, Fitzherbert, Villamil, and Wilder; rather a pleasant day. Had singing at Villamil's in the evening.

25th. Put another song on the stocks. Went into Paris at two. A letter yesterday from my dearest Bessy, full of the most natural and touching phrases; just like herself in every word of it. Dined at the Hollands'; company: Lord Darlington, Madame Durazzo, Lord John, &c. Sat near Lord H., who was, as usual, most hearty and agreeable. Talked of his early habits of mimicry; how difficult he had often found it to avoid mimicking people in re-stating what they had said; particularly Lord Loughborough. Heard his uncle mimic Pitt in the house. Went in the evening to the Storys,' and walked (a party of us, Col. Cooper, Wilder, and the women) to see the fireworks, for the fête of St. Louis, in the Champs Elysées.

26th. Breakfasted with Lord John at his new lodgings in the Rue Chantereine. Drove out with Mrs. S. to see my dear Statia. Meant to have dined with the Granards, but did not let them know till near six o'clock, and they

had not room for me. Dined by myself at Beauvilliers'; and went afterwards to the Tuileries, to see the fireworks given by the Gardes du Corps; very beautiful; just as if flights of luminous birds were sporting about in profusion among the trees; lasted, too, near a quarter of an hour.

27th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and read over some of what he has lately been writing, which promises very well indeed. Agreed to dine with him at a restaurateur's: read over some of his MS. before dinner. Dined at Riche's, and afterwards separated; he to go to the Français, and I to the Opera. "La Vestale" and the "Carnival:" never tired of the dancing.

28th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and came out to Sèvres at one, anxious for a letter, which I counted upon by yesterday's post, from Bessy; none arrived, which puzzles me with respect to my plan of meeting her most awkwardly. Dined with Villamil, and practised over some duets with Mrs. V. in the evening.

29th. Finished the song I began on Saturday to one of the Mahratta airs Lady Hastings gave me; three verses. Dined with Villamil to meet a Captain and Mrs. Fisher. Went in the evening for the purpose of sending off a letter by one of Meurice's coaches to Bessy at Calais; found he has no coaches, but he took charge of the letter.

30th. Called at Lord Holland's; Lord Darlington there. Meant to have gone and dined with the Granards, but Rancliffe wished me to go with him to the Fitzherberts'; did so, a *partie quarrée*. He drove me in his cabriolet, after dinner, to the Hollands', then went to the Granards'.

31st. Got up early and went to the Messageries Royales, for the chance of seeing some one I knew going off in the Calais coach, who might bear a message to Bessy for me. Gave a card to the conducteur, on which I wrote with a pencil that I would wait her arrival at Paris. Breakfasted with Lord John: drove me afterwards to the Hollands'. Much talk with him about his intended political steps the next session: means to bring forward a plan of reform; evidently displeased with the shilly-shally conduct of his party. Found Lord Holland in high spirits, and reciting verses in all languages, while he tore up his bills and letters; among other things the following of Cowper's:—

> "Doctor Jortin
> Had the good *fortin*,
> To write these verses
> On tombs and hearses;
> Which I, being jinglish,
> Have done into English."

This led us to talk of Jortin's *Quæ te sub tenerâ*, and Gruter's including it among his collection of ancient inscriptions, which Lord H. said surprised him, there being some evident clues to its detection as modern. The word *oro*, as it is here used, and the situation in the line of the word *crudalia;* the one (I think, he said) being of modern use, and the latter only used in the early Latin authors. Lord H. repeated, with much emphasis, those fine verses of Dryden's about transubstantiation ("Can I believe * * * that the great Maker of the world could die"), which I have heard Matthew Montague say he has known Mr. Fox write out to amuse himself during an election committee. Lord H. showed me some verses he had written the day before; one, upon a clock, with the design of *L'Amour fait passer le Tems* on it, beginning something this way,

> "Love, says the poet, makes Time pass,
> But I'm inclined to doubt him:
> Dismiss the roving boy; alas!
> Time pushes on without him."

The other, a string of similes on his son Charles, of which I remember the following (*N. B.* Charles is a great person for recollecting dates):

> "That he's like a palm-tree, it well may be said,
> Having always a cluster of dates in his head."

Mrs. S. took me out to Villamil's, with the hope, indeed the certainty, of finding a letter, by this post, from Bessy; but none arrived, to my no small wonder and uneasiness. Heaven send all may be right. Came in at eight; dressed, and went to Lord Holland's; a number of people there to take leave of them, as they go to-morrow: among others, Lavalette, who is a very gentle, interesting little man. Slept at the Storys', having lost my bed at Rancliffe's, on account of the expected return of Lady R. to-morrow.

September 1st. Have not been very well these some days past.

2nd. Began a song to a Sicilian air. Went

into town at two: Called upon Miss Capel, who played me a fine lesson of Beethoven's. Ranclifle called to take me to dinner at the Fitzherberts': company, Lord Fife, John King, Lady Augusta Leith, and Dr. Gullefer. In the evening had some music. Found two pretty airs among Mrs. Fitz.'s MSS.

3rd. A letter from Bessy to my great delight: her too hospitable spirit has induced her to invite two girls (the Miss Belchers) to pay us a visit here, and that they are actually coming with her. Went out with the Storys, after an early dinner, to the fête at St. Germain's. Dull enough, but the evening beautiful.

4th. Came out to Sèvres to order every thing to be ready for Bessy's reception. Dined with the Storys, and drove in the evening to the Messageries Royales. At about eight the diligence arrived, and in it the dear girl and her little one, whom I was right happy to see; the Miss Belchers, too, with her. Mrs. S.'s carriage brought us all out to Sèvres.

5th. Passed the morning in talking over what has happened since we parted. After dinner went in to fetch Anastasia.

6th. Sent off six "National Melodies" to Power: took Anastasia in. Returned to dinner at Villamil's; a large party, the Macleods, Storys, &c. Some singing in the evening. Lord John came out at nine for the purpose of seeing Bessy; is to dine with us to-morrow.

7th. Lord John dined with us, and slept.

8th. Took in Bessy and her young friends for the purpose of passing two or three days at the Storys', and showing them some of the lions. I dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, Count Funchal, Gallois, Lord John, and Binda. Talked of the clever men of Italy—Nicollini, Fabbroni, &c. Fontana was a strong materialist. Binda mentioned an Italian epigram of Lord Holland's about *Ratto*, who was the paymaster of the witnesses against the Queen; the point of which was that, in Italy the Rats paid, but in England *i Ratti sono pagati*. Gallois also alluded to some French epigram which Lord Holland had showed him, but which was radically faulty from a confusion in the meaning of the word on which the point turned. This must often happen in such school-boy attempts at foreign verse-making. Funchal mentioned Mathias as an instance of success in this way; but Binda (I was glad to find) pronounced his verses to be very indifferent. Spoke of a Society or Academy at Rome (I forget the name), of which the Duchess of Hamilton was made a member, under the title of Polymnia Caledonia. At a little after eight joined Bessy, &c. at the Porte St. Martin: saw the "Tableau de J. Jacques," in which Potier was very amusing, and "Riquet à la Houppe," pretty little Jenny Vertpré being replaced in the character of Abricotine by a very infirm make-shift. All supped and slept at Story's.

9th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and afterwards went to look for Lord Lansdowne, who arrived last night. Found him *au troisième* in the Hôtel du Mont Blanc; starts again for the Pyrenees to-morrow. A good deal of talk about the Royal visit in Ireland; the good sense with which the King has acted, and the bad servile style in which poor Paddy has received him; Mr. O'Connell pre-eminent in blarney and inconsistency. Many good results, however, likely to arise from the whole affair, if the King but continues in the same state of temperature towards Ireland in which he is at present. Drove about with Mrs. S. and Bessy: dined at the Storys; Col. Cooper and Dalton of the party. Went all in the evening to Beaujon, and thence to Tivoli; where I went down in the ears with the two girls, who are, by the bye, very pretty, and much admired. Slept at Story's.

10th. Find that Lord Powerscourt, with whom the King dined the day he embarked from Ireland, was courageous enough to have a song of mine, "The Prince's Day," sung before him, immediately after "God save the King," and that his Majesty was much delighted with it. This song is laudatory, for I thought at the time he deserved such; but upon reading it rather anxiously over, I find nothing in it to be ashamed of. What will those cowardly Scholars of Dublin College say, who took such pains, at their dinner the other day, to avoid mentioning my name; and who after a speech of some Sir Noodle boasting of the poetical talent of Ireland, drank as the utmost they could venture, "*Maturin* and the *rising* Poets of Erin," what will these white-livered slaves say to the exhibition at Lord Powerscourt's? The only excuse I can find

for the worse than Eastern prostration into which my countrymen have grovelled during these few last weeks is, that they have so long been slaves, they know no better, and that it is not their own fault if they know no medium between brawling rebellion and foot-licking idolatry. As for the King, he has done his part well and sensibly, and his visit altogether may be productive of benefits which the unmanly flatterers who have bedaubed him hardly deserve. Dined at Story's, and went to the French Opera in the evening: "Iphigénie in Tauride" and the "Jugment de Paris."

11th. Took the women to the Louvre. Dined at Story's, and went all to the Gymnase in the evening; little Leontini Fay and Perlet very amusing. A letter from Lord Byron, in answer to my communication about the sale of the MS., very satisfactory.

12th. Went to Denon's with the Belchers. He has put Grattan's medal into hand. Received a note from Lord John to say that he is for England and will take me. How lucky! the 4th of this month, two years since, we started together from London. Dined with him at Beauvilliers'; he afterwards to the Gymnase, and I to Sèvres.

13th. Made some arrangements for my journey, which is rather a perilous one; but I have made up my mind to it ever since I found the Longmans had been so dilatory in their negotiation; besides, my poor father and mother are growing old, and it is time I should see them again. Went in to dine at Beauvilliers' with Hill and Horace Smith, one of the "Rejected" brothers.

14th. Mrs. Villamil brought to bed this morning. Began words to a Neapolitan air. Lord John came out to take leave of Bessy. Told him that, as I knew he liked to change his mind, he must not be particular with me, as to his promise of going with me; he seemed, however, decided upon it. He made his luncheon, while Bessy dined. I dined with Villamil and Dr. H——, who described an organ in the *poitrine* of the newborn infant, which seems to have been placed there solely for the purpose of nourishing it till the mother is capable of doing so, as it diminishes when the child begins to suck, and at last disappears entirely. It is what is called the *fraise* (he said) in a calf. Mrs. S. came in the evening, with Mr. Newton, an American, who brought letters of introduction from his friend Irving to us.

15th. Went in for the purpose of dining with M'Leod. Had a note from Lord John to say he has changed his mind about going. This uncertainty rather a fault. My chief regret at it is the not having his assistance in my negotiation with the American agent, to whom I meant, through *him*, to offer a thousand pounds immediately on my settling with Murray for the "Memoirs." Went to Lafitte's, and drew upon Murray, at three months, for a hundred pounds. Called upon Lord John, who seemed, after a little conversation, to be half inclined to change again; bid me, at parting, not give him up. Company at M'Leod's, Villamil, Arbuthnot, and Girdon. Sung in the evening. Slept at Story's.

16th. Bought a pair of mustachios, by advice of the women, as a mode of disguising myself in England. Came out at twelve: a party to dinner, the Storys, Dr. Lamb, and Irving's friend: dined at four; and went to the fête at St. Cloud in the evening; saw several shows, &c.

17th. Wrote to Murray, to say I should start on Wednesday: inclosed also to Rogers's housekeeper the note he gave me for her, directing that I should have a bed at his house during my stay in London. Went in with my letters: saw Lord John, who says he is now determined to go, if I will stay for him till Saturday; promised to give him an answer tomorrow. Dined alone at the Café Français, and came out to Sèvres at eight.

18th. Resolved to wait for Lord John; wrote him a note to say so. Went in with Villamil in his gig at four, in order to dine at Story's, and go with the M'Leods to Madame Fodor's benefit. The tickets a Napoleon each; the entertainments a combination of the three best things in Paris, Italian singing, French dancing, and Mdlle. Mars's acting; all excellent, but rather too much for one evening; not over till past twelve. Eat ice with the ladies at Tortoni's afterwards, and slept at Story's.

19th. Called upon Lord John, who is still in the mind for Saturday. Went afterwards to the Louvre to meet Villamil and Newton, who is a painter. He is at present occupied in finishing a copy of Paul Veronese's "Marriage at Cana," begun by another American artist, Leslie. His remarks upon some of the pictures interesting: the temptation the Vene-

tian painters had to gorgeousness in the rich and various costumes with which Venice abounded. An approach to idiotey (he said) in the faces of Correggio; the angel in the picture at Parma an instance. The rough canvas of Titian favorable to rapidity of execution, as it takes the colours more quickly. The neatness and elegance of a little page in one of Rubens' Luxembourg pictures. The admirable picture of Erasmus, which I have so often stood before. Saw Wilkie in the gallery, who thanked me, with much warmth, for having called upon him: he was employed in taking a rough copy of a picture of Cuyp's. Told me the Royal Academicians had lately a private dinner together, in which my health was drunk with great enthusiasm. Called for my little Anastasia, and brought her out to dinner. Sung with the girls in the evening.

20th. Read, and sauntered about. A dinner at Villamil's: four Spaniards (one of them the brother of Duke ——, and a poet and painter), Newton, and ourselves. The Spanish poet explained to me the nature of the rhyme called Asonante; peculiar, I think, to Spanish poetry, and taken, he thinks, from the Arabs. Morantin's comedies are all written in this kind of rhyme. Singing in the evening.

21st. Packed up to go and sleep in town to-night, preparatory to my departure to-morrow.

22nd. Left Paris with Lord John at a little after seven. Slept that night at Airaines.

23rd. Started at six; delayed for horses on account of the King of England, who was expected at Boulogne: slept within two stages of Calais; the evening most lovely.

24th. Sailed from Calais at twenty minutes past eleven; a most sickening passage of seven hours. The only persons aboard who knew me were Tyler and Forster, the Duchess of Devonshire's son. Lord John recommended my assuming some name, which I did, calling myself, in the packet and at the inn, "Mr. Dyke." Lord John and I searched at the custom house; they took from me a little locket with the hair of Anastasia and Tom, which I was carrying to my sister, and a mother-of-pearl pocket-book I had for my mother. Lord John, however (towards whom the change in the comptroller's manner on finding who he was amused us exceedingly), got them back again. Told me an anecdote of Hare's books being stopped at a Dogana, and on his explaining that one of them was *Platone filosofo antico*, the doganiere sagaciously answered, *Sì, sì, filosofo antico; ma può contenere qualche cosa contra il governo.*

25th. Delayed by the custom house. Tierney, whose family are at Dover, called, and sat some time with us; thinks the tide is setting now towards royalty. When I said, "The wind is fair for the King to-day," he answered, "Damn it, everything's for him." Thinks that the majority of the country are tired of the present ministry, but don't know where else to supply their places: a mournful avowal for the Whig leader. Started in a back-chaise at half-past twelve. Lunched at Rochester: the King had gone through the day before, and done the distance from Rochester to Sittingbourne (eleven miles) in forty-two minutes. Set down Lord John at his father's in St. James's Square, and arrived at Rogers's about a quarter past eleven.

26th. Wrote notes to summon Murray and Power; the latter came immediately. Lord John wants me to go to Woburn. No Murray. Lord John dined with me on mutton chops. Supper at Power's.

27th. Power called, then Lord John, and at last Murray. There was a mistake in the delivery of my note to him yesterday, which caused the delay. Agreed to all my arrangements about the payment of the sum for the "Memoirs;" took away the MS. Says that Lord B.'s two last tragedies ("Sardanapalus" and "Foscari") are worth nothing; that nobody will read them. Offered Lord B. 1000*l.* for the continuation of "Don Juan," and the same for the two tragedies; which he refused. Advised Murray not to speak so freely of his transactions with Lord B., nor of the decrease which, he says, has taken place in the attraction of his works. "Don Juan" to be discontinued, at the request (as, according to him, Byron says) of the Countess Guiccioli. A passage this morning in "Marmontels's Memoirs" struck me. Talking of the choice of a profession his mother says, *Pour le barreau, si vous y entrez, je vous exige la parole la plus inviolable, que vous n'y affirmerez jamais que ce que vous croirez vrai, que vous n'y défenderez jamais que ce que vous croirez juste.* On these terms he never could have been a lawyer; but she was quite rightLord.

John repeated some verses, by Home, author of "Douglas,"

> "Proud and erect the Caledonian stood,
> Old was his mutton, and his claret good;
> 'Let him drink port,' the English statesman cried:
> He drank the potion, and his spirit died."

The joke of the King giving a drawing-room (attributed to Rogers), that he was in himself a *sequence*—King, Queen, and Knave. Dined with Power; looked over some of my songs in the evening.

28th. Lord John was to have dined with me, but is summoned off to Panshanger by Lady Holland: made me promise to come to Woburn on Monday, if my affairs were in train. Longman called upon me. Told him my intention of settling the Bermuda business with the money arising from the sale of the "Memoirs": seemed rather disappointed; said that I had better let matters go on as they were, and appeared labouring with some mystery. Remarked that though I had with much delicacy declined the contribution of friends, yet that I could not surely feel the same objection to letting *one* friend settle the business for me. At length, after much hesitation, acknowledged that a thousand pounds had been for some time placed at his disposal, for the purpose of arranging matters when the debt could be reduced to that sum; and that he had been under the strictest injunctions of secresy with regard to this deposit, which nothing but the intention I had expressed, of settling the business in another way, could have induced him to infringe; and that, finally, the person who had given this proof of warm and true friendship was (as I guessed in an instant) Lord Lansdowne. How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes! Entreated of me still to leave the settlement of the business in Lord L.'s hands; but, of course, will not. Supped at Power's.

29th. Sent to Tegart, who called and asked me to dinner to-morrow. Henry Rogers came and sat with me two hours and a half. Dined at home. Walked out in the evening, the only time when I venture abroad except in a hackney coach. The gas-lights very inconvenient for gentlemen *incog.* Called at Lady Donegal's, and saw Philippa Godfrey. Lady D. comes to town to-morrow; supped at Power's. Found in Marmontel that pretty thing said by Lord Albermarle to his mistress (Madlle. Gunelier) who was looking earnestly up at a star, *Ne la régardez pas tant; je ne puis pas vous la donner.* Saw Bessy's mother this morning, and gave her five pounds.

30th. Went to Newton's; dined at Tegart's: W—— W—— there: owes Lord Byron, he says, 1000*l.*, and does not seem to have the slightest intention of paying him. A note from Lord John from Cashiobury (directed to Thomas Dyke, Esq.) inclosing one from the Duke, in which he says, laconically, "Bring T. M." Read the proofs of Lord B.'s "Sardanapalus," with which I was delighted. Much originality in the character of Sardanapalus, but not a dramatic personage; his sly, insinuating sarcasms too delicate for the broad sign-painting of the stage.

October 1st. A letter from Lord J. Dined at Lady Donegal's; she herself not able to sit at dinner, but saw her in the evening. Excellent warm-hearted women in spite of their Toryism, which is, to be sure, most strong.

2nd. Preparations for departure; went to Power's.

3rd. A quarter before seven started from Holborn; arrived at the Duke's between two and three. Lord Tavistock there; invited me over to Oakley, but shall not be able to go. The Duchess full of farming and all its technicalities; disappointment in sale of pigs, price paid for driving bullocks, &c. &c. Had music in the evening: the Duchess said she wished I could "transfer my genius to her for six weeks;" and I answered, most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time." Introduced to Mr. Wiffen a Quaker poet, in the library this morning. The statue gallery of the Duke very interesting; Canova's Graces exquisite; a cast of Sommariva's Magdalen there.

4th. A dreadful wet day, which deprived me of the first opportunity I had had of enjoying the air by daylight since I left France. Mr. Wiffen took my profile with a camera lucida; he already had those of Campbell and Rogers. Made him take Lord John's also to inclose to Bessy. Singing again in the evening.

5th. Walked with Lord John to see Mrs. Seymour (sister of the Duke's first wife and of Lady Bath) after breakfast: knew her very well in Ireland during the Duke's lord lieute-

nancy, when she was very intimate with my friend Mrs. H. Tighe. A person to be liked very much; they live in a pretty cottage of the Duke's adjoining the park. The Duchess afterwards put me under the guidance of her niece, Miss Russell, to see the grounds, &c. &c. A pretty place, called the Thornery, where they sometimes drink tea in summer: the dairy, another pretty show place, two milk-pails of Sèvres china there, made for Marie Antoinette, and given by Lord Alvanley to the Duchess. Went afterwards through the apartments of the house with Lord John. A whole room full of Canalettos, a good many Vandykes; Lord Russell's long gold-headed cane in one of the rooms, beside his picture. The Duchess told at dinner of Sir W. Farquhar's going into an assembly and being bowed to by several girls, whom he did not know; upon which Lady Aldborough said, "Go home and put on your night caps, girls, if you wish him to know you." Talked of the Duke of York, who has lately been here: mentioned his having said (half jest, half earnest), in speaking of the arrangements of the coronation, "By G——, I'll have everything exactly the same at mine:" the Duchess's mimicking of his R. H. very good. Talked of a picture of Rogers done for the Duke by Hayter: asked me to put off my departure till Sunday, and the Duchess proposed I should go to-morrow and see Ampthill. Sung again in the evening the Duke's two favourite songs "The Boys of Kilkenny" and "Here's the Bower."

6th. After breakfast went in the carriage with the Duke and Lord John (who were going to shoot), and Miss Russell. She and I walked to Ampthill Park; very old trees there, some of them declared superannuated in Cromwell's time. Thence to the church of Millbrook; a pretty village in the valley. A pretty monument there of Georgiana Fox; bust very like. A figure of Christ in the basso-relievo, rather clumsy. An inscription in the churchyard struck me:

"Praises on tombs are titles vainly spent;
A man's good name is his best monument."

On another tomb is an apology from the defunct for not having left a P. P. C. card at his departure:

"I had not time to bid my friends farewell."

Thence to Ampthill Church; a column there erected by order of Lord Ossory to his memory, he being buried in Northamptonshire. Some verses on it by Lord H.; one of the lines,

"His was the smile that spoke a mind at ease."

The last line, the Duke says, is Rogers's, and that some one, not knowing this, criticised it severely to him. The Seymours came to dinner. Lord J. told of a Mr. Hare, upon being asked his quality in passing some barrier in Germany (having been long bored with such questions), saying that he was grand cabinet trumpeter to the Prince of Thurn-Taxis, and being taken out of his bed next morning by gens-d'armes for the joke. Singing in the evening. Miss Russell promised to write out some pretty national airs for me.

7th. The Duke and Duchess made me promise to take Woburn in my way back, and she said, "If you are in ever such a hurry you must sleep somewhere, so make this your inn." Some conversation with Lord J. in the library before I started. His new plan of a book of Sketches, prefacing the story he showed me at Sèvres to them, and giving the Sketches as the remains of his hero. Much talk about the projected newspaper, or periodical work, between Lord Byron, him, and me. Received letters from dear Bess. Started at twelve, in the Duke's gig, for Brickhill: missed the coach: posted on twenty-nine miles to Daventry: slept there.

8th. Up at three: off in a coach at four: arrived in Birmingham at ten. Somewhat tempted by Miss Wilson's name in the bills for to-night, never having heard her, but took the mail, four guineas, to Holyhead, and started at eleven. A cook, tobacconist, and a young man from Canterbury, going as preventive officer to Ireland: let into some secrets about the smuggling trade by them: some good *bulls* from the tobacconist, such as, "if the *absentees* would *stay* at home," &c. &c.

9th. At Holyhead at seven: sailed in the steam packet at eight: arrived at Howth at half-past one: called by my fellow-travellers Mr. Dyke: found that the searching officer at the custom house was my old friend, Willy Leech; dined and slept at his house, instead of the hotel, where I intended to pass the night, and get rid of my fatigued looks before I saw my father and mother. A good story

of the fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning: "Ogh, a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

10th. Arrived at my father's lodgings, in Abbey Street, at half-past twelve: felt very nervous in approaching the door, but, thank God! found them all as well as I could possibly expect. My mother still ailing, but strong; and my father looking aged, but in excellent health. Dear Ellen, too, the meekest and kindest spirit that ever existed; if at all altered, rather for the better. Dined at home: John Scully of the party: walked out with him at night on his way to the Dunleary coach. In returning saw a fellow with a ridiculous travelling cap, that seemed too heavy for his head, and heard a girl say, "Oh, blood an' ouns, there's a head-dress."

11th. Corry called; right glad to see him; young Rawlins too. Set off (father, mother, Ellen, and I) for my sister Kate's cottage at Monkstown: a very happy day. The first time I have seen Kate for six years; looking much better then when we last met. Her little girl very intelligent: when asked by Corry whether she could not play some tunes on the pianoforte, she said, "Yes, I stagger over two or three." Returned in Kate's jaunting car: walked through the town home. Heard a fellow say to another, "Well, I never *seed* the match of you, since the ould king died."

12th. Drove out in a hackney coach. Called upon Mrs. Smith; told me that the poem of "The Universe" is not Maturin's, but a Mr. Wills's, who induced Maturin to lend his name to it by giving him the profits of the sale. All dined at Corry's; Counsellor Casey the only person beside ourselves: was in the Irish Parliament: his account of the fracas between Grattan and Isaac Corry, which ended in a duel. Grattan's words were, "To this charge (imputation of treason), what is to be said? My only answer to it *here* is that it is false; anywhere else—a blow, a blow!" at the same time extending his arm violently towards where Corry sat. In another part of his speech he began his defence thus—"There were but two camps in the country, the minister and the insurgent," &c. &c. Corry (our host) gave an account of Grattan's conduct on the day when he was wounded by the mob during his chairing. While under the hands of the surgeon, he said, "The papers will, of course, give an account of it; they will say he was unanimously elected; he was seated in the chair amidst acclamations, &c. &c., and on his return home was obliged to send for a surgeon to cure him of a black eye he had got on the way." He said also to some one who came in, "You see me here like Actæon, devoured by my own hounds." Told a story of Grattan's taking some fine formal English visitors about his grounds, and falling himself into a ditch by taking them a wrong way. Casey mentioned his extreme courtesy to Corry after he had wounded him. Corry wished him to go back to the house. "No, no," said G., "let the curs fight it out. I'll be with you, not only now, but till you are able to attend." Grattan always annexed great importance to personal courage (readiness *to go out*). Isaac Corry, in speaking of him to Casey, expressed himself in the most enthusiastic manner; and when Casey told him he had kept a minute of that memorable debate, seemed to regret it exceedingly, as ashamed of his own intemperance on the occasion: on finding afterwards that the writing of this minute was effaced by lying in a damp place, rejoiced proportionably.

13th. Drove about in a hackney coach with Corry. Have had the precaution to secure the silence of the newspapers on my arrival. Called on Mrs. P. Crampton: went to Mossop's, the modeller, who did the fine head of Grattan, from which Denon is having a model taken for me: is doing a series, in this way, of eminent Irishmen; begged me to sit to him. Went thence to Kirk's, a sculptor of some talent; a bust there of my dear friend Dalton, painfully like. Dined at home. Some friends of my father's (Mr. Abbott, his wife, and her sister) formed the party, together with young Curran. Two or three more came in the evening and supped: sung to them. Story of a man asking a servant, "Is your master at home?"—"No sir, he's out." "Your mistress?"—"No sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."—"Faith, sir, that's out too." When Lord Castlereagh was at Belfast, a common fellow was asking him for money, and when some one remonstrated with

him upon it, said, "Why, bless your soul, for a tenpenny I'd engage to entertain all his friends in Belfast." Have forgot to mention, that on my way to Holyhead I wrote some lines for the little pocket-book I brought my mother, with which she was, of course, very much delighted.

14th. Ventured to walk about the streets, it being my intention to start on Wednesday next (17th.) Shall be able, I trust, to get through London before the echo of any noise I may make here reaches it. Accosted oddly by a man in the streets: "Pray, sir, are you Mr. Thomas Moore?" and on my answering, "Yes, sir," he turned to another that was with him, and saying, "There now," both walked off without further words or ceremony. There had evidently been a dispute, or perhaps wager, between them on the subject. Met Frankland Lewis, who is one of the Parliament commissioners, and spoken of for the new secretary: walked some time with him; very kind to me. All went out to dinner to Kate's: took Curran with us. The Abbots again. Called on P. Crampton this morning. Showed me some lines of his to his daughter.

15th. Sat to Mossop and to Kirk. Space between the eyes indicates memory of forms, and Kirk has always observed that conformation in persons who were ready in knowing likenesses. The protuberance I have in the forehead remarked in heroes, — Napoleon, Duke of Wellington, and the rest of *us*. Large ears a sign of eloquence: praised mine; so did Bartolini, by the bye. Kirk said he had thought the ears in the busts of Demosthenes out of nature, till he saw the ears of Burton (an eminent Irish barister). Sat to Mossop again. All dined at Rawlin's, an old friend of my father and mother: music in the evening.

16th. Sat to Mossop and Kirk. Philip Crampton came while I was sitting to the latter. Forced me to let a mask be taken from my face: disagreeable operation. Dined (1 only) at Mrs. Smith's: company, Sir C. and Lady Morgan, Shiel, Maturin, Wills, &c. A large party in the evening; father, mother, and Nell among them. Had music, then quadrilles: danced with Lady Clarke's little daughter and a Miss Browne. After supper Lady Clarke sang a song she had written on the occasion of my return: very livelily done.

17th. Gave my last sitting to Kirk and Mossop. Went with Mrs. Corry to choose a tabbinet for Bessy. Egan the harp maker, most anxious that I should judge of the power of his improved Irish harps, sent his son with one. The chaise at the door at half-past three, and some beautiful Irish airs played to me during my last moments. Had wine in, and all filled bumpers to the Irish harp and our next happy meeting; the effect saddening. Corry came part of the way with me. Dined at Howth with Leech, and slept there.

18th. Sailed at half-past eight in the filthy Talbot steam-packet; Lady Belmore and her sister and Lord Dunsany aboard. The latter offered to take me on in his carriage, which I accepted. Dined at Holyhead and slept at Gwyndu.

19th. From Gwyndu at ten; had bread and cheese at Bangor, and dined and slept at Keninge. Lord D. said, that poor Lord Fingal had been obliged to borrow 2000*l.* at 17 per cent. to pay the expenses of his ribbon, which amounted (Lord D. saw the account) to 1350*l.* The general insolvency in Ireland most deplorable.

20th. Started at ten. Lunched at Llangollen and slept at Shrewsbury.

21st. This slow travelling, occasioned by the severe asthma under which Lord D.'s son labours, would delay me too long, so took the mail at nine. Dined at Birmingham. Took in a drummer there that amused me a good deal. One of my companions mentioned that an old woman said, upon the regiment of the Enniskilleners lately entering that town, "Well, boys, you look mighty well, considering it is now a hundred and nine years since you were here before."

22nd. Arrived in London at seven; breakfasted at the Swan with Two Necks; got to Rogers's before ten. Wrote to Shee to say I would come and dine with him, if he had no company, I being *incog.* Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney coach, when Rees arrived with the important and joyful intelligence that the agent has accepted the 1000*l.*, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine and showed myself up St. James's Street and Bond Street. Shee all wrong about

the late servile pageant in Ireland: thinks that Paddy behaved exactly as he ought to do. Letter from Bess, in which, alluding to what I had communicated to her of Lord Lansdowne's friendship, and the probability of my being soon liberated from exile, she says, "God bless you, my own free, fortunate, happy *bird* (what she generally calls me); but remember that your cage is in Paris, and that your mate longs for you."

23rd. Called with Longman upon Sheddon to see whether he really meant to advance anything towards the sum I am to pay: his conduct all along shabby and shuffling, and now, when brought to the point, his agony at the prospect of being made to bleed, quite ludicrous. Upon my rising from my seat and saying, with a sort of contemptuous air, "Since Mr. Sheddon does not seem inclined to give anything but advice, Mr. Longman, I think we may take our leave," he, with much stammering, proposed to give 200*l.*; and, upon Longman saying that really this was not worth while talking about, he was, at last, with much pain and groaning, delivered of 300*l.*, having had a very difficult time of it indeed. Resolved to let the remainder of the debt (740*l.*) be discharged with Lord Lansdowne's money (in order that his generous purpose should not be wholly frustrated), and then to pay him immediately afterwards by a draft upon Murray. Called on Chantrey, who seemed heartily glad to see me; his *atelier* full of mind; never saw such a set of *thinking* heads as his busts. Walter Scott's very remarkable from the heighth of the head. The eyes, Chantrey says, are usually taken as a centre, and the lower portion (or half) always much the greater; but in Scott's head the upper part is even longer than the lower. Explained to me in what cases the eyes ought to be marked or picked out, and in what not. Dined with Power. In the evening to the Haymarket: Kenny's piece, from the French, "Le Present du Prince," and the "Beggar's Opera."

24th. Called upon Murray: Belzoni there: mentioned a Dutchman, who has just arrived from the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, and came through Timbuctoo: says Mungo Park was executed there. Met Luttrel, who asked me to dine with him on Friday. Dined at Longman's: went to Covent Garden in the evening; "Exile and Poor Soldier." Received a letter from Lord John this morning, pressing me, with a kind and almost jealous anxiety to take the 200*l.* he had left in Longman's hands (this produce of his "Life of Lord Russell") towards the settlement of the debt: says he had set it apart for sacred purposes, and did not mean to convert any part of it to the expenses of daily life, so hoped to hear no more of it.

25th. Made various calls. A bust of Lord Byron at Murray's by Thorwaldsen; does not do him justice. Sad wet weather. Met Sir Robert Wilson: told me he had seen my verses to Lady Holland on the snuff-box in the "Chronicle;" went to look at them; no great things in print; Lord Holland's, however, not much better, which is a comfort. Was to have dined with Beecher, but, instead, dined alone at the George: met there a Captain Somebody, whom I had seen in Paris: proposed going to some theatre, so went with him to the Adelphi: a piece from "L'Ours et le Pacha;" Wilkinson very comical.

26th. Williams called upon me: has got in with Foscolo, and translates his articles for the "Quarterly:" says he writes a farrago of Italian, French, and English. Tells me he can live cheaper here than in Paris: dines for a shilling, a pint of porter included, and lives altogether for a guinea a-week, which Foscolo allows him. Hopes to make something by adapting French pieces to the English stage, which is the great manufacture of the present day. Met Luttrel and walked about with him. Lambton asked us to come to his box at Covent Garden to-night. Dined with Luttrel; Sandford and Mrs. Thompson of the party. Sandford, in speaking of my good looks, said I seemed to "feel less the change of Almacks" than any one he knew. Told a story of a young fellow at a Chelsea ball, who, upon the steward's asking him, "What are you?" (meaning what o'clock it was by him), was so consciously alive to the intrusion which he had been guilty of, that he stammered out, "Why, sir, I confess I am a barber; but, if you will have the goodness to say no more about it, I will instantly leave the room." Left them at nine, and went to Covent Garden: introduced to Miss Foot, and conversed with her as I stood at the prompter's door, and she on the stage in the splendid scene of the "Exile." Went afterwards to the Duke

of Bedford's box; he and Miss Russell there. Thence to Lambton's; returned behind the scenes. A pretty afterpiece from the "Rendezvous Bourgeois." Those two nice girls, Miss Foote and Miss Beaumont (with a third, not bad, Miss Love), making a racket behind the stage-door, being supposed to be locked up in a closet: helped them in their noise.

27th. Took Williams to introduce him to Murray. Settled my business with the latter. Amusing jealousy on the subject between the rival bibliopolists of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row, Murray claiming the merit of my liberation for himself and Lord Byron, and the others for *themselves* and Lord Lansdowne. Called in Clement's Lane on H. Rogers, but missed him: thence to Longman's: offered to discount the bill upon Murray for 1000*l.*, which I meant to pay into the hands of Lord Lansdowne's bankers: said it would be handsome to give him at once a draft for the 740*l.* Called at Drury Lane: saw George Lamb and Elliston, who proposed to me to write a drama on the story of "Lalla Rookh;" said that I should not like to risk this myself, but if any one else undertook it, I should be glad to assist. Dined at the George at half-past six. Went to Drury Lane to see the "Coronation" and "Monsieur Tonsou;" laughed heartily at the latter. Drank spruce beer afterwards with Levins, who is bringing out a piece, and bored me abundantly with the details of it. Received a letter this morning from dear Bessy; Fanny Belcher has been ill, and they have had, altogether, a hospital house of it.

28th. Sat to Newton, who arrived yesterday, and has laid an embargo upon me for my picture: Campbell (Thomas) came while I sat, knowing from Williams that I was there; made the operation pleasanter; talked much about his magazine, &c. &c. Walked in Hyde Park; joined by Lord Blessington and Frederick Byng. Dined at Holland House: company, Colonel Anson, Tierney, Duke of Bedford, &c. &c. Told them about Lord Byron's "Cain," parallel with Milton: wrong for lovers of liberty to identify the principle of resistance to power with such an odious person as the devil. Abdiel's case often drawn in as a precedent for ratting. Allen said that Milton ought to have let him escape without a knock in the battle. Sir J. Reynolds told Lord Holland that he had applied those verses about Abdiel ("faithful found among the faithless," &c. &c.) to Burke as a compliment. Long talk with Lord H. about poetry, Crabbe, &c. &c.: repeated me some *vers libres* of Porson's: he apologised for sending my verses on the snuff-box to the "Chronicle," but said it was done as a set-off against some savage lines Lord Carlisle had written on the same subject, and which were published in "John Bull." Lord H. had produced the following epigram on those verses of Lord Carlisle's:

> "For this her snuff-box to resign!
> A pleasant thought enough.
> Alas! my lord, for verse like thine,
> Who'd give a pinch of snuff?"

Told Lady H. of Lord Lansdowne's kindness, and how deeply I felt it; on which she said, "From those who know you and have the means, it is but what is due to you." The Duke of Bedford brought me home in his carriage. Made an arrangement this morning with a Mr. Stibbert to join him in the journey to Paris, he having a carriage at Boulogne.

29th. Wrote letters to Lord Byron, &c. &c. Called upon Douglas Kinnaird, who showed me a good deal of Lord B.'s correspondence with him upon his pecuniary negotiations with Murray: got 1000*l.* for "Marino Faliero" and "Prophecy of Dante;" 2000*l.* offered by Murray for the three other plays and remaining cantos of "Don Juan," which Lord B. refuses. Sat to Newton. Kinnaird took me to dinner at Chantrey's: company, Mr. Hatchett (once a philosopher, now I know not what) and Jackson. Chantrey's objections to subjects (in sculpture) displaying muscular exertion; *mind* the great material; difficulty of doing the mouth; said, laughing, that he "would do busts at half price, if he had not to put in the mouth." Lord Blessington called to take me to supper with him. Mentioned some good jokes about the King; one, a wicked toast, "May the King come home in *spirits*." Received a joint letter to-day from Hobhouse and Sir F. Burdett, congratulating me on the settlement of my business, and full of the warmest expressions of friendship.

30th. Started at seven o'clock for Wiltshire; slept at Calne: wrote to the Phippses to announce my arrival.

31st. Answer from Phipps: breakfasted at

Wand's with him and Bennett (member for the county). Mrs. Phipps at Bennett's, near Salisbury; resolved to go there. Walked with Hughes to Sloperton and Bromham; the poor cottage in a sad state of desolation: touched my pianoforte (which is at Hughes's house), and found it sweeter than almost any I have met since I left it. Set off in a chaise for Bennett's, changed horses at Warminster, passed by Fonthill Abbey, and arrived at four. A magnificent sunset; these two last days lovely. Dined, sung, and slept.

Nov. 1st. A walk before breakfast with Mrs P., she in my travelling-cap, which became her mightily. After breakfast through the grounds with her, Bennett, and Phipps; a beautiful place, but its master at his wit's end for money, and haunted in this paradise by duns. Started at one in a chaise for Salisbury, dined there, and left in the coach for town at seven.

2nd. Arrived in St. James's Place at eight; called upon Newton and Murray. Lord H. came to the latter's, and took me away in his carriage. Anxious to ask me about my parody on the Regent's Letter; whether I had shown it to Lord Moira; heard that I had, and that Lord Moira had advised the leaving out of some lines. Told him that none of this was true; that none had seen it before it was circulated but himself, Rogers, Perry, and Luttrel. He quoted something which he had been told Rogers had said about his (Lord H.'s) having urged me to write this, and the likelihood of my being left in the lurch after having suffered for doing so. Lord H. confessed it was all very imprudent, and that the whole conduct of the party (Whig) at that time was anything but wise, as they must know the King would never forgive the personalities they then beset him with. I should much like to know the secret of his reviving this matter just now. Dined at Power's to meet Bishop upon musical matters; said that Rossini chiefly consisted of ornament, had but little staple of air: praised the genius shown in Paer's Agnese. Is employed, he and three others (Horsley, Wesley, and some one else), on a musical dictionary; Koch, who has been translated for them, their great resource. Early to bed. Had called upon the Longmans this morning, and got my account from them. Called upon Croker one of these mornings, and had a long conversation with him about my Bermuda business, Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c.

3rd. Dreadfully wet day. Received Lord B.'s tremendous verses against the King and the Irish, for their late exhibition in Dublin; richly deserved by my servile countrymen, but not, on this occasion, by the King, who, as far as he was concerned, acted well and wisely. Sat to Newton: Murray came, during my sitting, with the Anglo-Saxon attorney, Turner, to sign definitely the deed making over to him the "Memoirs of Lord Byron." Went with Lord Blessington, Stibbert (both asked at my request), and Chantrey, to dine at Longman's: dinner well enough. To Lord B.'s to supper in the evening; a strange fellow there, Varley the artist, full of all the nonsence of astrology, such a conjunction producing revolutions and headaches, &c. &c., but seems in earnest, which makes him rather interesting.

4th. Sat to Newton. The Blessingtons drove me to Holland House and waited for me. Read Byron's verses to Lord and Lady H. and Allen; much struck by them, but advised me not to have any hand in printing them. Lord H. expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" said he wished I could have got the 2000 guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character; could not, however, remember, when I pressed him, anything that came under this strong description, except the reported conversation with Madame de Stael, and the charge against Sir Samuel Romilly, which, if false, may be neutralised by furnishing me with the means of putting the refutation on record with the charge. Dined at Lord Blessington's; Sir T. Lawrence in the evening. Lawrence's idea that murderers have thin lips; has always found it so. Resolved to put off my departure from London. Thrown into considerable anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, if on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the "Memoirs," to throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, be-

tween the 500*l.* I have left in his hands, Lord L.'s 740*l.* and Lord John's 200*l.*, to pay him back near three-fourths of his 2000*l.* Lay awake thinking of it.

5th. Decided upon leaving the whole transaction as it is at present. Wrote a long letter to Lord Holland, expressing all I had felt and thought since I saw him; the decision I had come to, and the reasons which induced me to it: found myself easier after this. Took Luttrel to Newton's; Lady B. came there and took me to see Lawrence's pictures. West, Scott, Duke of Bedford, Lady Jersey, admirable. Dined with Luttrel; looked over his new edition with alterations of the "Advice to Julia." By the bye, I received the other day a manuscript from the Longmans', requesting me (as they often do) to look over it and give my opinion, whether it would be worth publishing anonymously. Upon opening it, found to my surprise that it was Rogers's "Italy," which he has sent home thus privately to be published. Went to Covent Garden to the B.'s box, and afterwards supped with them. Received this morning a letter from an unknown poetess, entreating me to call upon her any day, between three and nine in the evening; "that I must not expect to find her a blue-stocking, for that she is only a curly-headed little mortal," &c. &c.; and inclosing me the following (not bad) specimen of her talents.

IMPROMPTU

On their Repealing the Act against Witchcraft in Ireland.

"So you think that the days, then, of witchcraft are past,
That in Ireland you're safe from the magical art;
Those who hold this belief may repent it at last,
When the force of a spell is found deep in their heart.
That the maidens of Erin in witchery deal,
By those who have seen them can ne'er be denied;
While the spell of their bards o'er their senses will steal,
As by some hath been felt, and by *Moore* hath been tried.
Then think not to 'scape on such dangerous ground,
Nor fancy that magic and witchcraft are o'er,
For in Ireland these powers will ever abound,
While their witches are fair, and their wizard is *Moore*."

6th. Paid various bills: wine merchant, sixty-six pounds; Hodgkinson (for presents to Bessy's sister, &c.), sixteen guineas; hatter and glover, ten pounds, &c. &c. Breakfasted at H. Rogers's, Highbury Terrace: sent Miss R. the proof-sheets of "Cain." Called upon the poetess. Wrote a letter to leave for Lord Lansdowne (whom I have been every day expecting from Paris), expressing, as well as I could, my warm gratitude, and inclosing him a draft for 740*l.*, referring him also to the two letters I had written to Lord Holland on the subject of the "Memoirs." In one of these, by the bye, were words to the following purport: after saying that it should be perfectly in Brougham's power to read, not only what was said about himself in these papers (which, however, I believe to be very trifling), but, what was of much more consequence, all that related to Lady Byron, in order that he might have an opportunity of correcting anything that was misrepresented or misstated, and so put the refutation on record with the charge, I added, "Whatever may be thought of the propriety of publishing private memoirs *at all*, it certainly appears much more fair thus to proclaim and lay them open to the eyes of the world, while all the persons interested or implicated are alive and capable of defending themselves, than (as is usually done) to keep them as a fire in reserve till those whom they attack have passed away, and possess no longer the power of either retorting or justifying." Arranged with Stibbert for our departure to-morrow; dined at the George; called upon Power afterwards; packed, &c., and got early to bed.

7th. Off at seven in the Dover coach; two Frenchmen our companions: talked of the niceties of the French language, *Parle par ma voix* in Racine wrong. Boileau full of faults in grammar, as I had already known from Saint Marc's notes. *Je ne m'en rappelle pas*, wrong. Arrived at Dover at seven; King's Head, wretched inn.

8th. Sailed in the Rob Roy at half-past seven; wind and sea against us; five hours' passage. Arrived at half-past two; obliged to stay till to-morrow on account of the custom-house. Met Brummel (the exile of Calais), and had some conversation with him.

9th. Set off in a hired chaise at half-past eleven for Boulogne, dined there, and arrived in Stibbert's carriage at Montreuil at half-past ten at night.

10th. Lunched at Abbeville; slept at Beauvais.

11th. Arrived in Paris at four, Bessy out, but saw my darling little Tom quite well. Dined at home. Bessy returned soon after.

Thank God, all my dear ones are safe and well for me on my return!

12th. Drove out with Mrs. Story and Miss Inglis; wet day. Dined at home.

13th. Paid visits to Lady Jersey, &c.: paid some bills. Forgot, by the bye, to take notice of some verses of Luttrel's, which he gave me in town, and which he wrote as if from Rogers, upon hearing, about the same time, that parts of "Lalla Rookh" were translated and sung in Persian, and that Lord Lauderdale had all "Human Life" by heart.

A SET-OFF.

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan.
'Tis hard; but one reflection cures,
At once, a jealous poet's smart;
The Persians have translated yours,
But Lauderdale has mine by heart."

14th to 22nd. For this week I have not been able to journalise very accurately. Besides writing an additional verse to one of the "National Melodies" of the third number, I began revising what is written of my Egyptian work, and added a number of new lines. Our lodgings (which are Rue d'Anjou, 17) seemed at first formidable to me from their noisy situation, but I find that, by lying in bed some hours in the morning, I may contrive to get on a little with my work during the winter. Received a letter full of kindness from Lord Lansdowne, in which, however, he seems to agree with Lord Holland as to the sale of the "Memoirs," at least so far as to think that it *may* be a subject worthy my future consideration, whether I should not redeem them out of the hands of Murray, and saying that the 740*l.* is at my disposal towards that purpose if ever I should decide upon it. This is enough; I am now determined to redeem them. Received a letter from Croker, to whom I had written, in consequence of a paragraph in the "Courier" charging the "Morning Chronicle" with "importing epigrams from Paris," begging him to set them right as to any suspicion they may have of *me*, as I have not published any thing political, except the verses about the Neapolitans, for some years; and with respect to the King, if I occupied myself about him at all, it would be to praise him with all my heart for his wise and liberal conduct in Ireland, whatever I might think of the hollow and heartless sycophants who were the objects of it. Croker says in his answer, that, slight as this favourable mention of the King is, he read it with pleasure, and should hail a *rapprochement* between us on that point with real gratification, &c. &c. It is flattering enough to think that I have now, within the last month, received letters full of the most cordial attachment from three persons so widely sundered in the political hemisphere as are Sir F. Burdett, Lord Lansdowne, and Croker. Dined the 19th with Lord Granard: was to have joined Lord Dunsany and the Douglases at a restaurateur's; had the latter dinner on Thursday 22nd, at the Rocher de Cancalle (Bessy of the party), and went in the evening to Franconi's.

23rd. Dined at Lord Granard's to meet the Chabots, who, by the bye, have sent me home the clock (Mademoiselle's present), which is very handsome, and now adorns my mantelpiece.

24th. Still occupied every morning in revising my work. Dined at a *restaurateur's* with the Villamils, Storys, Dalton, and the Belchers, and took our chance for places at the Italian Opera afterwards: the "Matrimonio Segreto." Supped at Story's.

25th. Took a stall in the orchestra at the French Opera for the evening. Dined with Story, and both went: the "Danaïdes." Had called upon Lady Jersey before dinner, and read her Lord B.'s Irish verses: sat for near an hour with her, Lord Jersey, and Lord Thanet.

26th. Bessy and I and the girls dined with Villamil, and went to the Gymnase in the evening: "L'Artiste" and "L'Arnaut Bossa;" Perlet and Gontier the respective heroes. Forster came to tell me that poor Dr. Yonge was put in prison for debt, and that he was making a collection for him: gave 500 francs towards it.

27th. Having finished the revisal of what I had written of the Egyptian work, resumed my task and wrote ten lines. Dined all at the Douglases'; Lord Dunsany of the party. Went in the evening to the Duchesse de Broglie, in consequence of a note I had had from her in the morning: a party there, Madames Dolomieu, St. Aulaire, De Barante, &c. Lord Jersey, and Lord Bristol. The Duchesse

made me fix a day to dine there, Thursday week.

28th. Dined at home, and read and wrote in the evening. In the morning had gone to the Opera House, and saw Marie Mercandotti dance; a beautiful little girl, most perfectly shaped, and promises to be a first-rate dancer.

30th. Dined at Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis: a large party, Charlemonts, Templetons, Granards, &c. Sat next Madame de Genlis: much conversation with her; some things she told of the "olden time" rather interesting. Upon my mentioning Mickle's detection of Voltaire's criticisms on the "Lusiad," she told a similar thing of some criticisms of Marmontel upon the same poem, which she traced in the same manner to an old French translation. Spoke of his "Tales" as in such *mauvais ton* of society; that he certainly met men of fashion at Mademoiselle Clairon's, but only knew them by the manners they put on there (which were, of course, different from what they would be in correct society), and painted from them accordingly. Mentioned some man of rank whom she had heard praising the manner in which Marmontel had sketched some characters, saying that it was to the very life; and on her expressing her astonishment at this opinion, he added, "Yes, life such as it is *chez Mademoiselle Clairon*." The same person, too, in praising any touch of nature in Marmontel, always subjoined, *la nature, comme elle est chez Mademoiselle Clairon*. Told me that she once entrusted to Stone between thirty and forty volumes of extracts which she had made during a most voluminous course of English reading, and which she never afterwards could recover: supposes that they are in the possession of Miss Helen Maria Williams. Sang in the evening. Translated, "Keep your Tears for me" into French, for Madame de Genlis before I sang it. Went from thence to Madame de Flahault's: heard some pretty good singing from the De —— and Flahault; some fine playing too on the French horn by a M. Puzzi.

December 1st. Dined with Stibbert: company, Lords Trimlestown, Kensington, Lisburne, &c. &c.: good dinner enough, but Lord Kensington too talkative. Went afterwards to Madame de Flahault's box at the Italian's: found there the De Souzas and Gallois: "L'Italiana in Algieri."

2nd. Wrote in the morning as I have done every morning. Macleod dined with me, *solus cum solo*; and he and Lord Dunsany accompanied me to Madame Courtin's benefit at the Opera: "Don Juan," from the Italians, and "Psyche." Bigottini beautiful in "L'Amour."

3rd. Have now done seventy-two lines in six days, which is not bad, considering my interruptions. Walked out with Mercer, and made some calls. Had Lord Granard and Lord Dunsany to dine with us, and took them in the evening to the Villamils,' where we had a swarm of Spaniards, and music. Massimino accompanied us on the pianoforte.

4th. Wrote some lines. Went with Story to St. Pelagie, to see poor Yonge, but were not admitted for want of a permission from the Préfecture de Police. Dined at home: a note from Yonge in the evening, to beg I would see Forster, and try and prevent the sale of his furniture to-morrow morning. Took a cabriolet, and went off to Forster's, who promised to do what he could about it. My things laid out to dress for the Ambassador's but changed my mind and did not go.

5th. Finished my Fourth Letter. Dined at Story's with Dalton and Macleod; all went (except Bessy, who is ill with a headache) to Forster's, where we had the old doubly-Dowager Lady Dysart and some foreigners. Sung and supped.

6th. Copied out some of my corrections, and wrote letters. Dined at the Due de Broglie's (had been asked to the Flahaults' too): company, the Jerseys, St. Aulaires, Comte Forbin, &c.: very agreeable. A piece, some time ago at one of the little theatres, called "La Mort d'Abel, ou le Frère sans Delicatesse." Talked of Grilparzie's tragedies (Sappho, &c.) with Mad. de Broglie, who has read some of them, but does not like them. Sung in the evening, and it did not seem lost upon them. Mad. de Broglie sang with me, "Go where Glory waits Thee," and pronounced the words (all except "hearth," which she made rather a startling sound of) very prettily. Mad. St. Aulaire (who is married to the father of Mad. Decaze), a very pleasing person.

7th. Went to call upon Mildmay at his own request; poor Yonge's situation the subject on which he wished to speak. Determined to

try whether Lord Thanet (whom he once attended) will do any thing. Went to the Beaujon with Mrs. S. and the Macleods: went down seventeen times with various partners. Called at the Jerseys' to ask Lord Thanet's address; he came in while I was there, and I mentioned Yonge's case; have hopes it will produce something not only from him, but Lord Jersey. Received a ticket from Lord Fife for the Opera this evening. Dined at home. Went to the Opera for a short time: saw the dance in "Ferdinando Cortez;" Rose, Adelise, Roland, Buron, rather pretty *figurantes*. Went afterwards to join Bessy and the girls at Mrs. Villamil's, and practised over some Italian duets.

8th. Read (as I have done for some days) Dupuis' "Origine de tous les Cultes," which I bought the other day for forty francs: am reading it for my letter of the High Priest. Dined (a large party, the Storys, Macleods, Villamil, and Dalton) at Beauvilliers', and went to the Feydeau in the evening: "Edmund and Caroline," and "Gulistan."

9th. Began my Fifth Letter. Called with Bessy in the morning on Lady Ranelliffe and Lady Granard: walked with her in the Tuileries afterwards. Dined at home. Went to read in the newsroom. Poor Perry's death! Lord Jersey brought me back this morning Lord B.'s "Journal," which I lent to Lady J.

10th. A letter from Corry to say that Richard Power cannot live many weeks. What a dreary thing to see such noble hearts dying around one! Wrote three or four lines of my Priest's letter, which I find difficult. Lord Granard dined with us to go and see Marie Mercandotti's debût at the French Opera; the Storys, Macleods, and we have taken three boxes for it: Lord Dunsany of our party. The "Caravane de Caire" and "Nina." Marie succeeded, but rather fell short of the expectations she gave me in rehearsing. Bigottini perfect in Nina; such dumb show with sweet music beyond all the tragedies in the world.

11th. A few lines more of the letter; not good enough to stand. Have some thoughts of employing the few distracted moments allowed me, to arranging the "Rhymes on the Road" for publication. Went with Bessy to make calls, Lord Dunsany having lent her his carriage for the purpose. Dined at home: after dinner, a note from Lady Ranelliffe, offering to take me to the Français; accepted her offer. Soon after arrived a note from Madame de Flahault, saying a seat in her box for the Italian was at my service. Went to the Français: Mars in "La Jeune Femme Colere." From thence accompanied Lady Ranelliffe to the Ambassador's: large assembly: conversed for some time with the Duke of Hamilton. Saw Talleyrand for the first time.

12th. Called upon the Jerseys; Lady E. Stuart there. Mentioned that it has long been the *ton* in France to press people to eat at dinner: instanced the Duchess of Orleans; that, however, some of the young Frenchwomen are beginning to adopt the English fashion of leaving people to themselves. Dined with the Storys (Forster of the party), and went all to the christening of Macleod's child in the evening. Supped there, and went afterwards to Mrs. Morier's ball: home about one.

13th. Walked out earlier than usual to perform some commissions for the day's dinner: wrote letters. The Douglases and Lord Dunsany to dine with us: more people in the evening; Storys, Villamils, Macleods, &c. Were told that Madame Benjamin Constant (our neighbour *au premier*) had sent word that she would come down and take coffee with us: waited upon her, and found it was Benjamin himself had sent this message, accordingly he came down and stayed till eleven o'clock. Had music and sandwiches, and afterwards danced; left us between one and two.

14th. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne. Met Auguste de Staël, and had much talk with him about the change of ministry. Wrote about a dozen lines to-day. Called on the Villamils at five, and proposed to dine with them; did so, and returned home early. De Staël to-day mentioned a joke about the new ministry; that its being Monsieur's choosing, he had *escompté son règne*.

15th. Wrote a few lines and walked in the Champs Elysées for an hour and a-half: made some calls. Bessy and I and the girls dined at Villamil's; Kenny and Mercer of the party: had music in the evening. Have written now about forty lines of my Priest's letter.

16th. Wrote and walked a little. Received an invitation to the Duke of Orleans' this

evening. Dined at Flahault's: company, the Jerseys, a Monsieur Labonne (I think), and young Lieven. Dinner late, on account of Flahault's late return from *la chasse*. Went between eight and nine to the Palais Royal; the Duchesse de Berri there, and the Princess of Denmark. Mademoiselle came and spoke to me and Gerard: asked him if he had heard me sing, &c. &c. He said, among other things, that I was the "flambeau de l'Angleterre." Few of the immense circle of women here worth a second look; the best among them Madame Sturmer and Lord Robert Fitzgerald's fine, colossal daughter. Boissy d'Anglas with his white hair spread out upon his shoulders, a most extraordinary figure. Introduced by Madame Durazzo to the Duchesse Litta, who is esteemed a beauty.

17th. Wrote a few lines. Went with Lord Dunsany and Douglas to dine with the Henrys, very far away, near the Chateau de Vincennes. Was to have gone to Madame St. Aulaire's in the evening, but returned to Paris too late.

18th. Wrote some lines. Walked out with Bessy. Dined at Gage Rookwood's: company, Lord and Lady Kenmore, Douglas, &c. &c. The little Moscow girl acted a scene in the evening. From thence to the Ambassador's: some show of beauty; the Duchesse de Fieremaçon and a Miss Huxley, an Irish girl.

19th. Six or eight lines, chiefly made out during a solitary walk beyond the Barrière. Drove afterwards a little with Mrs. S. and the Macleods. Dined at Robinson's; Lady Helena very agreeable. In the evening to Madame de Flahault's, and from thence to the Duchesse de Broglie's. A great beauty at the former place, Madame de Vicence, and Benjamin Constant, who said he had come to pay a visit to me this evening, and sat some time with Mrs. Moore. Got into a scrape about dinner to-day, having promised also to dine with the Grahams and forgot it.

20th. Wrote letters. Dined at home: Mrs. Story dined with us. Received a parcel from Sir Robert Wilson from Calais, where he is detained with Lambton, Lady L., her sister, and Lady Ossulston; they having sailed in an open fishing-boat from Dover, and left carriages, baggage, &c. behind them. The parcel consisted of two copies of Lord Byron's new tragedies (sent off some days before publication), on one of which Murray wishes me to found a bargain with Galignani, for the right of publishing here. Took a cabriolet, and went off to Galignani's after dinner.

21st. Galignani called and agreed to give a hundred pounds. Wrote a few lines. Dined at C. Hutchinson's: company, Mackenzie, Mills, Greathead, &c. &c. Sang a little, and went from thence to Lady Charlemont's ball: home early. Sent a copy of the tragedies to Lady E. Stuart this morning.

22nd. Have done now in all 100 lines of my Fifth Letter: have read also two or three volumes of Dupuis. He has abridged this book, and well he might; never was any book so full of repetitions and redundances. Walked in an unfrequented road beyond the Barrière from which the view of Mount Calvaire and the Aqueduct in the setting sun is very fine. Felt one of those fits of faintness in returning, which always come over me when I do not eat enough. Dined by myself at the Café Français (in consequence of Bessy's early dinner with the little ones), and sauntered off alone to the Ambigu Comique afterwards: L'Homme à Trois Visages." Our dear Anastasia came home for the holidays. Called upon Lady de Ros this morning, who showed me some of her very clever lithograph drawings; subject of one, the child and ruffian in "Paradise and Peri," charmingly imagined; promised to give me copies of them.

23rd. Revised some of what I had written. Walked to call upon Kenny. Thought I was invited to Villamil's to dinner, but found it was not the case. Dined with Dalton at the Café Français. From thence for an hour to Lord Fife's box, to see the dance in "Ferdinand Cortez," and thence to Villamil's, where we had a little music and supped.

24th. Wrote some lines. Dined at home. Went to Mad. St. Aulaire's in the evening: some conversation with the Duchesse de Broglie; told her of Power's having supposed (from my telling him that I saw her some years ago dance the Cossack air which Knyvett claims as his) that she was an opera dancer, and begged me to inquire of her in what ballet she danced it. Went from thence to the Macleods', to join a party for the *messe de minuit* at St. Roch; Mrs. Story, Miss Moore, the Macleods, &c.; a dull and cold operation. Got home at one.

25th. Wrote and walked. Dined at home.

Took Anastasia and Tom to a children's ball at Douglas's. Bessy too ill to go. Danced and played at blindman's-buff with the children; little Tom much admired. The adults danced afterwards; supped and sung. Douglas is making a table to surprise Bessy with on New-Year's Day, adorned with poetical emblems: the Irish harp, &c., and scrolls containing the words "Lalla Rookh" and "Irish Melodies."

26th. A few lines. Dined early, for the purpose of taking the children to Franconi's: the "Bataille de Bovines," the Elephant, &c. &c. Little Tom, notwithstanding his raking last night, full of animation.

27th. Wrote letters. Walked in the Tuileries, first with Gen. Cheron and Wilder, then with Captain Waldegrave and Cadogan. Dined at Lord Granard's: Mercer, Burrell, the Robinsons, &c. &c. Much curious talk with Lady Adelaide about Lord Hastings. Went in the evening with Lady Helena to Lady de Ros, to thank her for the beautiful lithograph drawings she sent me.

28th. Dined at the Villamils': Storys, Dalton, Captain Popham, Mercer, &c. Music in the evening. Massimino accompanied, and very ill. Lady Popham and daughter joined the party in the evening. After the departure of a few, became more merry and supped. Forgot Lady Charlemont's ball.

29th. Meant to go and see the "Paria" to-night, but met the Macleods, who said they had got Lord Fife's box for the Italian. Dined with the Storys, and went: the "Barbiere:" Fodor in her very best voice. Did not go to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Have done near sixty lines this week.

30th. Wrote ten lines. Walked on the road beyond the Barrière; a glorious day, a bright sun on one side, and a misty shower and double rainbow on the other. Dined at Brummel's, having nearly fainted beforehand with the pain of a blow I got on my knee while dressing. Company, Mr. and Mrs. White and William Dawson. Sung in the evening, and had one or two pair of bright eyes weeping around me. Did not go to Madame de Flahault's, from whom I had a note this morning, entreating me not to fail being at her supper to-morrow night.

31st. Went with the Douglases to dine at Henry's, under a promise that I should be back in town time enough for Madame de Flahault's New Year's Eve supper. Left that at nine, and was in the Grande Rue Verte a little after ten. A very select party: the Jerseys, Lady Ossulston, the Lambtons, Lady E. Grey (a most charming person) the Ellises, Prince Beaveau, Mrs. G. Lamb, Sir R. Wilson, and one or two more. A *jeu de loterie* occupied the time before supper, in which some of the prettiest things from the Petit Dunkerque were won. Much wished that Lady E. Grey should win a beautiful paper-presser, in the form of a butterfly, with wings for handles, but she did not.

January 1st, 1822. Walked out with Bessy in the morning to choose an *étrenne* for Mrs. Story. Had Villamil, Dalton, Douglas, and Dr. Yonge to dine with me. In the evening came Mrs. Story, and at supper arrived the Macleods. Took to games of forfeit; drunk champagne and brandy-punch afterwards; then to dancing, and did not separate till near three o'clock.

2nd. Dined at Macleod's; Mrs. Story of the party. Went from thence to the Opera (Lord Fife having sent me a ticket); too late for the divertissement in the opera. Miss Drew was to have called to take me to Mrs. Roche's ball, but instead of her came Mrs. Story, Mrs. Macleod and her sister. Drove with them about the Champs Elysées; a fine moonlight and a merry one. They left me at Mrs. Roche's; found that Miss D. had called for me at the Opera: staid only a short time at the ball. On my return home found our two maids still engaged with their company, we having treated them with an entertainment for their friends to-day.

3rd. Kept in a bustle all the morning; so much so as to forget (for I believe the first time since I have been in France) my letter to my dear mother, to whom I write twice a week, and have done so, with but few failures, for more than twenty years past. Dined with the Robinsons: no one but Cadogan; a good dinner and agreeable day. Sung to them in the evening, and saw in Lady Helena's eyes those *beads* (to use the language of distillers) which show that the spirit is *proof*. Went from thence to Lady Pigott's ball. Bessy gone to the Italian Opera, where Dalton procured her a box.

4th. A Mr. Rose called upon me with a

letter from Murray, and a miniature of Lord Byron's little girl, which he wishes me to forward to him. Dined at Villamil's: two Spaniards of the party. Mrs. S. called to take me to the Opera to see Marcia's last appearance before her departure for England. Nothing could be more beautiful than her face, dress, and figure, in dancing the Guaraccia.

5th. A children's ball at Story's. Macleod, Story, Dalton, and myself dined together at the Café Anglais, and adjourned to the ball at ten o'clock: danced, supped, and sung till near three. Wrote ten lines to-day.

6th. Wrote a little in walking beyond the barrier. Dined at Story's, Macleod of the party. In the evening all went to Douglas's; very sleepy after last night. Ombark Boubi, the Moor, there; expects to be made Chargé d'Affaires from Constantinople to England; requested me to write to Lord Strangford in his favour.

7th. Walked, wrote letters, &c. Dined by myself at the Trois Frères, and found great pleasure in the few moments of silent repose it gave me. Never did I lead such an unquiet life: Bessy ill, my home uncomfortable; anxious to employ myself in the midst of distractions, and full of remorse in the utmost of my gaiety. Came home early and read. Have this week done but about forty lines.

8th. Dined, by Kenny's desire and instrumentality, at Pictet's, a Swiss banker. Villamil of the party, the Newtes, &c. Found that I was to be shown off in the evening to his customers, and took flight. Called on the Macleods, and went from thence to Lady E. Stuart's assembly. Some talk with Sir Charles. Lady Rancliffe brought me home. Have got Lord Byron's Irish verses printed on a single sheet by Galignani.

9th. Dined quietly at home for a wonder. In the evening went to Mrs. Armstrong's ball, as chaperon to the two Belchers: the prettiest ball I have seen in Paris; the music delicious, Colinet's best. The ease with which all Rossini's lively songs and choruses may be turned into quadrilles and waltzes, shows the character of his music. Did not get to bed till five o'clock. Fanny Belcher very much admired, and supposed to be Bessy by most of the company.

10th. Was to have dined with Stibbert, but preferred Lambton's: company, only his brother, Lady Louisa, Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ellis. All went to the Français afterwards to see the new tragedy of M. Jouy, "Sylla;" full of allusions to Napoleon, which were loudly applauded. Talma very fine in the last scene. Home early. Lambton quoted to-day a Persian proverb, "The words of kings never fall to the ground."

11th. Lambton called and left me a *coupon* for the Variétés this evening. Looked over my Rhymes on the Road, for the purpose of seeing what sort of a *rifaccimento* I can make of them. How lucky I did not publish so slight a trifle! Dined at Lord Henry Fitzgerald's: company, the Jerseys, Sir C. and Lady E. Stuart, and Lord Thanet. Sat next to the latter, and found him agreeable. Lady E. Stuart said that the "Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun" (which, of course, she did not own to have read) were supposed to be "genuine but not true." Lord T. saw nothing improbable in them; found them even dull from this probability; his women were all such easy triumphs. Lady Jersey asked me for a copy of my verses on Naples, and the words of "I love but Thee," which I had promised her. A good deal of conversation with Sir Charles S. about cruelties, suggested by a portrait of Brinvilliers, the poisoning woman in the reign of Louis XIV., which Lady de Ros had got from the Louvre to copy. This woman was punished by the torture of water, being made to drink it till she burst. Mentioned the old book with engravings, about the cruelties of the Dutch at Amboyna. Went away at nine to the Variétés: found only Lambton and Lady Louisa in the box. Laughed almost to pain at *Je fais mes Farces*. Went afterwards to the Macleods', and from thence at twelve o'clock to Lady Charlemont's ball; a good deal of talk with Lady C. Home between one and two.

12th. Dined at Douglas's: in the evening to Mercer's (where I was to have dined): the Villamils there: sung a little. Was called for by the Douglases, and went with them to Lafitte's ball. Was introduced, at her own request, to the wife of one of Buonaparte's generals (I could not make out her name), to whom Napoleon has left a large sum in his will: told me he had also left money to Arnaud and to Labédoyère's children.

13th. Walked beyond the Barrière, and

wrote an epigram or two for the Rhymes. Dined at Colonel Ellice's: company, the Robinsons, Lady Hunloke, Lord Marcus Hill, and Cornwall; very agreeable. In the evening, Mrs. Ellice played some of the choruses in the "Gazza Ladra," and I sung. Thence went to Madame de Flahault's, where I found Lady E. Grey suffering in the midst of *Crapauds;* all French but herself, did not stay, but meaning to go to Mrs. Gent's assembly, went to a wrong place, and found myself in splendid rooms, where there was not a single English face to be seen. On inquiring of the servant, found it was Maréchal Suchet's, and made my escape. Dirtied my shoes in seeking for the carriage, and gave up Mrs. Gent. Went to the Macleods', and took Miss I. off with me in the carriage to fetch Mrs. Story, who had set off on foot, and we found her on our return.

14th. Walked in the Champs Elysées, and wrote a couple more trifles. Dined at the Douglases' to meet the Henrys: a party in the evening. Went for half an hour to Mrs. Newte's ball, and returned; did not stay late.

15th. Dined with Macleod and Major Handley at a traiteur's near the Odéon, in order to go to see the "Paria." Some fine situations: in the Paria's discovery of himself to his mistress, I suspect the author was thinking of my "Fireworshipper:" altogether dull. Went and supped at Mrs. Story's afterwards. Found a coupon for the Français from Lambton on my return.

16th. Had a letter from Lady Jersey, thanking me for the words of "I love but Thee," which I sent her; and asking me to dine with her to-morrow, but am engaged to Lord Granard's. Dined at Lambton's: Cottu, the author of the work on "English Jurisprudence," and Sir Robert Wilson. Wilson's slap-dash politics and slap-dash French in his disputes with Cottu very amusing. His pronunciation of La Pologne as if it was L'Apollon, and Cottu taking it for granted he meant the latter, and saying, *Non, non, on ne ferait pas la guerre pour l'Apollon.* Cottu's supposition of a case (in ridiculing the present minute subdivision of property) of a man planting a large cabbage, which would overshadow his neighbour's grounds, &c. Sir Robert's pun, *Vous aimez les choux, moi, je n'aime pas les* Chouans. Did not go to Madame de Flahault's this evening.

17th. Dined at the Granards'. Received, while I was dressing, a *coupon* for the Français, which I thought came from the Lambtons': company, the Chabots, Rothschild, Lord Marcus Hill, &c. &c. Introduced to Rothschild in the evening: offered to send anything to Italy for me by his courier, but did *not* ask me to his ball, which is what I want. Went off between eight and nine; found no one but Darby in the box, which was the ambassador's: looked again at the *coupon*, and found it was a ticket for the whole box, which Lady Elizabeth had sent me; an unlucky mistake, as I wanted to take the Belchers, and might have saved the hire of a box to-morrow night by it. The play, "Sylla:" went after it was over behind the scenes, to Talma's dressing-room: was introduced there to Jouy, the author of the play. Talma mentioned a portrait of Shakspeare on a bellows, which had fallen by accident into his hands, and which he considers authentic: several inscriptions on it from Shakspeare, in the orthography of his time. Went from thence to the Arthurs' ball; a particularly nice girl, either daughter or niece of Prince Pignatelli.

18th. Up early to go look after the person that is to take charge of the Belchers. Went afterwards to Lambton's, and thence with them to Sommariva's, who showed us some beautiful cameos in oriental stones from his pictures and statues. Took a box for the Français: dined at home, and went with the Belchers and Mrs. Story: play, the "Tartuffe:" entertainment, the "Ménage de Molière;" Molière represented as jealous of his wife.

19th. Dined with the Storys, who had made a party to go to the bal masqué at night; some *embarras* about the Belchers wishing to go. Had procured their passports and taken their places in the morning for Tuesday next.

20th. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne. Have done nothing but some forty or fifty lines of trifling doggrel this week. Called upon Darby to know if his dinner stands good for Tuesday, as Lambton has asked me to meet the Portalises on that day. Saw with him a M. le Garde, who asked me if I could speak French, and on my replying "a little," said, *Ah! oui; on ne pourrait pas avoir écrit de si béaux vers sans savoir le Français;* this is excellent. Darby's dinner

stands good. Called in at Villamil's at five, and stopped to dine, having sent an excuse to Col. Huxley's, where I was invited: returned home early.

21st. Got up early and went to Darby's, he having invited me to breakfast for the purpose of attending the Chamber to-day. Darby had gone out, there being no Chamber in consequence of the anniversary of Louis Seize's death. Went and breakfasted at Tortoni's. Walked afterwards in the Champs Elysées: dined at home. Went in the evening to the Palais Royal to purchase bon-bons and music for the Belchers.

22nd. Up early to see the Belchers off to the coach. When we arrived there, found they had forgot their passports, and had to drive back furiously for them; just came as the coach was driving off. Told me that they had not money enough, and that I must send them some to Calais. Went off to Lafitte's and dispatched to them an order upon a banker at Calais for eight Napoleons, having already advanced them 25*l*. This with the 500 francs I gave to Yonge's subscription, and 400 I lent the other day to Dalton, leaves a melancholy vacuum in my already shallow purse. Dined at Darby's: company, Etienne (the famous journalist and deputy, who made on Saturday last the best speech that has been spoken on the law for restraining the press); Thiard, another deputy; Dupin the advocate, Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, Sir H. Mildmay, King, Mackenzie, &c. &c. A good deal of savage cleverness about Dupin. His story of P—— (a chief judge and now minister) asking of a girl, whose pardon some one solicited, *Est-elle jolie, la petite?* Etienne said it was *De Sade en robe.* The day altogether curious and amusing. Went afterwards to Lambton's: found there the Portalises (both brothers and their wives), Lady Jersey, Mad. de Broglie and the Duke, and Sir R. Wilson. The Duc de Broglie said that fanaticism no longer existed in France, and that religion is only used as a political instrument. From thence went to the Macleods', and had a merry supper with them and the Storys.

23rd. Dined at home. Received a coupon from Lambton for the Gymnase: went, and laughed very heartily at Clausel in M. Beanfils. From thence, Lambton and I went first to his house and then to the Duc de Broglie's: a very good party; did not stay long. Saw Lord Auckland there.

24th. Wrote a letter, and walked. Dined at Mercer's: company, Mad. d'Ameland and Miss d'Este, Lady Glenlyon, Warrender, &c. &c. Some music in the evening. From thence to Lady Ranelliffe's ball: home pretty early.

25th. Dined at home, and took Bessy to the Variétés in the evening: "Sans Tambour ni Trompette," "Les Comediens de Paris," &c. Supped at home.

26th. Dined at Villamil's: company, Dawson, Mercer, the Macleods: music in the evening. Went neither to Mad. de Broglie nor Lafitte's ball. Have done some few trifling lines every day.

27th. Wrote words to a Neapolitan air. Dined at Lambton's: company, Duc and Duchesse de Guiche, Lady Ossulston, Sir R. Wilson, &c.; the Portalises and Ellices in the evening.

28th. Sent off the air to Power. Dined at Sir H. Mildmay's: company, Warrender, Greffulhe, Denon, &c.; sang in the evening. Denon told me that the medal of Grattan was nearly finished, which I am not very glad to hear, as nobody has yet paid me, and I shall have to give the 1000 francs it costs out of my own pocket. Went afterwards to sup at Story's; Bessy, who had been at the Français with Villamil (Mad. de Flahault having sent us *coupons* for her box before dinner), came there too.

29th. Dined at Douglas's: a party in the evening; singing and dancing. Went away for an hour to Lady E. Stuart's; returned to Douglas's for Bessy.

30th. Went out early to order wine, ice, &c. &c., having a dinner party at home to-day. Company, Douglas, Kenny, Stibbert, Story, and Millingen. The dinner (thanks to my dear girl's management and superintendence) most comfortable, and Villamil's excellent Lafitte (of which he sent me a dozen the other day), not the worst part of the feast. Drank of this six bottles, two of Madeira, and one of Champagne. A party in the evening; sung, danced, drank three bottles more of Champagne, besides lots of negus, and did not part till two. One or two of my dinner guests rather *lively.*

31st. Dined with my fellow traveller, M. Mariton: Stibbert, too, of the party; the re-

mainder (about eight or nine) all French: very curious as giving a perfect idea of the genuine French mode of living; abundance and variety of the dishes, handed round by the guests themselves and never ceasing; nothing but ordinary wine during dinner, except towards the end, two small decanters of red wine (one de Grenache, the other, I think, l'Amalque, both southern, strong and good), of which no one tasted but Stibbert and I; then, with the dessert, a bottle of a white Mousseux wine, called Clairette de Di, made of the sweet grape; and, for the conclusion, a liqueur glass round of vin de *sucré*, and hardly to be known from other sweet wines. Violent party politics talked; an old hot Liberal, who was Minister de la Marine under Napoleon, foremost in violence; the ultra champion, a shrewd little doctor, was all astonishment at the absurdity of the minority in still speaking, when they so well knew all measures would be carried against them, leaving entirely out of account the effect their speaking had upon the country. A good deal of talk about Etienne, and his celebrated plagiary of the "Deux Gendres," from a MS. by the Jesuit Conaxa, found (during the Revolution when they were burning the works of the Jesuits) by M. Maltebrun, and given by him to Etienne, who founded on it his "Deux Gendres," and got both money and reputation by it, till having refused to share *either* with his friend Maltebrun, the latter took revenge by revealing the whole transaction to the public, and the thing has never been forgotten to Etienne since. The doctor also mentioned the famous Déjeuners de Rovigo, During Napoleon's time, where Etienne (then the virtual censor of the press) used to denounce the publications that were to be suppressed. After dinner, two ladies played on the pianoforte; said they saw I liked music, and asked whether I played myself; said "a little;" was pressed to sit down to the pianoforte; sung "When midst the Gay I meet." Went from thence to the Princesse Talleyrand's to hear Vieni (author of a suppressed play, "Clovis") read a new tragedy he has written, called "Achille." Heard two acts declaimed by him with true French gesticulation; the ludicrous effect of his missing one of the *feuillet* in the middle of a fine speech, and exclaiming in the same tragic tone, *Grand Dieu! qu'est ce que c'est que ça!* Was introduced to him; said he should like to have had Talma to act Priame, but that there was no getting him to play with Lafond. By the bye, how convenient as a rhyme, "Madame" is! for Priame, Pergame, &c., *toujours prête*. Though pressed by the Princess to stay, bolted, and went to an assembly at the Conte Jules de Polignac's. Introduced to him by Lady Ossulston: saw there Madame de Broglie, Lady Ranelifle, &c. and a number of high flying Royalists, Décars, Chateaubriands, &c. From thence went to their very antipodes in politics at Clermont's ball: saw some bad waltzers dancing to a beautiful thing from the "Gazza Ladra," and left for Mrs. Story's supper at a quarter before twelve: home a little after one.

February 1st. Had determined (from the difficulty I find in writing here) that Bessy should set off for England in ten days and prepare the cottage; but received by the post of to-day a letter, to say that old Hall, my rival in Sloperton, had wheedled farmer Hutton out of the key, and got possession of the house, so that this is all at an end. Dined at home, and went to the Porte St. Martin in the evening.

2nd. Dined at home: went to Mrs. Story's (a children's party chiefly); supped there. Mean to make an effectual struggle against engagements henceforth, if I can.

3rd. Have written some straggling trifles for the "Rhymes" this week; altogether have done more than 200 lines in this way. Dined at Lord Granard's: had promised to go to Madame de Broglie's in the evening, but went to Villamil's to hear Weiss, a flute player. A party of Spaniards there: Duc and Duchesse of San Lorenzo, Duchesse of Rivas, Marchioness of Santa Cruz, &c. &c.

4th. Wrote a letter to Lord John: dined at home, and read in the evening. Mrs. Story and Miss Norris to supper.

5th. Walked and wrote a little: dinner and evening at home; ditto to supper.

6th. Dined at Douglas's; a large party in the evening to which Bessy came. Went away for an hour to Madame Portalis's ball, which was a very good one.

7th. Received an anonymous note, written evidently by a Frenchwoman, inviting me to meet her at the bal masqué on Saturday next, —*une rose à la main me fera connaitre;* evidently a hoax, and, I have no doubt, origin-

ating with Mrs. S. and Miss Inglis. Dined at home; worked a little in the evening, and went at ten to sup at Mrs. Story's; the Macleods there. Did not go to Mrs. Drummond's ball.

8th. Have begun my prose part of the work these two days past. Walked beyond the barrière: offered myself to dinner at the Villamils': left them between eight and nine, and came home to dress. A soirée upstairs at Benjamin Constant's, to which I went: plenty of *libéreaux*, Lafayette, Excelmans, Abbé de Pradt, &c. A good deal of talk with M. Buchon and another *littérateur*, who reminded me he had sent me a translation of "Alexander's Feast," some time ago. Introduced to the celebrated French *bleu*, Madame Sophia Gay, who is herself overwhelming, but has pretty daughters. From thence went to Lady Charlemont's ball; home before one. Have been negotiating with Galignani for Lord Byron, who has given up publishing with Murray, and has some things ready, which he wishes to have published at Paris.

9th. Dined at home. Had received a note from Mad. de Broglie in the morning, asking me to come to her: engaged also to a great ball at Mad. de Chabanais, and promised to meet Denon at Lafitte's, in order that he might introduce me to Marechal Soult. Went for a short time to Mad. de Broglie's. In talking of Peyronnet, and wondering how he would look in going to receive the sacrament in public, it was said that he and all the rest of the Ministers ought to be confessed *en gros*, as they do a regiment,—"Let every one who has committed this sin hold up his hand." The priests of the Greek Church read out a long list of crimes (such as only Greeks would think of) to the penitent, who nods his head at every item of which he has been guilty, and the priest puts a mark of his thumb-nail against it accordingly. At the conclusion the whole is summed up, and a receipt in full given for the total by absolution. In some places people *abonner* themselves for some one favourite vice for six or eight months to come. Went from thence to Villamil's, where there were Spaniards and music: did not go to my other places, but supped there.

10th. Took a long walk to the Bois de Boulogne; have done but little of my prose. Dined at Col. Elliee's: company, Mad. de Menon, a young Monsieur something (coxcomb, of course), Warrender, and Lambton's brother. Left them early and went to Villamil's.

11th. Dined at the Café Français. Received a letter from the Longmans to-day, to say that another Bermuda claim has been brought forward; an after-clap of that thunder-storm! The amount 1200*l*., but think it may be reduced to three; and offering, if a letter which they advise my writing to old Sheddon (the father of that Jew, Robert) should fail, to advance me the money: shall not take it. Came home early: did not go to Mad. St. Aulaire's or Mrs. Gold Gent's.

12th. Bessy and I went with the Miss Drews to dine at Lady Emily Henry's: some beautiful playing on the violin in the evening by a young man, Obreeht (I think), an elève of Viotti's, and possessing much of the sensibility of his touch. Brought the Drews home to sup with us. Received Lord Byron's MS. of "Werner" this morning; paid five Napoleons for the postage.

13th. Dined at the Rancliffes': company, Lady Jersey, the Ellises, Fox, and Mrs. George Lamb; the dinner very agreeable. Asked Rancliffe to dine with me on Friday, which he promised. From thence to Mad. de Flahault's, and afterwards to sup at the Macleods'.

14th. Power has sent me the third number of the "National Melodies," and wishes me to secure the copyright of the words for him in France. Dined at home, and went to the Gaiété in the evening: "La Forêt enchantée."

15th. Went to the Marais to Smith's, to have the words of the "National Melodies" printed. Dinner at home: Ranelliffe has remembered another engagement, and Benjamin Constant will be detained at the chamber: company, Villamil, Brummel, Davison, and Mercer. Mrs. and the Miss Brummels in the evening, the Constants and some friends they brought with them, the Macleods, Mrs. Story, Mrs. Villamil, &c. A good deal of music; supper, dancing, blindman's buff, &c. till four o'clock in the morning.

16th. Rather knocked up with my last night's achievements. Walked to see Kenny: he and Macleod dined with me off the scraps. Went together to the Feydeau; dull work. Supped at Mrs. Story's: persuaded Bessy to

give up the bal masqué, and brought her quietly home.

17th. Dined at home. Went by Bessy's wish to the Douglases' in the evening: introduced to a Mad. Thayer, an American, married to a Frenchman, who owns the hôtel in which they live, and the whole of the Passage du Panorama. She "Sir Thomas-ed" me all the time we spoke together. Home at one.

18th. Up early; wrote letters, and a little of my job-work. Bessy very ill with her late hours: takes no care of herself when she is the least well. Dined at home; uncomfortably. Went to the French Opera, and forgot my annoyances a little in the beauty of the ballet.

19th. Got some books on St. Domingo I wished to consult. Walked about to see the Bœuf Gras and the other fooleries of the Carnival. Dined with Villamil: a Frenchman of the party, who, when Villamil introduced him to me as a distant relation of Buonaparte's, said, *Ce n'est pas le plus beau de mon histoire.* It was mentioned of Talleyrand one day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a "Pekin" who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. *Nous appellons Pekin* (says Davoust) *tout ce qui n'est pas militaire. Oh, oui, c'est comme chez nous* (replied Talleyrand); *nous appellons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil.*

21st. Dined with the Villamils, and went to the Italian Opera; "La Gazza Ladra;" music in the trial scene, and after the condemnation, misplaced and frivolous: shows a want of feeling; "Sends the girl's soul upon a jig to heaven."

22nd. Have taken to translating some passages of "Catullus" for my Letters. Am not at all well; a bad cold in addition to my other ills. Dined at home; bathed my feet, and went through the operation of gruel, &c. at night.

23rd. Wrote thirty-six lines of translation from "Catullus." Dined at Lord Granard's (to whom, after having fought off invitations from Chenevix and Peters, I struck): company, the Chabots, Lord Marcus Hill, Lord Harvey, &c. &c. Left early in the evening, intending to go to Mad. de Broglie's, but contented myself with accompanying Bessy to the Macleods'; a most dull evening, I too ill to sing. By the bye, called upon Stewart Rose, who has brought me a letter of introduction from Lord Lansdowne. Talking of Scott (with whom he is intimate), says he has no doubt of his being the author of all the novels. Scott's life in Edinburgh favourable to working; dines always at home, and writes in the evening. Writing quite necessary to him; so much so, that when he was very ill some time ago, he used to dictate for three or four hours at a time. From combining circumstances, Rose thinks it was the "Bride of Lammermoor" he dictated in this way. Told me of sad conduct of Williams to Foscolo.

24th. Walked and wrote a little; am continuing my translations from "Catullus." Dined by myself at Riche's, and came home and worked a little in the evening. Read a long article about myself to-day from "Blackwood;" the tone insolent, but flattering in the main.

25th. Took a stall in the orchestra to see the "Lampe Merveilleuse." Asked Dalton to dine with me, and both went to the Opera together: bad music and dialogue, but the scenery and spectacle altogether like magic.

26th. Wrote one or two trifles. Dined at Bushe's: company, Lord Charlemont, Ellises, Mr. Ricketts (*quondam* secretary of Lord Hastings in India), Sir Sidney Smith, &c. Bad dinner and dull day. Sir Sidney never stirred out of Jean d'Acre for hours: kept strict possession of it, like a gallant commander as he is. Read the newspapers in my way home, and got to bed early. Ricketts' account of Lord Moira giving into his hands all the letters and applications for appointments after his arrival, &c. &c., all characteristic of his lordship.

27th. Wrote some more of my prose. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, the Kenmares, Bushes, &c. &c. Another bore in the shape of W., who fought over the Wiltshire election as pertinaciously as Sir Sidney did Acre. Mrs. Cadogan said she would show me some verses written to her by an amateur poet, "a *gentleman* poet." Meant to have gone to Madame de Broglie's in the evening, but too late. Went to Madame de Sapenay's concert (through the intervention of my literary friend, M. Dorion, who has written epics, lyrics, and God knows what, and sent them *all* to me to read), and heard some music, the

best of which was M. Obricht's violin. A Madame Molinos (formerly Mdlle. Lafitte), Galli, and a Garde du Corps, were the vocals. Went from thence and supped at the Macleods'.

28th. More of the prose. Walked about with Bessy. Dined at Daly the banker's; a very good set-out, excellent wines: company, Sir T. Webbe, Wellesley, Ricketts, King, Peters, &c. &c. Called for Bessy at ten, and took her to a party at Davison's; cold and meagre. Heard a Frenchman sing Spanish songs to the guitar. From thence went both of us with the Villamils to Lady S. Douglas's, where there was dancing; home a quarter after one. By the bye, Wellesley mentioned that Lord Castlereagh, in speaking of the females who were common in the Manchester riots, said, "As for these wretched women, I shall leave them to *purge themselves*." Dorion told me that to print 1000 copies of such an octavo volume as his, in Didot's best manner, cost but about seventy pounds English.

March 1st. Dined with the Villamils, and they, and I and Bessy, went to Miss Corrie's concert: bad enough, except a few very touching bars in Benazet's violoncello, and Madame Fodor's song from the "Barbiere." *Amor possente* is the name of the beautiful duet from "Armida," in which there are such affecting passages.

2nd. A meat breakfast at Villamil's at two for the purpose of practising some music, but neither practised nor dined. Went all to the Variétés, and made up by a most hearty hot supper at V.'s afterwards. .

3rd. Dined at Cadogan's: company, the Charlemonts, Lady Warrender, Sir Sidney Smith, the Robinsons, &c. &c. Sat next to Sir Sidney. Told me some curious things; the distillation of salt water, a most useful discovery for the navy; the water *fade* and insipid, but quite pure and fresh. Some navigator, he mentioned, is going to take out casks of *coal* with those of water; if it succeeds, there will be so much stowage saved, as the calculation is that one cask of coal will make three of water. Sea scurvy arises from the want of fresh air; the knowledge of this has led to the almost total extirpation of it. Mrs. Cadogan told me that Sir Sidney *amused* her for a whole evening by explaining how she might see a ball coming out of a cannon's mouth in time to avoid it.

4th. A party proposed for the Gymnase to-night, with the Storys. Received a letter from Lord Byron, who signs himself now *Noel Byron*. He has called out Southey, as I expected he would, and he has done right; no man should suffer such a letter as Southey's, signed with his name, to pass without this sort of notice. Lord B. ought not to have brought it upon himself, but, having done so, there was but this left for him. Neither will there any harm result from it, as Southey, I am sure, will not meet him. Wrote a little now every day, but very little. Dined with Story's men (their first appearance) at a restaurateur's, and afterwards went with them and the ladies to the Gymnase: three very pretty pieces, the "Artiste," "Mémoires d'un Colonel," and "Michel and Christine." Bessy quite uncomfortable about the fate of poor Stanislas in the last: said it would haunt her for a week.

5th. Wrote: walked with Bessy: dined at home. Afterwards to Madame de Broglie's: some amusing conversation among the Frenchmen there. Talked of national songs; "Vive Henry Quatre" almost the only *royal* one, except "Fils d'un Béarnois," written when Louis XVI. was in prison. Disclaimed Charmante Gabrielle as a national song; praised the words of the first verse; seemed to think it was written by Henri himself. Mentioned some verses upon a pun by the present king, but I could not collect them: *les chaleurs extrêmes* one of the phrases, and the Duke seemed to doubt if the plural *chaleurs* was admissible. One of the talkers, an old fellow, spoke (with a license of language which we should not well tolerate in England), about the illegitimacy of the Duc de Berri. From there went to the Ambassador's, where I found Talleyrand coming out, and (a much better thing) that pretty girl, Miss Huxley, going in: talked a little to her, and came away early.

6th. Have been reading "Saint Foix ou Paris," and a wretched thing, "Les Amours de Camille." Dined at Villamil's: a large party, the Marquis of Yrueo (who was in America), and his wife, the Drummonds, &c. Some singing in the evening; Bessy came; supped afterwards.

7th. Had fixed to-day for a restaurateur dinner with Kenny and Elliston. Villamil, Macleod, Hunter (the King's messenger), and

his son, joined the party. Dined at a bad traiteur's, Peyton on the Boulevards; bad and dear. Went, five of us, in the evening, to see Mdlle. Bégrand in "Suzanna," at the Porte St. Martin; much changed in figure from what she was four years ago; an extraordinary exhibition. Brought them home to supper; had also the Storys, Mrs. Villamil, and the Douglases: left us at two.

10th. Can do but little: ruinous work. Had Elliston and Villamil to dine with us (Kenny was to have been of the dinner), in order to go to Madame Fodor's benefit in the evening. Tickets twenty francs each: Bessy went: opera, the "Elizabeth of Rossini;" some fine things, but heavy as a whole. Went and supped at Mrs. Story's afterwards.

11th. Walked to look at some of the remarkable streets mentioned by Saint Foix. Dined at Lord Stair's: company, Rancliffe, Lord Paulet, Colonel Milman (brother to the poet), Dalton, &c. &c.; magnificent style of living: went to his box at the French Opera afterwards, "Aladin." Did not go to Mrs. Gent's ball.

12th. Walked and wrote a little: my course, either to-day or yesterday (I forget which), by the Rue du Temple and the Rue Ste. Avoye, which took me out on the Quai by the place de Grève. Was looking for the Rue des trois Pavillons, but could not find it. The Rue du Petit Bourbon (from a house in which, that had belonged to the Constable de Bourbon, Charles IX. fired on his Huguenot subjects as they crossed the water to the Faubourg St. Germain) is, as far as I can discover, demolished. Dined at Villamil's: company, Captain Light, Princesse Talleyrand, &c. &c. Music in the evening. At twelve o'clock, went with Bessy to the Macleods', and staid till near two.

13th. Weather very hot. Dined with the Lockitts and Storys at Riche's: sent an excuse to the Drummonds.

14th. Dined at De Flahault's: company, Madame de Souza, Monsieur De Lessert, Count Pahlen, and a Frenchman, whose name I don't know; very agreeable. De Flahault made me a present of "Courrier's Pamphlets," and Madame de Flahault of "Beranger's Songs." Had before dinner received tickets for the Duke of Orleans's box at the Italian: sent the Villamils and Bessy; joined them there afterwards; Count Pahlen took me. Some conversation with him about Rossini. Rossini at Venice being employed to write an opera for the Carnival, passed off an old one upon them, but was, I believe, imprisoned three days for the deceit. In comparing him to Cimarosa, critics say, Cimarosa never repeated himself, but then there is but one of his pieces that keeps the stage, the "Matrimonio." The opera, to-night, "L'Italiana." Returned home to dress again, and went to Lady E. Stuart's ball; very splendid, a blaze of English beauty.

15th. Went to show the Lockitts Sommariva's collection, and lost my day by it. Dined with the Storys: they and Bessy went to the Variétés, taking also our dear Anastasia. I returned home and played over the whole of "L'Italiana," which Madame de Flahault lent me.

16th. My dear Anastasia's birthday; preparations for a young party on the occasion. Weather as warm as summer. Walked to the Rue des Fossés de St. Germain Auxerrois. Saw the Cul de Sac de Sourdis, where was one of the residences of Gabrielle d'Estrées. Saw also the Rue Baillcul (a very narrow street), where, according to St. Foix, she also lived *à l'Hôtel de Schomberg qui subsiste encore, derrière l'Hôtel d'Aligra.* This latter hotel is still there with the same name. Saw also, in the Rue Béthisy, which is a continuation of the Rue St. Germain Auxerrois, the site of the house (the second on the left *en entrant par la Rue de la Monnaie*) where Admiral Coligni was assassinated the night of St. Bartholomew. The church of St. Germain, &c., from which the signal was given, is opposite the façade of the Louvre.

17th. Dined at Colonel Huxley's, the father of the beautiful *blonde:* company, General Ramsay, Sir C. Green, &c. &c. Sung in the evening. Went from thence to Villamil's: Kenny, Davison, and Miss Holcroft; some music and supper.

18th. Went with Flahault and De Lessert to see a match at the Tennis Court: great activity exhibited by two boys. Flahault bet on the Vieux (as they were called, about twenty-nine years of age), and won. Dined at Fitzherbert's: Lord Rancliffe, Daly, and Dr. Gullifer; a little music in the evening. Returned home early.

19th. Dined at the Café Français with Bessy, the Storys, and Major Handley, and went to the Variétés in the evening. Potier in the "Frères Féroces" excellent. Took ice at Tortoni's afterwards.

20th. Dined at Robert's with Campbell of Saddell: company, Lord Beauchamp, Berkeley Craven, Irvine, Henry Baring, Macleod, &c. Beauchamp and Craven both clever in their way. The story of Montron falling into the saw-pit at Newmarket, &c. &c. Meant to go to *Frascati* afterwards, but changed my mind, and came home early.

21st. Walked all the way to the Palace de la Bastille, and round by the Boulevard St. Antoine. Dined with Hanley at Roberts': a dinner given chiefly for Bessy, but she was too tired with her shopping in the morning to come. The Storys, Miss Maurice, Lady Augusta Leith, and the two Mackenzies. Had received a note from Lady Rancliffe in the morning, to ask me to join her at the Français; went, just in time, to see Mars in the "Suite d'un Bal Masqué."

22nd. Went with Bessy, Mrs. Story, and Miss Drew, to see Soult's pictures. Denon took us. Denon said to me, "If ever you describe Jesus Christ, take that for your model (the figure of him in the Healing of the Sick); it is the only true idea ever given of him; *c'est la morale de Jesus Christ.*" Soult very civil to me: spoke about Lady Holland, &c. &c. Walked to look at the Rue Git la Cour, where Francis I. built a palace to be near the hotel of the Duchesse d'Etampes. Dined at Chenevix's: company, the Payne Galways, the Howards, the Montalemberts, Fox, &c. &c. Went to the Opera to join Bessy and Mrs. Story, and supped afterwards.

23rd. Dined by myself at Véry's; joined Bessy at Mrs. S.'s. in the evening, and supped there.

24th. Write every day a few lines of some trifle or other for my *omnium gatherum.* Dined at Villamil's: a large party, the Storys, Douglases, Dawson, Kenny, &c. &c. Went away in the evening for a short time to Madame la Briche's (where I had been asked to dine) and saw there some high-flying royalists, Duc de Duras, &c.; returned to Villamil's and supped. Story, last night, won 2,600*l.* at ecarté; began with thirty-three Napoleons. Offered to-day to lend me as much of it as I chose, but declined with many thanks; a kind hearted fellow as can be.

25th. Anniversary of my wedding-day: the Storys all start for England: the Villamils, Dawson, and Kenny dined with us. Went in the evening to the Feydeau, to see the "Paradis de Mahomet;" dull enough.

26th. Weather like midsummer; the dandies all mounting their white trowsers and straw hats. Am reading Lacretelle's "History of the Wars for Religion in France;" strange style sometimes. He says under Henry IV., Love *redevenait une passion digne des Français.* This is like Franconi's *Pendant que le roi de Navarre* (*ah! je me sens impatient de le nommer Henri IV.*), *&c. &c. A travers tant de scènes confuses, l'histoire n'a qu'une ressource, c'est de s'attacher au panache blanc de Henri IV.* On coming in to dress found that Tom had had a fall, which alarmed me a good deal; had him stripped and examined, but it was only a bruise on his shoulder. Dined at Sir H. Mildmay's; Henry Leeson, Fox, King, and Latouche; agreeable enough. Two of Fox's stories good: the Prince de Poix stopped by a sentry, announced his name. *Prince de Poix!* (answered the sentry) *quand vous seriez le Roi des Haricots, vous ne passeriez pas par ici.* The wife of a colonel at a review in Dublin stopped by a sentry in the same manner, and telling him she was "the Colonel's lady,"—"No matter for that, ma'am; if you were even his wife you couldn't pass." Came home early (being anxious about Tom) instead of going either to Madame Talleyrand's or Madame Sassenay's.

27th. Dined with the Ellices: Cornwall, the Standishes, Lambton, and Ellice's brother. Went in the evening to Madame de Broglie's: some conversation with Count Torreno and the Duc, who promised me a copy of his last speech. From thence went to Mrs. Gent's *infants'* ball.

28th. Was to have dined with Sir T. Webbe, but sent an apology, and agreed to go with the Villamils (Bessy and I) to see Madame Georges in "Merope;" dined with them. The play very affecting; a good farce afterwards, "Les Deux Manèges." Remarked the odd effect of the word *autel* occurring so often in the tragedy, and sounding like *hôtel.*

29th. Dined with Stibbert at Roberts': a

large party: Lords Thanet, Kensingtou, Stair, and Beauchamp, Henry Baring, Sir Granville Temple, King, &c., about sixteen in all: very splendid dinner and very dull. Returned home at ten to see how Bessy (who has been very ill these two days past) was going on: found her in bed asleep and went out agaiu. Eat ice at Tortoni's.

30th. Went at twelve with young Thayer to the college in the Rue St. Jacques (College de France) to hear a lecture by Monsieur Guizot, who has giveu a course on the History of the Representative Government in England. This lecture embraced the period of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The parallel with which he concluded, between those times and the present, very striking; our superiority to them in intellectual acquirement, and our inferiority in moral energy; happiness and rights were then so rare and so difficult of attainment, that it was necessary to exert the whole force of men's nature, to gain ever so small a portion of them out of the struggle; now comforts are so diffused and *la vie est si facile*, that men grow indifferent, and are contented with *knowing* the rights they are entitled to, without taking any extraordinary pains to possess themselves of them: hence their theories are bold, but their practice timorous and compromising; it is in short the age of what he well described, *les esprits exigeans et les caractères complaisans*. Went from thence to the Sorbonne, where a new lecture room has been fitted up, and heard M. Biot on Physical Science. His lecture was upon sound; not very interesting. An exceedingly crowded auditory, and many young men here (as at M. Guizot's) taking notes. Dined at Villamil's with Dawson, and went to join the Macleods at the Variétés in the evening: supped with them afterwards.

31st. Dined at home: was to have gone to Madame la Briche's in the evening, to hear Madame Orfila sing, but got occupied with Bessy in examining and tearing up letters and papers, and did not go.

April 1st. No letter to decide me about my going. Dined at home. Villamil joined me over a leg of lamb and sausages, and enjoyed his little dinner exceedingly.

2nd. The Macleods called: wanted Bessy and me to join them at the Café Français, or rather to be their guests: Bessy not liking to do so, I went.

3d. A note from Mrs. Macleod to beg that, as they are off to-morrow, I should join them, Campbell, &c. at the Café Français to dinner: half promised; preferred, however, going with Bessy and Mrs. Villamil to the Cadran Bleu. Bessy ill with a pain in her face, which prevented her going to one of the little theatres (as was intended) in the evening. I went alone to the Ambigu, and saw the "Forêt d'Herminstadt."

4th. Dined with Ranelifle: company, Mildmay, King, Lumley, Lord Charlemont, &c. Heard that the party I was to have joined yesterday at the Café Français had a row with some Frenchmen, who abused them, called them poltroons, &c. The men, Macleod, Gordou, Campbell, and Irvine, took no notice till the ladies had retired, but then found that this fellow was gone, and could not make out who he was.

5th. Saw Campbell at Longchamps, who told me the particulars. All arose from Miss Inglis shutting the door of the cabinet they were in, and (it is supposed) hitting the Frenchman's arm in doing so. The party, after they had got rid of the ladies, cast lots to decide who should call him out; it fell upon Irvine. Macleod and the ladies are off this morniug; they have not yet discovered who is the man, but have put up *affiches* in the coffee-house, and advertised to-day in Galignani. My lucky stars, not to have been of this party! Dined at Greffulhe's: company, Sir Sidney and his ladies, and some Frenchmen: sang in the evening. Had a letter from the Longmans to-day, to say that the new claim is 1400*l*., and that instead of 300*l*., which it was expected they would take, they actually demand 600*l*., so that I must not think of leaving France. Shall take a run over, however, for Power's sake.

6th. Walked to Montmartre, where I had heard there was a nice house to be let, but saw nothing. Sauntered about the cemetery, and lost myself for a while in very sad thoughts. Came home for Bessy, and walked her about a little. Dined by myself at St. Lambert's, and came home early. Smith the banker (Lord Carrington's brother), who has taken La Butte for the summer months, offers me, I am told, in the kindest manner, the *pavillon* I have already occupied, rent free: worth con-

sideration. Met Campbell to-day: they have got into a further scrape by the *affiches* they stuck up, which was resented by some young French officers, as reflecting on the army in general. Gen. Gourgaud, too, tore down the *affiche* at the Café Français. These matters, however, have been explained away by the interference of Henry Baring. They have found that the original offender is at Bordeaux, and mean to set off there immediately (the whole three, as the lot is *again* to be cast) for the purpose of calling him out. What a pleasant business I should have had of it!

7th. Hired a carriage to take us all out (children, &c.), to a cold dinner at La Butte, previous to its being given up to the Smiths for the summer. Dawson of the party. Sauntered about: looked at a pretty house in the avenue, very tempting, but too dear. Home early.

8th. Dined with Bessy and Villamils, and Dawson, at the Rocher de Cancalle, and went to see the "Chateau de Kenilworth" at the Porte St. Martin afterwards; a shocking story. Have nearly made up my mind to accept of Mr. Smith's offer. Gordon came into our box to-night to take leave on his departure for Bordeaux to-morrow. Seemed in a state of much excitement. Handley goes with them as friend, and was asking my advice this morning about some points he was a little doubtful in: told him he must positively confine the quarrel to *one*.

9th. Walked about with Bessy: was to have dined with Mildmay, but preferred Bushe, having been asked so often by him without being able to go. Company, Lord and Lady Charlemont Lady Sligo, Sir C. Warrender, &c. Sat next to Lady Charlemont; a good deal of talk with her about Mad. de Genlis, &c. &c. Asked to Mrs. Armstrong's in the evening, but came home.

10th. Had a note yesterday from the Peters, offering me their box for to-night's opera. Sent for Stasia to take her there. Dined at home, and went with Bessy and Anastasia: the "Danaïdes."

11th. Went and took my place in the diligence for Saturday, and got my passport. Dined with Ranelifle: Lords Thanet and Herbert, King, Fitzgerald, Flahault, &c. A story of Alvanley writing to a friend, "I have no credit with either butcher or poulterer, but if you can put up with turtle and turbot, I shall be happy to see you." Came home early.

12th. Have been transcribing these two days some of the trifles I have written lately, and marking on the proofs of "Rhymes on the Road" the poems which I wish to have omitted, in case any accident might prevent me from superintending their publication myself. Met Mr. Smith this morning, who invited me to join him in his carriage to-morrow morning, instead of going by the diligence: accepted his offer, and am to be off at six o'clock.

13th. Started between six and seven, and slept at Amiens; our party, Smith, Abercrombie, and young Smith.

14th. Smith told some anecdotes of the revolutionary time in France; two brothers, one of whom was so shaken in his nerves by the scenes around him, that the other was in perpetual anxiety lest he should be surprised into some act of cowardice, and disgrace himself. They lived concealed; ventured out together to see the execution of Charlotte Corday: the horror of the nervous man, &c. &c. Bribed a soldier to aid in their escape from Paris, who told his wife, and she, in her fears for her husband, gave information; both executed. Another of a man, who, in making his escape in disguise, in coming to one of the frontier towns, asked a party whom he did not know, but with whom he had been singing revolutionary songs through the street, to dine with him; drank republican toasts, &c. The same party saw him out of town in the evening, singing as in the morning; his escape from them, and breathless run when he got beyond the frontier: heard afterwards that the whole of the party had been seized as his accomplices, and most of them (a young girl among the number) executed. Met Lord Lansdowne on the road to-day; got out and shook hands with him. Arrived at Boulogne at eight in the evening, and decided for going in the steam packet from thence.

15th. The scene of our departure (at about half past four) very amusing; all the fashionables of Boulogne, in gigs, carriages, currieles, &c. on the pier. Resurrection of many Irish friends whom I had thought no longer *above* the *world:* Tom Grady, who told me that there was some other region (unknown) to which those, who exploded at Boulogne, were blown. Told me of some half-pay English

officers, who having exhausted all other means of raising the wind, at last levied subscriptions for a private theatre, and having announced the "Forty Thieves" for the first representation, absconded on the morning of the day with the money. Our passage only four hours, but very disagreeable.

16th. Separated from the rest of the party, and started in the coach at half-past ten. Cunuingham and Col. Meyrick my companions. C. mentioned that Prince Paul of Wirtemberg one day at Rothschild's, upon being frequently addressed as plain "Paul" by the Jew, said at last, casting his eyes towards the servant at his back, *Monsieur le Baron Rothschild, mon domestique se nomme Pierre.* Meyrick mentioned several puns against Napoleon at the Variétés (it must have been during the Cent Jours), one of which was something of this kind, *Le garde mérite la croix de la Légion d'Honneur, L'Empereur l'accorde (la corde).* Went on my arrival to Power's, and slept there.

17th. Took lodgings at Blackie's, the baker, in Bury Street, from whom I learned that my good old friend and landlady, Mrs. Pineand, died near a year since at Edinburgh. Went to the Longmans; dined there, and Rees and I went to Covent Garden afterwards, to see "Cherry and Fair Star."

18th. Found my lodgings so uncomfortable that I paid part of the week, and took others at 24 Bury Street. Dined at the George and went to Drury Lane. Elliston (whom I had called upon in the morning, but who was ill in bed) had a private box prepared for me. Saw Madame Vestris in "Don Juan," and was delighted with her.

19th. Dined with Lord Essex: company, Brougham, Lord A. Hamilton, and Bob Smith. Brougham mentioned having heard some one describe the execution of a *Cretin* as particularly horrible; the creature's unconsciousness of what was to be done, his pride at being the object of so much crowd and bustle, &c. Went in the evening to Lord Blessington's; found a party there, among whom was Galt the writer. Met Henry de Roos to-day, who gave me a ticket for the Opera. Lady Blessington has given me another.

20th. Dined with Lady Donegal, and went to the Opera in the evening: part of the evening in the Blessingtons' box, where I met the Speaker, who very civilly volunteered his permission for my entrance under the gallery, the night of Canning's Catholic motion. Went afterwards to Lady Grey's box.

21st. Went out to dine at Holland House: company, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord J. Russell, Lord Gower, Lord Clanwilliam, &c. &c. Some conversation with Lord Holland at dinner. I said if Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), I did not know what poesy meant. Lord H. said that Mackintosh did not consider Burke poetical. Talked of the Duke of Orleans (Egalité): was *not* such as he will be represented in history, that is, weak and wicked, but very clever and only shabby. Lord H. mentioned a curious fancy of Lord Wycombe (late Lord Lansdowne), attaching himself to a Colonel Neale, of the 9th regiment of foot, merely on account of his extraordinary ignorance; "a phenomenon of a man having lived so long without learning anything;" used to delight in persuading him that he was clever, &c. &c. Slept there in a beautiful little bed-room.

22nd. Irving, with whom I arranged the matter yesterday, came out at eleven o'clock to pay his homage. Lady H. said, "What an uncouth hour to come at," which alarmed me a little; but she was very civil to him. Showed me her Napoleon treasure, and the extracts from the will. Wanted me, right or wrong, to stay to-day to meet Lord Grey and Jeffrey; but could not, being engaged to Lord Blessington. By the bye, met Jeffrey on Saturday: did not know me, I being, as he said, so full of bloom and youth; whereas the last time he saw me I looked pale and careful. Walked in with Irving; called at Kingston House (Lord Listowell's) in our way. Wants me to dine there on Thursday, but Lord John's motion for reform will prevent me. Met the Sergeant-at-arms to-day, who told me that the Speaker had mentioned me to him as to be let in under the gallery on Canning's motion. Called upon Lady Grey, and sat with her some time. Dined at Lord Blessington's: company, Lord Erskine, Dr. Parr, Captain Morris, Lord Auckland, Galt, &c. None of the veterans very bright, though the old American sung some of his songs. What a venerable triumvirate,—learning, law, and lilting! Ought to have mentioned that, soon after my

arrival, I spoke to Murray upon the subject of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to with the best grace imaginable. Accordingly, there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as security, till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, an over-delicate deference to the opinions of others; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction; and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain. Got an Opera ticket from Lady Grey, and sent it and another to the Forsters.

23rd. Dined with Shee: showed me a poem he had written upon Scott, Lord Byron, and me,—"Three poets in three different *regions* born." Left him early for the Opera. The house splendid; most of the women in their drawing-room dresses, and the general rising to "God save the King" most striking. What a contrast to the *canaille*-looking audiences of Paris. Some time in the Grey's box. Went behind the scenes, my old haunt at this house. Many years since I was there before. Went to the British Museum this morning with the Forsters.

24th. Dined with Chantrey: went with him in the evening, to Sir Humphrey Davy's scientific *soirée*, where I met Sotheby, &c.; and from thence to Almack's. A very pretty show of women, though not quite what it used to be. N. B. Chantrey's remark about sculpture having taken the lead of painting in ancient times, and *vice versâ*, among the moderns. The consequences of this.

25th. Sat to Newton. Took an early dinner at the George, and went off to the House of Commons, to hear Lord John's speech on the Reform. Got a very good place under the gallery; Lord John sat with me till the time for his motion came on. His speech excellent, full of good sense and talent, and, though occupying nearly three hours in the delivery, listened to throughout with the profoundest attention. Towards the end of the debate Canning spoke, and far surpassed every thing I had expected from him. It was all that can be imagined *agreeable* in oratory; nothing, certainly, profound or generalising, or grand or electric; but for good taste, for beauty of language, for grace, playfulness, and all that regards manner and display, it was perfect. Eat cold meat at Bellamy's (introduced by Lambton); and did not leave the house till near two.

26th. Called upon Lord John, and sat with him some time. Upon Canning, whom I congratulated upon his speech of last night, "What (he said), were you there? I was little aware I had such a critical auditor." Was asked to dine to-day at Lord Burghersh's, but dined at Kingston's: company, Mrs. Story, Twiss, Hallam, Sotheby, and Irving. Went in the evening to Lady Burghersh's, and afterwards to Mrs. Thomas Hope's, where I saw Miss Edgeworth.

27th. Walked about with Lord John. Dined at Holland House: Jeffrey, Wishaw, Irving, Knight, &c. &c. Talked of a worm that destroys books in India, and the difficulty of getting rid of it. Irving and I went to the Opera.

28th. Sat to Newton. Went and worked at the "National Melodies," with Bishop, for about two or three hours. Dined at Abercromby's. Met Lady Morgan this morning, who begged me to join her, Lady C. Lamb. and General Pepe (a glorious "triumvirate," as she herself calls a man and his cow, and something else in the Wild Irish Girl), to a *soirée* at Lydia White's to-morrow night.

29th. Called upon Luttrel after breakfast. Found there Beresford, author of the "Miseries;" a grotesque-minded person, very amusing. Dined at Kinnaird's: company, the Duke of Sussex, Sir F. Burdett, Jeffrey, Hobhouse, &c. &c. Sat next to Jeffrey. Talking of the trouble of the "Edinburgh Review," he said, "Come down to Edinburgh, and I'll give you half of it." I told him I thought the public "would find, in that case, one half of the disc obscured." Duke of Sussex asked me to dine with him to-morrow, but excused myself on account of Canning's motion. A long conversation with Hobhouse about Lord B.'s "Memoirs," which confirmed me more and more in my satisfaction in having rescinded the bargain. Hobhouse an upright and honest man. In speaking of Lord B. he said, "I know more of B. than any one else, and much more than I should wish anybody else to know." Gave up Lady Grey's again, and walked down to the House of Commons with Jeffrey. Talk about Lord Byron; expressed his fear that Lord B.

had but few of the social sympathies in his heart. Went in for a short time, and heard Brougham on Finance.

30th. Breakfasted with Luttrel, and walked out with him. Alluding to my restlessness, he said I was "like a little bright ever-moving ball of quicksilver; 'it still eludes you, and it glitters still.'" We did nothing but repeat our respective verses to each other; some of his admirable. Called upon Irving with him. Met that Vaughan who said, in answer to my inquiries about the 200*l.* sent by the Prince to Sheridan, that it was understood to be merely for the moment, and that more was to come when wanted. This alters the complexion of the thing materially. L. mentioned a poetical midshipman who described the weather in the log book thus, "Light airs, languishing into calms." Laid in some cold meat and went to the House of Commons; avenues all blocked up with unsuccessful candidates for admission. After several repulses, and at last giving it up in despair, was taken in by Jerningham as one of the Catholics on his list, Mr. Blunt. Sat next Lord Limerick and Raudolph, the famous American orator; a singular looking man, with a young-old face, and a short small body, mounted upon a pair of high crane legs and thighs, so that, when he stood up, you did not know when he was to end, and a squeaking voice like a boy's just before breaking into manhood. His manner, too, strange and pedantic, but his powers of eloquence (Irving tells me) wonderful. Canning's speech very able and statesman-like, but far less beautiful as a display than that of the other night; *that* was indeed the *bouquet* of his *feux d'artifice*. Supped at Stevens's: the last time I supped there was with Lord Byron at three in the morning.

May 1st. Took Irving to dine at Lady Donegal's: Lord Clifton and Charles Moore of the party. Irving and I went afterwards to the Ancient Music, where "I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me" was performed (the first time that anything of mine has presumed to breathe in this venerable atmosphere), and encored. From thence I went to Catalani's concert, where also (proud triumphs for Irish Music!!), the thing that produced most sensation was "The Last Rose of Summer," on Nicholson's flute; and finished the night at Almack's, having been obliged to go home and dress again, and being nearly excluded for my lateness. Some conversation here with Canning and Lord Grey.

2nd. Went with Irving to breakfast at Holland House. The Duke of Bedford came in after breakfast, fresh from his duel with the Duke of Buckingham. Introduced Irving to the Longmans, and dined with him there, in order to go to see Mathews in the evening: Rees went with us. Very clever and amusing, but too much of it. Too tired to go to Devonshire House (which I have now missed three Thursdays), and went with Irving to sup at the Burton ale house.

3rd. Called, and sat with Lady Lansdowne, who was full of kindness. Went to the private view of the Exhibition with Mrs. Chantrey and Lady Dacre. Two fine things of Westmacott's among the sculpture, a Psyche and a Beggar-woman; the latter full of sentiment, carrying the art, too, into a new region. Lawrence's *Adonized* George IV., disgraceful both to the King and to the painter; a lie upon canvas. Was to have dined to-day with the Artists' Benevolent Society, but preferred a dinner alone at Richardson's coffee-house, and went to Covent Garden in the evening. Miss Stephens delightful. Received, on my return home, a letter from Jeffrey, saying that he had "heard of my misfortunes and of the noble way I bore them," and adding, "would it be very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years." The letter concludes with the most anxious and delicate apologies for having taken the liberty; and assuring me that he would not have made the offer, if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance from me. This is deeply gratifying.

4th. Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne: told him of my last arrangement with Murray. He said that *his* chief objection to the disposal of the "Memoirs" was removed by Lord Byron's having given me full powers (as to correction and alteration) over the whole of the MS. signed by boud, &c. &c. to Murray. Dined with Power. Sent to Rees to come to me in the evening, and told him what I had done with Murray. Staid at Power's, and looked over some of my music, having given my Opera ticket for to-night to Irving.

5th. Sat to Phillips the painter, for the finishing of the picture he began two or three years ago. Went to Stothard to give him my idea of the designs he is about for the 4th No. of "National Melodies." Irving walked about with me: called together at Lady Blessington's, who is growing very absurd. "I have felt very melancholy and ill all this day," she said. "Why is that?" I asked. "Don't you know?" "No." "It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death." Four invitations to dinner on my list to-day, but, owing to some puzzlement about Holland House, lost all, and dined alone at a coffee-house in Covent Garden. Met Lord and Lady Tavistock, who were to dine with the Hollands, and begged them to explain why I did not go out. Went to Power's in the evening, and wrote out a National Melody.

6th. Sat to Newton and to Phillips. Went with Mrs. Story, Irving, and Newton to the Exhibition. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, the Abercrombys, Oakden, young Macdonald, and Wishaw. Went with Lord and Lady Lansdowne at ten o'clock to St. Paul's to see it lighted up with gas, for, I believe, the first time. Afterwards to Lady Grey's; where I sung, and the girls played.

6th. Occupied in calls and packing; desperate rain. Irving went with me to the inn in St. Clement's, from which the Dover mail starts; where we dined; and at half-past seven I was off.

8th. A stiff breeze: had some thoughts of not venturing across, but at last decided for it. A most stormy and sickening passage: found Macdonald (Mrs. Armstrong's brother) among the passengers, and joined him, on landing at Calais, to the Hotel de Bourbon, where we were very comfortable. Went to the theatre, where some English actors performed in the evening.

9th. Started in the diligence (Armstrong and I), at half-past nine.

10th. Arrived in Paris at six. Found Bessy not at all well, and looking wretchedly: dined at home. Villamil called in the evening; and, soon after, Denon. Told me the medal of Grattan was nearly finished. By the bye, when Lord Holland was in Paris, I mentioned to him the plan I had for ten persons subscribing five pounds each to have a medal executed; and he bid me put down his name for two subscriptions. Informed by Denon that Rogers is arrived in Paris from Italy.

11th. Called to look for Rogers at the Hôtel de Breteuil, but not there. Told by Lord Granard (who wants R. and me to dine with him on Sunday or Monday), that he was at the Hôtel de Londres. Went to dine at Véry's with the Villamils and Bessy: saw Rogers there, dining with Millingen: seemed very good-natured and glad to see us.

12th. R. agreed to dine with me at Lord G.'s. Went out to La Butte to Mrs. Smith, who is about to give up the place, thinking that it does not agree with her, and thereby upsets all my plans for the summer. Never were quiet and study more necessary to me, and never did I seem much farther from them. No one at Lord Granard's but ourselves, Rogers and I, and Lady Ranelliffe. Went together in the evening to the Duchess of Hamilton's, where we found the Duke and her, and one or two foreigners.

13th. Walked about with Rogers for two or three hours. Asked me to dine with him to-morrow at Roberts'.

14th. Joined R. at Roberts', at five: had asked Gallois and Stewart Rose, but they were engaged: sat down (he and I) to a splendid dinner at fifteen francs a-head, exclusive of wine. Poets did not feed so in the "olden time." Went to the Italian Opera afterwards: Camilla (by Paer); Madame Pasta very fine. R. told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same contempt for Shakspeare which he has often expressed to me; treats his companion Shelley very cavalierly. By the bye, I find (by a letter received within these few days, by Horace Smith), that Lord B. showed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his "Cain," warning him against the influence Shelley's admiration might have over his mind, and deprecating that wretched display of atheism which Shelley had given into, and in which Lord B. himself seemed but too much inclined to follow him. Shelley too has written anxiously to Smith to say how sorry he should be to stand ill in my opinion, and making some explanation of his opinions which Smith is to show me. Rogers starts for England to-morrow morning.

15th. Went out to look at the house near Bellevue, which Mrs. Cunningham occupied last year; but it was let. Joined the V.s and Bessy at Véry's to dinner. Called yesterday on Mrs. Smith at Auteuil, where she has taken a house.

16th. Drove out with Bessy and Villamil to call upon Mrs. Smith. Looked at the apartment in Auteuil, which I have so often looked at: but it won't do. In coming past Passy, Bessy got out of the carriage, and walked through it house-hunting. Found one that, I think, will just do. Dined at Véry's with the Villamils, and went to the Italian to see "Romeo and Juliet:" Madame Pasta in Romeo delightful.

17th. Drove out with Bessy and Mrs. V. to see the *pavillon* at Passy: all liked it exceedingly. Agreed for it: 1500 francs for six months, and power to keep on a year for 500 more. Dined at Véry's with the Villamils; and went afterwards to some sports in the Palais Royal, and the Café des Nymphes de Calypso: evidently not a very virtuous place.

18th. Bessy went out with one of the maids to Sèvres to bring away our things, and the other went to Passy to air beds, &c. Dined with the Villamils at Véry's. Bessy did not return till eleven at night, much fatigued with her operations.

19th. Went over the état of our Rue d'Anjou lodgings, with the old porter, &c. Came off to Passy. Have now some prospect of quiet.

20th. Walked in for the purpose of ordering wine, and other little arrangements: wet day. Returned to dinner.

21st. My first task, completing the unfinished verses of the 4th No. of "National Melodies."

23rd. Wrote out what I had done, and walked with my packet into Paris. Bessy had gone in the morning, and both dined with the Villamils at the Café Français.

24th. Began writing for my little work ("The Letters from Abroad"), finishing the poem on Country Dance and Quadrille: wrote thirty-two lines of it. Walked at half-past three to meet Villamil at the Tir le Page in the Champs Elysées; tried my hand at firing, and, after some trials, hit a *poupée*. The Villamils dined with us.

25th. Some lines of the Quadrille thing.

26th. Finished the poem, having written more than 100 lines of it since I came. Miss Drew to dinner. All walked for Anastasia in the evening. With some people, the heart is the spoiled child of the imagination.

27th. Wrote my letters, and began a poem called the "Three Angels,"—a subject on which I long ago wrote a prose story, and have ever since meditated a verse one. Lord B. has now anticipated me in his "Deluge;" but *n'importe*, I'll try my hand. Went into town with my letters, and dined with the Villamil's at Véry's.

28th. More of the poem. Horace Smith, Kenny, and Villamil to dinner. Smith mentioned a conundrum on Falstaff: "My first is a dropper, my second a popper, and my third a whapper." Promised to dine with Smith on Monday next. My birthday, but forgot to have my health drunk; which would not have been the case if Bessy had dined with us.

29th. Roasting weather. Worked at the poem. Bessy and I walked to take Anastasia to Mrs. Forster's in the evening; I turned into the Tir le Page to try some shots, but fired wide of my mark.

31st. Bessy and I started at ten o'clock in order to go with the Villamils to see Raincy, which now belongs to the D. of Orleans. Day scorching hot: had luncheon there under the trees, and then walked about. The Rivière Anglaise (which, we are told, the old D. of Orleans had *depensè une somme enorme* to make *sur la crête de la montagne*) a poor little gutter, about as wide as the river down the Prince Regent's table at his memorable fête. In going went by Pantin, the great reservoir and laboratory of the Poudrette, and therefore insufferable for stench; but, thanks to the quarter of the wind, not very offensive to-day. Returned by Montreuil (Les Pêches); the sight of the country here, covered with walls and espaliers, very curious, but a dreary place; no shade in summer, nothing but bare walls in winter. Arrived at Véry's between six and seven, and dined. The whole very agreeable.

June 1st. At work: expect to have written 100 lines by to-morrow evening, which, with yesterday's idleness, is doing wonders within the week. No walking beyond the garden to-day. A violent storm of rain; thunder and lightning came on between three and four, which lasted all the evening and night.

2nd. Turned my 100 lines in the course of this day. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne with Bessy, &c. after dinner, and looked at the dancing.

3rd. Set off at two in the Parisienne to dine with Smith at Versailles: the weather insufferably hot: company, Greathead, Berguer, Kenny, and Grattan. Some amusing stories told. Harry Erskine saying to a man who found him digging potatoes in his garden, "This is what you call *otium cum diggin a taty*." It appears that Dante Cary is the author of those pretty translations from the old French poets in the London Magazine.

4th. A letter most kind and affectionate from Lord Strangford. Says that the game is up with the poor Greeks, and that they will now be in a worse situation than they have been in since the taking of Constantinople. Dined at home and worked. Walked with Bessy and Tom to the Bois de Boulogne after dinner; on our return, found the Forsters, who drank tea.

5th. Wrote and walked. Weather tremendously hot, the thermometer some days at 90° in the shade. Feel that it does not agree with me.

6th. Villamil called: went into Paris with him. Heard of the arrival of my good friend G. Bryan and his family; had not time to call. Dined at Forster's. Bessy came in the evening. All went to Beaujon; several turns down in the cars with Emma and the rest of the girls, my Anastasia among the number. No hackney coach to be got at night, and obliged to walk Bessy home, after twelve o'clock, by that dreary Boulevard.

7th. Wrote a note to Bryan, and sent for "Otello" to Calais, where I have subscribed for three months music. After dinner played over some of it; nothing very good except the duet, in which *Si dopo lei morro* occurs, and Desdemona's scene in the last act. Went to walk in the Bois de Boulogne, and on my return found the Bryans. Agreed to dine with them to-morrow.

8th. Went at two (Bessy and I); eat ice in the Palais Royal with Bryan. They had at dinner, Mrs. B.'s brother and his wife, and George and *his*, a pretty woman. Left them pretty early, and called at the Drews; thence home.

9th. Finished to-day (within one or two) my 100 lines for the week.

10th. Went into Paris to attend a meeting for the purpose of relieving those unfortunate Irish, who are always in some scrape or other, either rebelling, or blarneying, or starving, which is, perhaps, the worst of all. Sir C. Stuart took the chair; found myself named on the committee. Sir S. Smith made a speech, and contrived to bring some of his whims and theories to bear even upon the subject of Irish starvation. Proposed sending them wine from Bordeaux, and portable soup from Paris. Walked about the Palais Royal with Bryan for an hour. A thundering storm came on. Went to Véry's to write my letters, which I sent off by a commissionaire, and dined there. When half done, the Villamils came and joined me. Called for Anastasia on my way home in the evening. Have done nothing to-day.

11th. Wrote some lines. Bryan and his son George came out to dine with us.

12th. Had put down my name at Lafitte's for 100 francs to the Irish subscription, but have removed it till I see what are the arrangements under this new plan. Wrote and walked.

13th. Walked into town to attend the Irish Committee. Returned to dinner at five.

14th. Wrote and walked.

15th. Went into Paris to attend the committee. Am appointed one of the collectors at the door for the charity sermon to-morrow; subscribed 200 francs. Dined with Bessy, Bryan, and Villamils at Véry's.

16th. In at half-past two to attend the sermon; very little on my plate, but near 200*l.* altogether collected. Bessy and I dined at Lady Susan Douglas's, and drank tea at the Bryans'.

27th. Wrote out an air for the "Blindfolding of Love," and sent it off to Power. Have done my 100 lines this week.

20th. Went in with my letters, intending to dine with the Bryans, but found they were engaged. Called on Dr. Sigmond, who brought me a letter from Lady Burdett and her nice daughter Susanna, who inclosed some music. Called afterwards on Kirk the sculptor, who told me he had (under the idea that I was in London) brought a cast of me as far as Liverpool, in order that I might sit to him for some little details, and that Croker, upon hearing it was there, insisted upon having it, and made him write to Liverpool for it. Ap-

pointed to take Kirk to-morrow to see Sommariva's Magdalen. Dined by myself at Riche's, and called in my way home for Anastasia, the Bryans wishing she should accompany us to dine with them there to-morrow.

21st. Went in at two with Bessy and Anastasia, after writing my usual number of lines. Waited at Sommariva's for Kirk three quarters of an hour, but he never came. Dined all at Bryans'; their carriage brought us home in the evening. A long letter from Lord Byron to-day: he has lost his little natural daughter, Allegra, and seems to feel it a good deal. When I was at Venice, he said, in showing me this child, "I suppose you have some notion of what they call the parental feeling, but I confess I have not; this little thing amuses me, but that's all." This, however, was evidently all affected; he feels much more naturally than he will allow.

22nd. Lounged about and wrote. Have just finished the First Angel's Tale. By the bye, a brother of Mrs. Goold, who is in the Navy, called upon me some evenings since: said with what delight he and his brother officers had read my Bermuda poems on the spot; how they had looked for the little bay, &c. Told me that my pretty little friend Mrs. W. Tucker, was dead, and that they showed her grave at St. George's as being that of "Nea."

23rd. Working and walking. Begun a song to send to Power to-morrow.

29th. Went with Bessy into town, to see her off to Montmorenci with the Villamils. She and I dined at Riche's, they being engaged to the Duc de San Lorenzo's. Saw her off at seven. Went to Bryan's. A saying at Paris, *Il faut être* riche *pour diner chez Hardy, et* Hardi *pour diner chez Riche.*

30th. Worked very well; have finished my 100 lines. Went into town to dine with Bryan: took him to the Café de la Paix in the evening. Came home by the gondole. An amazing reciter of verses among the passengers: set him right about some lines of Malesherbe's. Seemed rather astonished at my exclaiming from my dark corner at the end of each of his recitations, *C'est de Malesherbes, ça. Oui, Monsieur. C'est de Scarron. Oui, Monsieur.*

July 1st. Have now done 500 lines of the poem. Dined at Véry's, and went to Bryan's in the evening. Called at Forster's on my way home, and offered myself to dinner there to-morrow. Went to the Louvre this morning with Kirk, to look at the modern sculpture; some of it very good. The son of Niobe, by Pradier, very clever. A sleeping Nymph with a Faun stealing fruit from her, by Lemoyne, some parts of it charming. Innocence weeping the death of a snake, by Ramy, full of beauty and simplicity. Took him to Denon's afterwards. Denon told me of a picture at the Louvre this year, the subject of which is a set of pigs, with underneath the inscription (seen on several), *Société des Amis des Arts.*

2nd. Wrote about twenty lines. Dined at Forster's, and passed the evening in the garden with the girls.

4th. Met Kirk at Forster's at three, that he might see our dear Anastasia, and give an account of her to my mother. She was in high beauty, and he seemed much struck with her countenance. Walked in with him. Dined at Véry's, and went to the Beaujon with the Bryans in the evening. Luckily found a cuckoo at eleven to bring me out.

5th. Not very well; went in late. Dined at Riche's, and thence walked to the Ambigu Comique: staid but a short time, and not finding a carriage at the Place Louis Quinze, had the whole way to Passy to walk back again.

6th. Went out with the Douglases to Montmorenci. Had completed, within a few lines, my 100 during the five days, which is good going. Found Bess and her dear little fellow very well. Walked before dinner in a pretty park, and after went on the water. The effect of the coming storm on one side of the heavens, and the remains of sunset on the other, very fine. Had half intended to stay till Monday, but thought I should lose less time by returning to Paris. Slept at Lady Susan's. Lucy and I sung duets in the midst of all the lightning, coming home; tremendous flashes, and the carriage open.

7th. Got home to Passy about one. Dined at home; sauntered into Paris in the evening.

8th. Surprised by a visit from Bessy. Went into Paris, and dined with her and the Villamils at Véry's. Saw her off again in the evening, and went to see an act of "Ferdinand Cortez" at the Opera. Found a note on my

return from Lady Mildmay, saying that the "Taneredi" is to be to-morrow, and reminding me that I was to dine aud go with them.

9th. Not the "Taneredi," but resolved to go. Dined with the Mildmays: opera, "Romeo." They may talk of the profanation of turning Shakspeare's stories into operas, but Pasta's Romeo and Desdemona are to me as touching as the poet's. Got home about eleven.

12th. Did not go in till very late. Took four or five turns about the Palais Royal (the weather being very wet) before I dined, alone, at Véry's; called on Bryan afterwards. Mentioned some one saying that second marriages were "the triumph of hope over experience." Home early. Had another message yesterday, from the Prince Royal of Prussia about "Lalla Rookh;" he told the writer of the letter that he always sleeps with a copy of the poem under his pillow.

13th. Bessy and her dear little fellow came home from Montmorenci; found them so much better for their trip that I am resolved they shall go back again. Went in to dine with the Bryans. Bessy too tired to accompany me; came home early.

14th. A troublesome gentleman, who has called several times, insisted upon seeing me; said his business was of a *romantic* nature, and the romance was his asking me to lend him money enough to keep him for a month; told me he was the author of the "Hermit in London," but begged me to keep his secret. Told him I had no money myself, but would try what a friend I was going to dine with would do for him; this merely to get rid of "the Hermit." Bessy and I went in to dine with the Bryans. Tremendous storm in the evening; Bryan's coachman wanting to put us out in the midst of it.

15th. Have done pretty well this week; near 120 lines. Bessy went in to meet Mrs. Villamil; joined her at five. Thought Mrs. V. would join us at a restaurateur's (Villamil being away on a visit to the Princess Talleyrand's), but she feared returning so late. Dined, Bessy and I, at Riche's: went to Forster's in the evening.

16th. Worked pretty well: dined at home; walked in the evening. On my return found that Bessy, upon sending for Anastasia to come home (in order to meet the Bryans to-morrow), was informed that she was ill, and had walked off to see her. Followed and overtook her; both a good deal alarmed, but found the dear child but little the worse for the attack, which was a giddiness in the head from deranged stomach.

17th. Bessy went in early to provide for to-day's dinner. Saw Anastasia in her way, and found her much better. The Bryans to dinner. Received to-day a letter from Brougham inclosing one from Barnes (the editor of *The Times*), proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time in writing the leading articles of that paper; the pay to be 100*l.* a-month. This is flattering. To be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine as *The Times* newspaper is a tribute the more flattering (as is usually the case) from my feeling conscious that I do not deserve it.

18th. Wrote to decline the proposal of *The Times*.

25th. Dined with the Mildmays, and accompanied her to the Opera to see Pasta in "Taneredi." Nothing could be more perfect than the pathos of both her acting and singing. Greffulhe said that Talma declares she is as much superior to Duchesnois in acting, as Duchesnois is to V——. Got home rather late. Called this morning, and sat some time with Emma Forster.

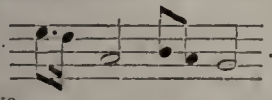
31st. Have done fifty lines within these last two days, which, contrary to my expectation, completed my 1000 to-day. Dined at Bryan's.

August 1st. Worked away. Dined with the Douglases, under the idea of going to Beaujon, but the weather too wet.

4th. Called upon by the Douglases at three to go and dine at Mr. Thayer's [an American to whom their hotel (de Moreney) and the Passage du Panorama belongs] at his country house at Sceaux. A large and strange party there: among others the famous M. Say, whom I found agreeable. In speaking of Lamartine he said, that his school, which was that of Chateaubriand, met with strong opposition from the critics. M. Chenier particularly had attacked it. Praised Chenier: said his epistles were, some of them, equal to Voltaire's. No truth whatever in the story of his having been accessory to his brother's death in the Revolution. Said that the school of Chateau-

briand consisted in producing effects more by words than ideas; that it added to the stock of phrases without increasing that of thought. For instance, he said, Chateaubriand, in calling God *Le grand Célibataire du Monde* (what wretched affectation!) conveyed no more than if he had called him *Le Père Eternel*, or any other name. Madame Thayer (a very hearty good-natured person) told me at dinner of a friend of hers, M. Labourdonnaye, who is enthusiastic about "Lalla Rookh," carries it about with him everywhere, &c. &c. Among the company too was Garat, brother to the old singer of that name, who sings himself with much spirit, and gave an Anacreontic after dinner with great effect. In the evening went to the dance in the park, which was very pretty. Returned and had music. A French girl, Mademsoille Pieheraut, sung some things of Rossini's, accompanied by Consul of the Opera. I sang too. Home at twelve. Luey and I chanting duets by moonlight all the way.

5th. Rather interrupted in the morning. Mrs. V. to breakfast. She and Bessy took me in at three. Called on Bryan: thence to Lafitte's, where, in talking of the disgraceful outrage on the English actors last week, somebody said, that in Buonaparte's time, when there was a violent opposition to a play called "Christophe Colomb" (merely because it was written in violation of rules of the critics), Napoleon sent down to the theatre, not only some troops of gens-d'armerie, but a piece of artillery, and carried the tragedy off smoothly. What a powerful support at an author's back! Dined alone at Véry's, and home early in the evening.

6th. Have finished to-day 1100, making at the rate of twenty lines a day since last Thursday. Took Bessy in at four to dine with the Bryans, who had a box at the Opera for the night. The "Barbière." Remark on the pathos of the accompaniment to a bass duet  . Home before twelve.

7th. At home. Wrote to the Bryans in the evening to say I meant to take Bessy to Tancredi to-morrow, and asking them to join us. Walked in.

8th. Note from Bryan, to say that he had taken a box. Went and dined with them. Pasta charming. The way she sings *Traditore;* her action with the finger in the girdle; her dignity in pronouncing *Saprai, quando cadrai;* all delightful.

11th. Dined at home, and went with Luey afterwards to Lady Virginia's at the Observatoire, to see the Jardin Suisse. Very pretty: went down in the ears. A violent rain-storm came to dissolve the vision. Supped afterwards with Lady Virginia, who gave Bessy a pretty bronze kettle; left at home by Luey.

12th. Have done, since the 6th (Tuesday), one hundred lines more. Walked in to make visits: to Mr. Brodie (introduced to me by Godwin); to Miss Stephens, who, I delight to find, is as wild about Pasta as myself. Says her heart never was thoroughly touched by a singer before. Bessy and I dined at Douglas's; John Bushe and an Algerine, one of Douglas's monsters from the East. Mrs. Armstrong and singing in the evening.

13th. Bryan rode out in the morning with a present of a pretty watch set in pearls and a gold chain for Anastasia to wear at the children's ball given by the Douglases to-night; but Bessy too ill to take her. Dined at home, and called upon the Bryans in the evening to go to the ball: a large party, ladies Isabella Chabot, Emily Henry, Lucy Foley, Sligo, Clanricarde, Kensington, &c. &c., with their respective little ones. Very sorry that little Stasy did not make one of the number: came home early.

14th. Bessy and I dined at the Bryans'. Am not writing much to my satisfaction this week.

15th. Nervous and uncomfortable. Dined at Forster's to meet Bishop. Some talk about music. B. said that Handel was the first who studied general effect, and brought his voices and instruments into *masses*, as a painter would call it: Mozart carried this to perfection: Haydn had not so much of it; too fond of finishing up bits to the injury of the whole. Does not think that Rossini's music will live. Had some singing in the evening. Tried over *Mi manca la voce*, which he owns to be perfectly beautiful. Had a hackney coach home for Bessy, who came after dinner.

25th. Walked in through the mummeries of the Champs Elysées at three o'clock. Received a very kind letter last night from Lord Lansdowne, chiefly relative to the cottage at

Sloperton, which, by the death of old Hall there is now another chance of my having if I choose. One paragraph of his letter is as follows: "I can only say, that if an address from all the neighbours at Sloperton could recall you, you would speedily receive one as cordial and affectionate, and perhaps rather more sincere, than those which his Majesty is now collecting from the loyalty of his Scottish subjects, and in which the inhabitants of Bowood would certainly not be behindhand." Dined at Bryan's and went at seven with them to join the Douglases, for the purpose of seeing the fire-works, &c. Walked and drove about till past ten, and then the D.s took me home. Have done now 1400 and some odd lines.

28th. Very much interrupted these two or three days. Obliged, by having fixed the day myself, to go in and dine with Darby: company Lattin, Sir Robert Wilson, Beckett (under-secretary), Lord Sligo, &c. &c. Did not dine till near seven, and left them at eight, being called for by the Bryans to attend the little dance at home. Found the young ones all at tea: a very merry evening. Played blindman's buff with them, sung, &c. Our new neighbour, Mrs. Clifton and her children, of the party. Separated a little after twelve. Our dear Stasy the flower of the flock; dances very gracefully: and altogether a thing to be proud of.

29th. Not a line to-day but letters. Tom's cough a confirmed hooping-cough. God send the sweet fellow safe over it. My anxiety about these children almost embitters all my enjoyment of them. Bessy is more sensible on the subject, and "doats" without "doubting." Both went in in the evening to join the Villamils to the Opera (the same box): "Romeo and Juliet:" Pasta something more touching than ever I yet saw on the stage, except Miss O'Neil. Bessy cried through the whole last act.

30th. Dined at Davison's to meet my old friend Carlo Doyle, who has returned from India some months, and within these few days arrived at Paris. Much talk about old times. All of us, who were such early and close companions, still alive,—Lords Forbes, Rancliffe, Strangford, &c.; but some breaches, alas! of the friendship have taken place, Forbes and Strangford being now decided enemies.

31st. Dined at home, and walked in in the evening. Called upon Bryan. Have not got on very vigorously these some days past.

This book now contains three years of my life; *quam* nihil *in medio invenies.*

September 1st. The Bryans called for Bessy in the morning to go see the Rosiere, at Suresne. Dined with them: a Frenchman of the party, a Royalist, who told of a girl he walked with last year, at the *bal masqué*, being arrested while with him, for having a tricolour ribbon on her gown: and (as he since found out) imprisoned six months; no other offence, and it was by chance the poor girl put on the ribbon. Home early.

3rd. Walked in. Dined at the Douglases'. Before dinner, Bessy and I went to order some of Rossini's operas, she having hoarded (by little occasional thefts from me) six Napoleons, which with three more from the same source, which she lent me some time ago, are to be devoted to this purpose. Ordered four, and some ballets. All went to the Opera in the evening; "Otello." Papers thrown from the Qnatrième into the parterre, which proved to be a list of the jury at present sitting on the affair of the conspirators at La Rochelle. The Douglases drove us home.

5th. Went in at two. Accompanied Bessy and Mrs. Bryan to the Diorama: a beautiful invention; the artists, Daguerre and Bouton. Dined at the Bryans', and went all to the Opera Comique in the evening; "Ninon chez Made. de Sévigné," and "Le Solitaire;" the latter new and no great things, Madame Prudher very charming.

7th. A German called upon me, to ask my opinion with respect to some alterations he was about to make in an opera brought out by Spontini last year at Berlin, on the subject of the "Feast of Roses," in "Lalla Rookh," but which Spontini thinks requires enlargement and an addition of incident to secure its further success. Being engaged to be in town at twelve, I took him to walk in with me, during which he explained his plan. An intelligent man; spoke of Schultz (I think), a German composer who has great reputation for ballads. Expressed great anxiety to hear some of the Irish Melodies, and promised me some of his country airs. Begged him to order for me from Berlin a set of the engravings the king has had made from the costumes worn at the Court Fête founded on "Lalla Rookh," as well

as the translation of the poem by Baron Fouquet, author of "Ondine," &c. &c. Said that the style of this translation was so elaborate, so full of *recherché* words and compound epithets, that it was almost impossible upon hearing it read, to understand it. Talked with much rapture of Pasta. Was with Lucy at twelve, in order to go with her to Massamino's singing school for girls, which she attends. Very few there; there being in general between twenty and thirty. One very pretty little girl, full of wicked looks and coquetry, called Zoe, only fourteen years of age, sung very nicely, particularly the duet of Desdemona and Emilia, in "Otello." Lucy called for me at nine with her mamma, and drove me home; a delicious night.

8th. Have done only between sixty and seventy lines this week. Went in to dine with the Bryans: Bessy not well enough to go. A son of —— at dinner; a very rough-grained sort of gentleman, but came out with one or two things that smacked of the Irish *esprit*. Said that the Irish administrations of late (consisting of a liberal Lord-Lieutenant and a bigot Secretary, or *vice versâ*) wore sometimes an orange coat with green facings, sometimes a green coat with orange facings. In talking of ——, too, he said (what is, I think, perfectly true) that his patriotism is and always has been humbug; and that the difference of the currency between English and Irish money would at all times be sufficient to decide him between Toryism and Whiggism.

10th. Dined with the Douglases, in order to go and see Pasta in "Elisabetta." Had called in the morning at the Denons, to meet the artist, and give him instructions about the inscription for the medal. * * * * No one at Douglas's but the Murrays. Rather a *triste* dinner. The suspension of Lady Susan's annuity has thrown them into much embarrassment. Most sincerely sorry for Lucy, who is a fine creature. The opera a complete failure. Pasta could not reach the pitch of her part through the whole first act; and the only thing worthy of herself was the cavatina at the end of the second. Quite mortifying to see her fail thus. Lucy and her mamma drove me home; near twelve when I arrived.

11th. Have now completed 1600 lines. Do not mean to attempt any more till my return from Rouen. Have seen Bishop, who promises to have the "National Melodies" finished this week. Mr. Abbot called upon me, of whose coming I had notice from my father and mother, with a request that I would be very kind to him. Brought me a letter from Rees, who says that there is nothing wanting towards the arrangement of the last Bermuda claim but the consent of an insurance company in Edinburgh, which meets but five times a year; that there is no doubt of its being given, and that I may count upon my liberation in a few weeks. Mr. Abbot is empowered by Harris (whose agent he is) to engage Catalani for Dublin. Offered to accompany him to her country house to-morrow. Dawson afterwards called with a friend of his, whose MS. translation of the "Pucelle" he had sent me to decide upon, and which I pronounced unpublishable. The author very gentlemanly and good-humoured about the matter. Mrs Bryan took Bessy in. Called at the Burghershes; saw Lady B. but for a short time, as she had begun her toilette for dinner at the Duke of Orleans'. Dined at Bryan's; drove us home in the evening.

12th. Went to Abbot's to breakfast. Arrived at St. Brice (the château where *Vallabrique* lives) at twelve. Found that Catalani had gone to Paris the day before. Walked about the pretty grounds of the place for an hour and a half, while the horses rested, and then returned to Paris. Abbot mentioned two or three legal anecdotes. Judge Fletcher once interrupted Tom Gold in an argument he was entering into about the jury's deciding on the fact, &c., when Gold, vexed at being stopped in his career, said, "My Lord, Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the Counsel that addressed him." "He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was Fletcher's reply, given with a weight of brogue, which added to the effect of the sarcasm. The same judge, who, it seems, is a very surly person, once said to an advocate, "Sir, I'll not sit here to be baited like a bear tied to the stake." "No *not* tied to the stake, my Lord," interrupted the Counsel. He mentioned the excellent joke of Curran's upon a case, where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley for acting the "Lock and Key." "My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* one, or of the *spring* and *tumbler*

kind." Talking of jokes, there is a good story of Lattin's, which I doubt if I have recorded. During the time of the emigrants in England, an old French lady came to him in some country town, begging for God's sake, he would interfere, as the mob was about to tar and feather a French nobleman. On Lattin's proceeding with much surprise to inquire into the matter, he found they were only going to *pitch* a *marquee*. Called at Catalani's on our arrival in Paris; found her; asked us to dine at five, which we did. Her *naïveté* and cheerfulness very delightful. Spoke of Pasta with enthusiasm, as the singer that had most touched her heart, next to her own master, Marchesa. I mentioned the defects of Pasta's voice: "Yes, but she can do beautiful things with it." Praised Mrs. Salmon for her church-singing. Very amusing in her imitation of the mincing-pincing style of talking among French women. All went to the Feydeau except me. Showed me a splendid box given her by the King of Prussia, containing the Medal of Merit. Went from thence to the Douglases. Some conversation with Lucy, whose rapid change of looks within these few days is quite melancholy.

14th. Walked in with Bessy. Called at the Forsters' to see our dear Anastasia, who has a bad cough; have no doubt it will turn to a hooping-cough. Got my passport at the Ambassador's, and having left Bessy at Bryan's, went to the Ministre de l'Interieur and the Préfecture to be visé. Was with Bishop at three o'clock, and went over all he has done (nine) of the fourth number. Succeeded very well with them. Seemed to think "Heaven knows what" a little too free for this work. Agree with him, and shall substitute another. At dinner had Duruset and Poole, besides Bishop's lady, who is rather a fine woman. Poole told of a man, who said "I can only offer you for dinner what the French call a *lever* (liévre) and a *pully* (poulet)." I said to Bishop that "this sort of dinner would do for our men of business, the mechanic *Powers*." After dinner they made me sing, and seemed to like it. Went thence to the Douglases where Bessy dined. Curran, too, had dined there.

16th. Was at Bryan's, in the Rue d'Artois, before half-past six, though stopped at the barrier to have my trunk opened and examined. We started in his carriage at a little after seven. A most heavenly day. The first sight of Rouen, on descending the hill, very beautiful; the long, richly planted island in the river, the faubourg and villages over the plain opposite to the city, and the black, lofty towers of the cathedral, one of which (as our post-boy first told us in descending the hill) had been struck by a thunder storm the day before and very much injured, produced altogether a most striking effect in the bright, but indistinct, sort of light which sunset threw over them. Did the journey in eleven hours, six minutes. Drove to the Hotel de France, where ——'s unfortunate daughter (to see whom was the whole object of the journey) met us with as much easy self-possession as if she had been the best-conducted person in the world. The inn a wretched one; my bed seemed to me to be damp.

17th. All walked out for the purpose of seeing the cathedral, but, on account of the workmen being employed in repairing the late damages, were not admitted. Went from thence to the Museum in the Hotel de Ville; a wretched set of pictures. M. L——, a Rouen artist, the perpetrator of a great many of them, and of the best, perhaps. The catalogue has the audacity to give a bad copy of Raphael's glorious Dresden Madonna as an original. Dined wretchedly at our inn, where the only comfort was a very good pianoforte in our sitting room, with some music books, oddly enough consisting for the most part of Stevenson's songs and mine. Went all to the theatre in the evening. The pieces were the "Coquette Corrigée" and the "Rivaux d'Eux Mêmes." A Mademoiselle Le Grand the coquette.

18th. Not at all well. The filth of our inn very disgusting; the cookery poisonous. Went to the library; vacation time, and no permission to read, which is rather a disappointment, as I had some references to make, on the subject of angels, which I had hoped to have employed myself in here. The town allows 3000 francs a-year for additions to the library, whose *fond* seems chiefly theological. Another wretched dinner; to the play in the evening. "La belle Fermière" and "Un Moment d'Imprudence;" the latter very good. Bryan mentioned a ridicule he once saw on "Otello," where the harlequin says to his lamp, "*Si j'éteins ta flamme, j'ai mon briquet,*

mais on n'allume pas une femme comme une guinguette." To-day before dinner walked by myself to a height above the road, by which we first came in sight of Rouen, and had a magnificent view, not only of the city, but of the river to the left, studded with islands to a great extent.

20th. Up before six, and off a little after seven. Arrived in town at seven, and found Bessy and Mrs. B. waiting dinner for us. Called in our way home for Anastasia, whose cough is now decidedly a hooping one. A letter from Rees to say that we may safely return to England as soon as we like.

21st. Went into town pretty early to make some calls; one of them on the bookseller, who some time ago sent me an English poem, called "Cleon," and has now written to say that as I was pleased to express approbation of it, he trusts I shall not be less interested in its success for knowing that it was written by a young lady of seventeen, now his wife. A thorough take in; the first symptoms of which were his saying *Elle est actuellement plus agée;* and the lady's own appearance in a few minutes quite dispelled any hope I might have had of seeing the youthful muse he led me to expect; the lady being a *rather* elderly Jewess. Joined the Murrays afterwards at Marechal Soult's.

22nd. The artist employed by Denon to engrave Grattan's medal for me, called with the die. Abbot called and sat some time. Spoke with much warmth about my mother; her warm-heartedness, her animation, the continual freshness and energy of her thoughts and affections. All very true, and, of course, delightful to hear. Dined at home. Have not yet resumed my work.

23rd. Called on Abbot, and thence to Denon's. Upon my proffering a thousand francs to the medallist (which according to my impression was the *prix convenu*), he exclaimed, *Ce n'est pas ça, diable, ce n'est pas ça; c'est cinquante louis*, making the difference of ten napoleons, which I was obliged to pay. Denon seemed a little ashamed of the price, and suggested that I should *porter ces deux cent francs sur le tirage*, the *striking* being three francs cheaper for each medal than I had expected; but this, though very French, was not my mode of doing things. Denon, to console me, read us a *notice* on the life of Puget the sculptor, which he has written for some forthcoming work. Very neatly done. Puget, it seems, upon remarking the resemblance a mountain at Marseilles bears to a sitting figure, proposed to make out the form, and so realise the Mount Athos project, but met with no encouragement for his sublime undertaking.

The statue of Milon at Versailles is by Puget, and one of his finest works. In talking of Claude Lorraine, Denon having said that his talent broke out at a late period of life, without any instruction whatever, I remarked that this rather lessened one's respect for the art, as in other subjects a certain degree of intellectual preparation and instruction was necessary, he answered very livelily, *Ah, oui, il faut de l'instruction pour faire de mauvaises copies de ce qu'il a fait, mais*—for original genius it requires no such thing; it is like your Shakspeare, &c. &c." Went from thence with M. Galli to the mint. Ordered sixty medals to be struck at two francs each. The mint keeps six (not included in the sixty). Two must be given to the artist, one to Denon, and one to Mossop (the Irish artist from whose wax model the portrait was taken); so that I shall have six over to pay the expenses of the *tirage*. Dined at the Douglases'. Company in the evening. Had some conversation with Gallatin, the American ambassador. Told me the Duke of Wellington mentioned to him a day or two since, that Lord Londonderry had a similar attack of madness at the time of the Union in Ireland.

27th. Called upon the Miss Dalys at Passy. Walked in the Bois de Boulogne. Dined at home. Have been reading Manon l'Escaut; rather disappointed; as yet there is no variety in the scrapes she and her lover get into.

28th. Have written since Tuesday (24th) near sixty lines. Bessy very ill to-day. Emma Foster called; saw her home on my way into town. Went to the mint; received my sixty medals, and had the die *biffé*, or broke, which excited a great sensation in the mint; it being, I take for granted, a rare occurrence. Told me the last time they had any such task was in destroying the *timbre* of Napoleon, and that there was a guard of soldiers both inside and outside the Bureau during the three days it took. Carried my medals and the broken die to Douglas's, and begged of Lucy to set about wrapping up each

medal in separate papers for me. Went to call upon Wishaw, who was all kindness. Returned to Douglas's, and found the medals all neatly papered, as I wished. Dined there, and went to the coach-office in the Rue du Bouloi, where I found Mrs. Branigan just arrived. Brought her to Passy in a hackney coach.

29th. Lady Susan called for me in the morning to go and hear Douglas preach at the Ambassador's Chapel; was not ready. Wrote some lines. Went in at three to atone for my morning's failure, and heard D. at the Oratoire. The close of his sermon very spirited. Dined at home.

30th. Left Abbot's five medals, with one for Mossup (who modelled the head from which I had the medal engraved), at Cumming's, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, to be taken over to Ireland to him. Bessy and Mrs. B. all day shopping in town. Called upon the Granards. Lady G. told me of her giving a note of mine to Count Orloff, who was in search of my handwriting. Dined at home. Wrote a note to-day to M. Langlés, head of the King's Library (which is now in *vacance*), to beg he would, if possible, show it to the Murrays before their departure.

Oct. 1st. A very civil note from Mons. Langlés, beginning, *Je suis si heureux de vous donner une faible preuve de ma haute estime pour votre personne et pour votre talent, &c. &c.* Went in at twelve, and took the Murrays and Lucy to the Bibliothèque. Showed us the autographs. Told M. Langlés I wanted to consult some books on the subject of Angels. Mentioned to me a translation by Laurence of the "Book of Enoch," and lent it me, together with the second volume of his own "Norden," which I asked him for. Particularly kind and obliging. When I spoke of the liberality of the French about books, he said, *C'est pour cela que nous les avons.*

2nd. Walked a good while in the Bois de Boulogne. Met with rather an adventure; girl singing the air from the "Solitaire," *Il voit tout, il sçait tout, &c.* A lovely soft day.

3rd. Have at last completed the 1700th line of the poem. Narrowly escaped M. ——, one of those wretched French literati who pester me. Had a large copy of Propertius (which he is translating) under his arm. Went to the Ambassador's, Lafitte's, &c., and was at Bryan's at four, having bought two of the pieces to be given at the Variétés, to-night, where we have a box. Feared that Bessy would not be well enough to come in; but at five, she and Mrs. B. arrived. Pieces at the Variétés, "Le Paris de Surenne," "Les Petits Acteurs," and "L'Actrice en Voyage;" the last a *premiere representation* to show off little Jenny Vertpré, who was charming in it.

5th. Am in much doubt and perplexity about my return to England, on account of the expense and of the difficulty I shall have in mustering the supplies. Bessy, however, making preparations to go with Mrs. Branigan the week after next. Dined at home.

8th. Doing a few lines every day. Wrote to Lord Strangford by a courier going off to the Duke of Wellington at Vienna. All went in to dine at Brian's. The Douglases, Lord Trimlestown, and little Byrne of the party. Byrne's story of the priest, saying to a fellow who always shirked his dues at Easter and Christmas, and who gave as an excuse for his last failure, that he had been very ill, and so near dying that Father Brennan had anointed him: "Anointed you, did he? faith, it showed he did not know you as well as I do, or he would have known you were slippery enough without it." The Irishman's defence of the palavering reception given to the King in Ireland: "Well, faith, after all, you know the only way to deal with a humbugger is to humbug him." The King of France*, who asked one of his courtiers, why he had gone to England? and on his answering, *Pour apprendre à penser*, said quickly, "*Les chevaux?*" (*panser*). Curran's old story of the piper cutting off the legs of the hanged man for the sake of the stockings, then leaving the legs behind him in a cow-house where he was allowed to sleep, and the woman supposing, on finding them there (he having gone off early), that the cow had eaten him up all but the legs; the driving the cow to the fair, bidding a piper stand out of the way, because this was a cow that eat pipers, &c. &c.

9th. Went in at two to sit to a French miniature-painter for Galignani. Dined at Bryan's. Mrs. B., Lucy, and Little Byrne of the party. Went to the Français afterwards to see Talma in "Regulus," a three-act tragedy: Talma very fine. The "Grondeur" followed it, a wretchedly dull farce.

* Louis the XVth.

10th to 18th. Must here take several days *en gros*, having been too much occupied to minute down the details. Received letters from the Longmans and Powers that at last decided me to go to England. Wrote to Goddard about the cottage, and received an answer offering it to me at 25*l.* a year for whatever term I chose. Wrote to say I agreed. Preparations for Bessy's departure. Completed 1800 lines of my poem, which I see is announced for the 1st of December.

23rd. Up at six, and at nine my darlings started. Heaven bless them! If ever creatures deserved that God should particularly watch over them, it is they. The day beautiful. Dined at Bryan's. The night stormy, and kept me thinking with much anxiety of the dear travellers. Home to Passy a little after eleven; the house looking very dreary.

24th. Still very stormy. Dispatched off a letter to Calais by the post to beg of Bessy for the hundredth time not to venture across in bad weather.

26th. Got a letter in the evening from my darling girl, announcing their safe arrival at Calais. Dined at Douglas's.

28th. Packed up, and left the operation of surrendering the house, &c. to my cook, Mary. Have taken lodgings at the Hotel de York on the Boulevard, and at 32 francs and half a week. Got a letter announcing Bessy's arrival at Dover.

29th. Began the revision of my poem, and read "Suarez de Angelis," which M. Langlés has lent me from the King's Library. Told me they have not got "Bonaventura de Alis Seraphim," which I also asked for.

November 1st to 5th. Have not had time to keep any accurate diary of the next few days. Passed my evenings chiefly at Douglas's, and was in the morning occupied with the revision of my poem, one half of which I sent off on Monday 4th, and the remainder on Thursday 7th. Not able, from want of time, to correct or fill up the blanks for epithets in the latter half; must do it in the press. Idea of a farewell dinner to me resumed; promises very well. Hopes of Lord Granard, Vaughan (secretary to the Embassy), and some other Tories coming: Douglas most active and good-natured about it, and Lucy most anxious. Dined with Bryan twice. Stories of Lattin's. Lord Muskerry saying on his death-bed "that he had nothing to reproach himself with, having never through life denied himself anything." Dined with Lattin on the 4th: company, Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Sartorius, Princesse Beauveau; and Nugent. Heard from Bessy of her arrival at the cottage, and her being welcomed by peals from the village bells.

6th. Accompanied Lucy in the morning to the *marché aux fleurs;* bought her a white japonica; and breakfasted afterwards with Lady Virginia. Went out to Versailles to dine with Greathead: company, H. Smith, Grattan (with whom I went out), and Kenny. Smith told, after dinner, the dreadful ghost story of the woman with the black collar, &c.; also about the Englishman at Calais, *Pourquoi vous dites* hem *quand moi passe*, &c. &c.

7th. Dined with Douglas: Richard Power of the party: never was there anything like my surprise and delight at seeing him the other day, just arrived, and looking almost as well and strong as ever; such a resurrection from the grave as I never expected to see.

9th. Went to the Bibliothèque du Roi in the morning: introduced by M. Langlés to M. Vonpradt, and took a hasty look at the Tarquin of Onkelos. Dined at Douglas's; Dawson there too. Practised in the evening one or two things to sing at the dinner on Monday: civil notes from several people about said dinner, which honest Douglas files: Sir C. Stuart has sent Nugent to say that if he is asked, he must certainly (rather than show any slight to me) *come;* but that, for many reasons, he would rather that the invitation was not sent. This is quite as civil as could be expected from him in his situation. Supped at Douglas's; and stayed, as usual, late: Lord Trimlestown and Lattin came in in the evening.

11th. The dinner took place at Robert's; about fifty sat down: Lord Trimlestown in the chair: among the company were Lord Granard, Sir G. Webster, Robert Adair, &c. Collinet's band attended; the dinner one of Robert's best; and all went off remarkably well. In returning thanks for my health, I gave "Prosperity to England," with an eulogium on the moral worth of that country, which was felt more, both by myself and the company, from its being delivered in France, and produced much effect. Douglas, in pro-

posing Bessy's health, after praising her numerous virtues, &c. &c., concluded thus:—"We need not, therefore, gentlemen, be surprised that Mr. Moore is about to communicate to the world 'The Loves of the Angels,' having been so long familiar with one at home." In returning thanks for this, I mentioned the circumstance of the village bells welcoming her arrival, as being *her* triumph in England, while I had mine this day in France, and concluded thus:—"These, gentlemen, are rewards and atonements for everything. No matter how poor I may steal through life—no matter how many calamities (even heavier than that from which I have now been relieved) may fall upon me—as long as such friends as you hold out the hand of fellowship to me at parting, and the sound of honest English bells shall welcome me and mine at meeting, I shall consider myself a Crœsus in that best wealth, happiness, and shall lay down my head, grateful for the gifts God has given." In introducing the subject of the village bells, I said, "This is a day of vanity for me; and you, who set the fountain running, ought not to complain of its overflowing." Lattin proposed the health of my father and mother, and mentioned the delight he had felt in witnessing my father's triumph at the dinner in Dublin. In returning thanks for this I alluded to Southey's making his Kehama enter triumphantly in through seven gates at the same moment, and said: "This miraculous multiplication of one gentleman into seven has been, to a great degree, effected by the toasts into which your kindness has subdivided me this day;" concluding thus:—"I have, often, gentlemen, heard of sympathetic ink, but here is a liquid which has much better claims to that epithet; and if there is a glass of such at this moment before my good old father, it must, I think, sparkle in sympathetic reply to those which you have done him the honour of filling to him." In proposing the health of Richard Power (who was present), I spoke of him "as combining all that is manliest in man, with all that is gentlest in woman; that consistency of opinion and conduct which commands respect, with that smooth facility of intercourse which wins affection; a union, as it were, of the stem and flower of life—of the sweetness which we love, and the solidity on which we repose." In alluding to the charitable object of the Kilkenny Theatre, I called it "that happy expedient for enlisting gaiety in the cause of benevolence, and extracting from the smiles of *one* part of the community a warmth with which to dry up the tears of the *other*;" the happiness we had enjoyed together at that time, "days passed in studying Shakspeare, and nights in acting or discussing him; the happy freedom of those suppers (*Tamquam sera libertas*—late enough, God knows) where, as in the suppers described by Voltaire—

> La liberté, convive aimable
> Mit les deux coudes sur la table,
> Entre le plaisir et l'amour.

In proposing the health of Lord Trimlestown, spoke of his being particularly fit to take the chair at such a meeting, not only from our old acquaintance, &c. &c., but his love of literature, and "the success with which he had practised it; his intimate knowledge of French and English, which placed him as a sort of Janus between the two languages, with a double-fronted insight into the beauties of each, and enabled him not only to make the wild tale of Atala resound in language worthy of its sweetness on the banks of the Thames, but to occupy himself (as I was proud to say he was doing at present) in teaching the story of 'Lalla Rookh' to the lighter echoes of the Seine." A song was sung by Grattan during the night which he had written for the occasion. Left them between one and two, and went to Douglas's, where I supped.

13th. Went to the Library in the morning, and worked very hard for two three hours. Dined at Villamil's; Dawson and Douglas of the party. Mrs. V. sung some of her *boleros* to the guitar in the evening; the last time of my hearing them God knows how long. Went to D.'s in the evening, and looked over some papers and music with L. Villamil said very prettily, that Bessy was quite a female Bayard, *sans peur et sans réproche.*

14th. Went to Smith's, the printer, for the purpose of destroying the printed copies of my "Rhymes on the Road," but he was not at home. Made arrangements for its being done on Saturday. An account of my speech about England has appeared in Galignani. Grattan was preparing to give details of the whole dinner, the persons there, the speeches, &c. &c.; but I put a stop to it, as, however honourable

to me, such publicity might give pain to many who were there (Tories, &c.), whose courage in going at all was very praiseworthy, and ought not to be put to any further test.

15th. Breakfasted at D.'s, and went to the Library. What a shame I should not till now have availed myself of the facilities of this treasury! Went at nine o'clock to Grattan, in order to sing to his wife (according to promise), and found some men assembled, which was contrary to compact. Among others, a Capt. Medwin, a friend of Lord Byron's, who passed a great part of last year at Pisa, and has written a volume of poems. Tells me Hunt's whole family is living in the same house with B., and he believes Mrs. Shelley also and her children.

16th. Went to Smith's, and set about tearing the sheets of the "Rhymes," with the assistance of two journeymen and Grattan, whom I found there: but finding that it would take me all the rest of the day (there being 500 copies), entrusted the task of destruction to Smith's chief man, and came away. Grattan, very much amused with the operation, said, while we were about it, "How useful Doll Tearsheet would be here!"

18th. Started in the diligence at nine. Leicester Stanhope, one of my companions inside, and Lord Mountcashel in the *galeria* behind. Travelled all night. Took up some Frenchmen half-way, who went as far as Boulogne. A good deal of conversation with them; complimented me much on the accuracy of my French, but said I pronounced it something like a German, and that, indeed, I looked much more like a German than an Englishman. According to their imitation of the Gascon pronunciation, it consists very much in pronouncing (?) the final *es*.

19th. Arrived between six and seven. Went to the Hotel de Bourbon, where, there being but the one bed to spare, I got rid of my fellow-travellers. Dined alone in my bedroom. Bad prospect for to-morrow. No steamboat at this side; nothing can get in or out of Dover. Dreadfully feverish at night and haunted by tumultuous dreams.

20th. No steam-packet arrived. A French sail-boat to start for Ramsgate, but preferred waiting till to-morrow. Called upon Brummel. Saw his fine toilette (which the King gave him in the days of his favour) set out in a little bedroom, 8 feet by 9. Walked outside the town for some hours, translating a passage from St. Basil, for my notes. Dined alone, and to bed early, having to be up at four for the steamboat.

21st. Sailed about seven. Arrived at Dover in about four hours. Had to get out into boats. The Captain had made some work about receiving my luggage on board, thinking it merchandise (three or four large packing cases with my books, &c. having come to Calais before me), and was beginning to be very uncivil about it, till some gentleman aboard told him who I was. Found I could not get my things through the custom-house time enough to be off to-day. A long operation, but the people very civil. Kept the pieces of china which Young gave Bessy: but told me, if I sent a memorial to the Lords of the Treasury they would let me pay duty for them. Dined alone.

22nd. Started at near eleven for town, having waited for an hour for a little French milliner, who was going through the operation of the custom-house; went without her after all. Reached town about nine. Went to the George Coffee House, where I had begged the Longmans to get me a bed. Despatched a porter off to Mrs. Power for letters, which I expected to find from Bessy. Sent me word there were some, but I could not have them till the morning. Too tantalising this, as I had not heard from my dear things at home for more than a week.

23rd. The letters from Bessy did not come till past ten, but all, thank God, well. Called at Rogers's: found he was at Holland House. Left a note for him to say I would go out and dine there to-morrow, if they would have me. Went to dine at Longman's. Found them in high spirits about the poem. Agree to my taking it down with me to Sloperton for revision. Left them rather early, and went to Drury Lane; behind the scenes.

24th. Had a note from Lady Holland, to say that they will be glad to have me, but that I shall meet no one but themselves, as Rogers is obliged to dine in town. Called upon Shee, &c. Went to dinner at six. None but Lord and Lady H., and Allen. Conversation chiefly about the state of France.

25th. Dined with Rogers, and went to Lady Holland's box in the evening to see Miss Kelly

in Juliet. Very bad; but (as it seems) good enough for the public, who are delighted with her. Lord John Russell (who is just arrived from Hastings) came into the box. Received his tragedy ("Don Carlos") yesterday, and mean to keep the reading of it for Sloperton. Went behind the scenes. Told Miss Foote how much I had heard of her Desdemona; her answer very modest and sensible. Fixed to meet Lord J. next day at two. By the bye, the Longmans have made use of the 200*l.* he has left so long in their hands (the receipts of his "Life of Lord Russell") towards paying this last Bermuda claim. I expected they would have advanced the money themselves; but it cannot be helped. Besides, he seems to have set his heart on my appropriating it in this way, and it is but owing to him instead of to them.

26th. Went to the Foreign Office to get my two packets of medals. Gave Lord John ten for himself and the Duke, and, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary, allowed Rogers, too, to have five. Wished Lord J. to dine with me at Rogers's, but he had already engaged himself to Lord Bradford at Brookes's. Persuaded him however to get off this, which he did. Nobody at dinner but Rogers, he, and I. In the evening all went to the Duke's box at Covent Garden to see the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." Miss Tree charming in Julia. By the bye, Shee told me a *bon-mot* of Rogers's the other day. On somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, "'Tis from want of practice," says R.; Knight being a very bad listener.

27th. Have been in expectation of the Donegals from Brighton, and their nephew has been entreating me to act as mediator. They were to have arrived to-day, but are not. Had promised Lord J. to dine with the Hollands to-day, to meet him; but offered myself to Murray instead, wishing to have some conversation with him. Found, however, it was a regular dinner party; Mr., Mrs., and Miss D'Israeli, Mr. Hamilton, Newton, &c. Came away early in order to pack up. The Longmans have received an anonymous letter about my poem, beginning, "I conjure the respectable house of L. R. H. O. and Browne to pause ere they, &c. &c.;" and ending, "Beware of the fate of Murray and of Cain!"

28th. Set off at seven in the coach for Calne. Arrived at home between seven and eight, and found all well, except poor Bess, who looks wretchedly. Lost my great coat in leaving town. The dear girl has worked hard to get the cottage into order, and it is most neat and comfortable. The change made in my study, by throwing the two rooms into one, a wonderful improvement. Most happy to be at home again. *Oh quid salutis est, &c. &c.*

29th. Set busily about correcting and revising my "Angels," which the Longmans have had printed all upon slips for that purpose. Walked with Bessy to the Phippses, and got a wetting.

Dec. 1st. Sent off the first sheet through Croker, who had offered me the use of his franks in town. This was the day announced originally for the publication; and some people asked the Longmans (who of course were not aware that the 1st fell on a Sunday), whether the poem was so *very* sacred, that nothing less than a Sunday would do for its publication.

2nd. Walked to Bowood, and met Lord Lansdowne, who had rode to call upon me. Walked on to Bowood with me. A good deal of talk about France. His high opinion of the Duc de Broglie. Saw Lady L.; both all kindness; expressed the same alarm as others with respect to the title of my poem. Promised, if I could, to dine with them on Saturday.

3rd. A letter from the Longmans to say they must have the whole of the poem and notes by the middle of next week, or they cannot get it out in time to supply the Christmas customers; there are about 3000 copies already ordered.

5th. Had a letter from Lord L., expressing his surprise at not having been called upon for the sum he held at my disposal; and saying that if I had been able to arrange everything "through the help of the Muse alone," he would rejoice at it, as he knew it was the mode most satisfactory to my own feelings; but that if I had applied to any other person than him, he could not help feeling a little jealous, &c. Can anything be more thoroughly and sterlingly kind? Wrote him a short note to say I should inform him of all the particulars on Saturday.

7th. Dined at Bowood; company, Lord Malmesbury, the Barings, and Bowles. Lord

L. mentioned Pitt's dislike to Erskine, and his frequent attacks upon him. On one occasion, when E. followed Mr. Fox in a long speech, Pitt said, "The learned gentleman has followed his Right Hon. Leader, running along the line of his argument, and, as usual, attenuating it as he went." * Baring, a sensible, good kind of a man. Sung in the evening. Am afraid I shall be obliged to go to town, to expedite the flight of my Angels. Lady L. begged me to dine again on Thursday next, to meet Charles Grant, whom they expect.

9th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy to invite her to dinner to-morrow. Prevailed on her to say yes.

10th. Went (in a hack chaise) to Bowood; company, the Barings, Mr. and Mrs. A'Court, and some other people, whom I know nothing about. Lady L. all kindness to Bessy. I sung in the evening, and so did one of the unknown ladies to the Spanish guitar. Baring, at dinner, applied the French phrase, *un homme qui avait oublié de se faire enterrer*.

11th. Sketched out my preface and one or two notes.

12th. Set off in the Regulator for town, where I arrived between nine and ten. Had written to bespeak a lodging at Mrs. Soames', where I found myself very comfortably received.

15th. Wrote to Lady Donegal, to tell her I was in town, and that if she could put off dinner for me till between six and seven, I might perhaps, manage to come to her. Answer in the affirmative. Went at half-past six; found her pretty well, and all as kind as ever. Took Barbara a present of one of the Cupids sent me last New-Year's Day with which she was much delighted. Left them at half-past eight and returned home to work, at which I continued till past one, when I sealed up the last notes (written in far too great a hurry), and ordered the servant to take them in the morning to Paternoster Row.

16th. Went after breakfast to call on Rogers. Thence to the Hollands; asked me to dine. Walked out with Lord Holland to the Park. A wretched cold day, and even the sunshine of his conversation did not atone for the total want of it in the heavens; besides he walked so slow, and I had no great coat. He mentioned what his uncle one night said in a reply to Mr. Pitt: "The Right Honourable Gentleman seems to have a very high notion of his own abilities, and I must say it is the only one of his opinions in which I most perfectly coincide with him." Dined at the Hollands. In the evening went with Lord H. and Henry to the play.

17th. Dined with Murray, to meet Wm. Spencer. The rest of the company, Harry Drury, the D'Israelis, a Mr. Coleridge, &c. &c.

A long time since Spencer and I met before, and he is but little altered, either in looks, spirits or good nature. Told some good anecdotes about French translations from the English. In some work where it was said "the air was so clear, that we could distinctly see a *bell-wether* on the opposite hill, the translator made bell-wether, *le beau temps*. Price, on the Picturesque, says that a bald head is the only smooth thing possessing that quality, but that if we were to cover it over with flour, it would lose its picturesqueness immediately; in translating which, some Frenchman makes it, *une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs*. Scroope Davies called some person, who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke, and was not remarkable for veracity, "The Æolian Lyre." Left them at eleven, almost suffocated with a severe cold, and more wine than was good for it. Found proofs waiting for me at home, and sat up till two o'clock correcting them.

18th. Passed the whole morning between Paternoster Row and Shoe Lane, correcting the last of the revises. Dined at Lady Donegal's. Came home early and went to bed, which I much wanted.

19th. Took my place for Sunday in the York House coach. Made an agreement for a hackney coach, and went out to Hornsey to visit the grave of our poor child Barbara, Bessy having heard it was much neglected. Found this not to be the case. Sought out the sexton, and bid him have it new sodded, giving him at the same time five shillings, and promising him more when I should come again. Went to Rogers's on my return, to say I would dine with him if he had room for me, and proposing to him, by Lady Holland's desire, to accompany me to her box in the evening to see a new opera. Three of his nephews

* I have heard this metaphor from Lord Holland somewhat differently, as, "The Hon. and Learned Gentleman, who followed the Right Hon. Gentleman, *attenuating the thread of his discourse*."—Ed.

at dinner. Left him early and went to Drury Lane. The opera very bad; Lady H.'s box full; the Tierneys, &c.

20th. Went to Chantrey's, but did not find him at home. Croker called upon me in his carriage at half-past five, to take me out to his apartments at Kensington Palace to dinner. The company, Sir George Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, and Admiral Moorsom. Cockburn's *noli me tangere* manner with me the few times I have met him since his advancement to office, highly amusing; somewhat less to-day, however. Ridiculously enough, in looking round Croker's room before dinner, I saw a bust, which I took to be the King's; on looking nearer, however, I found it to be myself, a cast from the bust in Dublin by Kirk. Mrs. Croker said several persons took it to be the King. Returned at night with Admiral Moorsom.

21st. Called upon Bishop. Thence to the Longmans, where I found some copies of my book ready, and sealed up seven or eight of them for Paris; for Lucy, for Villamil, &c. &c. Called to take leave of the Donegals. Dined between seven and eight at the George Coffee House, and went home early. By the by, I have within this day or two (in order to enable me to get on for a little while) drawn upon Corry for 100*l.* at three months, meaning to take up the bill myself when it becomes due. Out of this I gave 40*l.* to Mrs. Power, as a set-off against the sum Power paid for my life insurance.

22nd. Up before six, and off at seven. Arrived at home a little after seven, and found my darling girl pretty well, and her little ones bravely.

23rd. Walked over to Bowood, and took Lord L. a copy of my book. To-day it is published.

24th. Arranging my books.

25th. Went with the two little ones to church; Bessy not well enough to go.

26th. Rather fidgety about the fate of my book. Bessy had a note yesterday from Lady L. with a present of some toys for the children, but not a word about the "Angels." Rather ominous this. Wrote to Lady Donegal yesterday about some silver tissue for Mrs. Phipps's dress for the fancy ball, and said, "Don't say a word about the 'Angels' in your answer; stick to the silver tissue."

27th. An answer from Lady Donegal, with the following sentence in it, which, from the state of nervousness I had got into about my book, came upon me like a thunderbolt. "You bid me not to say anything about the 'Angels,' but I must so far disobey you as to say that I am both vexed and disappointed, and I think that you will feel I am right in not allowing Barbara to read it." I never remember anything that gave me much more pain than this. It seemed at once to ring the death-knell of my poem. This at once accounted for the dead silence of the Longmans since the publication, for the non-appearance of the second edition, which I was taught to expect would be announced the third day, for Lord Lansdowne's reserve on the subject, for everything. My book, then, was considered (why or wherefore it was in vain to inquire) improper, and what I thought the best, as well as the most moral thing I had ever written, was to be doomed to rank with the rubbish of Carlisle and Co. forever. Bowles, who was with me at the time, endeavoured most good humouredly to soothe me, and, though he had not read the poem, gallantly made himself responsible that I could not have written anything to bring upon me such a censure. It was all in vain. I wrote off to the Longmans to beg they would tell me the worst at once, and to my mother, to prepare her for the failure which I now considered as certain. In this mood Bowles left me, and in about an hour after, luckily for my peace of mind, Lord Lansdowne and Byng arrived. Their coming was like an avatar to me. Lord L. declared, in the warmest manner, that he thought the poem not only beautiful, but perfectly unexceptionable and pure, and that he had no hesitation in preferring it to anything I had ever written. Byng, too (who two or three weeks since had expressed himself with some degree of alarm about the title), told me that, on reading the poem, he had instantly written off to some friends who felt the same apprehensions as himself, that "it might be safely trusted in the nursery." It is inconceivable the relief all this was to me, and not less so to my darling Bessy, who had seen the wretched state I was thrown into by Lady D.'s letter, and had in vain employed her good sense and sweetness to counteract its effect. Walked part of the way back with Lord L. and B.

28th. Dined at Bowood; company, Jekyll (just arrived with his two sons), Mr. and Mrs. Abercromby, Byng, Macdonald (the member), Miss Fox, and Miss Vernon. Lady L. spoke in raptures about the poem; said they were all enchanted with it, and could not conceive how any imagination could contrive to extract an idea of impropriety from it. Lady L.'s favourite, the first story; Miss Fox, and others, preferred the second. Jekyll more silent than he used to be, but very agreeable. In talking of cheap living, he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for on "Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend ——, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more till Sunday again." Said that when the great waterworks were established at Chelsea there was a proposal for having there also a great organ, from which families might be supplied with sacred music, according as they wished, by turning the cock on or off; but one objection he said was, that upon a thaw occurring after a long frost, you might have "Judas Maccabeus" bursting out at Charing Cross, and there would be no getting him under. He said that it was an undoubted fact that Lord (?), the proprietor of Lansdowne House before the old Lord Lansdowne, had a project of placing seven and twenty fiddlers, hermetically sealed, in an apartment underground from which music might be communicated by tubes to any apartment where it was wanted. Lord L. bore witness to the truth of this (with the exception of its being an organ instead of Jekyll's hermetically sealed fiddlers), and said that the pipes which had been already laid for this plan were found during some repairs that took place at Lansdowne House. Walked home.

29th. Received the "Literary Gazette," "Literary Chronicle," and "Museum," all containing reviews of my work, and all favourable enough. The last the least so, but (from its being connected with clergymen) the most useful, as giving me credit for a moral design in the poem. Wrote a letter to Lady Donegal, telling her the opinions of Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c., and of this journal, as a set off against her own.

1823.

January 1st. The coat (a Kilkenny uniform) which I sent to town to be new-lined for the fancy ball to-morrow night, not yet arrived. Walked to Bowood. Found Lady Lansdowne and Jekyll, Lady L. again expressing her strong admiration of the poem. Said she had proposed to the Bowleses to dine at Bowood on Saturday, and hoping that Bessy would have no objection to be of the party.

2nd. Obliged to make shift for to-night, by transferring the cut-steel buttons from my dress-coat to a black one, and having it lined with white silk. Dined with the Phippses. Went in the same way as before; Mrs. P. dressed as a Sultana, and looking very well. The ball at a Mr. Hardman's (a German), beyond Devizes: odd enough, and amusing, though in a small ill-lighted room. Two fine girls there, the Miss Holtons, the eldest beautiful. Not home till between four and five.

4th. The day very wet. Had promised the Bowleses to meet them at dinner at Bowood (Bessy having given up the whole plan), and go on with them to Bremhill to stay till Monday, but sent an excuse, and offered myself to the Lansdownes for to-morrow instead. An answer from Lady Lansdowne, begging me to stay till Tuesday, and as much longer as Mrs. Moore could spare me.

5th. Have received several newspapers with reviews of the poem; all very favourable Dined at Bowood; taken by the Phippses Company, besides them and the Bennets, Mrs Abercrombie, Misses Fox and Vernon, the Jekylls, Stanley (Lord Derby's son), Lord Auckland, and Macdonald, a young Irishman. Got nothing out of Jekyll, who was talking all the while to Phipps, except that when I offered my arm to him to help him down to dinner, he said, "This is making a mistress in Chancery of me." Sung in the evening several of the "Irish Melodies," which seemed to produce considerable effect. Slept there.

6th. After breakfast had a good deal of conversation with Jekyll. Quoted those lines written upon John Allen Parke, by a man who never wrote any verses before or since:—

"John Allen Parke
Came naked stark
From Scotland;
But now has clothes,
And lives with beaus
In England."

Mentioned Lord Cranley having been caught up, curricle and all, by a crane, in Thames Street, and the verses to him which he (Jekyll) wrote on the occasion. A joke about the "Pigmies warring with the Cranes." Told of the actor saying by mistake,—

> "How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is,
> To have a *toothless* child;"

and old Parker who used always to say the "coisoned pup" instead of "poisoned cup:" and one night, when he spoke it right, the audience said, "No, no!" and called for the other reading. A good deal of talk about Sheridan. Said that Mrs. S. had sung once after her marriage, at the installation of Lord North at Oxford; and as there were degrees then conferring *honoris causâ*, Lord N. said to Sheridan that he ought to have one *uxoris causâ*. Spoke of Tickell's discontent with Sheridan; his idea that S. might have brought him forward but would not. Described Tickell's anxiety on the first night of Parliament's meeting after the publication of his pamphlet "Anticipation." The laughable effect on the House of Col. Barré's speech; he being the only one (having just arrived from the country) ignorant of the pamphlet, and falling exactly into the same peculiarities which the pamphlet quizzed, particularly that of quoting French words and then translating. At every new instance of this kind in his speech there was a roar of laughter from the House, which Barré of course could not understand. A friend went off to Tickell (who in his fidget had gone to bed in a coffee-house in Covent Garden) to tell him the successful effect of his pamphlet. His next pamphlet, "The Cassette Verte, &c." (?) was a failure. Said from his own observation, Sheridan was a most painstaking writer. Knew it in the instance of his Prologue to the "Miniature Picture" (a piece written by Lady Craven, and first acted at Benham, but not successful on the public stage), which Sheridan corrected, and altered over and over again. Jekyll wrote the Epilogue; and it was said, "that the *frame* was much better than the *picture*." Mentioned some lines which he (Jekyll) had written upon the Emperor of China's hint to Lord Macartney, that he had better hasten his departure, as the rainy season was coming on:—

> "The sage Chian-ki-ti
> Has look'd in the sky,
> And says we shall soon have wet weather;
> So I think, my good fellows,
> As you've no umbrellas,
> You'd better get home, dry, together!"

Canning and some one else translated these lines into Latin verse, and the word they chose to express the want of umbrellas was very happy—*vos inumbrelles video*. They sent across the House to Jekyll one night to beg for the rest of the verses, and his answer was, "Tell them, if they want papers they must move for them. We find it very hard to get them even so." Set out to walk home and see Bessy, but, the rain coming on, turned back. Found Jekyll and Macdonald in the library on my return, and had some conversation, during which they laughed heartily at some stories I told them. After dinner sung a good deal, and talked; and had altogether a very pleasant evening. Lord L. mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows:—"Sugars are falling more and more every day: not so the respect and esteem with which we are, &c. &c." Slept at Bowood.

7th. At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors janua vita;* upon which Lord Ellenborough said, "Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong?" He mentioned Rogers's story of an old gentleman when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down, and saying, "What! going to bed without one kiss," taking it for the children. Talked of Gen. Smith a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had "spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul." Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country seat, saying, "I find my damned fellow of a steward has in the meantime sold the estate." This Gen. Smith was the original of Foote's "Sir Mathew Mite" (his father having been a cheesemonger); and Jekyll told of some one having taken Foote to Smith's country house on his way to town; his sleeping there, and being treated with every civility by Smith; and saying before they were a hundred yards from his house, "I think I can't possibly miss him now, having had such a good sitting." Came away at one after having been much pressed to stay another

day. Found my darling Bess not very well on my return. Confessed to me she had not been able to sleep ever since, from the idea that I was offended with her about something in going away. Far from it; I do nothing but bless her whenever I think of her.

8th. Have now done another sacred song to an air of Crescentinis, and have begun a third to an air of Kozeluck. Have begun reading books on Greece for the new plan I have relative to the Miscellany. Raffenel's "Account of the Revolution" seems a very fair one. In Lady Jersey's last note, she says, "I am very much in love with one of your angels, but won't tell you which. Your poem is charming; so like the Italian; full of beautiful similes." Have had a letter also from Lord John, in which he says, "I am delighted with your poem. Fairly speaking, I think the second story the best, and the *third a falling off*. The verses are beautiful and full of imagination." He adds afterwards, "I am happy to find that all here agree with me in my opinion. Lady Jersey, Luttrel, Agar Ellis, all like the 'Angels' exceedingly." It is curious to see the difference of tastes. Lord J. here says, "The third story is a falling off," and just before I received his letter, I had been reading a Review, in which the wise critic says, "The third story, which is unquestionably the best of the three." Lord John, of course, is right: it is a falling off after the second.

9th. Read and wrote. Received a copy of last Sunday's John Bull, in which (as was to be expected) the "Angels" are grossly abused, and strong efforts made (which I rather fear may be but too successful in some quarters) to brand it with a character of impiety and blasphemy. This is too hard. Received a letter also from Rees, in which he mentions a criticism of Miss Aikin's, somewhat of the same tendency. The old proverb, "Give a dog a bad name, &c. &c." Should not wonder now if the tide were to set decidedly against it.

11th. Mrs. Phipps came. Said the "Angels" were torn to pieces yesterday at Locke's. Hardly any of the party had read it, but all abused it. Was just going out to call on the Lockes. Found Mrs. L. at home. Said (Mrs. Phipps having given me leave) that I heard how actively I had been dissected yesterday. She made some awkward explanations, and I turned the whole matter carelessly into a jest.

12th. Went to Church with Bessy and the little ones. Called on Mr. Awdrey afterwards, who told me how his house had been haunted by my "Angels," that his daughters could do nothing else but repeat verses out of it. The Phippses and their nephew came to us in the evening, and supped. Have read Muller's "Account of the Ionian Isles," and Charles Sheridan's pamphlet; written a verse of the Third Sacred Song, and begun words for a fourth on the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah. Macdonald called, according to promise, upon me this morning, and lunched. Walked back with him on his way to Bowood.

13th. Brought up some arrears of this Journal. Read Hughes's pamphlet on the Greeks. Have resolved now to adopt as a nucleus for my Miscellany the plan of "Letter from a young Irishman on his way to join the Greeks."

14th. Read and wrote a little. Walked over to Bowood, where I have promised to stay till Thursday. Was to have taken Anastasia with me, but the weather too bad. Company at dinner, Miss Emily Napier, and her two nieces, the Miss Bennetts, natural daughters of the Duke of Richmond (the reforming Duke), and Stanley. Dinner very agreeable. Miss N. mentioned a French lady, of whom she inquired, by way of compliment, "in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well?" and the answer was, "I begun by *traducing*." Lord L. in the evening, quoted a ridiculous passage from the preface to Mrs. Piozzi's "Retrospections," in which, anticipating the ultimate perfection of the human race, she says she does not despair of the time arriving "when Vice will take refuge in the arms of Impossibility." Mentioned also an Ode of hers to Posterity, beginning, "Posterity, gregarious Dame;" the only meaning of which must be, a Lady *chez qui* numbers assemble,—a Lady *at home*. I repeated what Jekyll told the other day of Beareroft, saying to Mrs. Piozzi, when Thrale, after she had called him frequently Mr. Beercraft, "Beereraft is not my name, Madam; it may be *your* trade, but it is not *my name*." Dr. Currie once, upon being bored by a foolish Blue, to tell her the precise meaning of the word idea (which she said she had been reading about in some metaphysical work, but could not understand it), answered, at last, angrily, "Idea, Madam, is the feminine

of Idiot, and means a female fool." Sung a good deal in the evening.

15th. A very bleak, snowy day. The whole party played shuttlecock in the conservatory. I played with the Miss Bennetts. Lord L. and Stanley kept it up 2050 times. Wrote some letters. Walked a little with Lord L. before dinner. Mentioned the old Lord Liverpool (when Mr. Jenkinson) saying, in answer to some one who had called him, "That evil genius, who lurks behind the Throne," "Mr. Speaker, I am *not* an evil genius; I am not lurking behind the Throne. I again repeat, I am not an evil genius, but the member for Rye *in every respect whatsoever*" (this last a familiar phrase of his.) Stanley mentioned, at dinner, that on Lord Harrowby's going down to Brighton last year, the King (who was out of temper with his Minister) received him with a coldness almost rude, saying, "You are come down my Lord, to see your son, I suppose." "Yes, your Majesty," answered Lord H., "and for that solely." In talking of Geneva, and the sort of miniature scale every thing is upon there, Lord L. said, that one time when he was passing there, they had contrived to get up a little Catholic Question, a cession having been made to them from Savoy, of a village (Colonge, I believe), which made it necessary to discuss the privileges of these new Catholic subjects, &c. &c. Talleyrand's quizzing the Genevese, by saying that geographers had quite forgot in enumerating the parts of the world, Europe, Asia, &c. &c., to add a fifth part, Geneva. Mentioned the trial of Lord Capel in the State Trials, and the sympathy attached to his fate, as resembling very much that of Ney (?) Sung again; went through quantities of the Irish Melodies.

16th. Lord L. pressed me to stay over today. Made some excuses; but he brought Lady L. to his assistance, who offered to drive me over to Sloperton, that I might get my letters, and tell Mrs. Moore of my intention to remain another night. Went with her and Miss Napier. Lady L. proposed to bring Anastasia too, and she would send the carriage back with her before it was dark. Bessy did not much like my leaving her for another night; but at last she consented. 'Statia could not be ready in time to go. Walked over to Bowood about four. Bessy went with me as far as Mrs. Phipps's, who is not very well. An additional guest at dinner to-day—a Mrs. Fuller, who has travelled a good deal in Greece. Sung a good deal in the evening. Read, when I went to bed, a little of "Cellini's Life;" his father giving him a box on the ear to remind him of the salamander, &c.

17th. In talking of Ricardo, at breakfast, some one mentioned that he had been buried,—which is the ceremony among the Jews towards any one who quits their faith. The friends of the convert, too, go into mourning for him. Some talk with Mrs. Fuller, after breakfast, about Greece. Has been at Scio. The people there were highly civilized; had two or three universities. The women pretty and coquettish, but ignorant, as the Greek women are. Lord L. sent me word from his room, that if I waited till after luncheon, he would walk home with me. Did so; and he, Stanley, and Mrs. Fuller, left me nearly at home. Found Mrs. P., who slept at the Cottage last night, Phipps having gone to Bath.

18th. Had written to the Longmans (who have apprised me that I must revise for a fifth edition, as they are almost half through the fourth), that if they thought it would not be too late, I could make the "Angels" completely *eastern*, and thus get rid of that connection with the Scriptures, which they fear will, in the long run, be a drag on the popularity of the poem. Received a letter to-day, in which they say, "your idea is the very thing," and encouraging me to follow it up by all means. Took a long walk. Mrs. P. remained to dinner and sleep.

19th. Turned over my "D'Herbelot," &c., for the project of turning the poor "Angels" into "Turks." Walked to Melksham. Phipps and his nephew came and dined in their way from Bath. Received, to my most agreeable surprise, a portrait of my dearest father, in wax, which some artist of the name of Moore has executed lately in Dublin, and sent to me from London.

20th. Reading "D'Herbelot." Have finished also Santa Rosa's account of the "Revolution of Piedmont," which I brought away from Bowood. A sad story, and told sensibly and interestingly. What an immortality of contempt such fellows as Prince Carignan* secure to themselves!

* Prince Carignan was afterwards the rash and unfortunate, but not contemptible, Charles Albert!—Ed.

21st. Received a note from Lord L. with last night's "Courier," which contains the noble answer of the Spaniards to the Allies.

22nd. Walked to Bowood. Saw Lord and Lady L. Asked him if his library contained Prideaux's "Life of Mahomet," and Beausobre's "Manicheism." Has only the latter. Disapproves of my idea of orientalising the "Angels," as it would be a sort of avowal that I was wrong in my first plan, which does not strike *him* in the least. Shall think a little more about it. Lord L. walked with me on my way home. Talked of going to Bath some day next week, and will take me if I like to go.

23rd. Received "Beausobre" from Lord L. and some gingerbread nuts for Bessy from Lady L. By the by, I have forgot to mention that in the course of last week, having written to Murray to have what was preparing *for* (or *against*) me in the "Quarterly," and saying that, from something which dropped from Croker, I had half a hope *he* might undertake me, I received a letter from Croker reminding me that we had both agreed no friend should ever review the work of a friend; but that still, if he had time (which he had not), nothing would give him more pleasure than attempting to do justice to my poem, &c. &c.

25th. Received a letter from Lady Donegal (to whom I have not written since my reply to her criticism), expressing great anxiety lest I should be angry with her, and asking forgiveness most amiably.

26th. Received a letter from the Longmans (to whom I had communicated Lord L.'s dissent from the plan of orientalising the poem), saying that they had again given it their best consideration, and that they continued to think such an alteration would materially serve me and my future works with the public. Wrote to Lady D. to say that I never had the slightest idea of being angry with her, &c. &c.

27th. A deluging thaw and rain. Wrote up to the Longmans for Hyde's "Religio Persarum," "Philo-Judæus," "Martin's Travels," &c., for my notes. No stirring out of the house.

29th. Lady Lansdowne called to take leave of Bessy, as their horses go up to town to-morrow. Full of kindness: offered her a chair-bed from the park for her confinement, &c. &c.

30th. A letter from Lady D., expressing great pleasure at my having taken her frankness so good-humouredly, and saying that my last letter had "raised me, if possible, higher in their opinion than ever;" that she could not help showing it to Rogers, who seemed to think the same of it. Copied out and sent off three sacred songs to Power.

31st. Lord L. came to bid us good-by: sat some time with me talking of the Spaniards, the approaching war, &c. Mean to write a few such poems as my "Dream" about the Holy Alliance.

February 1st. Received from the Longmans the "Monthly Review," containing an article on the "Angels:" very twaddling; and, though meant to be kind, will do the poem mischief, as it takes up the Puritan tone about it.

3rd. Nothing particular.

4th. Walked over to Bowood to look at the "Mémoires de l'Académie" for the notes. Sat near an hour and a half in the library, reading and transcribing; and brought a volume away with me. Dined at Phipps's. A Mr. Legge of the party. Asked me to come again to-morrow to meet a Captain Amyot. Received to-day four more reviews of my poem in the "New Monthly," "London," "Gentleman's," and "Old Monthly" Magazines; all favourable enough except the "London," whose violence luckily defeats its own purpose.

5th. Sent up two sheets of the corrected "Angels."

7th to 9th. All passed at home, and almost entirely in the house, from the badness of the weather. Our dear Tom not at all well; took it for the measles at first, but it turned out to be an inflammatory cold, very common just now. Sent up more sheets of the "Angels." Have heard nothing of the Longmans for a long time, and fear my faithful correspondent, Rees, must be very ill. Received a letter from Miss Lefanu, with some very pretty verses in praise of my "Angels."

10th. Answered Miss Lefanu, and said, if she had no objection, I would have her verses inserted in the "Morning Chronicle." The uneasy sensations still continue, and alarm me a little.

11th. Bowles called, on his way to Bath. Is about to publish a poem anonymously, and wishes me to have it announced for him. Advises we should send our Anastasia to the Moravian Establishment near him.

12th, to March 15th. Have now been more than a month *sine lineâ*, and during that time have not stirred beyond the gates of my cottage, not being able to take the least exercise on account of these very disagreeable pains, &c. My chief occupation has been writing the new notes for the "Angels," and my "Fables for the Holy Alliance," which have been frequently advertised and puffed since the commencement of this month. Received several more reviews of the "Angels," and the long-expected broadside from "Blackwood" among the number, which is a tolerably murderous discharge, and (I must say for it) very ably served: another very abusive one in the "Monthly Museum," but ill done, and, therefore, not so mischievous. A memoir of me and a portrait in a new periodical called the "British Magazine;" very flattering; at least the memoir. Received a letter from Murray about my bond to him for the Byron Memoirs; far from civil: returned an answer in kind, and have received no reply. Wrote to Lord John, with Bessy's request that he would stand godfather for *her* forthcoming production: answered in the affirmative. Sent me some verses of his about the French armament against Spain, in which he says,

"And the part of the Eagle 's performed by the Goose."

A long letter from Croker on the intended metamorphosis of my "Angels" into Turks: very kind and sensible. Wrote two Irish Melodies for Power. Received an application (an attorney's letter in fact, but very civilly disguised) from the solicitor of the Middle Temple, on the subject of my long-owing fees: shall pay them when I go to town. Two letters from Lord Byron, not at all as lively as formerly: indeed Douglas Kinnaird told me when I was in town that the vivacity of his correspondence is very much dimmed. Bessy went one day to Bath, attended by Hughes (as I was not able to go myself), and settled upon a school for our dearest Anastasia; a Miss Furness's, where there are but five girls at present, and twelve the limited number. Bessy much pleased with the lady herself, and the general air of the establishment. A sad thing that the sweet child cannot be educated at home; but there are no masters to be got; and though I would willingly myself give up all the accomplishments in the world for the great object of keeping her heart and manners as they are now—pure, kind, and simple,—yet Bessy is naturally anxious about the cultivation of her mind; and having done all she can for her herself, wishes to give her the advantages that every other child possesses; so we must send her. The 17th of this month (the day after her birthday) fixed for her going. A call or two from my neighbour, Mr. Awdrey, and occasional visits from Mrs. Phipps, are the only interruptions the quiet of this interval has received. Nor should I ask anything happier or gayer if these pains did not hang about me obstinately. Shall consult Astley Cooper when I go up to town. Had a letter from my sister Nell, in which she mentioned (and as a matter of course) my dear old father "going out to a party" somewhere with her: long may he be able to do so! Received a letter from Murray, explaining away most anxiously any appearance of offence there might have been in his former one, and concluding "with the most unfeigned admiration and esteem," &c. On the 16th we kept my dear 'Stasia's birthday, and on the 18th Bessy took her to school. Wrote to Woolriche to know whether he was likely to be in London the latter end of the month, as I was anxious to consult him. Received an answer to say that the Duke of Bedford had got the gout, and seemed unwilling to leave Woburn; but that, notwithstanding, if I would let him know my movements, he would manage to run up to town for a couple of days to me. Lingered on in this way, without taking any exercise, but still getting gradually better, till the

27th. Left home in a chaise for town at two o'clock. Took Bessy and Tom with me as far as the corner of the road to Wans. Arrived at Newbury a little after six, where I slept.

28th. Started in the Marlborough coach at half-past ten: alone all the way, and suffered much less inconvenience from the journey than I expected. Arrived at Hatchett's at six, and dined there. Found my lodgings in Duke Street comfortably ready for me.

29th. Called at Sir A. Cooper's at ten. Out of town, and will not return till Monday. Breakfasted at the George. Called upon Power, and returned home (all in a hackney coach) before one. Saw in the newspapers a work announced, called "Angelographia," by a clergyman, "On the Nature and Offices of

the Holy Angels, partly occasioned by two poems lately published, the name of one of which, and the subject of both, is the 'Loves of the Angels.'" Had a letter from Lucy Drew, announcing her intention of being in London about this time. Dined at the George; and home early.

30th. At home and alone all day. Delicious weather for the Easter Sunday folks. Dined at the George, and home early. Employed in transcribing my Fables.

31st. Called at Sir A. Cooper's in the morning, but such crowds waiting for him that there seemed no chance. Breakfasted at the George, and returned, but still crowds. Determined to write and request an appointment. Power and Orme called upon me. Orme very smiling, particularly when I read him some of the Fables, which he seemed to think would do. Made arrangements for money with him, taking up Corry's bill, &c. &c. Dined at the George, and home early. A civil note from Sir A. Cooper, fixing to-morrow at twelve.

April 1st. Saw Sir A. Cooper, who apologised for "giving *such a man* the trouble" of coming to him. Said there was no cause for uneasiness in the syptoms I felt. Recommended me, among other things, the use of the shower-bath. Begged me to let him see me again, "as a friend, if I would do him that honour." Altogether very courteous. Walked afterwards (for the first time since I came to town) to Rogers's. Very agreeable. In talking of the "Angels" said the subject was an unlucky one. When I mentioned Lord Lansdowne's opinion that it was better than "Lalla Rookh," said he would not rank it so high as the "Veiled Prophet" for execution, nor the "Fireworshippers" for story and interest, but would place it rather on the level of "Paradise and the Peri." Asked me to dine with him, which I did; company, Wordsworth and his wife and sister-in-law, Cary (the translator of Dante), Hallam, and Sharpe. Some discussion about Racine and Voltaire, in which I startled, and rather shocked them, by saying that, though there could be no doubt of the superior taste and workmanship of Racine, yet that Voltaire's tragedies *interested* me the most of the two. Another electrifying assertion of mine was, that I would much rather see "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" as Italian operas, and played by *Pasta*, than the original of Shakspeare, as acted on the London stage. Wordsworth told of some acquaintance of his, who being told, among other things to go and see the "Chapeau de Paille" at Antwerp, said, on his return, "I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out." Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Sir Walter Scott's indifference to pictures: when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," &c. &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feeling for the Arts: "Painting gives him no pleasure and music absolute pain." Wordsworth's excessive praise of "Christabel," joined in by Cary, far beyond my comprehension. The whole day dull enough. Went away to call on Lady Donegal, whom I found pretty well, and very glad to see me. Mary Godfrey has been ill. Walked home, and had a restless night, as if I had exerted myself too much. Received from the Longmans a copy of the new "Edinburgh Review," in which Lord Byron and I are reviewed together, and very favourably.

2nd. Lucy arrived with Mrs. H. Ogle. Called upon her. Called upon Lord Lansdowne; admired a pretty picture of a child by Sir J. Reynolds, of which he told me that, at the sale where he bought it, the day had been so dark and misty that people could hardly see the pictures, till just at one moment a sunbeam burst suddenly in and fell upon this, lighting it up so beautifully that the whole company broke, by one common consent, into a loud peal of clapping. This sunbeam, he added, cost him at least fifty pounds in the purchase of the picture. Saw Lady L. too, who was particularly friendly; just going out of town; and asked me to dine with them next Tuesday. Dined at Lady Donegal's; and went nowhere else afterwards.

3rd. Wet weather. Driving about in a hackney coach; Lucy's; the Temple, in order to ascertain the amount of fees I owe. Begged of the solicitor to inquire for me how many

terms I have got to serve for the English bar: think of being called, for the form of the thing. Dined at Longman's; Power of the party. They mentioned, as a proof of Walter Scott's industry, that when he was editor of the "Edinburgh Annual Register," being allowed books, as is the custom, to cut up for extracts, &c., he would often, in order to save a book worth 15*s.* for his library, pass the greater part of the day transcribing the necessary passages. Home afterwards.

4th. Called upon Luey to go to Chantrey's, with some specimens of Douglas's casts from medals (a valuable discovery, as he thinks), in order to know Chantrey's opinion of the invention. Poor Chantrey, but just recovering from a long illness; and his wife now dangerously ill. Seemed to think nothing whatever of Douglas's discovery, as a means of emolument. Went afterwards, in a hackney coach, with Luey to Murray's, to show her his room and his pictures; thence to the Foreign Office. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the "London Magazine") and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mecænas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly; but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose," said Lamb, "you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first* best *cause*, least understood.'" Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellerage, 3*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*," and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but on inquiry he found it was for the *cellar*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet; and on his going out, he found it was a pot-boy from the public-house, whose cry, of "any *pots* for the Angel," the girl had mistaken for a demand for a *poet*. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's "head spreading through space," which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affection. Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:—

> "He well performed the husband's, father's part,
> And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

A good deal of talk with Lamb about De Foe's works, which he praised warmly, particularly "Colonel Jack," of which he mentioned some striking passages. Is collecting the works of the Dunciad heroes. Coleridge said that Spenser is the poet most remarkable for contrivances of versification: his spelling words differently, to suit the music of the line, putting sometimes "spake," sometimes "spoke," as it fell best on the ear, &c. &c. To show the difference in the facility of reciting verses, according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, he said he had made the experiment upon Beppo and Whistlecraft (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former. This is absurd. Talked much of Jeremy Taylor; his work upon "Prophesying," &c. C. Lamb told me he had got 170*l.* for his two years' contributions to the "London Magazine" (Letters of Elia). Should have thought it more.

6th. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet C. Lamb. Repeated some of my "Fables," which they seemed to like. Called on Mrs. Story. Went out to Holland House, having had a kind note from Lady Holland, asking me to pass some days; but answered that I would only stay over to-night. Found Lord and Lady H. with Lord Granville. When he went away, repeated to them "Church and State," from my "Fables," which they seemed to like very much. Lady Holland went to dress; and I repeated to Lord H. the "Look-

ing Glasses," which he said was excellent, "very *radical*, but very good." The "Dissolution of the Holy Alliance" did not seem to strike him much; but he seemed pleased with the "Fly and the Bullock:" said they were like Swift. Company at dinner, Vernon and Lady Elizabeth, Lord Grey, Lord Howard de Walden, and Sidney Smith. Smith told some stories of Judge Park: his addressing the young woman in the court, "Young woman, don't stand so close to Mr. Donellan; it isn't to the credit of any young woman to be so close to Mr. Donellan;" Mr. Donellan's demand for an explanation, &c. &c. In the evening, Lord Holland assisted me to consult some books of Heraldry, in the library, for the exact number of the pearls on the different coronets, which I wanted to ascertain for my "Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter." My Lady catechised me very kindly about my health; wondered I could go to such a savage fellow as Astley Cooper; cautioned me against the shower-bath; said that Willis had declared he owed to it more patients than to any other cause. Sidney Smith very comical about the remedy that Lady H. is going to use for the bookworm, which is making great ravages in the library. She is about to have them washed with some mercurial preparation; and Smith says it is Davy's opinion that the air will become charged with the mercury, and that the whole family will be salivated. "I shall see Allen," says Smith, "some day, with his tongue hanging out, speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him." Slept there.

7th. Ordered a hackney coach to take me away; but my Lady countermanded it, and said she would send me in the carriage. Made me repeat the "Looking Glasses," of which Lord Holland had told her; said it was very witty. Gave me the engraving of her Napoleon's snuff-box. Her pretty daughter, Mary, and the Governess, came in with me in the carriage.

8th. Wrote to Lady Holland for her box, to-morrow night, at the theatre, for Mrs. Ogle and Lucy. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Misses Fox and Vernon, Sidney Smith, Jekyll, Hallam, &c. &c. Smith gave me a very cordial invitation to his house in Yorkshire.

9th. Dined at Power's, to meet Bishop. Jackson, the boxer, had called upon me in the morning, to know where that well-known line, "Men are but children of a larger growth," is to be found; said there was a bet depending on it, and he thought I would be most likely to tell. Not, he said, in "Young's Night Thoughts." Promised to make out, if I could. Received a note from Lady Holland, enclosing the order for her box. Called upon by Lucy and Mrs. Ogle at eight, and went with them; Ogle himself and C. Sheridan of the party. "Count Julian," and a melodrama, in which Miss Foote looked very pretty.

10th. Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward, Luttrel, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercrombie, Lord Clifden, &c. Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto; but this day he conquered me; and I now am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrel too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrel and Smith—that after the former, you remember what good things he said, and after the latter, you merely remember how much you laughed. Ward's delight at the report of bad news from Portugal (defeats of the Constitutionalists, &c.), very disgusting. Went at ten, to join the Storys at Drury Lane, and saw a melodrama. Supped with them afterwards.

11th. Dined early with Rogers and his sister, in order to go see "Simpson and Co." (of which successful piece, by the by, I brought the MS. from Paris). On our way to the theatre received a note from Lucy, fixing for me to come to Mrs. Ogle's in the evening. Rogers took me to Lady Spencer's box, to which he is a subscriber, and not a little proud thereof.

12th. Was to have breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne, but sent him an excuse, Rogers having fixed for me to meet Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor) at his house; a gentle, amiable-

mannered person in very ill health, which has delayed his marriage with a person he has long been in love with; she, too, an invalid; and somebody, the other day, described the two lovers supping together at nine o'clock on water gruel. Returned home at twelve, to copy out for the printer. Called on by Lucy and her maid to go to Davison (the printer, who has married the little governess that lived with Lady Virginia.) He wishes me to interest myself with Murray for him. Thence to Valpy, about my "Thesaurus," which I thought of exchanging for his "Classics;" but find the latter would amount (what is already published) to 41*l.*: requires consideration. After this to Longmans', where I gave my copy, and made them show Lucy the premises. Went, as Lord Lansdowne's guest, to dine at the King of Clubs; Wishaw took me. Company—Sharpe, Lord Lansdowne, Lord King, William Smith, Luttrel, Payne Knight, Phillips and Wishaw; agreeable enough. Lord King amusing about the Church, which is now the standing butt for all irreverent jokes. Lord Bexley's motto, *Grata quies*, is by Canning translated, Great Quiz. Payne Knight's operations on the turbot; thought of the preface to his new poem, where he says his senses are *blunted* by age. Went afterwards to the opera with Lord Lansdowne; Mercadanti's "Claudio è Elisa;" saw the last act in Lady L.'s box; rather pretty, but not very striking. Went afterwards to join Mrs. Ogle and Lucy in the pit; saw them to their carriage at the end, and then home.

13th. Went to the Lansdownes' at half-past six, to be taken to Holland House to dinner. Company—the Duke and Duchess of San Lorenzo, Sir F. Burdett, Hobhouse, Lord Arthur Hill, &c. Dinner too large to be very agreeable. Lady H.'s mystery in the evening; making me sit by her in the *privileged* chair, saying that I would be of use to her there, as she had got into a scrape; then pointing vaguely to where a pretty girl (a ward, I believe, of Lord Holland's) sat, and muttering something about "the little god," &c.; all of which was so much Hebrew to me. Returned with the Lansdownes, whose carriage took me home. Was asked to the Harringtons' (to meet the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, who are arrived), but too late to go.

14th. Received an impatient letter from Bess, which rather disturbed me, both on her account and my own. Perceive she is getting quite uncomfortable without me, and yet have quantities of things to do in town. Must manage as well as I can. Woolriche called while I was dressing, having just arrived; thinks a shower-bath will do me service, though, as I told him, Lady Holland last night rather alarmed me about this remedy, by mentioning that Willis said it has sent him more patients than any other cause. W. told me that Lord John is just arrived. Went to dinner at Lansdowne House at half-past seven, Lord L. having asked me to dine quietly with themselves in his room before their assembly. He did not come from the House of Lords till about eight. Dined without dressing; young Macdonald of the party. A good deal of talk about Ireland and the Irish parliament. I said that, notwithstanding the corruption of that parliament, its existence was serviceable in keeping alive (by the principles continually and eloquently broached in it) an active political feeling, a circulation of public spirit, which is the only antiseptic that can keep a country from decay and degradation, and which is now, in Ireland, totally gone; that this is evident from the fact of there not being, in the convulsions which agitate her, one political motive to give the slightest degree of dignity to her tumultuousness; that if there had not existed that parliament (bad as it had always been), there never would have been enough of public spirit generated to produce the grand spectacle which Ireland exhibited in '82. Lord L., who seemed to question all this, and to consider the getting rid of so profligate a parliament, at all events, a benefit, remarked that if the events of '82 were to be attributed to the influence of a parliament, there was no reason why that influence should not be progressive; whereas, on the contrary, public spirit had so retrograded from that period, that the profligacy developed by the measure of the Union was such as never had before disgraced any assembly or nation. To this I answered, That the interval between (occupied as it was by the agitation produced everywhere by the French Revolution, and which in Ireland ended in a bloody rebellion) was not a fair trial of the influence of such principles as triumphed in '82; that England herself was "frighted from her propriety," and

put in a position unnatural to her during that interval; and that therefore we cannot possibly judge how far the dawn of independence which rose upon Ireland in '82 might have brightened if it had not been overcast by this general convulsion of the whole civilized world. Sat talking a long time, though the assembly was commencing, and Lady L. came in two or three times to urge Lord L. to go and dress. Assembly not very large: saw numbers I knew. Talked a good deal with Lady Jersey, who was full of praise of the "Angels." Home pretty early.

15th. Went down to Longmans' with more copy. Had reserved myself to-day for a dinner at the Ogles', and play after; but no tidings of it. Left word for Woolriche, that if he was disengaged to-day, we might dine together. Called upon Lord John, but he had gone to the House. Called upon W. Spencer, to fix to-morrow to dine with him.

16th. Woolriche called on his way to return to Woburn. To Longmans' with more copy. Called on Mrs. Story and the Donegals. Dined with W. Spencer. Spencer not in very high feather. Mentioned those two good lines, written, he said, on Madame de Genlis, though in general supposed to be on Madame de Stael:—

"Elise se consume en efforts superflus;
La Vertu n'en veut pas, le Vice n'en veut plus."

What Madame de Stael said of Paris, *C'est la ville du monde où on peut le mieux se passer du bonheur.* Her reply to a man who, upon finding himself placed between her and a very pretty woman, said how lucky he was *de se trouver placé entre le Génie et la Beauté. C'est la première fois* (said Madame de Stael) *qu'on m'ait loué pour ma beauté.* A long discussion upon French heroics: had in volumes of Racine, &c. Went afterwards to Miss Drummond's, where I sung a little with Lucy; and from thence to Almack's: rather thin. Saw Mrs. Bennet and Miss Russell*, and an old London acquaintance of mine, a pretty woman, whose name I forget. Talked some time with the Lady Greys; stayed but half an hour; home before one. Have not been able to make out the source of the line for Jackson. Stewart Rose said some one had asserted it was in Roscommon; but it is not.

17th. Went to Power's with Lucy to choose some music; thence to the Bazaar. Had gone in the morning to see Barbara Godfrey take her lesson of dancing, with my old acquaintance, Billy Jenkins. His poetical language very amusing; begging her, in the Minuet de la Cour, to imagine him and herself as sylphs that had not met for some time; the surprise, the recognition, &c. &c.; the under part of the body alone to move, the upper to remain quiet; to avoid looking like a quadruped, &c. &c. Received, on my return home, a note from the Longmans, full of panic at an opinion they have just had from their legal adviser, Turner, that the "Fables" are indictable, as "tending to bring monarchy into contempt." Dined at Lord King's (was asked also to Lord Essex's): company, Mr. Thos. Grenville, Payne Knight, Sharpe, Sir G. Robinson (who came from the House at the end of dinner, and brought us an account of Canning's foolish interruption of Brougham, "That is false," &c.), and a scientific gentleman whose name I could not make out. Conversation chiefly about grammar: Prior's "than her" and "than me" pronounced, with Lowth, to be wrong. Milton's "than whom" discussed. Knight said that the test of soundness or propriety in phrases was translating them into Latin, that language being, beyond all others, the language of good sense. I quoted those lines of Lord Byron in the "Giaour" as defying all grammar, and yet impossible (for dramatic effect) of being altered for the better—

"Faithless to him, he shrunk the blow,
But true to me, I laid him low."

Robinson quoted, as another instance, the celebrated

"Je t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle?"

Told Sharpe of the Longmans' panic; thought it very absurd. Lady King offered to take me to Mrs. T. Hope's, where I had promised to go; but went, instead, to Miss Drummond, where I found Mrs. Humphrey Butler and her daughters, &c.; quadrilles going on.

18th. Lady H.'s last note leaving me an excuse for considering myself as let off for to-day, resolved not to go. Went to the Longmans, and had a discussion with Turner on the subject of his opinion about the "Fables." The Longmans expected I should make alterations, but told them that was impossible.

* Two daughters of Lord William Russell.

Asked Turner whether he thought the Constitutional Association (which is what he dreads) would be content with having the author delivered up to them. Said it was most probable they would. "This then," said I, "might settle perhaps all alarms, as I was perfectly ready to meet the consequences myself in every way; though of there being any such consequences from the publication I had not the slightest apprehension." Left them to consider the matter. Bought the Bishop of Winchester's "Life of Pitt" for four or five and twenty shillings in Holborn.

19th. Dined at Phillips's. Drove first, by mistake, to his son's in Hill Street, where the servant who opened the door said, "Perhaps, sir, it is to Mr. Phillips's of Mount Street you meant to go, for *we* are going to dine there too." Company, Sidney Smith, the George Phillipses, the Ordes, the Macdonalds, &c. Sidney Smith had that day gone through the ceremony at Lambeth, which it appears all persons must do upon receiving a second living: they are shut up by themselves, with pen and ink, and the choice of four subjects given them, on one of which they must write a Latin prose Thesis. This is really a greater tax upon pluralists than I had supposed to exist; for nine out of ten reverends must be sadly posed by the task. Not that their examiner is likely to be very strict. He says doubtless of these pluralists, *Ubi* plura *nitent non ego paucis offendar maculis.* Found in Mrs. G. Phillips, whom I sat next, an old Derbyshire acquaintance, one of Lord Waterpark's daughters. Smith and I walked home together. Had a letter from Lady H. to-day, to say I was expected yesterday; my cover vacant, and a bed ready for me.

20th. Called upon Rogers, and consulted with him about this hitch that has taken place in the publication of the "Fables." Advised me to require a decisive answer. Called at Lansdowne House; saw Lady L., who was all amiability. Has offered me, by the by, the use of her shower-bath from the Park, till they go down themselves. It is delightful to see how that cold uncertainty which at first hung upon her manner towards me is clearing away, and giving place to a friendly, frank familiarity, which is both more becoming to her and far more comfortable to me. Home at two to receive Lord John, who has called two or three times without finding me. Walked out with him. Called afterwards on Shee, the painter; glad to find that he has been pleased with the "Angels." Says he thought it the most beautiful thing I had ever written, or that ever had been written in that style; but that I had given the world so much in the same strain they naturally must relax in their eagerness about it; and that it was necessary for me now to change my hand. He is right. Dined at Sir G. Warrender's; company, Lady Saltoun and her daughters, Lord Lovaine, Lord Lynedoch, Sir P. Doyle, &c.; splendid dinner both in cookery and service. Doyle's account of the Spaniards (corroborated by Lord Lovaine), that there is no answering for what they will do or will not do; they may all suddenly join the French, or start up as suddenly in universal array against them. In the evening Countess San Antonio, Lady Farquhar, and a rather pretty girl, Miss Bennet, Lord Ashley (very like Lord Byron), my old friend Beecher, &c. &c. There was a young man (Captain Somebody) who sang very sweetly. I sang several songs, besides an unhappy duet with the Countess San Antonio. Warrender most cordially and earnestly entreated me to make his house my home when I should come to London; that I should be free after breakfast for the day, except upon some particular days, when he would lay an embargo upon me for a home dinner; all very kind. Was home before one, Lord Ashley walking with me the greater part of the way.

21st. A sort of half promise to go to Holland House to-day; having refused Lord Darnley on that plea, also one of the Vice-Presidents of the Covent Garden Fund dinner; and ought to go there; but determined for young Perry's, where I shall meet Kenny. Went down to Paternoster Row to learn the final resolve of the Co. Told me they had, to satisfy themselves, submitted the sheets to Denman, and would let me know his opinion as soon as they received it. Walked about St. James's to see the crowds the levee brought together. Company at Perry's, poor old doubled-up Skeffington, Beazley the architect, Hill, Kenny, and a gentleman whose name I forget, who sung in the evening to the pianoforte. Sung a couple of songs for them myself, though hating such an operation with *he*

hearers; and got home early. Found a note from the Row, inclosing one from Denman to the attorney; very clearly written, and saying (just as I expected), that though he could not guarantee against the folly of people in prosecuting, he would venture to guarantee the result of such a prosecution, which had been anticipated by Horace and Pope—

"The plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd."

22nd. Met Lord John when I went out; walked together some time; promised to breakfast with him in the morning. Took my place in the coach for Thursday morning. Must, after all, leave my printing unfinished; and the work, which was announced in all the papers for yesterday, will not be out now for a fortnight. Went down to the Longmans; had 60*l*. To Power's, on my way back, and looked over some music. To Mrs. Story's; promised to dine with her to-day. Left them at eight to go to the opera. Went to Lady Lansdowne's box, and found there Lady Davy, Mrs. Orde, and the Duc de Dalberg; Lord L. himself afterwards came in. Sat some time in Lord Essex's box; thence to Lady Farquhar's, to make my excuse for not calling this morning.

23rd. Breakfasted with Lord John; showed me a letter he received, a day or two ago, from the Duke, on the politics of the day, very clearly written, and full of quite a youthful ardour on the subject.

24th. Started at seven in the White Lion coach: companions, an elderly military gentleman, and a poor sickly girl, brought up in France. Arrived at home at seven, and found my dear Bessy looking wonderfully well, but little Tom ill with a feverish cold. Had brought away a wrong portmanteau, and mine was gone on to Bath.

25th. Got my own portmanteau; and sent off some corrected proofs to town.

26th. Have determined to set up a little four-wheeled gig and pony, as I doubt whether I shall ever be able to take such long walks as I used. Consulted Phipps about it, who has promised to set inquiries on foot for me.

27th. Sauntering about the garden with Bess.

28th. Sent off my preface and title.

29th, 30th. Little or nothing. Received a letter from the Longmans, suggesting the omission of the epitaphs, to which I readily acceded; except that upon a lawyer, which I wished to have retained.

May 1st. Walked over to Phipps's. They proposed going to Brickhill to show me Hughes's cottage. Mrs. P. drove me, and he rode. Dined with them on our return; and they came home and played cards, and supped with Bessy afterwards.

2nd. Borrowed a donkey chaise from our neighbour, Farmer Gaby, and drove Bessy over to Brickhill to see her friend, Mrs. Hughes, who returned yesterday evening. Met Dr. Hindley on the way (who has been all kindness to my dear Bessy, both during the accident to her nose, and lately), and he seemed to think her expedition so far rather adventurous in her present situation. Went on, however, and did not get back until eight o'clock.

4th, 5th. Employed myself in bringing up this Journal. Have read since I came home Madame Campan's "Memoirs of Marie Antoinette;" a sad story.

6th. Received from the Longmans two copies of the "Fables," which are to be published to-morrow. Found to my great mortification, that I had by mistake sent up the uncorrected slips instead of the corrected ones (they having sent me down two sets); in consequence of which the two last sheets are published exactly as the printer's devils left them, *comme il a plû aux diables*, with all those errors of my own, too, which I had corrected in the unsent proofs. This is too provoking. Wrote off to the Longmans immediately, to bid them put a list of errata in the newspapers; but too late for the post.

7th. Corrected one of the copies of the "Fables," and despatched it to the Longmans, who seem to think another edition will be wanting instantly.

8th. A notice of the "Fables" in the "Chronicle;" favourable, of course, but ill done. Dined at Phipps's. The General very gentlemanly.

9th. A notice of the "Fables" in the "Times;" done (as everything in that Paper is) with the utmost skill and good taste. Mrs. P. and the General called in their ride, and entreated me to join them again to-day; which Bessy thought it would be but kind to

do. Did so. Read them the "Looking Glasses" out of the "Times;" but it did not tell upon them. This is what I feared;—those allegories are too abstract for common readers. Wretched, uncomfortable walks home these two nights from the badness of the weather.

11th. Wrote a song for the new musical work I mean to do for Power, founded upon Sappho's beautiful lines, Γλυκεια ματερ, ου τοι. Read "Clarke's Travels," "Dodwell," &c. Mrs. P. called in the evening. Tom and I walked part of the way home with her. Received to-day three reviews of my book; two of them (though I bid the Longmans send me nothing abusive this time) full of contemptuous (but at the same time contemptible) attacks upon me. These were the "Literary Gazette," and the "Museum;" in the latter, too, a heavy, canting (but rather respectful) essay upon the character of my poetry in general, repeating the old charge of its dangerous effects upon female minds, &c. The third review was that of which little Jessy the governess's husband is the proprietor, and kind of course.

12th. Reading the Bishop of Winchester's "Life of Pitt," and some of the speeches of Fox and Burke.

13th. A kind letter from Lord Lansdowne, enclosing one from Rogers, both speaking favourably of the "Fables." R. says that none of those who had read them (and he knew some who had read them twice) seemed to have been aware of the errors I mentioned to him. An article full of praise in the "British Press."

14th. Wrote, between to-day and yesterday, another song for the musical work, the scene of which I mean to lay in Greece.

15th. Begun another song to an air of my own, which Lucy used to like very much; "Oh, Maids of Zion." Do not see any announcement of the second edition in the papers; another flash in the pan. Application from an upholsterer in Devizes to pay his bill, as he is distressed for money. Wrote to announce to the Longmans that I must draw upon them. A "John Bull" newspaper to-day (of course filled with abuse of the "Fables") sent from the same kind hand that forwarded me this paper's attack upon the "Angels." Disappointed, however, the kind soul's intentions (whoever he or she may be) by putting it in the fire, without looking at more than my name.

16th. Finished "Oh, Maids of Zion." Received the French translation of my "Loves of the Angels," with a most encomiastic notice of me and my works prefixed to it.

17th. An account in the papers of the public meeting for the Greeks on Thursday. Sir James Mackintosh concluded a splendid speech by quoting (with most flattering mention of me) three stanzas from the "Torch of Liberty," in the "Fables." My name received with "loud cheering." This is gratifying. How I lament not having been able to attend this meeting! Such an opportunity for me to speak in public may hardly ever again occur; the subject, the audience,—all would have been what I am most ambitious of. Tho Phippses came in the evening; played cards and supped.

18th. Copied out my three songs, and a fragment of a fourth, and despatched them to Power. Received from the Longmans the "Scotsman" paper, in which there is most enthusiastic praise of me and the "Fables;" says in one part, "If everybody felt as we do on the subject, the whole country would decree to him a crown of laurel." See in the "Times" report of the great meeting that when Mackintosh mentioned my name there was "much cheering." Lady Lansdowne arrived at Bowood.

20th. In returning from a saunter to Chitto [Chitway] Valley, met Lady L. and Lord Kerry, who had walked to call at the cottage; but were not let in, Bessy being, they said, fast asleep. Turned about with her, and walked some way; promised to come to Bowood before she goes.

22nd. Began another song for the Greek work. Employed at intervals, for some days past, reading the speeches of Burke, &c., on the Hastings business, Bisset's "History of George III.," Bishop of Winchester's "Life of Pitt," &c.

23rd. Received a very kind note from Lady L., in which she says she has been charged by Lords Lansdowne, Holland, and Lord John (as well as various others), to tell me how much my "Fables" were admired; that it was impossible to say in a note half of what she was charged with, but that the admiration of them

was so cordial, it could not but give me pleasure; and that when she was at Holland House, the two copies they had there were fought for. This is all very gratifying. I only wish the public would catch a little more of the same enthusiasm, and buy me up more rapidly. Sent to Lady L. a letter for Rogers, in which I begged of him to put down my name to the Greek subscription for 5*l*.

24th. My darling girl's symptoms became decisive after breakfast; a message was dispatched for the midwife; and, in a little more than half an hour after she arrived, a little boy was born. My anxiety rendered still more painful by the absence of the physician, who did not arrive till an hour after all was over, to Bessy's great delight, who has a horror of his being even in the house on these occasions. However all, thank God, was as well as possible. Added a few lines announcing the event to several letters of Bessy's, which she had left open for the purpose, and wrote two or three myself.

25th. Bessy doing marvellously well, and the little fright (as all such young things are) prospering also. Wrote several letters.

26th. Began another song. Mrs. Hughes came over to see Bess; and dined with me.

27th. Still no second edition of the "Fables," nor any letter to report progress, from the Longmans. Dined with the Phippses to meet Captain Amyot. Home at ten.

28th. Being my birthday, dined in my dear Bessy's bed-room, who still keeps wonderfully well. Received a letter from Jeffrey in answer to mine about the "Edinburgh Review."

30th. Set off in Phipps's gig for Melksham; found there that I had left all my money at home; borrowed a pound of P.'s coachman, and sent a note by him to Bessy, to forward me the money by the evening coach to Bath. Arrived, by the Devizes coach, at Bath at eleven o'clock. Called immediately on my darling Anastasia, at Miss Furness's; took her out to walk. Showed me a pretty way through the fields. Sweet child! I could not help stopping every instant to look at her and kiss her. Weather very hot. Left her at home, and walked about Bath; saw my name placarded on the walls everywhere. In one book-shop's windows saw a work entitled "A Miscellany from the works of Moore, *Little*, Byron, &c." William, our servant, arrived with my money at two, Bessy having dispatched him on horseback immediately. Had to stand a very intense stare from the Bath fashionables in Milsom Street. Walked with Lady Burdett's little doctor to Sydney Gardens. Dined at the White Lion inn alone. Went afterwards to the theatre; "Lover's Vows;" Amelia played very naturally and prettily by a nice girl, Miss Carr.

31st. Off at six in the White Lion coach. Amused by the fine dress, and plain, humble manners of a Mrs. Clarke (wife to a coach-owner in Bond Street), who, with her little child, was my only company. Her details of her father-in-law's farm, &c. &c. Passed through Hyde Park Corner at twenty minutes past six, and arrived at Story's (with whom I had arranged to dine) at seven. Have only the garret in Duke Street, all the rest of the house being occupied.

June 1st. Called at Rogers's: not in town. On Burdett, who is confined by the gout; sat with him some time. Thence to Lord Lansdowne's, whom I saw also. To Lady Donegal's, with whom I promised to dine to-day: told me of the different opinions about my "Fables;" their admiration of some parts, and their lamentations over others; &c. &c. Thence to Lord Essex, whom I found descanting, over his luncheon, on the beauties of Baring's new house; took me out in his cabriolet, after tempting me much to a desertion of Lady Donegal, by asking me to meet Brougham and Lady Jersey. Made several calls with him; at Lady Jersey's (where we saw Lord J.); at Lord W. Bentinck's, at Grey's, &c. Had some conversation with Lord Grey on the subject of Spain, about which he desponds. Always pleased to meet Lord Grey. Walked through the Park. Called at Baring's; showed me his house, which is not yet furnished; his chimney pieces, by Bartollini, spoiled from over-polish; hopes to be able to un-polish them again. The bas-relief over the door, a cast from Thorwaldsen's "Triumphal Procession of Alexander." Thorwaldsen had hardly ever looked at a horse before he undertook to represent them here. Met Lady Davy, who asked me to dinner for the 15th; also Lady Farquhar, who told me Sir. G. Warrender had music to-night, and begged me to go. Had a note from Sir G. to the same effect while at dinner at Lady

Donegal's, and reminding me, too, of my promise to take up my abode at his house, which he now meant to claim the performance of. Went from Lady D.'s to Lord Essex's; found Lady Jersey, and Brougham, and (what I did not expect) Lord John Russell; also a Miss Thellusson, with whom I sung two or three Italian duets. Walked away with Lord John —he to Lady Jersey's, who was at home, and I to Warrender's, where I found Miss Stephens, her niece, Mrs. Blackshaw, Captain Ratcliffe, &c. Supper and singing; Miss Stephens seemed to like my singing exceedingly. Amused her by mentioning an "Essay on Music," which I had seen in some periodical publication in which the writer, after discussing the various styles of music, declares himself at the end for "Nature, Tom Moore, and Kitty Stephens;" she expressed great delight at the alliance. Warrender again importunate on the subject of my domesticating myself *chez lui;* promised I would answer for certainty in a day or two. Did not reach home till three; and, on entering my garret (though small, and not very odorous), resolved to stick to it in preference to the baronet's fine chambers; such charms has independence! Lady Jersey told me that, in going to see her sister in the country to-day, she took my "Angels" with her to read the third or fourth time.

2nd. Paid visits. Called upon Croker. Met Bowles, who wanted to take me off to dine with Linley in Furnival's Inn, where there was to be music; but too far for my existing engagements. Dined at Richardson's in Covent Garden; weather become dreadfully wet and chilly. Home and dressed. Went first to Lady Farquhar's; a girl there with pretty features, but all awry, of whom some one said she was *La Beauté Chiffonnée.* A beautiful little girl, too, Miss Mathison, with that foreign cast of countenance which is such an improvement on continental beauty, having good English flesh and blood for its substratum; as the cookery of France in England is always better than in its native element, having the superior English materials to show off its art and piquancy upon. Caradori and Curioni sung, but not very agreeably. Went from thence to Lady Jersey's, and heard (for the first time in my life) an Italian *improvisatore,* of the name of Pistrucci. He had already done three or four subjects, of which one, "Don Quixote and the Windmills," must have been a puzzler to him. The subject on which I heard him was "Hero and Leander," which must have been part of his stock in hand; but still the facility surprised me. He sung it through, and was accompanied by Mad. Renaudin on the pianoforte. Went afterwards to a dance at Mrs. Bennet's (our M. P.'s wife); some pretty people there, among whom was Miss Houlton.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers; Constable of Edinburgh, the great publisher, and Bowles, of the party. In talking of the craft of bookselling, Constable said, "Mr. Moore, if you let me have a poem from your pen, I will engage to sell thrice as many copies as the Longmans ever did, even of 'Lalla Rookh.'" Very encouraging this, and comes seasonably to put me in better conceit with myself. In conversing with me afterwards, he intimated his strong wish that I should connect myself with the "Edinburgh Review." In talking of Walter Scott, and the author of Waverley," he continually forgot himself, and made them the same person. Has had the original MS. of the novels presented to him by the author, in forty-nine volumes, written with his own hand; very few corrections. Says the author to his knowledge has already received more than a hundred thousand pounds for his novels alone. Walter Scott apparently very idle: the only time he is known to begin to study is about three hours in the morning before breakfast; the rest of the day he is at the disposal of everybody, and rarely retires at night till others do. Went with Constable and Bowles to Sir George Beaumont's. A curious picture by Paul Panini of the Picture Gallery of the Colonna Palace; fine bas-relief of the Virgin and two children by Michael Angelo. Raphael has borrowed this composition in one of his pictures. In talking of this, and saying that Raphael was not very scrupulous about plagiary, bringing, for instance, his "Paul preaching at Athens," which was borrowed from Masaccio, &c. &c., Sir George mentioned, that some great craniologist (Spurzheim it was) on examining Raphael's skull, had found nothing remarkable but the organ of *theft* very strongly developed. Received an opera ticket from Lady Lansdowne. Went early to the opera, "Donna del Lago;" visited about through the boxes, Lord Lansdowne's, Lord Essex's, &c.

&c. Lord L. told me that Mad. Renaudin sang very beautifully after I left Lady Jersey's last night; Miss Stephens, too, sang at Lady Farquhar's. This is what one loses by running about.

4th. Breakfasted with Luttrel; Sandford came in; asked him (being of the Treasury) to get Bessy's china out of the custom-house of Dover for me; said he would if I wrote an application to him in *verse*, not otherwise; hardly worth this. Quoted from "Tristram Shandy" an amusing passage; "'Brother, will you go with me to see some dead bodies?' 'I am ready, brother, to go see any body?' 'But these bodies have been dead three thousand years.' 'Then, I suppose, brother, we need not *shave*.'" Must see this passage. Luttrel read me part of a journal (a large volume) which he kept on his tour to Italy; seemed very clever. Thence to Longmans, and saw a rough memorandum of my account on the "Angels" and the "Fables;" much more satisfactory than I could have expected. They have very handsomely declined taking any thing to themselves beyond the mere commission, and accordingly have put to my credit 1000*l.* for the "Angels," and 500*l.* for the "Fables," being exactly the sums I would have originally asked for the copyright of the respective works. This is doing very well in so few months; it, however, merely clears away my debt to them without giving me any supply in hand. Went to Drury Lane, and had some conversation with Dunn, the treasurer. Dined at Sir J. Farquhar's. Went to Almack's at night; full of beauty; sat awhile with the Barings, whom I like; Lady Jersey and Lady Tankerville sending various messengers after me through the room. Found it was for a dinner on the 15th, which Lady Tankerville wished to secure me for; but engaged. Some talk with Mrs. and Miss Canning. Lord John and I, reminding each other of our engagement to breakfast together in the morning, came away arm in arm, in order to be time enough, to the no small amusement of Mrs. Canning.

5th. With Lord John before eleven. Met Brougham and the Duke of Leinster on my way to him; Brougham going to Court, with his hair and beard fresh cut, "all shaven and shorn." Much talk with Lord John about my Sheridan work; how far I should venture in passing judgment on the political events of the time; better merely to draw my conclusions from the general and obvious features of every transaction, such as they appear on the surface of history, than, by attempting to trace negotiations or develop secret motives, run the risk of being falsified hereafter, when memoirs written by the actors themselves may appear, and prove that I was completely on the wrong scent in my conjectures. An instance of this in Mr. Fox's "History," where he attributes to Argyle at one period during his invasion of Scotland, what the publication of Sir P. Hume's "Memoirs" proves to have been completely unfounded. It is with respect to the attempt to release their friends who were prisoners, which Fox represents Argyle as anxious to undertake. It is supposed that Adam has actually written memoirs of those political events in which Sheridan and himself were engaged and they will appear after his death. Lord John is about a work on the "Political History of Europe;" showed me some verses he had written about "Love and the Marriage Act;" very good; suggested some alterations. Called upon Burdett; driven home to my garret. Sir G. Warrender called to say that he dined to-day exactly at six, on account of the opera. Afraid he should find out I was a *garretteer*, and return to his importunities; but they showed him into the parlour, the proprietor of which was not at home. Dinner, consisting of Mrs. Blackshaw and Lady Farquhar. Opera (for Camporese's benefit), "Riccardo," by Rossini, first time: several pretty things in it, but ill-performed; the *finale* of first act very good; the famous *cruda sorte* overrated.

6th. Breakfasted at the George. Called upon Mrs. Story; upon Murray, to beg him to make out my account and arrange with him about discounting my bills on Power. Went to see the picture of the Queen's Trial, and happened to seat myself next Mr. Sheddon (my Bermuda friend), who looked a little awkward on finding me at his elbow; affected, however, to be very civil, and said that he had received from Bermuda *some* of the money he had advanced towards my release of the claims, adding, that he was trying to get more from the same quarter for *me: credat Judæus*. Called upon Dr. Williams; glad to

see signs of more prosperity about him. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Sir J. Mackintosh, &c. &c. Hume, lately, at some meeting, in referring to allegations made by some one who preceded him, called him the "honourable allegator." A notable receipt for *raising* Newtons in France, suggested by Beyle (the author of "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," &c. &c.); *Pour avoir des Newtons, il faut sêmer des Benjamin Constants.* Conversation about French words expressing meanings which we cannot supply from our own language, *verve* given as an instance. Whether the vagueness may not (instead of their indefiniteness) be the great convenience we find in them; just as Northcote, in looking at a picture, said "Yes, very good, very clever; but it wants, it wants, (at last, snapping his fingers), damme, it wants *that.*" May not our use of *verre*, and such words, be from the same despair of finding anything to express exactly what we mean? Suggested this, which amused them; but they stood up for *verve*, as more significant than the snap of the fingers. Mackintosh's test of what is more excellent in art, "That which pleases the greatest number of people," produced some discussion; differed with him; may be true, to a certain degree, of such a sensual art as music, but not of those for the enjoyment of which knowledge is necessary—painting, for instance, and poetry. In the latter, he adduced as examples Homer and Shakspeare, which certainly for *universality* of pleasing are the best, and perhaps the only ones he could mention. Mackintosh quoted in praise what Canning said some nights before, in referring to Windham, "whose *illustrations* often survived the subjects to which they were applied." If he had said *stories* instead of illustrations, it would be more correct, though not so imposing: illustrations can no more survive their subjects than a shadow can the substance or a reflection the image; and as Windham's chief merit was *applying* old stories well, to remember the story without reference to its application, might be a tribute to Joe Miller, but certainly not to Windham. Instanced Sheridan's application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, when remarks were made upon the tendency of the Irish to complain. The drummer said to an unfortunate man, upon whom he was inflicting the cat-o'-nine-tails (and who exclaimed occasionally, "a little higher," "a little lower"), "Why, do what I will, there is no such thing as pleasing you." Would any one think that he paid a compliment either to Sheridan's wit or his own, by saying that the mere caricatures of this old story had survived in his memory the admirable application of them? Thus it is that the world is humbugged by phrases. Mackintosh said that Pitt's speeches are miserably reported. He was himself present on the speech on the Slave Trade in '92 (which Mr. Fox declared was the finest he had ever heard), and the report, he says, gives no idea whatever of its merits. Burke's and Windham's the only speeches well reported; being given by themselves. Went from thence to Devonshire House, where there was very bad music; two new women, Castelli and Maranoni, execrable. The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the Duke of Wellington, near whom I stood, turned aside first to shake hands with me (though the great Captain's hand was waiting, ready stretched out), and said, "I am glad to see you here at last." A good deal of talk with Lady Normanton and Lady Cowper. The Duchess of Sussex, bantering me upon the two fine ladies she saw so anxious to get hold of me the other night at Almack's (Ladies Jersey and Tankerville), said that some one near her remarked, "See them now, it is all on account of his reputation, for they do not care one pin about him." While she spoke, Lord Jersey stood close beside her, and she was (or at least affected to be) much annoyed at finding that he had heard her. Sir Thomas Lawrence introduced me to Lady Waterford, who said we used to be acquainted, and asked me to her house on Monday night.

7th. Breakfasted at Stephens's. Met, on turning a corner, my old, excellent friend Douglas (the admiral). Promised to run down and see him at his country seat before I returned to Wiltshire. Called upon Mrs. Story; on Murray, to settle my accounts and talk over my Sheridan task. Tried to see Creevey on the same subject, as I hear he knew a good deal of S., but could not. Dined at Longmans', to meet Constable and Kenny. Thence to Drury Lane, and had some conversation with Wenston the stage-manager, who is collecting materials for a "History of the

Stage," and is likely to have something relating to Sheridan's connection with it. Promised me that I should look over his stores. Thence to the opera: Lady Lansdowne's box. In talking of a children's ball, lately given by Lady Jersey, she said, "How little Tom would have shown off there!" Must communicate this to Bess. To Mrs. Baring's box, where I found Prince Leopold, and was introduced to him: very gracious. Stayed in the Barings' box, after they left it, to see the ballet, till Lord Bective came, sent by my Lady, to take me across the house to her. Saw her out and promised to go breakfast some morning.

8th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Well said by Bobus Smith, to those who were inclined to take part against Plunkett, in his late contest with the Orangemen, "Would you pull down the house to destroy a single rat?" Lord John said that he had heard of Sheridan's having walked about for several hours with Fox, trying to dissuade him from the coalition with Lord North, and that the conversation ended with Fox's saying, "It is as fixed as the Hanover succession." * Called at Lady Donegal's. Drove out with Edward Moore, in his tilbury, to Lady Beetive's. Her little Edward so reminds me of poor Dalton! Went thence to call on the Cannings at Gloucester Lodge (Moore driving about while I paid my visit). Canning himself engaged, but saw the ladies: Lord Kensington there. Told of his being with the King of Naples shooting larks; said he was in expectation that Lord Spencer (who was of the party, and is famous for bringing down either keepers or dogs, or some part of the company, whenever he shoots) would have *bagged the King*. † Took Moore to Chantrey's, who seems much broken by the illness of his wife. Some talk about the monument to Grattan, for which he is to be employed. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, the Cowpers, the Tankervilles, Lords Essex, Caernarvon, J. Russell, Roslyn, Lauderdale, Bob Adair, Lambton and myself. Went in the evening with Lambton to see Lord Grey. No one there but Lord Fitzwilliam. A good deal of talk about the peculiarities of the late Duke of Norfolk.

* This story, which I had heard, does not appear to be true.—Ed.

† Lord Spencer was a very good shot, and not likely to have "bagged the king."—Ed.

9th. Breakfasted with Newton, to meet Kenny. Sat a little for my picture. Took them to see Rogers's house; R. himself at home. A note from Lucy, to announce her arrival. Called upon her about two, and went with Mrs. Ogle and her to the Exhibition. Dined at Lord Essex's: company, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord Auckland and a whole family of Hibberts. Went to Lady Davy's: found them talking of Irving, the preacher; Tierney the only one who seemed not *quite* pleased with him. Thence to Lady Waterford's, where I heard some good music: Ronzi, notwithstanding her thin reedy voice, very charming. The beautiful duet "Amor possente," well sung. Met several old Irish acquaintances; Sir Edward and Lady E. Baker, Sir J. Beresford, &c.

10th. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Luttrel, Lady Davy, Miss Rogers, and William Bankes, who gave, as an apology for his being late, a visit he had had before he was out of bed from the Dean of Winchester, in most pious alarm about Lord Nugent's bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics. Rogers showed us "Gray's Poems," in his original handwriting, with a letter to the printer; also the original MS. of one of Sterne's sermons. Remarkable, in comparing this with the printed one, to see how he had spoiled a passage in correcting it; calling the Jews (instead of the "thoughtless and thankless people," as he had it at first,) this "ungrateful and peculiarly obstinate people" (or "peculiarly perverse," I do not exactly recollect the printed words.) Went thence to the private view of Watson Taylor's pictures. Most remarkable, the "St. John" of Parmigiano (the price of which Holwell Carr traced to me from 120*l.* to 7000*l.*), the brilliant landscape of Rubens, with the rainbow, two beautiful Hobbimas, a portrait by Murillo Sir Joshua's "Mrs. Siddons as Tragic Muse." Thence with L. to Fetter Lane, &c. &c. Went to Murray's for my account. Not very correctly drawn out; left it to be revised; has not given me credit for the 200*l.* I left in his hands on the "Memoir" account. Dined at Sir C. Douglas's: company, Sir P. Codrington, Lord Strathmore, &c. Taken in for an evening party, and obliged to sing. Miss Doyle, a very pretty girl (who was not in existence in those days when Doyle and I were cronies), sang some Spanish things very pleasingly.

Ran away as soon as I could, to the opera. Reminded by Miss Canning of my promise to give her some songs of mine.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers; Kenny and Luttrel of the party. Wittieisms of Foote. His saying to a canting sort of lady that asked him, "Pray, Mr. Foote, do you ever go to church?" "No, madam; not that I see any harm in it." Called on Bishop. Dined at Luttrel's: Lord Cowper, Sandford, and a Mr. Vincent. Went to Almack's.

12th. Breakfasted at Lady Donegal's. Went to W. Taylor's pictures. Phillips (the R.A.) going over the faults of some of the pictures: the light in the portrait by Murillo not falling as it would in nature; Ruben's rainbow not like a rainbow; no country ever half so blue, &c. &c. Agreed with him perfectly; but connoisseurship in painting is to me a "sealed fountain;" there seems to be no standard of merit in it but the *price*. Thought I was engaged to Agar Ellis for to-day, and refused every other invitation in consequence. Met him going into the picture-room, and he said, "Don't forget me this day week," which dispelled the illusion. Suddenly freed for the day; felt as if chains had fallen off me. This "pre-established harmony" of diuners, in which one is carried along so inevitably, day after day, becomes servitude at last. Thought of offering myself to the Lansdownes, but decided for Richardson's Coffee-house in Covent Garden. Previously went to the British Institution, to meet Henry Grattan, with whom I had appointed, for the purpose of talking over the "Life" of his Father, which he has been engaged about, but which he seems half-inclined to transfer to me. There is no task I should feel greater pride in. Found I could not fix him to any thing. Had a note from Hobhouse, saying it was the wish of the committee for the Spanish meeting to-morrow, that I should move or second one of the resolutions to be proposed. Went to Burdett's, where I found Hobhouse, and talked the matter over. The time too short now to prepare myself as I ought. It is not so much what one is to say, as what one is *not* to say, that requires consideration. Told them I would let them know in the morning. After dining, dressed and went to Mrs. Ogle's. Thence, very late, to Lady Lansdowne's assembly. The gallery opened, and the effect of it very fine. Lady Cowper, who asked me to dine for Thursday (when I am engaged), proposed Friday—Saturday; but bound for all. Lady Jersey, who stood by, said, "I have contrived to squeeze in a day." Some talk with Lord John about to-morrow. Mentioned to him my doubts whether it was quite in good taste for a person like me, neither a parliamentary man, nor a monied man, nor even a city man, to take any leading part in such a meeting. Did not quite agree with me, and I rather think the scruple *is* over-fastidious.

13th. Breakfasted at home. Drove about with Lucy, and left my name at Peter Moore's, preparatory to my application to him for materials towards Sheridan's Life. In consequence of which found a note upon my table in coming home at night, beginning, "Mr. and the Miss Moores are happy to renew their acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Moore, and will be happy to see him and Mrs. Moore," &c. &c; asking me for dinner to-morrow, or, if engaged, "to tea and supper" in the evening. Lucy said that at Miss Johnes's, in Portman Square, where I had called to inquire about her, the servant told her afterwards that a "young gentleman" had been there to ask for her. What a *take in* upon the servant! Went, at a quarter before one, to Mrs. T. Hope's ball. Insufferably hot, and every one panting for Vauxhall. Lord John told me the success of to-day's meeting. Regret now that I lost the opportunity. The resolutions were moved by Lord J., Mackintosh, Brougham, and Lynedoch, &c. &c. Away at two.

14th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Nobody but Kenny and Miss R. Story of a fellow who, upon being requested by a gentleman to carry his portmanteau from the boat, inquired his name, place of residence, &c. (as if for the purpose of performing the task), and then sent him a challenge for the insult. * * *

15th. Breakfasted at home. Made some calls. Found Burdett limping about his garden. Expressed his regret at my not going to the meeting, and lamented the backwardness of the great Whigs, Lords Grey, Lansdowne, &c. on this occasion. Spoke highly of the honesty and straightforwardness of Lord John and the rest of the Russells. Lady Davy had offered me a seat in her pew to-day, to hear the great preacher, Irving. Called upon Edward Moore, whom I had asked to drive

me out to Hornsey to-day. Drove to the Hornsey church-yard, and saw my dear Barbara's grave. Nothing amiss but the looseness of the headstone, from the dryness of the earth. Spoke to the grave-digger to look to it, and said I would send him something by Edward Moore in a few weeks. Drove on to the foot of Muswell Hill, to look at the cottage I inhabited there, the only one I do not again see with pleasure. Thence to Kensington Gardens, where we walked to see the gay crowd. Dined at Sir Humphrey Davy's: company, Mackintosh, Lord Archibald Hamilton, the Barings, &c. Mackintosh's ideas of the separation there exists (or should exist) between poetry and eloquence. Granted to me what I said (in talking of Bacon) that poetry is naturally connected with philosophy, but adding, "and eloquence with logic." Find, to my no small alarm, that Mackintosh did not get the note I sent to him at the Crown and Anchor, informing him of my intention not to assist, and enclosing five pounds as my subscription. Rather a serious loss, this. Had promised Lady Tankerville to go in the evening (not having been able to dine with her), but did not.

16th. Breakfasted at Lord Beetive's. Affected a good deal by little Edward's singing to me (before Lord and Lady B. made their appearance) a little tune which he had himself composed, to words written for him by his poor father, part of which were as follows:—

"When I rise in the morning, I fervently pray
To that God who protects me by night and by day,
To bless my papa, *who's* in *heaven above*,
And my dearest mama, whom I equally love."

Something particularly melancholy in this line, written as it was by poor Dalton, in anticipation of his approaching death—and such a death! Dined by myself at Richardson's, having set apart this day to pay a visit to my friend Douglas in Buckinghamshire, but not having been able to effect it. Went out before ten to the Storys', to join their party to Vauxhall: night very chilly, and the whole thing dull. Met Keene there, who gave me most enthusiastic greeting.

17th. Breakfasted with Power, and went with him to call on Bishop: not at home. From thence to Moore's, the artist who sent me the portrait of my father: found that he had made a sketch of my mother, which he gave up on finding that my sister Kate did not like it: it, however, has a considerable degree of resemblance; and I requested him to finish it for me. Called at Charles Kemble's; found only her: fell down stairs in coming away, and strained my wrist. Dined at Lambton's, though scarcely able to dress, from the pain of my wrist, and totally without the power of cutting my meat at dinner. A strong political dinner: Lord Grey, Brougham, Hobhouse, Denman, S. Williams, Creevey, D. Kinnaird, &c.: some talk upon the Queen's business, which would have been interesting from such authorities (her three defenders), but something turned it into another channel. Brougham seemed to think that she was not quite right in her head, and the chief pivot her insanity turned upon was children. By this he accounted for the circumstance which Lady Douglas deposed to; and most of which he believed to be. She was on the *point* of committing a folly upon this very same subject when she died, which would have exposed her to much obloquy. From a violent fancy she took to a child of young Wood's (the son of the Alderman), she was going to dismiss her valuable and most attached friends, Lord and Lady Hood, and put Wood and his wife in their places. Asked Creevey to meet me at Rogers's on Saturday morning to breakfast: promised he would. Found a card, on my return home, from Canning, inviting me to dinner on Sunday next: had called this morning on Lord Essex to apologise for not going to Cashiobury on Saturday next (as I half promised) to stay till Monday; so shall accept Canning's invitation. Did not go to the opera.

18th. To Bishop's, and gave him the things I had done for our great work. Went to Miss Linwood's exhibition. Dined at Lord Jersey's: company, Prince Esterhazy, the Morpeths, Granvilles, William Russells, and Morleys. Sat next Lady Wm. Russell. When I mentioned the story of the new opera (the "Freischütz"), which is making such a sensation in Germany, her look of enthusiasm, on remembering having read the story when she was young, became her prodigiously. Am sorry, however, to perceive that the continent has weaned her a good deal from England: her indifference about the House of Commons, and ignorance of what is going on there, drew from Lady Jersey a very

well applied story of Luttrel's, about a man from India, who, on hearing the House of Commons mentioned, said, "Oh, is that going on still?" Called, on my way from dinner, to inquire about Lady Donegal, who has had another nervous attack: found them just going to bed. Made Barbara sing two or three songs, for me to hear what sort of voice she has: very promising.

19th. Breakfasted with Rogers: only Kenny; Creevey did not come. Went with Kenny to hear him read his new piece to the actors at the Haymarket; rehearsal of "Figaro" going on: very amusing altogether. Two lines in one of Kenny's songs for Liston rather amused me: talking of his hard-hearted mistress—

> "And when I kneel to sue for mercy,
> I meet with none—but wice-wersa."

My five-pound note has at last reached Mackintosh's hands, and is acknowledged among the list of Spanish subscriptions. Dreamt last night that I saw Bessy falling out of a gig; and find, from her letter, that she and Mrs. Phipps were to drive in our new pony carriage to-day to Buckhill: wrote to her (as I indeed had done before) to beg she would not drive out any more till my return. Dined at William Ponsonby's: company, the Bouveries, Lord Besborough, Payne Knight, Sir T. Lawrence, Dibdin (the bibliographer), Heber, Wm. Spencer, &c. &c. Sat next to Lady Davy, and told her of her friend Lord Dudley, that (though I was not very apt to suspect such things) it struck me that when I met him walking with the Duke of Wellington yesterday, his bow to me was more shy and evasive than usual. She said this was not like him, and could not be the case; so probably I was mistaken. Told me that when my "Angels" appeared, she had a letter from him, saying that he was happy at last to see something of mine exhibiting higher powers of writing than he had been in general inclined to allow me. This confirmation of a suspicion which I have always had, that Lord Dudley holds but a mean opinion of my talents, is, of course, not calculated to lessen much the distaste which I own I have (notwithstanding many efforts to the contrary) invariably felt towards him. I am not given to dislike people, and therefore tried hard to be pleased with him; but it would not do. Wm. Spencer, as usual, amusing. Knight mentioned what old Lady Townshend used to say about her son's anxiety to trace the antiquity of his family; that he ought to be prouder to have sprung from the lions of old Roger Townshend than from Chilperic, King of the Franks. Had received a note from Lady Dacre two or three days ago, asking me this evening; and at the same time begging me to fix a day to dine with them; adding, with very skilful flattery, "you must excuse my worrying you in this way; I do not so much run after the *poet* for my own self as the *patriot* for Lord Dacre."

20th. Breakfasted with Lord John, who seems to have nearly made up his mind to go to Ireland with me. The party promises most agreeably: we are to join the Lansdownes at Killarney; Lord Kenmare has invited us to make his house our quarters; and the Cunliffes, who are also going, expect us to pay them a visit in our way through Wales. Went to Power's; to Longmans'. Called at Charles Kemble's and saw the Miss Siddonses; himself at the theatre: went there, having heard that he is anxious to show me a piece from the Spanish, which he thinks might be made something of. It is called "Figlia dell' Aria," which sounds romantic; but turns out to be the story of Semiramis; and the machinery, Venus and Diana, &c. &c.; what poor Lewis used to call "the tag, rag, and bobtail of the classics;" wont do. Went with E. Moore to look after a house in a little passage of Pall Mall, whose top windows look into the Park, and which may be had he says for forty guineas a year; begged him to inquire further about it. Dined at Alex. Baring's: company, Brougham, Lord Dudley, Adair, Lord John Russell, &c. Struck with the difference between Brougham, and Lord D.; the former so natural, the latter so painfully artificial: the one a vast Niagara of intellect, overflowing for ever in spite of itself, from a thousand reservoirs; the other, like the cascades in his own neighbourhood at Hagley, got up ostentatiously for the occasion, artificial in his liveliest flow, and making up by preparation and dexterity for the shallowness and penury of his supply. These latter terms, I, of course, use as comparing his powers with those of Brougham; for that Lord D. is no ordinary man, with all

my distaste to him, I must allow. A good deal of talk about law: its contradictions and unintelligibleness: how far it would be practicable to get rid of these absurdities; the danger that would arise to property from any change in its forms; various suggestions for this purpose. Remarks upon the system of *registering* the conveyance of property, which exists in Scotland, and in Yorkshire, and Middlesex; preference people have for estates in *register* counties. Yet Blackstone is against the extension of this plan, as he thinks more disputes arise from the inattention of parties, &c. &c., than are produced by the want of registers. Went from thence to Lady Cowper's, where were the Lansdownes, Jerseys, Morpeths, &c.; some talk with Lord Cowper. Left with the Agar-Ellises, who set me down at Lady Cork's. Had not been two minutes in the room before Lady Cork came to me with the (junior) Duchess of Rutland, entreating me to sing. Begged a little respite, under the pretence of having run and put myself out of breath; and the moment they left me, actually *did* run; making altogether about three minutes and a half that I was in the house. A letter from Bessy, to-day, to say, that in spite of my dream, she got very safely and pleasantly over her drive.

21st. Have drawn from Murray 120*l.* of the 300*l.* bill upon Power at six months, which he has discounted for me. Went to the Greek Committee; Hume in the chair; hardly any answers to the 2000 letters they have sent about to solicit subscriptions; no feeling in the country on the subject. Hume begged me to put some papers about Napoli di Romania, &c., which he gave me, into a proper form for publication. Called by appointment, on Constable; long conversation with him; most anxious that I should come to Edinburgh; and promises that I shall prosper there. The "Review" (he told me in confidence) is sinking; Jeffrey has not time enough to devote to it; would be most happy to have me in his place; but the resignation must come from himself, as the proprietors could not propose it to him. Jeffrey has 700*l.* a year for being editor, and the power of drawing 2800*l.* for contributors. Told him I could not think of undertaking the editorship under 1000*l.* a year, as I should if I undertook it, devote myself almost entirely to it, and less than 1000*l.* would not pay me for this. He seemed to think that if Jeffrey was once out of the way, there would be no difficulty about terms; read me a letter he had just received from his partner on the subject, in which he says, "Moore is out of all sight the best man we could have, his name would revive the reputation of the 'Review;' he would continue to us our connection with the old contributors, and the work would become more literary and more regular; but we must get him gradually into it; and the first step is to persuade him to come to Edinburgh." All this (evidently not intended to be seen by me) is very flattering.

22nd. Called upon Edward Moore to ask him for the use of his tilbury in despatching two or three calls. Before driving out, had gone with Moore to Warwick Chapel, where we heard the latter part of the service, and most solemn and touching it was. It seemed to come with more effect over me, after the restless and feverish life I have been leading; and brought tears instantly from the very depths of my heart. Music is the true interpreter of the religious feelings; nothing written or spoken is equal to it. Took my place in the Regulator coach for Tuesday morning. Had a note yesterday from Lady Holland (they having just returned from Paris) to ask me to sleep there to-night and stay over to-morrow. Sent out my clothes, with a note to say I would sleep and would breakfast there in the morning, but could not stay to-morrow. Made an arrangement with a hackney coach to take me out to Gloucester Lodge, and from thence to Holland House at night. Took Chinnery with me. Arrived first, and found Mrs. and Miss Canning with whom (and Canning himself, who joined us soon) I had some agreeable conversation. In talking with Miss Canning about girls reputed clever, mentioned the Miss Copley I met the other day; "You will see her at dinner," she said. Company Lord Melville, Sir Joseph Copley and his two daughters, Lord Hervey, Lord Kensington, Lady Caroline Wortley, and Stuart Wortley himself, who (among other disagreeable things about him) took the seat next Miss Canning, which was intended by her for me. Sat next Lord Melville, who did not condescend to say a word to me, until he heard my name mentioned, then became very civil and communicative. Dinner altogether rather flat; though I now and then caught a sly thing said by Canning, who was at a distance

from me. When we went up to coffee, took an opportunity of asking C. whether what Dennis O'Brien had told me of his sending 100*l.* to Sheridan (in consequence of an application from the latter, a short time before his death) was true. Said it was; that soon after his return to England, S. sent him (I believe to the House of Commons) a draft upon him for 100*l.* to be accepted, which, upon learning the state Sheridan was in, he did. Sat down together on the sofa, and had a good deal of talk about S.; said he had always thought that S. was the author of the Prince's famous letter about the Regency; and even remembers, though a boy at the time, hearing some passages of it from Sheridan before it appeared; though this might have happened without its being actually written by him. Agreed with me that it was in a chaster style of composition than he usually adopted; though in the passage, "that an experiment should be made in my person," &c. &c., seemed to think there were traces of Sheridan's finery; never understood it was by Sir Gilbert Elliot. S. did nothing good for many, many years before his death; the passage in his speech about Bonaparte, "Kings were his sentinels," &c. wretched stuff; said he seemed to have been spoiled by "Pizarro." Was sure that he might have come in advantageously with Lord Sidmouth, and believes that an offer was made him to that effect. What makes his resistance to this more meritorious was that he totally differed with the Whigs on the subject of Lord S., and thought that they ought to have joined him, as the only means of keeping out Pitt. Altogether found Canning very communicative and amiable. Showed, as a specimen of the progress of the arts in Sierra Leone, an attempt at a female figure, a sort of parody on the Venus de Medici, with a long neck like a corkscrew, and every thing else most grotesque and comical. Said that Wilberforce gazed on it with delight. On my taking leave, he begged I would ascertain whether he was at home whenever I came to London. Arrived at Holland House a little after eleven, and found only my Lord and Lady, and Allen. Lady H. told me she had found the sister of the late Duc de Richelieu (Madame de Jumillac, I think) busily employed in translating my "Loves of the Angels." Lord John arrived soon after me, and after him Lord and Lady William, who had been at the Duchess of Kent's, where they met all the princesses. Some conversation, and to bed.

23rd. Conversation at breakfast upon the peculiarity of Frere's humour. Lord W. Russell directed my attention to an order from the Horse Guards in to-day's newspaper, beginning thus: "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the discontinuance of breeches," &c. Came away between twelve and one; called at Lord Listowel's in my way; anxious that I should dine there to-day to meet the Beetives, but could not. Went about various commissions. Forgot to mention that two or three days ago Dr. Williams called upon me, and insisted on repaying the ten Napoleons I lent him in Paris, which tells well for the state both of his morals and his purse. Dined at Story's at seven; Newton of the party. Left with him; doubting whether I should go home, pack up, and to bed for two or three hours; or give up sleep for the night entirely, as I must be up so early. Determined on the latter, and agreed to meet him at Richardson's to supper at twelve. In the interval he went to the British Gallery and I to the Haymarket. Home at half-past one, chilly and sleepy; continued packing till three, when I lay down for an hour.

24th. Off in the coach at six; a very pretty person of the party. Arrived at Calne a little after five, and expected to find our new carriage (as Bessy promised) in waiting for me. Set off to walk home; met our man William on the way, who told me that the carriage could not come on account of something that was the matter with the harness. Sent him on to Calne, and walked home, which I found rather fatiguing after my sleepless night. Met by Bessy at the door, looking very ill, and her face and nose much disfigured; upon inquiry the secret came out, that on Sunday evening (the evening before last) she and Mrs. Phipps and Tom drove out in the little carriage (which Bessy herself had driven two or three times before), and in going down by Sandridge Lodge the pony, from being bitten, they think, by a forest-fly, set off galloping and kicking, without any possibility of being reined in, threw them all into a ditch, ran off with the carriage to Bromham, and knocked both it and himself almost to pieces. Much shocked and mortified, though grateful to God that it had not been worse, Bessy, in protecting little Tom in her

arms, came with her unlucky nose to the ground, which is much swollen, though (as Dr. Headly says, who has seen it) not broken. The rest of the party escaped with some bruises. What a strange coincidence with my dream! It was a great effort for me to compass the expense of this little luxury; and such is the end of it.

25th, 26th, &c. to July 5th. It is needless to note each particular day, as all are alike. The horse-doctor gives hopes of the pony's recovery, and the carriage is to be made as good as new for two guineas. Took to reading over the Sheridan papers, and preparing myself to resume my task; shall take it up at the trial of Hastings. Read Mill's History over again; Burke's speeches, &c. &c.; and, after dinner and supper, got through a very pretty novel with Bessy, called the "Favourite of Nature." There is another (called "Osmond") by the same author, which she has read during my absence, and was much affected by it. Wrote one or two songs for Power; "Slumber, oh slumber," "There is a bleak desert;" and sent him up what I had written before, "The halcyon hangs o'er ocean."

July 6th and 7th. Received a letter from Lord John to say that he must give up his intention of going with me to Ireland, on account of Lord Tavistock's precarious state of health; but begging me not to mention this as his reason. A sad disappointment, and changes the aspect of my journey considerably.

8th. Bowles called; made him stay dinner. Quoted this odd passage from an article of Sidney Smith's in the "Edinburgh Review:" "The same passion which peoples the parsonage with chubby children animates the Arminian, and burns in the breast of the Baptist." Recommended Mosheim's account of the first age of Christianity as a more interesting work than his "Ecclesiastical History." Much talk about the Establishment, after dinner, and the attacks now made upon it. Said that the Calvinism of one of the Articles is considerably neutralised by another that followed it (the 16th I believe); accounts for the introduction of the Athanasian Creed by the necessity under which the Reformers found themselves of answering the objection made to them by the Catholics, that they were about to get rid of Christ and the Trinity altogether; the same motive influenced Calvin in burning Servetus; denied that the Church had shown itself hostile to liberty, and instanced the spirited conduct of Magdalen College and Dr. Hough in their contest with James II., which Mr. Fox, he said, had not done justice to. A thorough Churchman. Bowles, and his efforts at liberality both on politics and religion, quite diverting from their abortiveness. Asked me to meet the Ricardos at dinner on Friday.

9th. Promised to dine with the Phippses on Saturday, to meet a large party whom they had invited.

10th. Bowles arrived while we were at breakfast, to say the Ricardos have fixed Saturday instead of Friday; very amusing in his agonies and exclamations, when he found I was already tied to the Phippses. Promised, however, if he could not put off the Ricardos, to come to him on Saturday.

11th. Reading and scribbling. Have begun to *write* about Sheridan; take him up at the trial of Hastings, for which I have prepared myself by reading all the books I have on the subject over again. A note from Bowles to say the dinner is to be to-morrow.

12th. Went to Phipps's at one, and found the Miss Walkers and their mamma and brother; sung a good deal, and so did the girl; some of my duets she did very prettily with me. Left them at four in tremendous rain (the Walkers having lent me their carriage) to go to Bowles's. Company at dinner,—Mr. and Mrs. Clutterbuck, and Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo; the women very pretty and amiable. Mrs. R. is more than pretty, and may be called lovely; her manners, too, very agreeable. Bore chiefly the *frais* of the conversation at dinner. After dinner sung, and was joined by Mrs. R. in a duet or two. Slept at Bowles's.

13th. A letter which Hughes produced from his son at breakfast mentioned a work of Dr. Routh's upon the "Fathers of the Middle Ages," which puzzled Bowles and me a good deal. Looked over the "Chronological Catalogue" at the end of Mosheim's History; was surprised to find that I knew somewhat more of many of these ecclesiastical Worthies than my reverend friend. Bowles showed me some verses written upon Bells in Nares's "Dictionary" (article, Clamour) which, he said, first made him in love with poetry when he was a child. Begged him to come and christen our young

one, which he promised to do on Monday. Said he would choose for his text to-day my words, "Fallen is thy throne, O Israel," which I sung last night, and which is one of his greatest favourites. Told him I believed these words were not in Scripture, and that he had better not venture to make them his text. He, however, introduced them thus (for he preaches always extempore):—After quoting "By the waters of Babylon," he said, "Such was the pathetic song of the Jews when they mourned over their lost country; but a still more pathetic song might be founded on that period, when they saw their temple itself destroyed, &c., and when they might say, 'Fallen is thy throne, O Israel.'" He introduced this line more than once. Left him in a chaise at two, and called at Bowood to see Lady Lansdowne, who is some days arrived; found her at dinner with the children. By the bye, Mr. Bowles copied out those pretty lines of his for me from Miss Bailey's "Miscellany," "When last I saw thee, thou wert young and fair," which he wrote to the lady whom he was so violently in love with when he composed his first sonnets, and went abroad in despair of not being able to marry her from the narrowness of their circumstances. I was with him at Bath when he saw her for the first time after an interval of thirty years, and when the lines in Miss Bailey's book were written. Went over to Awdrey in the evening to ask him to stand as proxy for Lord John to-morrow. A very pretty letter from Lady Donegal, giving me instructions as to what I am to see at Killarney.

14th. Awdrey breakfasted with us; and Bowles arrived soon after. The little fellow baptized "John Russell."

15th. Writing some of the "Sheridan;" and reading. Received another translation of the "Loves of the Angels" by a Madame Belloc, with a most flattering letter from herself, and a most laudatory preface to the translation; also a letter from Mrs. Hutchinson in the same packet, informing me that Madame Belloc, besides being so clever, is young and pretty. Madame Belloc says that there are two other persons employed in translating the "Angels" into verse.

16th. Walked over to Bowood, and saw Lord L., who arrived last night, and means to be off to Ireland on Friday; said that he had not yet arranged his plan of operations, but would let me know them before he went away.

17th. Received after dinner a most kind letter from Lord L., telling me that if I would join him at Killarney or Kenmare any time between the 1st and 10th, he would ensure me at the latter place such accommodation as the *locale* afforded, and I should find him in a good inn at the former; that from thence he could manage to bring me as far as Limerick, where we should part till he reached Dublin, from which place he would bring me back home into Wiltshire. A splendid present of fruit came with the note, for Bessy. Sent me also Baron Fain's book about Napoleon.

18th. Tried over the Spanish music sent me by Mr. Quin; the "Canciones Patrioticas" (which he pronounces to be the best) very common stuff. Found, however, three pretty *tirannas*. Read and wrote.

20. Employed in copying out what I have written about Sheridan this week past, and what I wrote before I went abroad about his speeches in Parliament.

21st. Writing letters and making preparations for my departure to-morrow. Bessy much saddened and out of sorts at my leaving her for so long a time; but still most thoughtfully and sweetly preparing everything comfortable for me.

22nd. Dined at two; and at half-past three set off in a chaise for Bath, taking my dear Anastasia with me, to leave her again at her school: arrived between six and seven; and having deposited her at Miss Furniss's, went to the White Hart. Saw, in walking through Bath, the new cantos of "Don Juan;" bought a copy of the shilling edition; also a number of "Cobbett," and two numbers of the "Literary Examiner." Supped at nine, and read, with my brandy-and-water, two of the cantos: some pretty things in the first; but altogether there is a falling off, both poetically and ethically.

23rd. Off at a quarter-past seven in the coach, for Birmingham: an old gentleman my only companion for the greater part of the way. Read my "Cobbett," which was very amusing; then my "Examiner;" then began "Read's Tour through Ireland." Arrived at Birmingham about eight; went to the Hen and Chickens; thence to the play, where I saw "Simpson and Co." Supped; a very bad inn

wretched bed: hate Birmingham altogether.

24th. Disappointed of a place in the mail, by which means I lose a day; obliged to go by the coach. Met Moore of Birmingham (my old music-meeting acquaintance), who invited me most earnestly and kindly to their approaching festival. Set off in the coach at eleven; lucky enough to find in it Casey, the Irish barrister, whom I found very agreeable the whole way. Arrived at Shrewsbury at five; thought it better to go on in a chaise to Oswestry, and let the coach take us up there in the morning. Dined at Oswestry at nine, and finished a bottle of strong port between us.

25th. On the arrival of the coach, found that from some mistake with respect both to Casey's place and mine, we were to be forwarded together in a chaise. A *third* person was attempted to be put in with us; but upon Casey's making serious lawyer-like speeches on the subject, they were forced to give in, and we set off comfortably together in the chaise: a good deal of conversation all the way. Curran, in speaking of Baron Smith's temper, and the restraint he always found himself under in his company, said, "I always feel myself, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe's gun, and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him." Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St. Patrick's night, and saying that he let him off, "in honour of the night." Of his overhearing two fellows talking about Lord Cornwallis when he was going in state to the theatre of Dublin; and accounting for his not going early by the fear of being pelted. "True enough," says one of them, "a two-year old paving-stone would come very nately to *compose* his other eye" (Lord C. having a defect in one of his eyes). Assistant barrister keeping an old woman in jail, and having her up now and then (always sending her back again upon some excuse or other), in order to prolong the commission, and continue his pay. Examination of a witness: — "What's your name?" &c. &c. "Did you vote at the election?" "I did, sir—"Are you a freeholder?" "I'm not, sir." —"Did you take the freeholder's oath?" "I did, sir."—"Who did you vote for?" "Mr. Bowes Daly, sir."—"Were you bribed?" "I was, sir."—"How much did you get?" "Five guineas, sir."—"What did you do with it?" "I spint it, sir."—"You may go down." "I will, sir." Bowes Daly, upon being told this, said it was all true except the fellow's having got the money. Of an aid-de-camp, during an expedition of the lawyers' corps into the county Wicklow, riding up to ask the reason of a halt; they made answer by some one, "It is the law's delay;" and upon the corps being ordered to take ground to the right, one of them saying, "Here now, after having aired my mud, I am obliged to go into damp wet." Story of Keller answering some one who came into court to look for Gould, having searched him everywhere without being able to find him, *Aurum irrepertum et sic melius positum.* Dined at Bangor; and slept at that most disagreeable of all inns, Spencer's at Holyhead.

26th. Sailed in the Ivanhoe; took to my berth and peppermint lozenges, but felt deadly sick all the way. Came in a chaise (Casey and I), from Howth, and broke down when near Dublin; got into a jaunting-car, and arrived at Casey's, where I dined. Never shall forget the welcomeness of his good mutton broth, to which was added some very old port, and an excellent bottle of claret. Went afterwards in a hackney-coach to Abbey Street. Found my dearest father and mother watching for me at the window; my mother not looking so well as when I last saw her, but my father (though, of course, enfeebled by his great age) in excellent health and spirits. Sweet little Nell, too, quite well. Called at Bilton's Hotel, to inquire after the Landsdownes; and found that Lady L. had been very ill and in her bed for two or three days past.

27th. Called upon Lord L. Asked me to dine with him at Frank's (his agent's) tomorrow, but am engaged to Casey; promised to dine with him on Tuesday. Dined at home, and walked about a little in the evening.

28th. My mother expressing a strong wish to see Lord Landsdowne, without the fuss of a visit from him, I engaged to manage it for her. Told him that he must let me show him to two people who considered *me* as the greatest man in the world, and him as the next, for being my friend. Very good-naturedly allowed me to

walk him past the windows, and wished to call upon them; but I thought it better thus. Dr. Percival having declared Lady L. fit to travel, they intend to start on Wednesday, and will give me a seat in the carriage with them. Went and bought a travelling cloak, as Jupiter Pluvius still continues his operations. Called upon Lady Morgan, who is about to publish a life of Salvator Rosa; has heard that Lord L. has some Salvators, and wishes to know the particulars of them. Walked about with Corry. Dined at Casey's; company, Tickell, Hare, the Fellow, Corry, and some others. Forgot to mention that Casey, during my journey, mentioned to me a parody of his on those two lines in the "Veiled Prophet"—

> "He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
> Beneath the tropics, knows of icicles."

The following is his parody, which I bless my stars that none of my critics were lively enough to hit upon, for it would have stuck by me:—

> "He knew no more of fear than one, who dwells
> On Scotia's mountains, knows of knee-buckles."

On my mentioning this to Corry, he told me of a remark made upon the "Angels," by Kyle, the Provost, which I should have been equally sorry any of my critics had got hold of:—"I could not help figuring to myself," says Kyle, "all the while I was reading it, Tom, Jerry, and Logic *on a lark from the sky*." Few such lively shots from our University. Dinner not very agreeable, owing chiefly to the Fellow, who mentioned the great increase that has taken place since my time in the number of the students; and seems to think that the outpouring of such a portion of cultivated intellect upon society will produce rather a dangerous swell in the public mind (not his words). Corry and I went afterwards to the theatre, to join my father and mother and Nell, whom Harris has made free of the house, to their very great pleasure and delight, particularly my dear father's, who told me, in his playful way, that he was so fond of it, he had some idea of going on the stage himself. Went behind the scenes with Abbot. He and Corry came home and supped with us. Saw this morning a poor fruit-woman on the steps of a door, eating her own currants; while another who was passing by and observed her said, "That's *one* way of carrying on trade."

29th. Paid visits to Mrs. Smith, &c. &c. Saw Henry Webster, who told me Lord Wellesley would like to see something of me before I left Ireland, and bade me leave my name at the Castle; which I did. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Corry, Charles Fox, Henry Webster, and Franks. Lord L. mentioned an epigram, comparing some woman, who was in the habit of stealing plants, with Darwin; the two last lines were—

> "Decide the case, Judge Botany I pray;
> And his the laurel be, and hers the *Bay*."

30th. Off at half-past seven: we in the open carriage, with four horses, and the valet and Lady L.'s maid in the chariot with a pair after us. The pretty cottages in the neighbourhood of Lord Mayor's Place, near Johnstown, very creditable to him. Fine Gothic window at Castle Dermott-Geraldine. The river Barrow, from Carlow, rather pretty; remembered the Irish poet's lines to it:—"Wheel, Barrow, wheel thy winding course." Dined and slept at Kilkenny, at our old club-house, now turned into an inn. Went with Lord and Lady L. to see the Castle, whose thick walls, and deep windows, and tapestry, delighted her exceedingly. The man, in showing us the country from the top of the tower, said, "That house belongs to rich Maguire, who is very poor and distressed." Walked with Lord L. about the town, and recollected the days of my courtship, when I used to walk with Bessy on the banks of the river; looked into Cavenagh's, where she and her mother and sister lived, and where we used to have so many snug dinners from the club-house. Happy times! but not more happy than those which I owe to the same dear girl still. Fine round tower annexed to the Cathedral.

31st. Ran to the post-office before starting, to know if there were any letters for Lord L. or me; post-master answered, "I am sure there are not, sir; being two such great public characters, if there had been any I should have remarked them." Saw at Collan, for the first time in my life, some real specimens of Irish misery and filth; three or four cottages together exhibiting such a naked swarm of wretchedness as never met my eyes before. The ruined house of Killeash, on the road, that

once belonged to a Mr. Buller, struck me both from the appropriateness of its name (Killcash), and the dreary, shaven look of the country round it: not a bush left standing. These recent ruins tell the history of Ireland even more than her ancient ones. A line of mountains all along the way. Knocklofty a very gentlemanlike-looking place, and its vicinity comfortable and creditable. Read in the Road-Book the following euphonious designation: "Mr. Clutterbuck, of Killgroggy." Arrived at Lismore Castle to dinner; received by the duke's agent, Col. Currie, who, with his family, lives in the Castle. My old acquaintances, Dean and Mrs. Scott, came to dinner. The Lansdownes being strangers to all these people, the evening passed rather tamely. Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One, of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donelly, the Irish champion: how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behaviour, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win; and that when Donelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed, "Oh, Donelly, would you leave me to go back on foot, and not know the hour?" on which he rallied, and won. How the Duke of Wellington said to Donelly, "I am told you are called the hero of Ireland;" "Not the hero, my Lord, but only the champion." Walked with Col. Currie before dinner to the school, and heard the boys examined. He has succeeded in removing the objections of the Catholic priest to the introduction of the Bible, which is one of the great obstacles to schools in other places. Part of this Castle supposed to be the rooms which Sir W. Raleigh inhabited when commissioner for the government of Munster. Some talk next morning with Currie about the country. Is surmounting a good deal the objections to the Scotch plough; the potatoes about here planted in the English way; 40*s*. freeholders the great curse of the country; no getting rid of them; nobody would incur the unpopularity of a proposal to disfranchise so large a portion of the population; such a change would remove one of the chief objections to Catholic emancipation.

August 1st. Intended to have gone down the Blackwater, from Cappoquin to Youghal, but could not, on account of the violent rain. Took to the close carriage. Found luncheon prepared for us at the College at Youghal, another house of the Duke's. Got into the open carriage again at Middleton. Youghal an interesting-looking place: saw some pretty faces out of the windows there, which were a rarity. The approach to Cork by Glanmire magnificent; a sort of sea avenue up to the town, with beautiful banks on each side, studded over with tasteful villas; gives a "note of preparation," however, which Cork itself by no means comes up to. Drove to Conway's, and dined and slept.

2nd. O'Driscoll, author of the "Views of Ireland," came to breakfast; left him and Lord L. together, and walked out. Went to the booksellers', Edwards and Savage; bought a travelling map of Ireland; told me there was not much demand for books, and that their chief gain was by other articles, stationery, &c. &c. One of them went with me to the Commercial Rooms, where I read the papers. There is another institution called the Chamber of Commerce, a sort of secession, on political grounds, from this; the Chamber of Commerce the liberal one. Purchased a book of Orange, or "Williamite," songs, at a little shop, where the man told me that the Williamites had much increased; confirmed to me by Edwards, who said that some Orange Lodges, dormant since the year '98, had lately been revived. Find since, that Edwards and Savage were Orangemen themselves. The Tithes Leasing Bill not acted upon, as no landlords will venture to be responsible for the tithes of their tenantry. A specimen of the good to be effected by the linen manufacture evident at Dingle, where, on one side of the bay, all is comfort in consequence of it, and on the other side, all is misery without it. Have heard since, however, that the manufacture there is on the decline. Walked about with Hickson, the brother of Lord Lansdowne's agent. On my mentioning to him what has been dinned into my ears all along about Lord L.'s being a bad landlord, he said, "If there be the least ground for that assertion, believe me, it must be the agent's fault alone; as never was there a representation made by my brother, with respect to the propriety of reductions or allowances, that Lord Lansdowne did not promptly assent to them." Was rejoiced to hear this, as it has all along vexed

and puzzled me to hear such imputations cast upon one whom I know to be so just and humane. Went to the Dyke Walk, which is one of the best ornaments of the town. Afterwards with Lord L. to Beamish and Crauford's brewery; had the whole explained; thence to the Institution, where a relative of Davy and of the same name is the acting person. A poor display of Cork science: among the curiosities is the jack-boot of a French postilion! O'Driscoll and Hickson dined with us. In talking of the state of the country, O'Driscoll asserted that there was a regular organization among the lower orders all over the south; that their oath was only "to obey orders," and that instructions came from Dublin; that their objects were chiefly to get rid of their landlords and establish the Catholic religion. This, though coming from such authority, appeared to me exaggerated and incredible. Took leave of Lord and Lady L., who start for Kenmare in the morning, where, if I can, I shall join them about the end of the week.

3rd. The Lansdownes set off before I was up. Received a petition, in prose and verse, from a drunken scribbler of Cork, who signs himself "Roderick O'Conner, the last of all the Bards," and in one sense of the phrase, truly so. The following are some of his lines:—

> "Which has more renown,
> Moore or Lansdowne,
> One a coronet — t'other a laurel crown?
> Needy and poor, I come to Moore;
> Romantic author of 'Lalla Rookh,'
> On thy bard with pity look."

Sent the "last of all the bards" five shillings. Set off in the steamboat for Cove (to see my sister Kate Scully) between ten and eleven. Saw the view to more advantage there than before, as the Glanmire side, which is the most beautiful, was now brought into the picture, with its fine seats, Demkittle, Lotabeg, Lotamore, Lota, &c. &c.; Amethyst Rock on the opposite bank. Shown a house held on the King's life, the proprietor of which cannot insure the royal life; such insurance being forbid by the law, as coming, I suppose, under the charge of compassing and imagining "the King's death." Saw Smith Barry's flag flying on his tower, and was told his fortune is rated at 40,000*l.* a year; this Orange gentleman left his card for me at Cork. Some gentlemen aboard the boat inquired with anxiety how long I meant to remain at Cork on my return, as it was the intention of the inhabitants, they said, to pay me some public tribute, if I would allow them the opportunity. Arrived at Cove about half-past twelve. Walked with Mr. Mark (a gentleman who introduced himself to me in the boat) to see Mrs. Conner's cottage, which is very high, and commands a fine view of the Harbour. Spike Island (in fortifying which, 1,100,000*l.* having been laid out, it was found at last this expenditure was all useless, as the island is commanded by another point); Magazine Rock (in whose excavations below the sea, powder is kept), &c. &c. Kate and her husband received me with much delight; she quite well and grown fat; John not so well. About two, we all embarked aboard the steamboat to take a cruise up the Carrigaline river, whose windings are very pretty; went up as far as Mr. Newnham's fishing cottages. John Scully disbelieves O'Driscoll's account of the organization of the people; says it is merely a war of the poor against the rich; condemns the new Tithe Bill, as tending, if it was enforced, to make the clergy a greater burden than ever; the omission, however, of the compulsory clause, has fortunately rendered it a nullity. Is contented with the laws about tithe as they are, if the poor people could only enforce them by obliging the parson to take his tithe in kind; means of course, that they might be embarrassed in this process, so as to leave them but little either of gain or comfort. The cotters, however, are too poor to enter into conflict with the parson; besides, the latter always has them in his power by holding over their heads those notes which they pass to him for their tithes from year to year. The valuators never will let the people know their demand upon them till the corn is actually in. A ship, called the "Barrosa," lying now in the harbor, to take out 300 settlers to the Cape of Good Hope; this the only one, besides the Admiral's, now at Cove. John remarked upon the misnomer of *settlers* applied to the Irish, who are always un-settling both at home and abroad. Walked with John and Kate in the evening; all the *fashionables* abroad; had to stand such broadsides of staring, as disconcerted even me, used as I am. 'Twas the same yesterday in Cork;

and amusing enough to see, when I walked with Lord Lansdowne, how distracted the good people's attention was between the peer and the poet; the former, however, as usual, had the best of it. Slept at a very comfortable little inn kept by a widow woman.

4th. After breakfasting with Kate and John, set off in the steamboat for Cork; the day tolerably fine, and the view magnificent. A great pity there is not some fine architecture to meet the eye at the bottom of this approach; if they had turned the new custom-house, with a handsome façade, towards the water, it would have enriched the scene incalculably. Forgot to mention that, before I started this morning, a deputation of eight or ten gentlemen of Cove waited upon me to request I would name a day, either now or before I left the south, to dine with the inhabitants; answered that I hoped to return this way, and would, in that case, have great pleasure in accepting their invitation. John told me there were two or three Orangemen in this deputation, which I was glad to hear. An intelligent young man aboard the steamboat, who went also up the Carriagaline river with us yesterday, on my mentioning my intention of setting off for Beecher's to-day, said he was going to Mallow too, and would, if I chose, secure a place for me in the coach when he took his own. Walked a little about Cork; visit from the French Consul. Off in a sort of diligence to Mallow at half-past two; went outside with my boat friend, whose name I find to be Sullivan. Country barren and dreary till within some miles of Mallow: the first thing at all pretty, a house of Mr. Williamson's *, on the Clydagh, a beautiful stream. Near it are the ruins of a preceptory of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, called Ballynamona [Ballinamona]. A good deal of conversation with my companion upon the state of the country; says there is a strong feeling among the lower orders, that if they persevere in their present harassing and violent system, the Church must give in; that Deism is spreading very much among the common people. Beecher's gig met me about a mile from Mallow; and I arrived at Ballygiblin to a late dinner; found Lyne, an old college acquaintance, just arrived too. He mentioned old Rose having once asked Sheridan what he thought of the name he had just given his little son, "George Pitt Rose," and Sheridan replying, "Why, I think a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Mrs. Beecher's sister sung in the evening; and so did I a little.

5th. Nick Beecher drove me in the curricle to Mallow. Pretty view from the lodge; the glen on one side, through which the Blackwater runs, under the highwooded grounds of Ballyellis; Mr. Jephson's old tower covered with ivy, but spoiled with the fine gilt clock. Asked Beecher whether he thought it true that Deism has got among the lower orders; says it is not impossible; such phrases are continually in their mouths as the "Religion of the heart," "God is the only judge, &c. &c." Explained to me (being himself a clergyman) the different modes of getting the tithes. The most peaceable way is by lettings, where the parson (either himself or his agent) bargains with them for a certain sum to be paid in lieu of the tithe; frequently he summons them before the Ecclesiastical Court, which is the most vexatious and expensive mode to the poor people; or he may have them before any two magistrates,—whose jurisdiction, however, does not extend beyond cases of ten pounds. The story about the fight at Skibbereen true; Morrit, the clergyman, who is in continual warfare with his parishioners, is an Englishman. The average of the seven years, in the new Composition Bill, unfair, because it comprehends the years of highest value. One good in this Act is, that by the applotments being made on the whole parish, including the agistment tenants or graziers, the proportion that the poorer tenants have hitherto paid will be considerably reduced. Thinks he will himself be able, by taking a fairer average, to make some such composition, to be regulated every three years by the price of wheat, and rise or fall with it. In reply to my inquiries as to the secret organization of the people, is of opinion that they are, to a certain degree, organized; the oath they take is, "to be secret and to be ready." Very little regard to truth among the lower orders; are tolerably educated; at least most of those under forty. Went to Ballyellis, and to another pretty place; and in returning called at a pretty

* "This was a lodge of Lord Muskerry's. The whole valley from Ballynamona (or Mourne Abbey, the ruin nearly opposite to Mr. Williamson's) to Mallow, is very beautiful."

cottage where Beecher's sister lives. Mrs. Beecher not able, from rheumatism, to dine with us to-day. In the evening read the new Tithe Act, and find that the oath which Dean Scott objected to so much the other day is that which the commissioner is empowered to put to the parson (as well as to the parishioner) for the purpose of coming at the truth with respect to the average value of the tithes, &c. &c.

6th. A letter from my dearest Bess. Some more talk about the spread of Deism among the people; instances known in which fellows have given up going to mass, and, upon being addressed by the Methodists (as loose fish likely to come into their net), answering that their intention was not to belong to any church. Walked with Lyne to see Lohort castle; high and narrow, the outworks gone; belongs to Lord Arden; lunched there, and was introduced to Mr. Cotter, the clergyman of the place, who has invented a new musical instrument, which he calls the Basso Hibernicon, of the *serpent* family. Walked over to his house with him to hear it; a dreary spot called Castlemagner, from a ruin (named after one of Cromwell's generals) which stands on a bank above the stream. The property immediately here Lord Limerick's, who within twenty years has shorn down every tree around; and left no signs of life but a few wretched cottages. The parson's own house, a waste and ruinous concern; and the embrasure in the hall door, to fire through, speaking volumes for the comfort of his neighbourhood. Had his wife down to accompany the display of his Basso upon a wretched little old piano. The instrument very sweet and powerful, and will be, I have no doubt, an acquisition to bands and orchestras; it is seventeen feet long. Told me he took it over to London, and played on it before the officers of the First Life Guards, taking the precaution of covering it with cambric muslin lest the invention should be borrowed. What a treat for Francis Conyngham, &c! A parson from the county Cork with his huge Hibernicon wrapped up in cambric muslin! Lyne quoted to me Lord Bellamont's description of Kerry, "All acclivity and declivity, without the intervention of a single horizontal plane; the mountains all rocks, and the men all savages." Story of the hunted stag of Killarney coming near where Lord Avonmore (then Attorney-General) and Dr. O'Leary were standing, and O'Leary saying, "How naturally instinct leads him to come to you to deliver him by a *nolle prosequi*." The name of Captain Rock is said to be the initials *R*oger *O'C*onnor, *K*ing. A vast deal about me in the Cork newspapers. Amongst other things a letter from my own "Zaraph," describing the way in which he watched over me through Cork, his amusement, at the Commercial Rooms, in "seeing the matter-of-fact merchants staring at the Poet." Another paragraph says, after stating that Lord and Lady Lansdowne had walked about the streets of Cork, "We observed Mr. T. Moore (of poetical celebrity) leaning on the Marquiss's arm. We shall only remind him of his own lines, how—

> Sooner, or later, all have to grieve
> Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,
> And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve."

7th. Started in the gig with Nick Beecher at eleven, in order to be time enough to catch the Killarney coach at Mill Street. Passed the Castle of Kanturk, which is a much more considerable edifice than that of Lohort. Met Mr. Leader, who has a property in this neighbourhood. Made me a speech which was rather unseasonable, I being in a hurry. "This is the region, Mr. Moore, of which Sir James Mackintosh said, that religious persecution has completed in it what confiscation had begun. From the Shannon to the Blackwater all the ancient proprietors swept away, &c. &c." The coach just setting off when we reached Mill Street, and, to my horror, full. On Beecher, however, speaking to the company inside, and mentioning who I was, they consented to take me in. Found 'twas a party that had taken the coach to themselves, servants and all, eleven in number. The ladies very civil. One of them, a Mrs. Barton, whose husband, a guardsman (I think), was outside. The other her sister, with a brother, two young Cavendishes (Lord Waterpark's sons), and a Mr. Hort, a friend of Lord Lansdowne's. What luck! Found that my "Fables" was one of the books they had made provision of for rainy weather at Killarney. Arrived at Lord Kenmare's at four. Lord L. out on the lake with Mr. Sullivan (Lady Harriet's son), who has been here two or three days, and goes to-mor-

row. The dinner very good, and Lady Kenmare very pleasing.

8th. The weather rather favourable. Drove down to Ross Island, and embarked on the Lake at eleven. Lady Kenmare's first time of being on her own lakes, having been but ten days here, and reserving her *debût* (as she says) for my coming. Landed on Inisfallen, and enjoyed thoroughly its loveliness. Never was anything more beautiful. Went afterwards to Sullivan's Cascade, which was in high beauty. Curious effect of a child on high, crossing the glen; seemed as if it was flitting across the waterfall. The peasants that live on the opposite bank come over with fruit when strangers appear, and their appearance, with their infants, stepping from rock to rock, across the cascade, highly picturesque. Mr. Galway (Lord Kenmare's agent) and his wife at dinner. Instance of the hospitality of the poor cotters, that it is the practice with many of their families to lay by, each individual, every day, one potatoe and a sup of milk for the stranger that may come. Intended riots at fairs (from the spirit of sept-ship) have been frequently put a stop to by orders from Captain Rock. Sung a little in the evening.

9th. Wretched weather. Made an attempt, however, with Lord and Lady K., to see the Upper Lake, and, in spite of the weather, was enchanted with the echo at the Eagle's Nest, and the view from Dinis [Dinas or Dinish] of the old Weir Bridge on one side, and the plank bridge over the entrance into Turk [Torc] Lake on the other. This river, between the lakes, delicious. On reaching the Upper Lake could see nothing, from the shroud of mist and rain that was over everything. Lunched at Hyde's Cottage, and returned by Turk Lake. Found the weather in this region much better, and paid another visit to Inisfallen.

10th. Read Smith's "Kerry." Was waited upon by a deputation of the gentlemen of Killarney, to request I would name a day to dine with them; but my stay is too short to do so. At three, drove out with Lady Kenmare. Called at Mr. Herbert's of Carinane, who showed us a large and most satisfactory map of the lakes, not published. Thence to Mucross. Saw the abbey, with its sculls, and the tomb of the O'Donoghue, who died lately. A sort of hermit lived some few years since in the abbey, planking up the recess which formed his lodging with coffin boards. Used to dine about with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Drove through those beautiful grounds, where the *ars celandi artem* has been exerted with wonderful effect; as I understand all this lovely and natural-looking disposition of the grounds has been the product of much toil and enormous expense, not less than 30,000*l.* having been laid out upon them. Visited the pretty cottage on Turk Lake, which is to be let, and anywhere else, but in wretched Ireland, would be an Elysium. The new road from Kenmare is to pass close behind it. Drove through the grounds to the copper-mines, and quite enchanted with their endless variety of beauty. Dined at eight; only Lord and Lady K. A note for her from the Lough Lane Club, proposing to give her a stag hunt whenever she might desire. Persuaded her to fix Wednesday, in the hope that the Lansdownes, who come on Tuesday, may stay for it. O'Connell's brother was one of the deputation that came to me this morning.

11th. A letter from Lord Lansdowne, to say that he could not stay longer than Tuesday. Much inclined to give him up for the stag-hunt. To-day too stormy for the lakes. Took a walk through the town of Killarney, joined by Galway, with whom I had some conversation about the state of the country. Thinks the great object of the people is to get rid of the profit that is made upon them by sub-letting. The *gentlemen* are the most troublesome tenants, and the worst pay. ——, the swaggering patriot, who holds considerable property from Lord K., cannot be made pay by love or law. Says it is most ungentlemanlike of Lord Kenmare to expect it. This reminds me of an epigram I heard the other day made upon him and O'Connell, when the one hesitated about fighting Sir C. Saxton on account of his sick daughter, and the other boggled at the same operation through the interference of his wife.

> "These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
> Improve on the Jewish command;
> One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
> That their days may be long in the land."

The rental of Lord Kenmare's property, 23,000*l.* a year; but so encumbered in various ways, that he has but 7000*l.*, rather precariously paid, to spend. Drove with Lord and

Lady K. to their park, and walked about. A very pretty glen, with the river Devenagh running through it. O'Connell and his brother came to dinner. Says the facilities given to landlords, since 1815, for enforcing their rents, have increased the miseries of the people; particularly the power of distraining upon the crop. Mentioned a case, which occurs often, of a man, or his wife, stealing a few potatoes from their own crop when it is under distress, being put in prison for the theft as being felony, when at the worst it is but *rescue*, and kept there till the judge arrives, who dismisses him as improperly committed, and he is then turned out upon society, hardened by his wrong, and demoralised by the society he has lived with in prison. The facility of ejectment, too, increased since 1815. On my inquiring into the state of intellect and education among the lower orders, said they were full of intelligence. Mentioned, as an instance Hickey, who was hanged at a late Cork assizes, a common gardener. He fired at a boy, who he thought knew and might betray him, and his gun burst, and carried away three of his fingers, which were found on the place. A man, in seeing them, said, "I swear to those being Hickey's fingers," on which Hickey was taken up, and his guilt discovered by the state of his hand. This fellow was a sort of Captain Rock, and always wore feathers to distinguish him. During his trial, he frequently wrote notes from the dock to O'Connell (who was his counsel), exhibiting great quickness and intelligence; and when O'Connell was attempting to shake the credibility of the boy, who was witness against him, requested him not to perservere, as it was useless, and his mind was made up to suffer. Said that a system of organization had spread some time since through Leinster, which was now considerably checked, and never, he thought, had extended to the south. He knew of an offer made by the chiefs of this Leinster organization, through some of the bishops (I believe), to him (O'C.), and by him to the Government, that they would turn out for the Lord Lieutenant against the Orangemen if necessary. Says that Lord Wellesley forwarded the notification to the English Government, but no answer was of course returned. Thinks the population of Ireland under-rated, and that it is near 8,000,000. Difference between the two archbishops that died lately; him of Armagh, whose income was 20,000*l.* a year, and who left 130,000*l.* behind him, and Troy, the R. C. archbishop of Dublin, whose income was 800*l.* a year, and who died worth about a tenpenny. Shows how cheap archbishops *may* be had. On my remarking the numbers of informers now coming in as inconsistent with that fidelity which he attributes to the lower orders, says it is always the case when an organisation is breaking up, as the late one is; never while it is going on. Even now the *dépôts* of useful arms are preserved, it is only the broken used-up ones, that are informed on or delivered up (as it is with the old stills.) The church possesses 2,000,000 of green acres. His conversation with Judge Day: "What remedy is there for Ireland's miseries?" — *O'C.* "I could tell you some, but you would not adopt them." —*J. D.* "Name them."— *O'C.* "A law that no one should possess an estate in Ireland who has one anywhere else." — *J. D.* "I agree to that." — *O'C.* "That tithes should be abolished."—*J. D.* "I agree to that." — *O'C.* "That the Catholics should be completely emancipated." — *J. D.* "I agree to that." — *O'C.* "That the Union should be repealed." — *J. D.* I agree to that too." — *O'C.* "Very well, since that is the case, take a pike and turn out, for there is nothing else wanting to qualify you." Mentioned a joke of Norbury's to judge Baily lately, when they were comparing ages. "You certainly have as little of the *Old* Bailey about you as any judge I know."

12th. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. *Loveliness* is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores;—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region! Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island to send to my dear Bessy. Lunched at Hyde's cottage, and met there the party I joined in the coach, and who were going to Dunloe Gap. Sorry not to go with them, as I shall lose that feature of the Lakes. The echoes much clearer,

and more like enchantment, than the last day, and (as Lady Donegal expressed it in her letter of instructions to me) "quite take one out of this world." Just home in time to receive the Lansdownes, who give a most delightful account of the prosperity of the town of Kenmare. Cannot stay for the stag-hunt to-morrow. Lord L. gave me a letter he received for me, poetry from Tipperary. In much doubt whether I shall give up the stag-hunt to-morrow; on one side there is the pleasure of travelling with the Lansdownes, and the difficulty of getting on by the Limerick road without them; on the other, there is the stag-hunt, and my promise to Lady Kenmare. To-morrow morning must decide.

13th. A fine day for the hunt, but preferred the Lansdownes. Started after breakfast. Lady L.'s resolution in climbing to the top of the abbey at Ardfert, though in evident fear of giddiness. The windows of the abbey very perfect; the narrow lancet windows of the cathedral. At Lixnaw visited the ruins which the Kerry family inhabited; a spacious and formal dwelling. Lady L. wished to sketch it, but could make nothing of such a wilderness of chimneys. A pretty summer-house, however, which she took, is the monument of the Earl of Kerry, to preserve which Lord L. has been left the farm around it, about forty acres, being all that he inherited with the title; the Earl of Kerry having sold all his estates for a life-annuity. The family lived here in feudal state; the old Earl and Countess dining by themselves, and when in company being the only persons sitting on chairs, the rest having tabourets. Had their Board of Green Cloth like royal personages; the shutters of the windows inlaid with silver. Beyond Listowel got out to walk through the wood by the river to the Knight of Kerry's house, where we were to dine and sleep. The name of his place Ballinruddery. The walk most beautiful, being high over the river (Feale) and wooded. Hickson (Lord L.'s agent) and his brother came along with us from Killarney, and it is another brother, a clergyman, who lives in Fitzgerald's house during the absence of the family, and who, with his wife, received us at dinner. The house a mere cottage, but gentlemanlike and comfortable, and the place altogether beautiful, worthy of its excellent and high-spirited owner, from whom, by the by, I received a letter enclosed to Lord L. to-day, expressing his regret that he is not in Ireland to assist his constituents in doing due honours to me on my arrival among them. Excellent salmon at dinner. The evening most silent and sleepy. Forgot to mention that on my arriving at Tralee this morning, a poetess, a Miss ——, who was evidently lying in wait for me, had a book popped into my hand at the inn, with a note full of the usual praises of my talent and diffidence in her own. The binding very pretty, and will, at least, look well in my library. Had some conversation with Lord L.'s agent, who tells me that considerable reductions and allowances have just been made to the tenants; that three gales are due, and that Lord L. has done more altogether than any landlord in Kerry, except Judge Day. The latter has, not long since, remitted a whole gale to his tenants.

14th. Off between nine and ten. The bridge of Listowel, which had been broken down, was within a few days propped up for the Judges. Thought, as it had been *sub judice*, we might venture. The view of the Shannon, as we came upon it from Tarbert, very striking. The place of Sir R. Leslie here, on an island, beautifully situated. Had been invited to lunch at Mr. Rice's, of Mount Trenchard (the father of Spring Rice), and arrived there about two. A fine old gentleman. Told us of the magnificence of the last Earl of Kerry; of his being attended always out of Dublin by his tradesmen as far as Naas, where their bills were paid, and then met on his return at the same place by the same *cortège*. Fine sweep of the river before Rice's house, and a pretty place, belonging to a Mr. Scott, in a wooded bay on the opposite side. Passed through Adare. Quantities of ruins, no less than five or six, which, from the Limerick side, have a most romantic effect through the trees. Arrived at Limerick (coming this last stage very quick) at seven; Swinburne's hotel. Lord L.'s account of his Kerry tenantry. His chief difficulty is to keep them from under-letting. Some, who pay him but 8*l.* or 10*l.*, will let their small portion out in corners to poor wretches, who marry upon the strength of this *pied-à-terre*, and swarm the little spot they occupy with children. These are they who put the key in the thatch in summer, and go begging about the country, and, under the name of "Lord

Lansdowne's tenants," bring disgrace upon *him* and his property.

15th. Walked with Lord L. to see the spot where the bridge is to be, connecting Limerick with the county Clare, and with his property, which will be, of course, a great advantage to him. Received a note from another authoress, a Miss ——, saying she wished me to call upon her. Did so. A very handsome, showy person; has published a novel, "Isabel St. Albe," dedicated to Scott, and is about to publish another, which she proposes to dedicate to me. Walked with her to see Mr. Roche's curious gardens, made on the roof of the great corn-stores, which he lets to government. Was already discovered to be in Limerick, and saw the staring and running begin. Had taken my place in the Dublin mail for three o'clock, and was not a little gratified to find, on passing the Commercial Rooms in it, a number of gentlemen drawn up on the flag-way, who all took off their hats to me as I went by. A priest in the coffee-room, before I started, introduced himself to me; told me how much he admired everything I had written; had all my books in his possession, &c. &c. Is the priest of Castlebar; and said how comfortably the people in the west get on by means of the linen trade, in which they have been greatly helped by the money received from the English charitable subscriptions. An intelligent young man in the mail, who came as far as Nenagh, and (as I found on his leaving me) had put himself on the coach upon knowing that I was to be a passenger by it, and had come thus far with no other motive. Found him very useful in pointing out the different gentlemen's seats. Mentioned the very high character Lord Clare had held in this neighbourhood as a humane landlord and kind master. Arrived at Roscrea about eight, where I dined and slept, having secured a place in the coach to take me on to-morrow morning. The Lansdownes, after a short stay at Limerick and Mount Shannon, will proceed to Mr. Crosby's, in the Queen's County (where I was invited to meet them), and thence, in the course of about eight days, to Dublin.

16th. A small round tower at Roscrea, and a very fine ancient portal, which serves as a gate to the church; the ruins of a castle in the town. Started about ten o'clock. The curious rock, with ruins on it, in the neighbourhood of Maryborough, called Dunamase. Sorry not to be able to stop and see it. Dined at Naas, and arrived in Abbey Street before ten. Found a letter from Lord John, directed to Sloperton, dated the 6th, saying that he had changed his mind about the journey to Killarney, and would now be very happy to accompany me; proposing we should set out the 16th, this very day! Letters also from dear Bess; all well at home, thank God!

17th. Walked about a good deal. Called on P. Crampton, and found him laid up on the sofa. His story of the boy wishing for a place under government; his powers of "screeching free-stone." "Sure, its me you hear in Dublin every Wednesday and Friday. Did you ever hear me?" &c. Told him how perfectly all my suspicions of Bushe were cleared away by his conduct since he became a judge, by his last charge in particular. Answered that Bushe had always been kept down till now by Saurin, and was unable to show himself. Lord Farnham saying during the Queen's trial that he would not make up his mind till he had heard one Italian witness, who had often been mentioned, and who might be expected to throw much light upon the matter, "one *Polacca*." Dined at home, and had Abbot to dinner. Said the great grievance of the law in Ireland lay in civil process; the delay of the sub-sheriffs; their being bribed to hold the writ suspended; ought to be forced to file it immediately, as in England. Lord Landaff used to pay regularly 1500*l.* a year to the sub-sheriffs of his county, to keep off executions, but has lately discontinued this, and mounts guard upon his house instead.

18th. Made a number of calls. Stared and run after at every step. Dined at home: the Abbots to dinner. Went (all of us) to the theatre in the evening to hear Catalani. Went to her dressing-room, and met there Stevenson, who most unfortunately goes out of town to-morrow, not to return for some time. Had brought over some sacred songs for him to arrange, which this will, I fear, put out of the question. Abbot brought Mrs. A. and my sister Ellen to introduce to Catalani. Her kindness to Nell, calling her *la sœur d'Anacréon*. A good trait in Catalani, the veneration she always felt for Grattan, and when told of his death she burst into tears. On Abbot making her a present the other day

of one of the medals of him, she kissed him. Grattan was always an ardent admirer of hers, and Catalani showed Abbot a letter of his in French to her, which she keeps treasured in a splendid box, and had either the policy or good taste to say she preferred it to all other tributes she has from kings and emperors. The letter expresses a hope that, after having enchanted the world with her song, she may be called late to add to the melody of heaven. The Abbots supped with us; and my dearest father and mother seemed perfectly happy. Had a MS. book and note this morning from another poetess, Miss ——; and a letter from a Mr. Clarke, of Limerick, enclosing a poem of his to me (which has appeared in the Limerick paper), rather good.

19th. Called upon Miss ——, and found her (for a poetess) pretty well. Said "she was afraid I should think her a very bold girl for writing to me." * * * * * * Called this morning upon Lover, the artist, who is anxious to take my picture; but have not time. Went also with Abbot to see the machinery of the Bank, which is most curious and beautiful, and does great credit to Oldham, who presides over it, and has invented some of its most interesting contrivances. Had a letter from Lord Lansdowne to say he will be in town on Friday or Saturday.

20th. Called upon Lover with Curry and Jerry Bushe. Took us to see some pictures in Dawson Street, which were collected with a view to an Institution, but without success. A very delightful picture by Northcote of a girl riding on an ass; also Sir Joshua's portrait of Primate Robinson, very striking. Dined at Abbot's; a large party—Vallebraque and Catalani, Harry Harris, Sir Charles Geisicke of the Dublin Society, Magee of the Evening Post, Dr. Letton librarian of the D. Society, my father, mother, and Ellen, &c. Catalani took a violent fancy for my dear mother; overheard her saying to Vallebraque, *cette chère Madame Moore.* Gave me a long account, in the evening, of her quarrel and reconciliation with the King of Bavaria.

21st. Paid a visit to Mason, who has sent me, with a very flattering letter, a copy of his three-guinea book on St. Patrick's Cathedral. Went to see the Rev. Mr. Pomeroy's pictures; some of them very good indeed. Dined at Lady Morgan's: company, Lords Cloncurry and Dunsaney, Caulfield (Lord Charlemont's brother), old Hamilton Rowan, and Burne the barrister. The style of the dinner quite *comme il faut.* Lord Cloncurry mentioned his having interceded with Lord Wellesley for the pardon of a man who had been, with several others, found guilty of a murder at Athy, but who, there was every reason to think, was completely innocent. A priest, riding up to Dublin, for the same purpose of intercession, died on his arrival from the over-haste with which he had travelled. Lady Morgan mentioned, that Owen had brought her one day a pattern of the sort of short tunic or shift which he meant the people of his parallelograms to wear, hinting, as a secret, that this was only a preparatory step to their not wearing any clothing at all: she hung it up, she said, in her drawing-room, to exhibit it. In the evening a most crowded soirée—Ladies Cloncurry, Cecilia Latouche, &c. Lady Clark's little girls sung with an Italian, and I also sung two or three songs. Introduced to Mr. Hughes, the American Minister to Sweden, who has been here a few days. Catalani came late; and I took flight on her appearance, seeing strong symptoms of being asked to sing for her. Took leave of Corry this morning, who starts for Wales to-morrow.

22nd. Called upon Joe Atkinson, &c., &c. Saw Henry Webster, who has been down to the county Wicklow to communicate to Lord Wellesley the time of Lord Lansdowne's arrival. Thinks Lord L. ought to go down to him before his departure, and wished that I should go with him, as Lord Wellesley has expressed a regret at his not being in town to see me. Was anxious I should translate some Greek ode he had, &c., &c. Dined at home with my dear family. Went to walk in the Rotunda Gardens in the evening, but being alone could not stand the staring I had to encounter; one man, whom I did not at all know, seized my hand, and held it while he made me a speech. Was off in a few minutes: should like to have sauntered there a little longer, listening to the music, as the scene altogether brought back young days of courtship and carelessness to my mind. Heard, in passing their hotel, that the Lansdownes had arrived.

23rd. Called upon the Lansdownes. He goes down to Lord Wellesley to-morrow, and will sail certainly on Monday. Begged him,

if Lord W. mentioned me, to say how flattered I had been by his kind messages. Went to the theatre, but did not arrive till the curtain was falling; saw Catalani in her dressing-room, and handed her to her carriage; a crowd outside waiting to see her, who said "God bless you!" as she passed.

24th (Sunday). Breakfasted with Abbot, who gave me the "Anti-Union," Scully's "Penal Laws," &c. Took my old portmanteau to Milliken's, that he may pack in it the books I have bought, and send it after me; found Rees there, who kindly asked me did I want any money. A note from Lady Lansdowne, to say that they mean to set off for Howth this evening at eight, and will take me if I choose; otherwise, I may join them there in the morning. Determined on having the last evening with my friends at home, and ordered a bed at Morrison's, in order to be nearer the Howth coach in the morning. Dined at home; packed up after dinner, took my farewell supper with them, and off for Morrison's.

25th. Coach called for me at a quarter after seven. Skinner, in whose packet we sail, the only passenger in it. Told me of the havoc these English commissioners are making in the Post Office. So much the better; it is the great seat of Orangeism; and Lord Wellesley says he *knows* that all the libels against him, during the late row, were circulated *gratuitously* through the medium of the Post Office. Found Lord and Lady L. aboard. Took immediately to my berth, and was in Holyhead in about seven hours, where we dined, and set off immediately afterwards for the first stage, Mona House.

26th. Stopped at Bangor Ferry, Lord L. having a letter to Mr. Wilson, the director of the works of the bridge, to show and explain the operations to us. Enormous undertaking, and never, I think, to be completed, though there seems, as yet, no doubt entertained of its success! It is a little extraordinary, however, that, according to Mr. Wilson's account, they have not yet made up their minds as to the mode of carrying the chains across, the great, and, in my mind, insurmountable difficulty. Went down into the rock, where the pins or bars, by which the chains hold, are fixed. Arrived to dinner at Llangollen, in the beautiful inn overhanging the water; my bedroom commanded the same view. Much amused with the folly of those who have scribbled in the book kept here. Among the late transits was one which called up rather melancholy thoughts; "Earl and Countess of Bective, Lord Taylor (the infant), and Master G. Dalton," in her hand-writing.

27th. Off early, and arrived in the evening to dinner at Worcester. Sauntered by myself through the town a little afterwards. Lord L. mentioned an amusing blunder of Madame de Staël's, when in England, in mistaking Charles Long for Sergeant Lens (who had just refused some situation from the Government), and complimented Long (who is the most determined placeman in England) on his disinterestedness.

28th. Walked with Lady Lansdowne after breakfast to a china-shop, where Lord L. afterwards joined us. On Lady L.'s buying a pretty pastile-burner for herself (price, a guinea), Lord L. bought the fellow of it for Bessy, and bid me give it to her from him. Went out of our way a little for the purpose of seeing the beautiful view from Froster, which is of the finest kind of English prospects, extensive, rich, cultivated, animated, with a noble river wafting numerous sails through its hedge-rows and corn-fields. By some mistake at Gloucester we were sent wrong, and lost about ten miles of our road. Met at Malmesbury by Lord L.'s horses, and near Chippenham by Lord Kerry, riding. At Chippenham I parted with them, and took a chaise for Sloperton, where I arrived between seven and eight, and found Bessy and her little ones, thank Heaven, quite well. Thus ended one of the pleasantest journeys altogether I have ever taken. It is in travelling with people that one comes to know them most thoroughly, and I must say, that for every good quality both of temper and mind, for the power of enjoying what was enjoyable, and smoothing all that was disagreeable (though this latter quality, it is true, was rarely put to the trial), for ready attention to whatever was said or proposed, and for those *piacevoli e bei ragionamenti*, which make (as Ariosto says) the roughest way seem short, I have never met any two persons more remarkably distinguished than those I have just travelled with.

29th, 30th, &c. &c. Set about reading for the little work upon Ireland, which I mean to

despatch; must work for Power too. Borrowed "Wakefield upon Ireland" from Lord Lansdowne, who, in sending it to me, begged I would look over it as speedily as I could, because, with all its faults, it was his dictionary of reference on many subjects which he had to correspond about with his agents, &c.

9th. Lord L. called just as we were preparing to set off to Devizes to dine with the Hugheses. Said he had read my translation from Catullus of the "Pæninsularum Sirmio" (which I had mentioned to him as, in my own opinion, pretty well done), and expressed himself highly pleased with it. Company at Hugheses, Col. Hull, and Mr. Mayo, the chaplain of the jail. Col. H. said that the missionaries were laughed at in the East Indies, and the few wretched creatures of whom they made converts nicknamed "Company's Christians." Came overland from India. In crossing the Desert he and his two friends brought a good supply of Sneyd's claret, and used to finish a magnum or two every evening. Sneyd's claret in the Desert! times are altered.

10th. Sent an Irish Melody to Power yesterday, beginning "When vanquish'd Erin," to the tune of the "Boyne Water," which I have long wished to give a different *colour* to; this is *green* enough.

11th. Reading hard and fast upon Irish subjects. Just finished "Newenham," which I borrowed from Lord L. on sending him back "Wakefield."

12th. Dined at the Lansdownes. The Phippses took, as company, besides them and ourselves, the Bowleses, the Joys, and the Duncans. Bowles's comical description of "Young *Angel* riding after a red herring" very amusing at dinner. Mr. Duncan mentioned, that Blackstone has preserved the name of the judge to whom Shakspeare alludes in the gravedigger's argument, "If the water comes to the man, &c.;" must see this. Sung in the evening. On Bessy telling Bowles that Mrs. Phipps and she meant to go hear him preach some Sunday, he asked us all over to breakfast and dinner to morrow. Agreed to go.

13th. Set off at nine in Phipps's carriage. Bowles took for his text (as he promised yesterday he would) the "impotent man" at the Pool of Bethesda; sermon very interesting. Showed us about his place afterwards. I took a volume of Johnson's "Poets" with me, and walked through the fields to Calne till dinner-time. Lord Lansdowne came to dinner. In looking over the library, I mentioned that it was singular enough that Sir J. Browne, the exposer of vulgar errors, should himself have been a witness on a trial for witchcraft, and given testimony to the existence of witches in Germany. Bowles said he had discovered in the names that occur throughout the "Tales of the Genii" the anagrams of those of some of the author's (Ridley's) friends. I cannot, however, perceive any of them.

17th. Received my books after dinner, and amused both Bessy and myself by reading over in the "Anthologia Hibernica" poems I sent to it when I was but twelve and thirteen years of age. "Our esteemed correspondent, "T. M.," diverted Bessy exceedingly. Received a note from Lord L., sending me the last volumes of "Las Casas," and asking me to fix a day to dine.

18th. Read four of the Irish pamphlets since last night. Walked into Devizes in order to draw for 100*l.* at three months, on the Longmans. Got an order for 42*l.* of it to send to Bath, to pay the half-year of Anastasia's schooling. Found Mr. and Mrs. Hughes come to dinner with us on my return home. Walked to Phipps's with Bessy in the evening making about twelve or thirteen miles to-day.

19th. Sent off an Irish Melody to Power, beginning "Quick! we have but a second!" Reading pamphlets on Irish affairs; M'Nevin's "Pieces of History," Curry's Reviews, &c. &c.

20th to 23rd. Have begun writing my "Irish Tour," but get on very slowly, though I was in hopes I should be able to dispatch it in a few weeks, and get back to "Sheridan."

24th. Walked to Bowood; found them at home, and took a long walk with them and Oakden across the park to the Calne road. Lord L. mentioned a book called "A Journey to the Moon," which he had given a commission for at the Fonthill sale. The man's method of flying to the moon was by means of little phials filled with dew, which he hung about him. and which were exhaled up by the morning sun, and carried him with them. Lord L. said it had given the idea of Swift's "Gulliver;" but I mentioned Lucinus's "True History" as the original of all this class of fictions. Talked of "The Journey Underground," &c.

25th. Sent an Irish Melody to Power, beginning "Sweet Innisfail."

27th. Started for Melksham on foot at seven, in order to catch the Bath coach. Bessy to join Mrs. P.'s carriage. Arrived at Bath between eleven and twelve; breakfasted at the York House, and went thence to my dear Anastasia, whom I found in trouble. Great complaints against her from the schoolmistress for inattention to her lessons. Perceived the schoolmistress had mistaken her disposition, and supposes that it is obstinacy prevents the child from answering what she knows; when, in fact, it is the confusion arising from a strong feeling of reproof or disgrace that puts all her ideas to flight, and makes her incapable of any thing while she is in that state. Lectured my dear little girl very gravely as I walked with her to meet her mamma, who also was as serious as she could be about it, though feeling all the while, with me, that the schoolmistress had (as she herself used to do) mistaken the child's disposition. Home at seven.

28th. Wrote away as fast as my slow *prose* pen would let me. The Awdreys came to take leave, and Miss Awdrey gave me a pretty sketch she has made of the cottage. In the evening took Tom a long walk with me.

October 1st. Dined at Bowood. Fellowes called to take me. Rev. — Ashe and his pretty daughter, and two other persons. Talked of the sepulchres of the Hungerfords at Farley (Colonel Houlton's place). The bodies preserved in pickle. The shoulder of a Lady Margaret of the family uncovered, and found firm and white. An antiquarian introduced a quill into it, in order to extract some of the pickle, and taste it, which he did; and his only remark was, that it was "very stimulant." Talked of Beckford; the passion he and some other men have had for the mere spending of money. Johnes of Hafôd in Wales delighted when he heard his magnificent house was burnt down, because the sum for which he insured it (30,000*l.*) would be forthcoming, and he could begin to spend again. Lord L.'s new statue (by Westmacott) of the beggar woman and child just arrived; gave 500 guineas for it.

2nd. Wrote three verses of an Irish Melody for Power, beginning "'Twas one of those dreams," and sent it up to him; also a page or two of my Irish work. Walked about all day, and enjoying the fresh sunny weather.

3rd. Walked over with Bessy and Mrs. Phipps to call upon our new neighbours, the Starkeys.

4th. Left home at three to walk to Buckhill, before my dinner at Bowood. An Irishman, who called upon me some days ago to beg I would get some "ginteel situation" for him, has just written to me from Bristol to say that he came from Ireland expressly with the sole hope of my assisting him, and that he now has not money enough to pay his passage back again. Begged of Hughes to let his agent at Bristol pay the man's passage, and see him on board. Met Lady Lansdowne and Lady Cawdor in the lane to the school, returning from their drive. Lady L. gave me the key of the grounds to walk through on my way back. A glorious evening: walked backwards and forwards in the lane for half an hour, observing the effect of the setting sun upon the foliage. Company at dinner, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Mr. Grenville, and the Bowleses. Felt rather a restraint at dinner from the little *hitch* there has been between me and Mr. Grenville about Sheridan's letters. In talking of ghost stories, Lord L. told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, *Si j'y crois? oui, et même je le suis;* and instantly vanished. Bowles very amusing; his manner of pronouncing Catalani's speech about Sheridan at Oxford, that he had *beaucoup de talent, et très peu de beauté*, convulsed us all with laughter. Mr. Grenville mentioned that the last Mrs. Sheridan used to say, "As to my husband's talents, I will not say anything about them, but I *will* say that he is the handsomest and honestest man in all England." Bowles told the ghost story from Giraldus Cambrensis. An archdeacon of extraordinary learning and talents, and who was a neighbour of Giraldus, and with whom he lived a good deal, when they were one day talking about the disappearance of the demons on the birth of Christ, said, "It is very true, and I remember on that occasion I *hid myself* in a well."

5th. Meant to have walked home to see Bess, but the morning too wet. After breakfast, being alone with Mr. Grenville, broached the delicate subject of Sheridan, by saying that I had some letters of his (Mr. G.'s) which I should long since have sent to him but for the hurry in which I was obliged to leave England. This brought on a conversation about S., in which I found him very kind and communicative. S. after his marriage lived at a cottage at Burnham (East or West, I don't know which); and at a later period of his life, when he and Mrs. S. were not on the most peaceable terms, Mr. Grenville has heard him saying half to himself, "Sad, that former feelings should have so completely gone by. Would anything bring them back? Yes, perhaps the gardens at Bath and the cottage at East Burnham might." Was very agreeable when a young man, full of spirits and good-humoured; always disguising his necessities and boasting of the prosperity of his views. His jealousy of Mrs. S. more from vanity than affection. Fox took a strong fancy to her, which he did not at all disguise; and Mr. G. said it was amusing to see the struggle between Sheridan's great admiration of, and deference to, Fox, and the sensitive alarm he felt at his attentions to her. At the time that Mr. G. and his brother left Bath to go to Dublin, old Sheridan was acting there; and Lord Townsend (the Lord Lieutenant), wishing that they should see him in "King John," ordered that play; but on the morning of the representation, wrote them a note to say he had just had a letter from Mr. Sheridan, informing him that he had been thrown out of his carriage the day before, and had strained his shoulder so violently, that it was *impossible* for him to act King John,—but rather than the young gentleman should be disappointed, he would appear in a comedy, and play, as well as he could, "Sir Charles Easy." This a joke of Lord Townsend's. Great Queen Street was where S. lived when he became connected with the theatre. Story of the "Manufacturer of Shows" from Stafford, who was witness on a petition against Lord Auckland's Commercial Treaty with Ireland. Story of the elector asking S. for a frank, and another doing the same immediately, saying, "I don't see why I'm not to have a frank as well as John Thompson." "What direction shall I put upon it?" said Sheridan. "The same as John Thompson's, to be sure." Thinks S. used, when a young fellow, to pick up a guinea or two by writing for newspapers, which is confirmed by the fragments of letters of this kind among his papers. Lived at a coffee-house in Maiden Lane. Is this "the Bedford" to which I find Grenville's and other letters directed? Mr. Grenville heard Erskine ask Fox, the day before his (E.'s) first speech in the House of Commons, what kind of coat he thought he had best wear on the occasion, and whether a black one would be best. Fox answered him with perfect gravity, and said, "As he was oftenest seen in black, that would be perhaps the best colour," but laughed heartily when he went away. I showed him and Lord L. an item in the Index to Wakefield's "Ireland," where it is quietly said, "Catholics will in a few years exterminate the Protestants." At dinner it was mentioned that Lord Alvanly said Sir William Scott was like a conceited Muscovy duck, which is excellent; better than Canning's comparison, who said he was like a turtle in a martingale. Mr. G. described Lord North's method of looking through his notes when he had lost the thread of his discourse, talking in his oratorical voice all the while, "It is not on this side of the paper, Mr. Speaker, neither is it on the other side." In talking of Mirabeau, Lord L. said he had been told by Maury, that one time when Mirabeau was answering a speech of his, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, *Je m'en vais renfermer M. Maury dans un cercle vicieux;* upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, *Comment! veux-tu m'embrasser?* which had the effect of utterly disconcerting Mirabeau. In the evening wrote out some verses in Lady L's album, and sung with Lady Cawdor. Slept there. Upon my expressing my intention of going before breakfast in the morning, Lady L. insisted I should not.

6th. Stayed breakfast, and set out soon after; Lord L. having asked me to come over again the end of the week, to meet Lord John who is coming, and the Knight of Kerry. Mr. Grenville and I parted most amiably. Visits from the Starkeys and Henry Joy on my return; the latter to ask me to dine with him on Wednesday.

7th. Wrote letters, and sauntered about in

the sweet sunshine all the rest of the day, stringing together a few (*very* few) sentences of my Irish work.

9th. Phipps drove me to Bath to see my dear Anastasia. A dreadful thunder-storm on our way: took shelter in a public-house. My dear little girl quite well, and everything cleared up between her and her school-mistress; stayed some time with her. Lunched at Phipps's mother's. Went to different shops to look after a lamp which I wish to purchase for my study, and left Bath at past three.

10th. Bessy and Mrs. P. drove to Devizes in our little carriage with a pony hired of a carpenter in our neighbourhood. Have determined to change the plan of my Irish work, and make it a "History of Captain Rock and his Ancestors," which may be more livelily and certainly more easily done. But all I have already written, by this change, goes for nothing.

11th. Read O'Hallaran's "History of Ireland" for my new plan, and wrote a little.

12th. While dressing to walk to Bowood, Lord John came. Sent away his horses and we walked there by Chitway; delighted with the country round me, the day being most favourable for it. Much talk about Ireland; told him my plans for a work on the subject. Company at dinner, Lord Aberdeen and Rogers (who came together from Lord Bathurst's), Abercromby and his son, Lady Harriet Frampton (sister to Lady L.) and her daughter, Mr. Strangways, brother to Lady L., and Lord John. Dinner rather noisy; very little conversation. The evening somewhat better. Told Lady L. of an extract I saw from a work on the genealogy of the Earls of Kerry, mentioning the fondness which Thomas, the first Earl, had for Kerry-stone buttons, and giving some poetry commemorative of said buttons. Lord John mentioned that, when in Spain, an ecclesiastic he met told him of a poor Irishman who had lately been travelling there, to whom he had an opportunity of showing some kindness; but from the Irishman not knowing Spanish they were obliged to converse in Latin. On taking his leave, the grateful Hibernian knelt down and said to the Churchman, *Da mihi* beneficium *tuum*. "No, no," replied the other, "I have done as much as I could for you, but *that* is rather too much." Talked of McDiarmid's "Lives of Statesmen;" R. praised his account of Lord Strafford. Of Gilpin's writings; his "Life of Cranmer." The unfitness of Cranmer for the scenes he was thrown into; his elegant habits; wearing gloves at supper whenever he did not mean to eat anything. Spoke of Lingard's "History of England;" reign of Philip and Mary very curious. Allen has detected him (it seems) in falsifying, or rather giving a false colour to, his authorities; particularly about the vices of the clergy, which he contrives to suppress or soften off. This is, I suppose, in the Reports of the state of the monasteries made in the time of Henry VIII. * * * Allen's hatred to the Swiss for their late conduct to the *exiles*. Wishes he could get musicians to play the "Ranz des Vaches" all through London to see if it would have the effect imputed to it of sending them all home. I looked over Murphy's "Arabian Antiquities of Spain." The apartments of the Alhamra or Alhambra (for he spells it both ways), though they look so imposing in engravings, are all very small. One of the fine buildings of Grenada given is a coal-house, *Casa de Carbon*, House of Charcoal. Asked Lord John as to his progress in the work he has been employed in. Promised to let me read what he has done. Slept there.

13th. Read some of McDiarmid's "Life of Lord Strafford" before breakfast. Some talk with Abercromby about it; agreed with me, that though one could not help admiring the vigor and talent with which Lord S. carried on his government in Ireland, it was the duty of an historian to reprobate the violent principles upon which it was all founded, and to speak of it in the softened tone McD. did, was more culpable than even the original commission of the wrongs, as the latter had, at least, the excuse of passions, ambition, &c. &c. A good deal of conversation after breakfast, arising from Southey's remark in his "History of the War in Spain and Portugal," that Pitt and Fox were both overrated men. I said Lord Chatham's was a fame much more independent of party and circumstance than theirs; that there were several men in their time nearly equal to them in debate, and superior to them in general talents; but, that Lord Chatham stood out from the canvass of his age alone. Nor was he indebted, as each of them was, to

to the adoption of his name by a party for that kind of corporate celebrity which such an association always gives. Lord Aberdeen rather contested all these points with me. Rogers produced some English verses of Lord Grenville's, to the surprise of all the party, who seemed to agree that he was one of the least poetical men they could point out. The verses were a paraphrastic translation of the lines at the beginning of the "Inferno," *O degli altri poeti onore e lume*, and very spiritedly done. After luncheon, went with Lord John to his room to look over the MS. of his French work. Walked out with him and Rogers. R. complained of the disposition of the walk along the water, without any trees between to break the view of it into glimpses; said he had been talking to Lord L. about it, but in vain. Sung a little for Lady Harriet Frampton and her daughter before dinner. Sung in the evening. Lord Aberdeen produced a fac-simile (which Mr. Bankes has sent him) of two or three lines from a papyrus MS. of Homer, found lately wrapped round a mummy. Must be older than any of those we have, though they have accents, which are looked upon by some to be a modern invention.

14th. Got up early and walked home before breakfast. Morning delicious. Brought away Lord John's MS. with me, and read some of it. Rather too heavy and prolix in some parts, particularly his account of the Jansenists and Jesuits; but the anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV., and his character of the nobility of that time, very striking and interesting. Put pencil-marks where I thought the style wanted mending. Wrote some of my "Captain Rock." After dinner walked with Bessy to the village, and left her to drink tea with the Falkeners. A kind letter from Croker today, sending me a large Paris *affiche* of my publications, which he thought might amuse me.

15th. Various disturbances. Could do but little. Took Bessy to Bowood to dinner, she looking uncommonly well. Company the same, with the addition of the Barings and the Knight of Kerry. Was glad to see Lord John took Bessy out to dinner, as I knew she would feel more comfortable with him. Day very agreeable. Have seldom seen my dear girl in better looks, and her plain barège gown particularly becoming. Told me in coming home that all the women admired it exceedingly, and were very kind to her. Lord L. asked me to come to breakfast in the morning, as the Knight of Kerry is obliged to leave them.

16th. Set off for Bowood at nine. Rogers came half-way to meet me; very agreeable and in high good humour. After breakfast heard the various criticisms on Cockerell's door to the new chapel. Baring agreed with Mr. Grenville's remark, that the door would look neater if the *small* knots were removed. Rogers thought they ought to be of the same colour as the wood, which the ancients would have made them by having the whole in brass, as the door of the Pantheon is. The door-case is copied exactly from a temple in Athens. Conversation about the architects, Cockerell, Smirke, and Wilkins; the first and last too little acquainted with the common part of their art, the conveniences, &c., of a house; and Smirke, on the contrary, too much hacked and vulgarised by the common part to succeed as he ought in the ornamental; a combination of the two would be perfection. The Knight of Kerry, after breakfast, told me of a curious dialogue which Lord Wellesley mentioned to him as having passed between Archbishop Magee and himself. Magee, in protesting against the Tithe Bill, and other innovations on the Church of Ireland, said that the fate of the English Church was involved in that of the Irish one. "Pardon me," says Lord Wellesley, "the two Churches differ materially; for instance, the English bishops wear wigs, and you don't wear any. I'll *wig* you if you don't take care." The knight seemed to think he did right in employing this *persiflage*, as the best method of getting rid of Magee's remark. Lord L. wanted me to stay dinner, but I promised to come to-morrow. Saw Rogers and Lord Aberdeen off to Longleat, and returned home to dinner, having, before I came away, pointed out to Lord John the alterations both in the plan and particular passages in his work which seemed to me necessary. Very sleepy in the evening, and could do nothing but read over Leland's "History of Ireland," which Lady L. lent me. My Irish harp arrived from Ireland, and a little one of two octaves with it for Anastasia.

17th. Finished a verse of an Irish Melody and dispatched it to Power; did nothing else. Dined at Bowood; the Barings, Abercrombies, and Lord John, with the addition of George

Forteseue. Said that Canning and Lord Sidmouth had been at Cirencester (Lord Bathurst's), before he left it; Canning very absent and silent. In talking of the way in which any criticism or ridicule spoils one's enjoyment ever after of even one's most favourite passages, I mentioned a ludicrous association suggested to me about a passage in Haydn's "Creation," which always recurs to me to disturb my delight at it. In that fine *morceau*, "God said, Let there be light," there is between these words and the full major swell, into which the modulation bursts upon "and there was light," a single note of the violin, which somebody said was to express the "striking of the flint." After dinner Lady Lansdowne said to me, in remarking upon the good looks Bessy is in now, "How *very* pretty she is! it's quite refreshing to see any thing so pretty." Was escaping about ten o'clock, but George Fortescue came after me with a deputation, as he said, from the ladies, to beg I would sing one song before I went. Returned and sung a good deal. Walked home. Quite an Italian moonlight.

19th. Set off at about eleven in my little pony carriage, with the carpenter's pony, and the carpenter himself to drive me. Arrived, by dint of hard beating, in three hours at Warminster. Took a chaise there, and got to Bennet's before six. Company at dinner, Heber, Sir Alexander Mallet, and Miss Partridge, and the Phippses. Heber said he had heard from Dr. Henley (who wrote the notes upon "Vathek"), that the foundation of this romance was certainly some Persian manuscripts, which came into Beckford's possession, and which he translated into French as an exercise. Do not believe this; the design, as well as style, is all western. In talking of false quantities, mentioned an instance of Sir J. Mackintosh pronouncing *ludicra* with the *i* short, in a quotation from Virgil, *neque enim levia aut ludicra petuntur præmia.* Canning's horror when Heber mentioned it to him. Mackintosh's defence was that he had "decomposed" it; *i. e.*, made prose of it. In talking of Lord Grenville's verses, said that he had seen a good many of his Latin verses; mentioned particularly his verses on the death of his dog Tippoo; also some verses of Pitt's, made in conjunction with Canning, on Sir F. Eden.

20th. Set off to walk to Fonthill between eleven and twelve o'clock. No sale going on to-day, being Monday. Very much struck by the singularity and fancifulness of the Abbey. The ascent up the stairs at the grand entrance particularly striking, and the effect of the *coup d'œil* above and around, as you stand under the lantern, quite new and beautiful. Went up to the top of the tower, and sat on the chimney to look at the extensive prospect. Took luncheon in the servants' hall, which is converted into a coffee-room by the *restaurant* from Bath, who has established himself here. Several parties at different tables in this dark vaulted place gave quite the idea of banditti. Walked about the grounds, and caught several beautiful views of the Abbey, combined with the woods, and the small lake in a little valley under it. Met Hallam, and Mr. Addington (Lord Sidmouth's nephew), who had come express from London to see it. Benet asked them to dinner, which rejoiced me, as it gave the rational talkers a majority. Heard an imitation of a storm on the organ; very wonderful; done in the manner of the Abbé Vogler. Walked home in time to dress for dinner. Talked of Latin verses; those of Jortin's, *Quæ te sub tenerâ.* Whether the couplet beginning, *Tu cave Lathæo*, or *Te sequar*, should be the concluding one. The former certainly is better for an ending, from its point and workmanship, but the natural flow of feeling is in favour of *Te sequar* being the conclusion. Mentioned some Latin verses quoted by Taylor in his "Holy Living," which he never could find out the source of, addressed to Pancharilla. Said I believed they were Bonifonius's, that being, if I recollect right, the name of his poetical mistress. Hallam mentioned some pretty verses by Markham, in the "Adventurer," which I must look for. H. told of a quotation of Pitt's, one day at dinner, when Canning, and, I believe, Frere, were trying *par méchanceté* to get G. Ellis to speak of the "Rolliad;" he having, in his time of Whiggery, written in it, and the severe character of Pitt being from his pen. Pitt, from the upper part of the table, overhearing their efforts to introduce the subject, leaned across and said to G. Ellis, *Immo, age, et a primâ dic, hospes, origine nobis.* The *hospes* here very happy, as addressed to a new convert. He might, too, have gone on to *erroresque tuos.* Talking of Sheridan's

habit of borrowing other people's jokes, H. mentioned some one having said, "I don't know how it is, a thing that falls flat from me seems quite an excellent joke when given at second-hand by Sheridan. I never like my own *bon mots* till he adopts them." Endeavoured to sing in the evening to a wretched pianoforte, four notes of which were (as Sir A. Mallet said) "in Chancery."

21st. Rose early, and breakfasted with Phipps before the rest of the company, in order to drive over and see Wardour, Lord Arundel's place. Day delicious. Fine ruin of the castle which Lady Blanche defended. Her picture in the house; very feminine-looking. A portrait of Hugo Grotius, too, very different from what I had conceived him, fat and rubicund: the chest must have been of no common size in which he effected his escape from prison. The chapel at Wardour very handsome. Home in time to attend the ladies to the sale at Fonthill. Stayed there till five. In coming away the setting sun lighted up the windows of the Abbey most beautifully. Immediately after dinner set off for the Abbey to see it illuminated; went in the carriage with the five ladies. The effect of the octagon and the lantern very striking, and with a sufficiency of light, the whole would be magnificent. Introduced to Lady Arundel, as I was to-day at the sale, by his own wish, to Lord Arundel. Told ghost stories to the ladies all the way home. Got Mrs. Benet to let me have a cup and saucer out of a broken set she bought, in order to take home some little memorial of Fonthill to Bessy. Regret so much she could not come here with me.

22nd. Up at seven, and set off in a chaise for Warminster, taking with me several volumes on tithes, which Benet has lent me, besides his own Controversy on the same subject with Archdeacon Coxe. By the by, Heber repeated to me, in going up to bed last night, some pretty verses of Cyril Jackson's, in which he talks of *Curtatis Decimis*.

24th. Tom's birth-day. He was to have had a party on the occasion, and to have celebrated in due form his inauguration into breeches, which takes place this day; but the illness of Hannah prevents all but the assumption of the *toga virilis*, in which he is at this moment strutting about, as proud as any five-year old gentleman in the kingdom. Mr. Britton to breakfast. Showed me a sketch-book of Thomas Hope's, full of beautiful bits of architecture from Italy. Wrote some of my Irish work. A letter from Anastasia, who is much better, and (like a true little Irish girl) thanks mamma "for *putting* off Tom's *birth-day* for her." Sauntered about in the sweet valley of Chitway, enjoying all the sunniness and leafiness that still lingers around us so deliciously. Wrote in the evening.

28th. Bessy went to Bath for Anastasia. Walked to pay a visit to the Starkeys. The Dr. asked me to dine, and I did; amused with his odd stories of himself after dinner. Home early, and found Bessy and her little ones fast asleep in bed. Looked at them and blessed them. Saw that 'Statia was looking as well as ever.

29th. Insisted upon having the nurse into the house for Russell to sleep with, as Bessy has brought on, by her restless nights with him, the erysipelas she suffered so much with in Paris, from the same cause with Tom.

30th. Tremendous weather. Sent off to Power, either yesterday or to-day, words to a Spanish air, beginning "Oh, the joys of our evening Posada." Walked through the storm to Phipps's and got completely wet. Wanted me to stay and sleep, but refused, and ventured out through such a night as has seldom been witnessed. To add to the horrors, lost my way, and was obliged to retrace my steps for a considerable distance in the very teeth of the tempest, fearing every moment that my lantern would be blown out, in which event I should have to wander about till morning.

31st. The havoc of last night visible every where. Trees blown down in all directions. Bath coaches endeavouring to come this way, instead of their customary road, but obliged to return. Read and wrote. Saw a tree which had fallen over the path I came last night. An Horatian escape this!

November 1st. Read and wrote.

2nd. Walked with Bessy in the evening, and called upon the Starkeys.

3rd. Had a pony from Calne to try; and Bessy and Mrs. Phipps drove to Buckhill. Walked on before them, and as far as the Park; and took 'Statia to call upon Lady Lansdowne, who showed me a good epigram Lord L. had sent her from London; the two last lines of which are,—

"D'Angoulême se donne à Dieu
Et Donnadieu se donne au Diable."

Walked from thence with 'Statia to leave her with mamma at Buckhill, and returned myself home on foot. The pony does very well: think of exchanging my other for her, if I can manage it.

4th. The celebration of Tom's birth-day, which was deferred till to-day, again frustrated by the bad weather; none of the children came, nor any body but the Phippses, who dined and supped. Played with our little ones in the evening.

5th. Had promised Bowles to go and dine with him to-day, but the weather so bad, that it was impossible to venture in my gig; so gave up all thoughts of it, and dined with Bess at two. A little after four, however, arrived a chaise ordered by Bowles; so was obliged to go. Company at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Lysons and their two daughters (from Gloucestershire), Mr. Clarke (the Winchester man, who wrote a pamphlet against Brougham on the Education question) and his wife and Mr. Hume, the Vicar of Calne. Day very pleasant; music in the evening. Mr. L. and one of his daughters sung duets. "God save the King," it seems, has been at last ascertained to have been composed by a man of the name of John Bull in the time of James I. The pretty melody sung in churches to the "Evening Hymn" was composed, Bowles says, by Tallis, the famous musician in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward, and Mary, whose responses to the Litany are still performed in the cathedral service. Talked of the beautiful words there are to some of Purcell's things; the four following lines charming:—

"We heard the nightingale, the lark,—
And all around seemed blithe and gay;
We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,
And nothing mourned but parting day."

Mrs. L. and her daughters sung "Verdi prati" to the English words. Slept there, as did the Lysonses.

6th. The L.'s started after breakfast. Tried over some of Purcell's songs for Bowles; one that I sung at first sight rather surprised him; and with "Mad Bess" he was enchanted. Said my performance of these things (he being all for the old school) had elevated his opinion of my musical powers exceedingly. Proposed to him to undertake with me a set of biographical notices of these old composers; said he would. Looked over Hooker for the splendid passage about Law; found it near the beginning. Looked over J. Taylor's "Living and Dying" for a fine passage about the setting sun, which Mrs. Bowles says Irving has borrowed in one of his sermons. Could not find it; but discovered in Irving the extraordinary description of Paradise, in which he introduces an allusion to me; "Angels, not like those Three, sung by no holy mouth." His own Paradise, however, almost as naughty a one as either I or Mahomet could invent. Set off for home between two and three, and arrived to dinner. Find that the man with whom I wished to swap ponies requires five pounds with mine.

7th. Sent to the man to offer *four* pounds: says that my servant mistook him, and that it is *six* pounds he requires, allowing but six guineas for mine, which cost me thirteen: the poor man's luck always. Sent off to Power a song, words and music by myself; "Let thy joys alone."

8th. Read and wrote. Made up my mind to give the six pounds, and sent William with it; so that my new pony now stands me in about twenty pounds.

10th. Working away; find my Irish work more troublesome than I expected from the historical detail I have undertaken at the beginning of it.

14th. Bessy drove over to Buckhill to ask them to the reliques of yesterday. Hughes and his daughter came, and Mrs. P. Sent a song to Power, beginning, "Being weary of love."

15th. Dined at Phipps's; though Bessy at first refused, this being her birth-day, and it having long been a fancy of hers that she was to die at the age of thirty, which she completed to-day. Company, the Bowleses, Lockes, Dr. Starkey, Mr. Fisher, Edmonston, &c.

16th. My dear girl, who acknowledged that the fancy about her dying at thirty had haunted her a good deal, gave me a letter which she had written to me in contemplation of this event; full of such things as, in spite of my efforts to laugh at her for her nonsense, made me cry. Went to church. Dr. Starkey offered us the pew the Hughses used to occupy.

23rd. Read and wrote. Have received a portrait of my dear mother to match that of my

father; and though it does not do her justice, there is, in particular lights, enough of resemblance to make it very precious to me.

28th. Bessy drove me to Buckhill, where the Bowleses met me in their carriage. Arrived with them in Bath at about half past two. Raining all day. Walked to see my dearest Anastasia, and found her quite well. The Knight of Kerry had come the day before, to ask her to dine with his children, and accompany them to the opera. Called upon the Knight, and thanked Mrs. F. for her kindness to my little girl. Dined with the Bowleses at the White Hart, and B. would give me a bottle of claret. To the opera in the evening, where my greatest pleasure was looking at Anastasia, in the front of a box opposite to us. Opera, "Il Turco;" Ronzi de Begnis charming.

29th. Breakfasted with the Knight of Kerry. Thence to Anastasia. Performed some commissions and started with the Bowleses at one. A good deal of conversation about the religion of the Church of England. James's introduction of the words "verily and indeed" into the Catechism, respecting the Eucharist, unlucky, as amounting very much to the same thing as the Popish belief. The scholastic word Trinity introduced lately into Christianity and productive of much mischief. In the contest with the Unitarians, Athanasius's Creed is one of the weapons which the Church wields as authentic, though considering it all the time a forgery. Owned that these inconsistencies were unlucky. Does not think Locke was inclined to Arianism; praised his preface to the Epistles. Arrived at Buckhill about four, and found my little gig in waiting. Hughes, who had been asked to meet me at Dr. Starkey's to day, came with us, and (as there was no time for me to go home to dress) we proceeded straight to Bromham. Company, the Phippses, Hughes, and ourselves. The P.'s left us at home at night.

December 4th. Power arrived after breakfast. Brought me some of the things Bishop has done for the Greek work besides copies of the "Irish Melodies" and "Sacred Songs," the latter of which he wishes to have first out. My own little glee, in the Greek work, "Here while the moonlight dim," goes very prettily. Asked the Phippses to dinner, as Power had brought fish and oysters with him.

5th. Bessy drove Power through Bowood to Buckhill, while I finished some verses of the incomplete songs for him. The Phippses again dined with us, to finish the fish; also Hughes.

6th. Looked over the different works with Power. Happy to find that his zeal for the continuance of our engagement together has not the least relaxed. Made some arrangement with him to facilitate the payment of my Christmas bills. After dinner a chaise arrived, to take him to Devizes, to catch the mail. Left us at half-past five.

7th. Reading "Selden on Tithes," &c.

10th. Walked over to Bowood, to call upon Lord Lansdowne. Wrote, during my walk, a new verse to one of my "Sacred Songs." Miss Fox and Miss Vernon at Bowood. Lord L. walked the greater part of the way back with me. Showed him Croker's letter to me, begging I would ask him, in case there should exist among his papers any letters of Col. Barré's, that he would have the goodness to give me one of them, for Croker to bind up with a portrait of Barré in Cadell and Davis's Collection. Said he would look when in town, and will give one, if he has it. Says the reputation of England on the Continent has sunk considerably, with one party, for having shown an inclination to oppose them without being (as they think) able to venture; and with the other, for having given them hopes of assistance, and then left them in the lurch. The famous Gentz spoke to Wishaw in an affected tone of concern for the embarrassments that England is surrounded by, particularly in respect to the state of Ireland; and said it was rather strange that a country which took such mighty interest in the way *other* powers governed their dominions, should not have learned better how to manage her own.

11th. Sent off to Power three of the "Sacred Songs," fit for the press. Went with Phipps to dine at Walker's at Melksham, to meet my old Moorish acquaintance, Ombark. A good deal of talk at dinner about the Mahometan religion, and religion in general. In the evening looked over some sermons with Walker. Compared the strutting and labouring style of the fashionable Irving with that of Hall, the famous Leicester preacher. Read over some of the very pleasing passages in Horne's preface to his work on the Psalms: that where he compares the Psalms to the Garden of Paradise, and another, where he

speaks of the delight the task had afforded him. A little affectation in such sentences as, "very pleasantly has it," &c. &c., but altogether full of sweetness and elegance.

13th. Beautiful day. Employed about my chapter of "Tithes," but walking about the fields all the while.

14th. Received a note from Croker proposing that I should belong to a new club for literary and scientific persons, to be formed on the model of the United Service, &c. Wishes me to propose it to Lord Lansdowne also, and says, "We should not feel that we did our duty to the proposed institution if we did not express to Lord Lansdowne and to you the wish of all the present members of the committee that his Lordship and you should belong to us." Wrote my long-threatened letter to my deputy at Bermuda.

15th. Wrote a letter to Lord Byron, on his long silence to me; saying that I could not account for it unless it arose from "one of those sudden whims against the absent which I have often dreaded from him; one of those meteor-stones which generate themselves so unaccountably in the high atmosphere of his fancy, and come down upon one, some fine day, when one least expects to be so lapidated; begging, however, if I am to be in the list of the *cut dead*, he will tell me so, that I may make my funeral arrangements accordingly." Lord Lansdowne called; walked part of the way with him. Promised to dine at Bowood on Friday.

19th. Drove over to Bowood to dinner: company, Lords Malmesbury and Arundel, Bailey, a Scotch lawyer whose name I forget, Miss Fox, and Miss Vernon. In the evening Lord M. produced an original letter of Locke's to a Mrs. Springer; very prosy indeed. A curious statement also of the husband of this lady (a solicitor) having fallen down ill in the street, and a rough copy of the Exclusion Act found upon him, which, with the rest of his papers, was laid before the council. Sir Robert Sawyer, who had assisted in drawing up this Act, caught a glimpse of his own hand-writing (having interlined this very copy), and accordingly, huddling up the papers, proposed that each of the Law Officers should carry a certain portion of them home with him, in order to examine their contents more carefully, taking care that this unlucky copy should be among his own share. Talked of the correspondence between Newton and Locke, given by Stewart in his Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopedia. Lord L. read them out. The *abandon* of Newton's contrition, for having once said, upon hearing that Locke was ill, "It were better he were dead," very interesting even in its weakness. He signs himself "Your unfortunate friend." Locke's answer thought by some of our party cold and stiff, but it has, perhaps, quite sufficient kindness, with certainly a considerable portion of dignity. Verboseness is its great fault, as it is of most of Locke's writings, except (as Lord L. remarked) in a sort of a report of a debate at which he was present, inserted in his works, where he has given one of the concisest and clearest specimens of reporting that, perhaps, exist. The feeling of Newton against Locke was in consequence of the injury he thought Locke's theory of innate ideas inflicted on the cause of morality. Looked at the little casts by Hemming, a Scotch artist, of the Phigaleian and Elgin bas-reliefs. Was expected to sleep to-night, but the weather being very clear, drove home. Lord L. will belong to this new club, but bid me impress upon Croker strongly the necessity of keeping it select, as we shall otherwise be overrun with all the pretenders to literature and the arts, than whom there is not any where a more odious race.

21st. Went at two to assist at the opening of the new domestic chapel that Lord Lansdowne has built. Bessy most anxious to go, but prevented by the want of a new bonnet; Bowles's sermon much too long and desultory. The organ a very good one. Wanted me to dine, but returned home, Lord and Lady L. walking some part of the way with me.

22d. Read and wrote. Our dear Anastasia came home for the holidays. Made my first appearance on horseback for these nine or ten years. Rode to meet Bessy, who was at Devizes. Met the Phippses half way and rode back with them, the little pony going very well in company.

25th. This being Christmas Day, allowed our servants to have their friends to dinner. A large party, and most uproariously jolly in the evening. The Phippses supped with us.

26th. Abercromby (M.P. for Calne) and young Macdonnel called upon me from Bowood. Walked part of the way back with them.

A good deal of conversation about Ireland. Told them my plan of Captain Rock's Memoirs, which Abercromby said was a very "clever thought;" urged upon me the importance of setting the Rebellion of '98 in its true points of view, as an event purposely brought about by the Government. Macdonnel mentioned some curious proofs of the increase of the Catholic population in the north. Dined all at Phipps's. The same sort of Christmas party as yesterday.

28th. Drove over to Bowood to dinner: Company, Lord Auckland and sister, the Abercrombys, Macdonald (member), the Vernon Smiths, Knight of Kerry and son, &c. Dinner very agreeable; sung in the evening; slept there. Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Charles Sheridan a day or two since, which seems to throw a new difficulty in the way of my "Life of Sheridan." He still considers himself as having a claim on Murray for a share of the profits (to be given to the family), in consideration of having allowed the use of the papers, a claim which Murray is not disposed to admit.

29th. Walked home after breakfast, for the purpose of getting C. Sheridan's letter, to consult Lord L. upon it. Dinner again most agreeable. Sung a good deal in the evening; Rossini, Purcell, my own, &c. &c. Had some more talk with Abercromby about Ireland. Was happy to hear him say, that his father, if bid to select from his whole life the portion he was most proud of, would have named the time of his command in Ireland. Slept there.

30th. After breakfast had some conversation with Lord L. upon the subject of C. S.'s letter. His advice pretty much what I had anticipated: evidently of opinion that I shall have no reason to be sorry even if obliged to sacrifice all the trouble I have taken, and give up the task entirely. Much pressed to stay over to-day, but returned home to dinner. Lord Auckland, Smith, and Macdonnel walked the greater part of the way with me.

31st. Wrote to Sheridan. Had a kind letter from Jeffrey, expressing some fears lest his last to me should have contained something I did not like, as I had not answered it, and entreating me to help him out with an article or two for the next number of the "Review." This I cannot do.

1824.

January 1st. Edward Moore comes to-morrow.

2nd. Moore arrived early. Walked with him to Bowood, to give him a glimpse of the house; to Bromham Church, too. The Phippses dined to meet him, and young Starkey, the Doctor being ill with gout.

3rd. Went into Devizes (E. Moore and all) to see the gaol. Practised at the treadmill, and did not find it so very bad; to light men, with pliant limbs, it is not one tenth of the punishment it must be to those who are heavy and stiff. Moore went on to Bath. Walked home.

6th. Had a little dance in the evening for the Starkeys, Phippses, and Hugheses. Our annual present from Power of a twelfth-cake gave rise to much fun; and the whole party, children and all, remained till late.

9th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Had been asked for yesterday to meet Lord Suffolk, "whom," says Lord L. in his note, "you will find a Whig to your heart's content, if not something more," and Lord Duncan. The latter went to-day. Company, the Suffolks, and Byng, just arrived. Sung in the evening. Slept there.

10th. Meant to have returned home, but they made a point of my dining again to-day. Walked to Phipps's, where Bessy met me with the gig to take me to Devizes, it being necessary I should draw for money to-day. Left me at the foot of Devizes Hill. Drew upon Power for 150*l.* at two months. Went to some of the tradesmen to ask for their bills. Walked back to Bowood, which is about seven miles, making in all about ten or eleven, through dirty and slippery roads. The Suffolks gone, only Byng, and Lord Fitzharris, who, with his tutor, arrived to-day. Sung a little. Slept there.

11th. Returned home after breakfast, and worked a little.

15th. Dined at Hughes's at Devizes, Bessy and I, and the Phippses: company, Mr. Bingham (a nephew of Bowles's), young Awdrey, and Mr. Powell. Bingham clever and talkative. Much conversation about tithes; amount generally to near a third of the rent. Sung in the evening; so did Mr. Bingham, some of Burns's and of mine, with a good deal

of spirit. Suspect the article Miss Hughes gave me the other night, which is on vocal music and very cleverly done, to be by Bingham. It is for Bentham's new Review (the "Westminster"), and has abundance about me in it, all very flattering. Received a long letter from Abercromby about my Irish work, in which he seems to take a good deal of interest.

17th. Lady Lansdowne called to see little Russell. Asked us to dine at Bowood this day week, and insisted on sending the carriage to take us there and back.

20th. Bess had a chaise to take our dear Anastasia to Bath. In walking met Lord L. riding; he sent back his horses, and we had a long walk together. Mentioned an article in the "New Monthly," which he thought might be Luttrel's, about Voltaire and Rousseau, following up my opinion of the latter in my "Rhymes on the Road," and speaking of me with praise. This led to conversation about Voltaire; his *bonhomie*, his benevolence, and the interest he took to the last in every improvement of the condition of mankind. In talking of his religious opinions, I said that line might be applied to him, *à force d'esprit tout lui parut matière;* for he was himself the best argument against materialism that could be furnished, from the unimpaired vivacity which his mind continued to possess when his body had become merely a shadow.

24th. Dinner at Bowood: company, the Phippses, Bowleses, young Talbot, and ourselves. Day agreeable. Bowles's story about the two Catholic girls that had been Protestants, and were inclined to be converted back again. His bidding them read Chillingworth, and one of them marrying an Irish labourer, who beat Chillingworth out of the field, and kept her Catholic still, &c. &c. Talk about Chillingworth. His saying that if any one could answer his book against the Catholic Church, he should not be ashamed to show the world the example of a "second conversion," he having been originally a Papist. Neale, in his "History of the Puritans" (Bowles said), has given a false account of Laud's conduct on the condemnation of Prynne, and has suppressed what both Whitelock and Rushworth have stated of his kindness to Prynne on that occasion, and Prynne's thanking him for it. Praised Whitelock's book. Lord L. said his father had told him that one day in calling on Lord Chatham he found he had been setting his son, Pitt, to make an abstract of Whitelock's memorial as a task. How much more sensible than to set a boy to make dull Greek or Latin verses, as Lord Grenville or Lord Wellesley would probably have done!* Lord L. mentioned Whitelock's Embassy to Sweden as interesting, though little read. He gives a minute account of the proposal of the embassy to him, of his conversation with Mrs. Whitelock abed about it, &c. &c. Sang a little in the evening.

28th. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, written just as he was starting for town, and sending me the charge of the Archbishop of Cashel, which contains some statements with regard to the reputed wealth of the Irish Church, which, Lord L. says, I ought to look to, so as not to fall into the errors on this subject which Hume, &c. have committed.

29th, 30th. Bowles called upon me. Walked part of his way home with him. Long conversation about the Church, which he defends through thick and thin. Received a letter from Mr. Bingham, sending me the first number of the "Westminster Review," acknowledging rather a severe article in it upon me, to be written by him, and making a very candid and manly explanation on the subject.

February 1st. Dined at Dr. Starkey's with his son John and Phipps. Answered Mr. B., and sent him a paragraph to put into "The Times," &c., in order to counteract the impression of what his article states with respect to my feelings towards the Americans.

2nd, 3rd. Working hard.

11th to 26th. From this to the 27th had no time to attend to my Journal, being so closely occupied with the "Captain," which I had promised the MS. of to the Longmans much sooner. Sent up the copy of the First Book about the 19th or 20th, and told them I should be up myself with the rest by the end of the following week. Found myself very hard run towards the conclusion, and obliged to leave the transcribing till I should go to town. Our dear little Russell, who becomes prettier every day, has at length cut two teeth, which

* Lord Grenville and Lord Wellesley hardly deserve such a remark.—Ed.

mamma insists upon my recording in this Journal. Wrote to Sir J. Newport to say I was coming, and meant to ask his assistance in furnishing me materials for my work.

27th. Set off from Calne in the York House coach. Two gentlemen and a lady my companions. One of the gentlemen, I found as we approached town, was a Lord, evidently a naval one: knew intimately my old friend Admiral Douglas. The young lady (who was with my Lord) was met by a gay chariot at Kew Bridge, to take her home. What a change has taken place in coach company within these few years! Arrived a little before seven; and after depositing my things at my lodgings in Duke Street, went to Edward Moore's, who had dinner prepared for me. He has fitted his house up very elegantly, and had it lighted from top to bottom to display it to advantage. Brownlow (Lady Darnley's brother) was the only other guest. Wrote to Sir J. Newport (from whom I had, before I left home, received a very kind answer, expressing his readiness to assist me in every possible way,) announcing my arrival, and saying I should be with him next morning.

28th. Immediately after breakfast called upon Sir. J. Newport, and had a good deal of conversation with him. Sent me various House of Commons papers, Reports of the Board of Education, accounts of Schools, &c. &c. Called upon Lord Lansdowne. Saw a pretty picture he had just purchased, by a young Scotch artist, Graham; the subject, Scott's "Rebecca." A Mr. Toole came in. Talked of Shee's tragedy, rejected by the new licenser (G. Colman), and the Duke of Montrose's most un-ducal letter, which is now the reigning topic. Lord L. asked me to dinner to-day, to meet Spring Rice, Macdonald, &c., but had long engaged myself to the Longmans. Called upon the Donegals. Dined at Longmans; company, Shee, Abbott (the actor), &c. Rather amusing. Shee us told he had got five hundred guineas for the copyright of his rejected play.—Abbott, in coming away with me in a hackney coach, remarked how lucky Shee was, as the sort of success that his play was calculated to obtain would not have been half so profitable as the grievance had turned out. "The fact is," said he, "all that about liberty is gone by. It won't do any longer." This, though spoken *professionally*, is but too true also politically. It *is* gone by; thanks to the Spaniards, the poltroon Neapolitans, &c. &c. Went to the opera (Lord L. having given me a ticket in the morning), but was refused admittance, having gaiters on. They were French gaiters, and I flattered myself were, like French curl-papers, invisible, but it was not the case. Went home.

29th. Set to work transcribing. Have an immensity of work before me. The new materials from the papers given me by Sir J. Newport to be got in. Rogers called, and asked me to dine with him to-day to meet Luttrel and Lord John, but had promised Power. Macdonald called. Power, too, who is full of impatience for the finishing of the "Sacred Songs" and "Irish Melodies," so that I shall have this also to perplex me. At home all day till dinner, when I had a hackney coach and went to Power's. Corrected and looked over some songs in the evening. Then to Rogers's; found Luttrel, Lord John, Mrs. Graham, Miss Rogers, and Lady Davy. Talked of Lord Byron marching with the Greeks. By the by, I forgot to mention that, before I left home, I had a letter from Lord B., written just as he was starting for Missolonghi, in which he says that he means to take the field with the Greeks, and adds, "If famine, pestilence, or a bullet, should carrry off a fellow-warbler, mind that you remember him in your smiles and wine." It is said that the Greek Committee have written to him requesting him *not* to fight!

March 1st. Hard at work. Lord John called, and sat with me some time. Remarked that it would be a very apt quotation for the Orangemen, in case of the accession of the Duke of York to the throne, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of York." Talked of the high character Lord Lansdowne bears, even among people one would least expect it from: for instance, —— and ——, both so much more violent, and yet both expressing to Lord John their strong confidence in Lord L. and their warm admiration of his conduct. Dined at Lady D.'s, and home early. Jekyll says that people who inflict long speeches upon the country gentlemen in the House might be prosecuted under Martin's bill for "tormenting dumb animals."

2nd. Find that my close confinement for

these two days does not agree with me, and walked in the Park a little after breakfast. Luttrel called, and sat a good while with me, which, though very agreeable, interrupted my work a good deal. Dined with Moore *tête-à-tête* to go to the opera. Went to Lady Lansdowne's box, after having seen the Divertisement from the front of the pit.

4th. Went out with Rogers, and paid numerous visits. Called at Lord Essex's, and sat some time; at Lady Jersey's, who asked us to go there to-night, it being her birth-day. Brougham has bargained for a broiled bone for supper. Intended to dine at a coffee-house, for the purpose of being home early, but, Rogers being off at seven for his "Antient Musie," did still better. So dined with him, and worked in the evening.

5th. At work all day. Lord John came. Showed him some of the proof-sheets of the "Captain," with which he seemed much amused. By the by, was pleased to hear from Rogers that Luttrel said, "If any body can make such a subject lively, Moore will." Wrote to tell the Donegals I would dine with them to-day. Played and sung with Barbara after dinner, and thence to Lady Lansdowne's assembly. Was introduced to Falk, the Dutch ambassador, a frank, sensible man. A good deal of talk with the Duchess of Somerset, who introduced me to her pretty daughter. Told the Countess San Antonio how disappointed I was she had not asked me to hear Rossini the evening before. Said she had no idea I was in town, and to make up, invited me to come on Sunday morning, and hear him try over his opera "Semiramide." Was to have dined with Lord Auckland to-morrow, but gave it up, on finding his sister was not to be at home, and promised Lord Essex to dine with *him*. Luttrel and I walked home together. Have been inquiring, since I came to town, about Charles Sheridan, in order to know what is to be done as to the "Life," but cannot find him out.

6th. The proprietor of the "European Magazine" came, with a letter of introduction from Shee, requesting that I would enable him to give a portrait and memoir of me in the next number of his magazine. Also Moore, the sculptor, called, begging me to sit to him before I leave town. Walked a little in the Park, and again before dinner with Byng. Dined at Lord Essex's; company, Hayter, the painter, De Ross, &c. To the opera in the evening.

7th. Breakfasted at Power's, in order to look over and correct proofs, &c. &c. Thence to call on Luttrel, to go to the Countess San Antonio's, where we arrived (according to appointment) at one. Lady Caroline Worsley and her son came soon afterwards. I sung a little to them. Rossini did not come till near three. Brought with him Placci, Curioni, and Cecchi; Mercer came afterwards; and we joined in the choruses of the "Semiramide." Rossini, a fat, natural, jolly-looking person, with a sort of vague archness in his eye, but nothing further. His mastery over the pianoforte miraculous. A good scene ensued upon the entrance (without leave) of Count Vandramin (?), bringing in, of all people, Sir Thomas Farquhar. The Countess's burst of anger and bad Italian at the Count, and her perseverance till she got both the intruders fairly out again, was all very diverting, and seemed to amuse Rossini a good deal. Her volley of Italian admirable. Said "Sir Thomas Farquhar, indeed!" who was only *eccellente par contare i denari*. Rossini remarked, after they were gone, on the unfitness of persons who were not connoisseurs as audience at *prova* or rehearsal, because they "did not know enough to make allowance for the blunders and slovenliness that always necessarily occurred on such occasions." Dined at Holland House, taken by Abercromby and Wishaw. Tierney, at dinner, breaking out about "Lalla Rookh.". "Upon my soul, I must say (though Moore is present) that's the prettiest thing I ever read in my life." Lord Holland amused at Tierney's manner of saying it, "as if he was afraid Moore wouldn't agree with him." Some talk with Lord Holland after dinner about Carte's "Ormonde," which he has just been reading. Seems to fear that I will lean too much to the Catholics in my Irish work. Mentioned (what I was not aware of) that Cromwell had, at first, on going to Ireland, hesitated between the two very opposite plans of either attacking the Catholics with fire and sword (as he eventually did), or of giving a certain sanction and establishment to their religion. This, I think he said, is mentioned in Carte.

8th. Called upon Murray to ask him to cash a bill upon Power for me, as he did last

year. Had told me at that time it was no favour whatever; but now refused, saying he should have occasion for all the money he could muster up for some time. Went to Longmans; asked them whether, if Charles Sheridan should take away the Sheridan papers from Murray, they would have any objection to undertake the work. Said not, if it did not appear to be interfering improperly with Murray. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's; company, Lord Essex, the Cawdors, Luttrels, &c. &c. Talked of the Duke of Montrose being called the "Goose," when Lord Graham (in the Rolliad). Lord North, one night, when, as usual, asleep, was waked to be told that Lord Graham was going to speak. "No, no," says Lord North, "he'll not speak till Michaelmas!"

9th. Went out to look after some Scotch songs for poor Lucy Drew, who has been long suffering with severe illness; packed them off to her through the Foreign Office. Called upon Croker; had some talk with him about his new club. Dined at Lord Auckland's; no one but his sisters, Luttrel, and Mr. Baring Wall. In talking about Stephen Kemble, whose sole qualification for acting Falstaff was his being able to do it without stuffing, Luttrel said, "The most difficult character I know to act without stuffing is a fillet of veal! I have seen it attempted, but it failed."

10th. Walked about for two hours; met Hallam. Dined at Mrs. Tighe's; company, Jekyll, Lord and Lady Belhaven, Lord James Stuart, William Spencer, &c. &c. Talked of the manner of concluding letters. William Spencer quoted a French letter, in which the writer, complaining of a hurt he had received in his *jambe*, goes on *avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur, &c. &c.* Jekyll told of a letter from the Duke of ——, when abroad, complaining how much the whole party had been bitten by bugs: "Lady Mary is also much bitten. The only person that has escaped is he who has the honour," &c. &c. Stopped for half an hour to Mrs. Tighe's assembly in the evening; some very pretty people there. Home early, as I am obliged to be every night, for the purpose of rising early to my work.

13th. Have four invitations to dinner to-day. Among others to Abercromby, whom I am sorry to lose. Company at Longman's, Mr. Jerdan (the editor of the "Literary Gazette"), Mr. Mill (who has written about Hindostan), &c. Had a letter from Tom Campbell this morning, expressing his great regret at not being able to join the party; says in it, that he dreamt the other night I told him I was occupied about a great poem, and hopes it is not merely *ουλος ονειρος*. Went to the opera; found the Duchess of Hamilton, and Souza, in Lady Lansdowne's box; had it all to myself when they went away, and prepared to enjoy the ballet alone; but Souza returned, and spoilt my treat. Charles Sheridan called when I was dressing for dinner to-day, and fixed to come up again from Hampton Court on Wednesday, for the purpose of settling definitely about the "Life."

14th. Had but a short walk in the Park. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; company, the Lansdownes, Lord and Lady Colchester, Sir John Nicholl, and Stratford Canning. Story of Lord Colcraine taking off the hat of the person walking with him, instead of his own, when bowing to some one in a shower of rain. Had a long discussion about divining rods. Mentioned a magnetiser in Paris who professes to correspond by means of the magnetic fluid (which he sends in a parabola over the tops of the houses) with a young lady in the Rue de Richelieu, himself living in the Place Louis Quinze. Sometimes the fluid is intercepted by other people in its way. The same professor of magnetism also produces a sympathetic feeling in his patients, by means of a lurid atmosphere, which surrounds him and them. Performed this experiment with a man's wife in the dark, the husband himself being of the party, but not able to perceive the atmosphere, which was only visible to the wife and the magnetiser. Some company in the evening, among whom was Tom Campbell. Talked to him about "Capt. Rock," and hoped he would give it a lift in his Magazine, as I felt more than an author's anxiety about its circulation and success. Promised to do so. Spoke of the dinner intended to be given to the Greek deputies; anxious that I should be in town for it, as he wished I should undertake the giving of Lord Byron's health. Went from thence with Lord Lovaine to Sir G. Warrender's, where there was music; Begrez, Mad. Vestris. Caradori, &c. &c. Among the company was the Duke of Wellington, Princes Polignac and Lieven.

15th. Walked out a little. Dined at Orme's. It turned out very agreeable; particularly in the evening, when there was a very gay assemblage of faces, quite new to me, and some of them very pretty. Sung a good deal, and danced a quadrille afterwards with a beautiful little girl, the daughter of a Circassian; there were two of them (Miss Bruces), and both quite worthy of a mother from Circassia. Had been asked to Lord Alvanley's to hear Rossini, but thought it wisest to stay where I was; and accordingly remained to supper.

16th. Dined with Lord Darnley, "to talk," as he said, "over the woes of Ireland." Is very anxious for my book before his motion on the state of Ireland; and it ought to have been out long since; but it takes an immense time transcribing, and I am interrupted every moment; besides, it swells out, in copying, to a much greater extent than I had anticipated. Found, on going up stairs, Madame Biagoli at the pianoforte, and symptoms of music; at which I took fright, and ran away to the opera with Lady Davy.

17th. Charles Sheridan came according to appointment; expressed himself anxious that, at all events (whether he could secure better terms for his brother's family or not), the work should be taken out of the hands of Murray. Advised him, however, to sound Murray as to what he would be willing to give before he finally decided. Left me to do so; and returned in an hour with the intelligence that Murray would offer nothing; that he considered the thousand pounds to me cleared everything; and that, accordingly, Charles Sheridan had signified to him that the papers would be transferred into other hands. Agreed to try the Longmans, and to let Sheridan know the result on Saturday, S. saying many flattering things about his luck in being in such honourable hands as mine, &c. &c. Luttrel said, in the course of conversation, "What a prodigality of invention there is in mankind! only think, to invent such a language as Greek, and then let it die!"

18th. Hard at work. Called for by Lady Davy to go to dinner at Hallam's; sat next to a pretty girl at dinner, Miss Morse; Rogers and Spencer of the party. In the evening went to Mrs. Stewart Nicholson's to hear Rossini (who receives fifty guineas a night for these parties). Sung his song in the "Barbiere," "Figaro quà," admirably; sung also "Assisa al pie d'un salice," and "Mi manca la voce," with Colbra, &c.

19th. Breakfasted with Power, to look over proofs. Mrs. Spottiswoode's carriage came for me at five to take me to dinner at her father's (Longman's) at Hampstead. Told Longman and Reese what had occurred about the "Life;" and Rees appointed to meet C. Sheridan on the subject at my lodgings to-morrow. Sung in the evening, and home.

20th. Sheridan and Rees met, and had their consultation; and Rees's proposal was, that besides making up my thousand pounds to me, they would agree, after the sale of 1000 copies quarto and 1500 octavo, to give Mrs. T. Sheridan's family half the profits of all further editions that might be printed. C. Sheridan asked a little time to consider, and said he would let us know his determination in a day or two. Dined at Holland House; taken out by Lord John Russell in his cabriolet. Company, Lord Jersey, Luttrel, Byng, young Wortley, &c. Brought back by Byng; went to the opera. Adair told to-day of Sheridan's saying, "By the silence that prevails, I conclude Lauderdale has been cutting a joke." Some talk with Lord Holland about Junius and Churchill, in which I said I would much rather, for my pleasure, read the latter than the former. "Aye, that's the jingle?" (think he said).

21st. Obliged to leave my writing, and walk out in the rain, to try and get rid of a headache. Have called several mornings upon Sir J. Newport, who has lent me several other House of Commons papers. Dined at Orde's; company, Hobhouse, W. Spencer, &c. &c. Went from thence (taken by the Ordes) to Miss White's; Captain and Mrs. Cater and Mrs. William Baring there, singing duets and glees without accompaniment, there being no pianoforte. Wanted me to sing, but only took a part in one or two glees. Promised to dine with Miss White on Sunday next, if I should stay so long in town; fixed with Newton (who was here) to breakfast with him in the morning.

22nd. Breakfasted with Newton; and sat to him afterwards. Told me Lord Lansdowne had been to see his pictures, and thought mine very like. Returned home to write. Woolriche came, having arrived in town with the

Duke of Bedford yesterday. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; the Ordes, Sir — Willoughby, Capt. Spencer, &c. In the evening, the Belhavens, Mrs. Tierney, &c. Sung a good deal; Lady Davy sobbing violently at "Poor broken heart!" The Lansdownes came late; sung my new song, "Sing, sing," for the third time, to them.

23rd. Lord John called upon me; walked out. Dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, the editor of "The Times;" company, Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Luttrel, Tierney, and myself. Barnes very quiet and unproductive; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses. Dinner very agreeable; Lord Holland, though suffering with the gout, all gaiety and anecdote. A number of stories told of Lord North. Of the night he anticipated the motion for his removal, by announcing the resignation of the Ministry; his having his carriage, when none of the rest had, and saying, laughingly, "You see what it is to be in the *secret*;" invincible good humour. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny, one of his best, and reported so well, that Lord Holland said, "In reading it I think I hear my uncle's voice." Lord H.'s story of the man stealing Mr. Fox's watch, and Gen. Fox laughing at him about it, &c. &c. Lord H., too, told of a gentleman missing his watch in the pit one night, and charging Barrington, who was near him, with having stolen it. Barrington, in a fright, gave up a watch to him instantly; and the gentleman, on returning home, found his own watch on his table, not having taken it out with him; so that, in fact, *he* had robbed Barrington of some other person's watch. Went to the opera with Lord Lansdowne; Mrs. Baring (whose box I sat in some time) renewed very kindly her invitation to me and Mrs. Moore for the summer, and begged we should bring the two little ones with us. Barnes, this evening, asked me to dine with him on Sunday next, and Rogers advises me to get off my engagement with Miss White, and go with him, as he is a person well worth cultivating; have refused Lord Lansdowne also for Sunday, but rather think I shall take Rogers's advice.

24th. Dined with Watson Taylor: company, C. Ellis, Planta, Wilmot (the Under Secretary), Jekyll, Lord Ancrum, Lady Sandwich, the Davys, &c. &c. Got near Jekyll and Wilmot, and found it agreeable enough. Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying to a witness, "Why you are an industrious fellow; you must have taken pains with yourself; no man was ever *naturally* so stupid." Conversation about the negroes; Davy's opinion that they are decidedly an inferior race, and that it would take many generations of high culture to bring them to a level with whites. It required, he said, forty generations to make a wild duck a tame one; and to bring the negroes to the perfection of civilised whites, would take nearly the same lapse of time. Sir Humphry talks wildly sometimes, and *de omni scibili*. Went from thence to Mrs. Hope's; had promised her I would sing, and got hastily through two songs, but refused any more, as there were too many people assembling. Found there the Hollands. Lord H. asked me whether I could get him the particulars relative to the attainders of Harvey and Colclough in Ireland; as, now they are revising the Scotch attainders, he thinks something might be done with respect to these Irish ones; said I would inquire. Was to have gone to Mrs. Mitchell's ball, but did not.

25th. Lord Belhaven called upon me between four and five to take me to the House of Lords to hear Lord Kingston's motion about tithes; walked down with him. Much fun expected from Lord Kingston's account of the terrible tithe-proctor "Cruel Delany;" but Lord Harrowby produced more laughter by his seriousness about it, than any of the others did by their jokes. Asked to dinner in the House both by Lord Essex and Lord Auckland; but was engaged to Lord Cawdor. Company at Lord C.'s, Seymour Bathurst, Lady Georgina Bathurst, Lord J. Thynne, Greville, &c. Sat next Lady Georgina, and found her very agreeable; talked of a prologue written by Canning last summer, for a charade acted while he was at Saltram; during which time, they said, he seemed to have resumed all his former vivacity. Greville repeated the prologue, which turns chiefly on allusions to craniology, and is pleasant enough; but might have been written by any other lively member of society as well. Introduced to Lord Bath, in the evening, who expressed a wish to see me at Longleat.

26th. Woolriche called; walked out. Dined at William Maddocks's: an immense dinner,

chiefly of Welch people; knew none of the company, but Lord Limerick and Lord Kinnoul. Singing in the evening; Linley and Mr. and Mrs. Gattie (formerly Miss Hughes); I sung a good deal and was much lauded. Went from thence to Mrs. G. Phillipps's assembly. Quite ridiculous the swarms of invitations that beset me; entreated that "I would fix a day, however distant," &c. &c. Met my old friend Admiral Douglas, who wants me to meet Lord Exmouth at his house, some twenty miles from town, to-morrow; but it is impossible.

27th. Was to have dined at Holland House to-day to meet General Mina; but found myself so hard run with my printing and transcribing that I could not spare the time. C. Sheridan (who wrote to me a day or two since, communicating his assent to the proposal of the Longmans, and enclosing a copy of an agreement for them to sign) called this morning, and received from me the paper signed by them; so that I have now only to give Murray a draft upon the Longmans for the money I have had of him (about 350*l.*), and transfer the MS. at present in his hands (containing the early part of the "Life") from him to them. Dined alone at Richardson's; and returned home to work in the evening.

28th. Walked a little in the Park after breakfast. Dined with Barnes in Great Surrey Street, beyond Blackfriars Bridge, having written the day before yesterday to explain to Miss White, and promised to come to her in the evening. Company at Barnes's, a Secretary of the French Embassy, Haydon the painter, and a Scotch gentleman whose name I could not make out, but who is also a chief writer for "The Times." Barnes more forthcoming a good deal than he was at Rogers's. Spoke of that day, and said how much he was delighted with Lord Lansdowne, whose unaffected modesty struck him as particularly remarkable in a person of such high talent and rank; was also very much charmed with Lord Holland, as far as regarded the liveliness and variety of his conversation; but considered his manners so evidently aristocratic and high, as to alarm the pride of persons in his (Barnes's) situation, and keep them on the alert lest this tone should be carried too far with them. Told him that this latter apprehension was altogether groundless, as Lord Holland's good nature and good breeding would be always a sufficient guarantee against any such encroachment; but, at the same time, could not help agreeing with him (though rather surprised at his perceiving it so soon through all the cheerfulness and hilarity of Lord Holland's manner) that there is actually a strong sense of rank and station about him; while, notwithstanding the greater reserve and discretion of Lord Lansdowne's conversation and address, there is not anything like the same aristocratic feeling in him as in Lord Holland; indeed, few noblemen, I think, have less of this feeling than Lord Lansdowne. A good many stories about Lord Ellenborough. Went to Miss White's; found Rogers, Tierney, Wordsworth, Jekyll, &c., who had dined there; told Rogers what Barnes had said about Lord Holland; made me repeat it to Tierney, who seemed to think it very extraordinary, and to have quite a different opinion himself; looking upon Lord Lansdowne, as, if anything, the more aristocratic man of the two.

29th. Had half promised to dine with the Davys to-day, but gave it up, in order to work in the evening. Told Moore I would come and eat a cutlet *tête-à-tête*, with him; found, however, that, in the interim, he had asked two men to meet me, Prendergast, M. P., and Bonham.

30th. Dined with Bingham at Gray's Inn; company, Mrs. Austen, a Mr. Gattie, and another gentleman; all Benthamites, and quite different from other people. The lady talked political economy; told me she had taken a young Frenchman in hand; had tried to get Mill and Bentham into his head, but that he said they were "too *clear* for him." How far he must carry his *beau ideal* of the unintelligible!

April 1st. Have been finishing the preface to "Captain Rock" these two mornings in bed, and hurried over some of it clumsily enough; took down the last copy to the Longmans myself. Forgot to mention that yesterday I received Murray's account, and that, between the money he advanced me and the books he has supplied me with, it amounts to 350*l.* Has written me also a note, begging that I would apply to Douglas Kinnaird for the assignment of Lord Byron's "Memoirs," which he continues, he says, to withhold from him, leaving him no security for his property in

them. In consequence of this, called upon Kinnaird; read over the assignment with him and Hobhouse; and they being of opinion that there was no objection to letting Murray have this instrument in his possession, till such time as I should be able (according to my intention) to redeem the "Memoirs" altogether, I brought it away with me. Called upon Murray, but did not find him at home. Asked to Lord Belhaven's and several other places to-day, but could not go in consequence of an early and odd engagement I had made to accompany Lord Dillon to a *coterie* of blue stockings at Paddington. Dined with the Lansdownes, who were going to the Matthewses, and from whom I could therefore get away in time. Called upon by Lord Dillon at eight, and went to Paddington.

2nd. Breakfasted with Newton. Went from thence to Murray, and gave him the assignment.

3rd. Breakfasted again with Newton, in order to meet Russell the actor, who had promised me a dress to take down with me to Bath, Bessy having expressed a wish to go to a masquerade there on Monday, and I having agreed to meet her in Bath for the purpose. Excellent this; having an appointment with my wife at a masquerade! Promised me a Figaro's dress.

4th. Up at half-past five and off in the White Lion Coach at a quarter before seven; two shrewd solicitors my companions: much talk about public characters; and evidently puzzled to make out who I was; seemed for some time to think I was Hobhouse. Arrived in Bath at the White Lion between seven and eight; supped, and to bed, a good deal fatigued; my last two days in town having been full of worry and bustle.

5th. Bessy and Tom arrived between eleven and twelve. The dear girl has not been at all well for some weeks, but as brisk and alive as usual, notwithstanding. Went to see dear Anastasia, and took her and Julia Starkey to see the panorama of the Coronation; ordered our dominoes for the night, *my* Figaro dress being given up. Dined at Mr. T. Phipps's; home and dressed. The masquerade, as a spectacle, beautiful, and when we were allowed to cast off our masks very agreeable; the room, with the booths for refreshments on each side, better imagined and managed than any thing of the kind I ever saw, and no expense spared to make all perfect. Bessy delighted; and danced towards the end of the night with Tom Bayly. Not home till between six and seven in the morning.

Walked about Bath with Bayly. Had visits from the Holtons, Mrs. Elwin, &c. &c.; and left Bath for home at three. Met Dr. Crawford, by the by, and made demonstrations of feeing him for his visits to 'Statia; but he took me aside, and said he hoped I would not rob him of this opportunity of showing what he felt towards me, and that he was most cheerfully ready to attend her in the same way whenever she might require him. Very kind this. Glad to be at home after my five weeks of anxiety and bustle.

9th. Received copies of "Captain Rock," which is published to-day. Rees tells me in his letter that Lord Liverpool sent for a copy yesterday morning; this was on account of Lord Darnley's motion on the state of Ireland last night. Notices of the work to-day in "The Times" and "Morning Chronicle;" the former of which devotes one of the leading articles to me. Very flattering. The "Chronicle" gives near two columns of extracts.

10th. Had people in the evening. John Starkey just arrived, and joined them.

11th. A letter from Lady Holland, full of the warmest praise of "Captain Rock," which she says abounds with "wit and sprightliness:" the historical part she calls a *chef-d'œuvre* of perspicuity and pleasantry." Had John Starkey and his sister to dinner; sung to them in the evening.

12th. Working at my "Sacred Songs." Received a letter from the Longmans, which I ought to have had yesterday, saying that at their sale on Saturday there were so many "Captain Roeks" ordered they should find it necessary to print off a second edition of a thousand on Monday (to-day); and that if I had any corrections to make they would be in sufficient time by being sent off immediately. This, of course, out of the question now; but proceeded to make some corrections upon the chance of being time enough.

13th. Finished my hasty correction of the work, and sent it off. Started at three o'clock for Farley Abbey (Colonel Houlton's place), in consequence of a promise made at the mas-

querade that Bessy and I would pay them a visit of a few days this week; Bessy, however, not well enough to go. Went in my little gig as far as Trowbridge, and took a chaise from thence; did the four miles in less than twenty minutes. Company at dinner (besides their three fine girls and John Houlton), Colonel Davy, Mr. Elwyn of Bath, and a Mr. Langford. Mr. Elwyn mentioned (what I have heard Lord Lansdowne tell) of a French *exposition*, in which some *coiffeur* exhibited an image of a bald head, with a Cupid hovering over it, and about to let a new-invented wig fall on it; the motto underneath, *Le génie répare les torts du tems*. Young Houlton and the third girl sung, in the evening, Cimarosa's duet of "Se non credi" very well; and Isabella played some airs on a two-stringed guitar beautifully. I tried to sing, but the piano forte so loud and harsh that I could not manage it.

14th. Walked about the grounds with Mrs. Houlton and the girls; and was much delighted. Saw the ruins of the old castle and chapel, and the mummies of the Hungerfords. One of these broached some time since by an antiquarian, who introduced a quill into Lady Margaret's shoulder, and tasted some of the liquid from it, which was strongly aromatic. The first Speaker of the House of Commons is lying there, perfect still. A fine monument of the time of Charles I. in high preservation in the chapel. The Phippses arrived to dinner; the day very agreeable, and could hardly be otherwise. A pretty house, beautiful girls, hospitable host and hostess, excellent cook, good champagne and moselle, charming music; what more could a man want? The nursery piano forte was brought up in the evening, and I sang to it with somewhat more success; Isabella, too, had recovered her voice, and sung as well as played, forming a picture like one of Stothard's, as she hung over her guitar.

15th. Had some music after breakfast. I sung a good deal; one of the songs, "Could'st thou look as dear," sent poor Mrs. P. out of the room. Again visited the ruins; and set off with the Phippses, to return home, at a little after two. Stopped at Trowbridge to call on Crabbe, but he was not at home. On my return found letters from Lords Holland Lansdowne, John Russell, and Dillon, about my book. Lord Holland says, "It has far surpassed my expectations; and my expectations were very high. It is so full of wit and argument, learning, and feeling." He then proceeds to some details with respect to First Fruits, which I wish I had known before I published. Lord Lansdowne says, "Every one that I have seen is delighted with your book;" and Lord John begins his letter, "Success! success! The 'Captain' is bought by every body; extravagantly praised by Lady Holland; deeply studied by my Lord," &c. &c. Dillon says it is the finest thing since Swift, &c. &c. All this very encouraging.

16th. Answered Lords Holland, &c.; and sent off some things to Power.

18th. Had a letter from Rees, telling me that the second edition was published, and 550 of it ordered. The corrections had not arrived in time, but would appear in the third edition, which they were soon about to put to press.

20th. Odd enough, no attack yet upon me in "John Bull!" My task now writing additional verses for the new number of "Irish Melodies;" have also to find airs for two more, there being as yet but ten that I shall retain: pretty airs deplorably scarce.

23rd. A letter from Rees, inclosing one from Milliken, the Dublin bookseller, in which he speaks of the great sensation produced by the "Captain" in Ireland. "The people," he says, "through the country are subscribing their sixpences and shillings to buy a copy; and he should not wonder if the work was pirated." Milliken's letter also contains an order for a further supply of copies, which, when executed, Rees says, will leave but 100 on hand; so that he expects the third edition will be called for on Saturday (to-morrow).

24th. Have written two new Irish Melodies, "She sung of love," and "Oh bear me to that gloomy lake," which completes the number.

25th. Drove to Bowles's to dinner. Left my gig at Hughes's, and walked with H. to Bremhill; found Bowles suffering, more from nervousness and apprehension, than from real illness; is horrified by some extracts he has seen from "Captain Rock."

29th. Dined at Dr. Starkey's. Had a letter from Lord Lansdowne, in which he says he has not heard a single dissentient voice as to the merits of "Captain Rock."

May 1st. Mrs. Bowles called, with a Gene-

ral Peachey; asked me to go back with her to dinner, which I did. Walked from Money's through Bowood to Bremhill; found Bowles in the same nervous state as before, but laughed him out of it; and he was as hearty and lively at dinner as ever. Would insist that he was a Whig; a Whig of Burke's school. I said, "Yes, such a Whig as Burke was after he had turned." Took my book to leave with him, but he refused to read it. His paper, the "St. James's Chronicle," abuses it, he tells me, most violently; and he will read the abuse readily enough, though he won't the book. General Peachey, who is a neighbour of Southey's, mentioned some amiable traits of him.

3rd. Went to Bath, Bessy and I and Mrs. Phipps; the post-horses took us there in somewhat less than an hour and three quarters. Went with Bayly to the rehearsal of a play which the amateurs of Bath give to-night for some benefit; all very anxious that I should stay for it. Our darling Anastasia walking about with us. Went to Upham's to look over the newspapers; find that "John Bull" has at last taken notice of me; but shabbily enough; expected he would have shown better fight. The "Westminster Review," too, has an article about me, written, I rather think, by ——; *quantum suff.* of praise, but so managed on the whole as to be disparaging. Had a cold dinner at the inn; and left Bath at six o'clock. A letter from Lord Byron at Missolonghi; has had an attack of epilepsy or apoplexy: "the physicians," he says, "do not know which; but the alternative is agreeable."

4th. Still writing verses for the new number of "Irish Melodies." Received the Irish Observer" (O'Driscoll's new paper), with an article about "Rock" in it, highly laudatory. Received, too, under Lord Lansdowne's frank, a letter from the Secretary of the Catholics of Drogheda, thanking me in their name for my "able and spirited exposition of their wrongs," &c. &c. This is gratifying and satisfactory, as I rather feared the Catholics would not take very cordially to the work on account of some infidelities to their religion which break out now and then in it.

10th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne: told me he had the other day (in consequence of the passages quoted in "Captain Rock" from the Report of the Hibernian Society) refused to take the chair at the meeting of that society, unless a pledge was given that no more such attempts at proselytism should be made. Talked of Stanley's speech, the other night, in defence of the Church of Ireland; I said he had misrepresented me with respect to my estimate of Church livings, and that I had some thoughts of putting a paragraph in the paper to correct him. Saw Lady L.; congratulated me on what she calls "the complete success" of "Captain Rock." Met Newton, who spoke of Lockhart (Sir W. Scott's son-in-law), now in town; said he met him and some other "Blackwood's Magazine" men lately, and was surprised to find (notwithstanding their tone in print) with what liberal praise they spoke of me; asked me to meet Lockhart at breakfast to-morrow. Bursts of congratulation from every one I meet on the success of "Rock:" Lord Essex, Lord Cowper, all loud in praise of it. Dined at Longman's to meet Murray (Bessy's brother-in-law), an agreeable, sensible man.

11th. Breakfasted at Newton's with Lockhart; found him agreeable. Told of Sir W. Scott once finding Crabbe and some Scotch chieftain (in his full costume) trying to converse together in French, Crabbe having taken the tartan hero for a foreigner, and the other, on being addressed in French by Crabbe, supposing him to be an Italian abbé. Called upon at Newton's by Murray*, with whom I walked for some time, talking of our respective wives, and praising them *à l'envi*. Dined at the Wiltshire Anniversary. Sir F. Burdett was to have been in the chair, but detained at the House. Gordon, M.P. for Cricklade, took it. My health given and drunk with great cordiality: indeed it was almost the only toast that seemed to rouse the party to anything like enthusiasm. Made them a speech: said that the possession of a thatched cottage and half an acre of garden was the only claim I had to be accounted a Wiltshire gentleman. Irishmen, however, could take many disguises. An Irish Colonel, once, upon meeting a man whom he thought he recognised in the uniform of the 42nd Regiment, said, "How's this? you are an Irishman, arn't you?" "Faith I am, your Honour." "And in the uniform of a Scotch regiment?" "Yes, your Honour, I am what they call a lamb in wolf's clothing." I should

* Who married Mrs. Moore's sister.—Ed.

have said that Gordon, in proposing my health alluded to "Captain Rock," saying that I had lately appeared in a new character, that of a writer of statistics.

12th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me it had been remarked invidiously, that the only persons I had praised in "Captain Rock," were Peel and Canning, and that some had *defended* me (most probably himself) by saying, "It is a hard case that Moore, who has been abusing people all his life, should not be allowed to praise a little now." Carpenter (who has been costive enough in his praises since I ceased to publish with him) said to me, speaking of "Rock," "Sir, there is but one opinion as to its cleverness among men of all parties; it has placed you high too upon a ground which many were not inclined to think you could ever occupy." Lunched with Bennet, while he was dining. Overtook Mrs. T. Sheridan alone on her way to Almack's for her ticket; gave her my arm, being on the same pursuit. Went to the Literary Fund Dinner, of which I was a steward. Surprised on finding so large a portion of its directors and visitors to be persons whose names I had never heard before; in short, the only downright literati among them were myself and old George Dwyer, the poet, who used to take advantage of the people being earthed up to the chin by Dr. Graham, to go and read his verses to them. Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and Lord John Russell next him; I sat opposite to them. Lord L. gave my health in a most flattering manner, and nothing could be more warm than the reception it met with from the company; made them a long speech, which was interrupted at almost every sentence, by applauses. It had been proposed to me before dinner to take the chair after Lord Lansdowne, who was obliged to go away early, but I declined it. Left with him and Lord John, who went to the French play, while I went home to refresh and dress myself again for Almack's. Everybody there, and all overflowing to me with praise of "Rock." A good deal of conversation with Lord Downshire, who said he thought it would do considerable good: that Englishmen, in general, knew nothing of the history of Ireland; that he himself, brought up as a boy in England, was for a long time ignorant of everything relating to Ireland, except that it was the place where his estates lay; that this book will turn the attention of Englishmen to the subject. Stanley came to me, and, with much earnestness, said that Lord Lansdowne had mentioned to him my idea of his having quoted and misrepresented me, but assured me that all he quoted from me was the assertion with respect to the incorrectness of the pamphlet on the wealth of the clergy. Praised Lady Grantham's beauty to Miss D'Esté, who lost no time in mentioning it to her, and I was in consequence, by Lord G.'s desire, introduced to her; asked me for Friday. A note from Lord Jersey to tell me that Lady J. and her little child were doing very well, and adding that both he and Lady J. thought "Captain Rock" one of the cleverest books ever published.

13th. Drove to Hampstead to see Miss Robinson; strange scene. Dined early with Rees in order to go to a party at Longman's in the evening. Rees asked me had I called upon Murray yet to complete the arrangement entered into when I was last in town for the redemption of Lord Byron's "Memoirs;" said I had not. Told me the money was ready, and advised me not to lose any further time about it.

14th. A letter in the "Morning Herald" to-day about my speech at the Literary Fund, accusing me of having represented Napoleon as a friend to the liberty of the press. What absurdities malice will, in its blindness, rush into! Calling at Colbourn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the "Literary Gazette," was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead. Could not believe it, but feared the worst, as his last letter to me about a fortnight since mentioned the severe attack of apoplexy or epilepsy which he had just suffered. Hurried to inquire. Met Lord Lansdowne, who said he feared it was too true. Recollected then the unfinished state in which my agreement for the redemption of the "Memoirs" lay. Lord L. said, "You have nothing but Murray's fairness to depend upon." Went off to the "Morning Chronicle" office, and saw the "Courier," which confirmed this most disastrous news. Hastened to Murray's, who was denied to me, but left a note for him, to say that "in consequence of this melancholy event, I had called to know when it would be convenient to him to complete the arrangements with respect to the 'Memoirs,' which he had agreed upon between us when I was last in

town." Sent an apology to Lord King, with whom I was to have dined. A note from Hobhouse (which had been lying some time for me) announcing the event. Called upon Rogers, who had not heard the news. Remember his having, in the same manner, found me unacquainted with Lord Nelson's death, late on the day when the intelligence arrived. Advised me not to stir at all on the subject of the "Memoirs," but to wait and see what Murray would do; and in the mean time to ask Brougham's opinion. Dined alone at the George, and in the evening left a note for Brougham. Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the "Memoirs" were, and saying that he was ready on the part of Lord Byron's family to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no.

15th. A gloomy wet day. Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the 2000 guineas for its redemption; but this I would not hear of; it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron), but to a chosen number of persons, and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree convincing me. Went in search of Brougham; found him with Lord Lansdowne; told them both all the particulars of my transaction with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me, at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the "Memoirs" at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or to Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work), and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse), and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by *me*, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time, I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal, *not* of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaird's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaird being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavoured to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work, which it did not deserve; and stated, that though the second part of the "Memoirs" was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines), the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published. I added, however, that as my whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday, and there, paying him the 2000 guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.) which, independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the manuscript. At the time (April 1822) when I converted the *sale* of the "Memoirs" into a *debt*, and gave Murray my bond for the 2000 guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as a collateral security, I, by Luttrel's

advice, directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrel had a perfect recollection of the circumstance also (*i. e.* of having suggested the clause to me), I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the 2000 guineas for me on Monday morning. Paid eleven shillings coach-hire to-day, and got wet through after all. Dined with Edward Moore, finished a bottle of champagne, and home. Was to have dined to-day with Watson Taylor to meet the Phippses.

16th. Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seemed a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and, when the clause was mentioned, said, "Is there such a clause?" but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum, which Kinnaird had written, "two thousand *pounds*," into "two thousand *guineas*," and adding "with interest, expense of stamps," &c. &c. Kinnaird joined us, being about to start to-day for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrel, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrel strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we should call upon Wilmot Horton (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at to-morrow's meeting), and talk to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was *not* so, for my own benefit and that of the public. Went off to Wilmot Horton's, whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrel with respect to its destruction; the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every object might be gained by our perusing and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views; it was even, he said, what he meant to propose himself. He undertook also to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's) to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decided among us what should be done with it.

[I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray 2000 guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as "the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power." He afterwards endeavoured to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript, to be dealt with as should be thought most advisable by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose was secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrel had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seem to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations.

Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honourable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Sir John Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript on repayment of his 2000 guineas with interest.

The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt the agree-

ment was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray.

The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Lord Broughton, and perhaps by others. Lord Broughton having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irritation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Sir John Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings.

As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four pages of it were too gross and indelicate for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet.]—J. R.

18th. Dressed in a hurry, having been invited this week past to meet the Princesses at Lady Donegal's at two o'clock. Found there Col. Dalton, the attendant of the Princess Augusta; and soon after their Royal Highnesses came, viz., Augusta, Mary (the Duchess of Gloucester), and Sophia of Gloucester. The rest of the party were Jekyl, and Lady Poulteney and her daughter. Sung for them, and then the Princess Augusta sung and played for me; among other things, new airs which she had composed to two songs of mine, "The wreath you wove" (rather pretty) and "The Legacy!" She played also a march, which she told me she had "composed for Frederick" (Duke of York), and a waltz or two, with some German airs. I then sung to her my rebel song, "Oh, where's the slave!" and it was no small triumph to be *chorused* in it by the favorite sister of his Majesty George IV. * * * We then sat down to luncheon; and it was quite amusing to find how much at my ease I felt myself; having consorted with princes in my time, but not knowing much of the female gender of royalty. A good deal of talk about Lord Kenyon. Jekyl said that Kenyon died of eating apple pie crust at breakfast, to save the expense of muffins; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship in consequence, always bowed with great reverence to apple pie; "which," said Jekyl, "we used to call apple pie-ty." The Princesses also told of how "the King" used to play tricks on Kenyon, sending the Despatch Box to him at a quarter past seven, when he knew Kenyon was snug in bed; being accustomed to go to bed at that hour to save candle-light. Altogether the repast went off very agreeably. Gave up my other engagements and dined with Woolriche, at Richardson's. I ought to have mentioned that in the course of my conversations these two days past with Hobhouse, he frequently stated that, having remonstrated with Lord Byron the last time he saw him on the impropriety of putting a document of the nature of these memoirs out of his own power, Lord B. had expressed regret at having done so, and alleged considerations of delicacy towards me as his only reason for not recalling them. This, if I wanted any justification to myself for what I have done, would abundantly satisfy me as to the propriety of the sacrifice.

19th. A statement in "The Times" to-day; true as to the leading facts of the destruction of the MS. and my repayment of the money to Murray, but incorrect as to other particulars. Occupied about the insurance of my life. Dined with the Bryans, and went to Mrs. Story's in the evening. Not well.

20th. Went to breakfast at Holland House. Lord John and Sydney Smith there. Smith told me, in speaking of "Captain Rock" (which he had not yet read), that he once drew up a little manual of Irish History, much, as he conceived, in the same spirit and intention. Went from thence to pay a visit to Canning; driven part of the way by Lord John; not at home; left card. Met Stanhope (Lord Mansfield's son-in-law), who asked me whether the statement in "The Times" was true. Told him the two chief facts were; on which he said, "You have done the finest thing that ever man did—you have saved the country from a pollution." Here I stopped him, and assured him that this was a mistake; that there was but very little of an objectionable nature in the first or principal part of the memoirs, and that my chief objection to the total destruction of the MS., was the sanction such a step would give to this unjust character of the work. A clever letter to-day from Corry about "Rock;" thinks me too Catholic. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord and Lady Wicklow, Lord Ellenborough, Caulfield, &c. Went to

Lansdowne House; a large assembly. Duke of Gloucester said to me, nearly in the words of Stanhope, "You have done the handsomest and finest thing that ever man did;" spoke also of "Rock," and said he feared there was but too much truth in it. The Duke of Sussex, too, very civil: said he had a quarrel with me, because I never came to see him. Walked about a good deal with the Phippses, to point out to them the lions of the party. Long conversation with Luttrel, who has had a letter from Wilmot Horton, urging my acceptance of the money back again from Murray: Luttrel strongly of opinion that I ought to take it. Repeated my determination not to do so; but promised to talk with him on the subject in the morning. The most ridiculous statements going about these two days; one, that the parties broke by force into my lodgings, and carried off the MS.; another, that Hobhouse had held me down with all his might while they were burning it. By the by, met the Misses Law this evening at Lord Charlemont's, and found them all kindness to me, notwithstanding my sad offences against their father.

21st. Breakfasted with Luttrel. Discussed the offer of W. Horton over, but he could not convince me. My views of the matter simply these: from the moment I was lucky enough (by converting the *sale* of the MS. into a *debt*) to repair the great error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power, I considered it but as a *trust*, subject to such contingencies as had just happened, and ready to be placed at the disposal of Lord Byron, if he should think proper to recall it; or of his representatives, if, after his death, it should be found advisable to suppress it. To secure this object it was that, at Luttrel's suggestion, I directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement with Murray, giving me a lapse of three months after the death of Lord Byron to raise the money and redeem my deposit. That the clause was not inserted, as I intended, was a strange accident, and would have been to me (had the omission been discovered in time to take the disposal of the MS. out of my hands) a most provoking one. But luckily, by the delay in producing the agreement, I was enabled to proceed exactly as if all had been as I intended; and to restore, of my own free will, and without any view to self-interest, the trust into those hands that had the most natural claims to the disposal of it. Were I now to take the money, I should voluntarily surrender all this ground, which I had taken so much pains to secure to myself; should acknowledge that I *had* put the MS. out of my power, and surrendering all the satisfaction of having disinterestedly concurred in a measure considered essential to the reputation of my friend, should exhibit myself as either so helplessly needy, or so over-attentive to my own interests, as to require to be paid for a sacrifice which honourable feeling alone should have dictated. Luttrel proposed our calling upon Hobhouse, assuring me, at the same time, that no one could be more kindly disposed towards me than Hobhouse was. I felt glad of the opportunity, and we went; the meeting very cordial. Talked again over the offer of the family, and Hobhouse (to whom Wilmot Horton had also appealed on the subject) concurred with Luttrel in urging it on me. I went over, as strongly as I could, my reasons against it; and at last Luttrel, with a candour that did him much honour, said, "Shall I confess to you, my dear Moore, that what you have said has a good deal shaken me; and if you should find (but not till *after* you have found) that Lord J. Russell and Lord Lansdowne agree with these views of yours, pray mention the effect which I freely confess they have produced on me." This avowal was evidently not without its influence upon Hobhouse, who, after a little more conversation, looked earnestly at me and said, "Shall I tell you, Moore, fairly what I would do if I were in your situation?" "Out with it," I answered eagerly, well knowing what was coming. "I would *not* take the money," he replied; and then added, "The fact is, if I wished to injure your character, my advice would be to accept it." This was an honest and manly triumph of good nature, over the indifference (to say the least of it) to my reputation, which must have dictated his former advice. He then talked of Murray's dissatisfaction at the statement in the "Times;" on which I offered to draw up a paragraph correcting its errors, and giving Murray full credit for having at first declined receiving the money, when proffered to him. Did so, to the satisfaction of both L. and H. and took it to the "Times" office. Went to Longmans' to finish my insurance transaction, and brought them round without

much difficulty, to approve of my refusal of the money; this was a great point gained, and more easily (considering their commercial views of matters) than I expected. Dined at Lansdowne House. Went early for the purpose of consulting Lord L. with respect to my refusal of the money, or rather *to tell him what I meant to do;* for having made up my mind, it would have been mockery to affect to ask advice. Told him therefore, at starting, that though I should be most delighted to have the sanction of his opinion, yet that nothing could change my own views of the matter. Had but little time, however, for my statement to him and Lady Lansdowne before the company arrived. The party were the Hollands, the Gwydirs, the William Russells, the Cowpers, the Duke of Argyle, and Sydney Smith. Saw in my short conversation with them, that both Lord and Lady L. were strongly for my taking the money. Went off at ten o'clock to Paddington; a rather strange scene. Forgot to mention that one of the days I called upon D. Kinnaird, he read me a letter he had just received from a girl, entreating of him (in consideration of her family, who would be all made unhappy by the disclosure), to procure for her her letters, and a miniature of her, which had been in the possession of Lord Byron. Told Kinnaird I could guess the name of the lady, and did so. Forgot to mention that Hobhouse told me W. Horton had said that "if there was any power in law to make me take the money, he would enforce it."

22nd. Was early with the Lansdownes. Went over all my reasons for the refusal, but did not make much impression on them; begged me to consult Abercrombie, and hear what Lord John had to say on the subject. Met Murray in St. James's Street, who said, taking me by the hand, "I hope there is no objection to me shaking hands;" received this coldly, and said, I hoped he was satisfied with with the statement in the "Times" to-day? "Pretty well," he answered; but added there were dreadful statements against him going about, and that Lord Lansdowne (who of all men, he should be most sorry to have think ill of him) had said such things of him the other day at the Literary Club, that he had thought it due to himself to write a letter to his Lordship on the subject. I answered, "Mr. Murray, you need not fear any injustice from Lord Lansdowne, who is well acquainted with every particular of the transaction between you and me from beginning to end. As to this last affair, I am ready to bear testimony that your conduct in it has been very fair." So saying, we parted. Went home. Lord John called upon me, full of Wilmot Horton, who had been working at him too on the subject; was of opinion that there existed no objection whatever to my taking the money. A long conversation; said he would think over what I had said against our next meeting. Went to Rogers's, and found him and his sister equally inclined with the rest to consider my refusal of the money as too romantic a sacrifice. Recapitulated my reasons, much more strongly and eloquently than I could ever put them to paper. Saw they were both touched by them, though Rogers would not allow it; owned that *he* would not receive the money in such a case, but said that my having a wife and children made all the difference possible in the views he ought to take of it. This avowal, however, was enough for me. More mean things have been done in this world (as I told him) under the shelter of "wife and children," than under any other pretext that worldly-mindedness can resort to. He said, at last, smiling at me, "Well, your life may be a good *poem*, but it is a damned bad matter of fact." Dined at Lord Belhaven's; company, Lady Uxbridge, Lords Duncan and Maitland, &c. &c. Sung a little before I went to the Opera. That beautiful person, Lady Tullamore (who came in the evening), so affected at "Poor broken heart," that she was obliged to leave the room sobbing violently. Lady Belhaven took me to her: told her how little reason she had to be ashamed of feeling music so much, &c. &c. Too late for "Tancredi." A long statement of the whole transaction of the burning, &c. in the "Courier" this evening, affecting to be very minute, but full of falsehoods, suppressing, too, the material fact of my having paid the money, and leaving it to be implied that the whole merit of the sacrifice lay with Murray. Evidently the manufacture of one of Murray's clerks. Lady Mansfield at the Opera. Asked me to dine with her early next Tuesday to see the whole of "Tancredi." Promised to get off from Lord Auckland's, if I could.

23rd. A bouncing lie in "John Bull" to-

day; says that it was Mrs. Leigh's friends redeemed the MS., and that "in the meantime little Moore pockets the money." In writing a note to Hobhouse I said, "for God's sake don't let any one contradict that lie in 'John Bull' to-day; it's worth any money." Had reserved this day and to-morrow to go and pay a visit to Admiral Douglas, but gave it up.—Walked about and made calls. Dined by myself at the George, and having one hour before Countess St. Antonio's party, went to the Houlton's. Found them at home, and sat listening to Isabella's guitar, and singing to them till it was too late for the Countess'. Home early. This morning Bryan delighted me with a piece of intelligence, which showed the kindness of *his heart*, as much as it made mine happy. He means to put out a thousand pounds to interest for my dear Anastasia, to whom he considers his duty of godfather transferred, since the death of poor Barbara. Said that he would not have mentioned this to me, but that he thought it might be some relief to my mind now in the sacrifice I was making; presented me also with a gold repeater; evidently much pleased with my conduct in this transaction, though he, at first, thought with the rest that I ought to take the money.

24th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne. Found him strongly of opinion that I ought to give some public contradiction to the statement in Saturday's "Courier," and the "Observer" of yesterday. However I might despise it myself, and however little impression it might produce upon him and those who knew the circumstances, "yet to others it conveyed the idea that Murray had the whole merit of the sacrifice, and that the money was not paid by me." Went to consult Luttrel and Hobhouse, who thought a short statement from myself was the best mode of setting all right. Drew up one, and took it to Barnes; who undertook to send a copy of it to the "Chronicle." Called at Longmans'. Went home and sent copies of the statement to Hobhouse, Luttrel, Frank Doyle, and Wilmot. Lord John, who came in while I was thus occupied, took charge of the inclosure to Wilmot Horton, as he was going to the House of Commons. Informed them all that there would be time enough before ten that night to make any alterations they might suggest in the statement. Drove, with Edward Moore, to the Regent's Park, with which I was enchanted, never having seen it before. Dined with him in order to keep myself open for the evening. Received, while at dinner, notes from Doyle and W. Horton, both entreating me to defer my statement, and reconsider my resolution against receiving the money. "You are, I think," said Doyle, "(though from motives of high honour) mistaken in your view of the matter." W. Horton requested that I would at least wait for a narration of the whole proceedings, which he would draw up against tewlve o'clock next day, and transmit to me for the purpose of being shown to Lord Lansdowne, and my other friends, before my final decision should be taken. Drove off with E. Moore to the "Times" and "Chronicle" offices, to countermand the statement. Found Barnes on his Panopticon of Europe: and were a good deal interested by seeing the great machine of the political world at work. Wrote a slight paragraph *ad interim*, to counteract the lies that are afloat; thence to the "Chronicle," and did the same; struck by the more scatter-brained appearance of the "Chronicle" establishment. Called on the Aucklands this morning, who promised to dine early enough for the Opera to-morrow.

25th. W. Horton's narrative not having arrived at one o'clock, went out. Called upon Lady Mansfield, to say that Lord Auckland held me to my engagement, and promised to dine early enough. Lady Caroline sang *Ombra Adorata* for me; much improved since I heard her in Italy. On my return home found W. Horton's narrative (as he calls it), detailing the circumstances of Murray's having called upon him on the Saturday after the news of Byron's death arrived: his offers to place the MS. at the disposal of the family, upon receiving the sum he had given for it: W. Horton's taking time to consult the family on the subject: my interview with him on Saturday: and so on through the whole of the circumstances that ensued. All very fairly and truly stated. The point, however, on which he founded his argument for my accepting the money was, that as the property was now proved to have been in Murray, and a negotiation, or rather a parole agreement for the purchase of it had taken place between him and Murray on Saturday, he had thus a *prior* claim to me, and Murray had no right

to part with the MS. to me, or any one else under such circumstances. That, therefore, the obvious and natural way of settling the matter was for Murray to give me back my money, and for the family to be allowed to proceed in the arrangement they had begun with Murray. I inclosed the narrative, according to his desire, to Lord Lansdowne; at the same time telling Lord L—— that it had made no difference whatever in my views of the transaction. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, Miss Villiers, Macdonald, &c. Went pretty early to the Opera. Countess St. Antonio, in reproaching me for not having come to her the Sunday before, desired that whenever I heard that she was at home I should consider myself invited, whether I received cards or not.

26th. Had written part of my answer to W. Horton yesterday. Breakfasted with Lord John, and took it with me to finish it there. Found Lord John converted to my opinion with respect to the refusal of the money. Went from thence to Lord Lansdowne, who also (under the new view which the narrative gave him of the transaction) approved of my not taking the money. He had thought before it was from the family I was to receive the remuneration, and in that case he still said he saw no objection to my receiving it; but in the manner it was now proposed to repay me, namely, by having the money given back to me by Murray, he certainly agreed that I was right in declining it. Was rejoiced at the sanction of his concurrence, though not perfectly understanding the distinction he drew; for, after all, it was the family that would actually pay the money in both cases. Went to Moore's, where I finished my answer to Wilmot Horton. His argument of a "prior claim to the purchase" was easily despatched. I then went over much of what I have already stated: my views in converting the sale of the MS. into a debt: my precaution in ordering a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me a power of redeeming it after Lord B.'s death, all for the purpose of keeping the trust in my own hands, and enabling me either to restore it to Lord Byron, if he should change his mind with respect to its destination, or, in the event of his death, placing it at the disposal of those most naturally interested in all that concerned him. Had the omission of the intended clause been sooner discovered, I might have found some difficulty in acting up to these intentions, but luckily the ignorance in which we were left with respect to the terms of the agreement, left me free to pursue the course which I had always resolved upon, and to put self-interest completely out of the question in concurring with the other friends of Lord Byron in a step thought so necessary to his own fame and the feelings of those he left behind him. With respect to the argument used by some of those who advised my acceptance of the money, that Lord Byron, having given me these memoirs for my benefit, the family were but *making good* to me the intentions of their relative: I said that if Lord Byron were himself alive, and should say to me, "Here, Moore, was a gift which I meant for your advantage; circumstances have frustrated my intention, but I insist on your receiving from me an equivalent," I would, without hesitation, have accepted such an equivalent from the hands of my friend; but I acknowledged no such right to make me a present in persons with whom I had not even the honour of being acquainted; nor could I, by deriving profit from a work which they had pronounced unfit for publication, lend my sanction to the old satirical proverb, *bonus odor nummi*, let it come from whatever source it may. This (with a few acknowledgments, of the delicate manner in which Mr. Horton had conducted himself through the negotiation) was the substance of the answer which I despatched to him, and the chief of the reasons which I alleged for declining to receive the money in any shape, or through any channel whatever. Drove with Moore in his cabriolet, and left the letter at W. Horton's myself. Thence to the "Times" and "Chronicle" offices with my statement, which I now felt myself at full liberty to publish. Dined with Rogers at six, to meet a party who were going to the Ancient Music: Lord Essex, and Miss Capell, Miss Stephens, Sir P. Codrington, Dr. Woolaston, &c. &c. Left them at half-past seven, and went to dine at Lord Wicklow's, where I met the Aberdeens and Charlemonts. Sung a little in the evening.

27th. My letter in the "Morning Chronicle," "Herald," "Post," and "Times." Called upon W. Maddocks, found Peter Moore with him, who promised me materials about Sheridan.

Met Lord Lansdowne; said my letter was quite right, but that he still grudged the money. Called upon Admiral Douglas, and fixed to come to him on Sunday. Went at one o'clock to the Comte de la Garde's, who has translated my "Melodies" into French with French airs, and fixed this morning for me to hear them. A large party, chiefly English, assembled. Madame Castelli and her husband sung the Melodies, and Ciarchottini accompanied; also a French girl on the harp, and a flute player from the French opera. At the conclusion a Cantata was sung with full accompaniments, written and composed for the occasion in honour of me; words by M. la Garde, the music by Signor Castelli. Rather an embarrassing honour; did not know how to look while they were shouting out *C'est nommer Moore à la postérité!* Adair was among the audience. Dined at Lord Belhaven's; company, Lord and Lady Cathcart, &c. &c. Lord Caernarvon said to me, while they were singing a quintet, "Really I don't see any difference between this and any other kind of noise." Talked with Frankland Lewis about my affair with W. Horton; he said, my conduct in it was perhaps rather "chivalrous;" but that I was, of course, the best judge of what my own feelings required.

28th. Was to have dined at Lord Cowper's, but went to Sir H. Davy's; company, Lord and Lady Darnley, Andrew Knight, &c. &c. Had called in the morning on Devereux, the busy Catholic, and found Eneas Macdonnel with him, who thanked me for the way in which I had mentioned his pamphlet in Rock. Sir H. Parnell, by the by, made the same sort of acknowledgment the other day for my mention of his speech. Went to Mrs. Turner's in the evening; heard the "wonderful boy" Listz.

29th. Dined at Lord Fortescue's; sat next Lord Ebrington, who talked to me abundantly about "Captain Rock," as did also Sir J. Newport, who never ceases praising it. Went to the Opera, and sat in Lady Lansdowne's box.

30th. Off at eight to Douglas's, near Uxbridge; a most cordial reception from him and his wife, but a wretched cold spoiled my enjoyment of the evening.

31st. Returned to town at half-past twelve. Dined at Moore's to meet the Phippses; company, Washington Irving (just arrived from Paris), Lattin, and Beecher. Lattin amusing after dinner.

June 1st. Dined with Wilbraham, joined Mrs. Story and Irving at the play afterwards.

6th. Started between seven and eight, and arrived at Bath between nine and ten, having gone out of our way to take a son of Major Armstrong's from school. Bessy met us at the York House.

8th. Called upon Edward Moore's mother and sister, and promised to go again to-morrow to be introduced to a Catholic Bishop, Dr. Baynes.

9th. Was presented to the Bishop, who is a violent admirer of "Captain Rock." Showed me a letter from the famous Dr. Doyle, in which he "My Lords" and "Lordships," his brother Baynes, in every line.

10th. Bessy and I set off for the cottage before the Bryans, who were to dine with us, but who did not arrive, from an accident happening to their wheels, till between five and six. Seemed really delighted with our little establishment. Left us for Chippenham, on their way to Holyhead between eight and nine.

12th to 14th. Nothing remarkable. Nervous and languid from the agitation in which I was kept in town. Ordered some tonic draughts from the apothecary, which were of service to me.

15th. Went to Bath, Bessy, Mrs. B. and I to the Music Meeting. Met Irving, who had come there to join us. He and I dined together (the ladies having dined before we left home), and all went to the evening concert, which was not very good.

16th. All went to the Music at the Cathedral; the Mount of Olives very dramatic. Some of Bowles's "Ark," composed for the occasion and performed; wretched. Bessy and Mrs. B. returned home afterwards, taking Anastasia with them; and Irving and I dined with Mr. Elwyn. Company, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Houlton, and Dr. Crawford. Went to the concert in the evening.

17th. Called upon Vallebraque; Catalani not visible; gave me an order for the Messiah to-morrow; not likely to make use of it. Irving and I set out for the Cottage between ten and eleven. Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful

as a domestic animal. Walked him over this morning to call on Lord Lansdowne (come down in consequence of Lord King's illness), who walked part of the way back with us. Read me some parts of his new work "Tales of a Traveller." Rather tremble for its fate. Murray has given him 1500*l.* for it; might have had, I think 2000*l.* Told him the story which I heard from Horace Smith about the woman with the black collar, and the head falling off; thought it would do well for his ghost stories; but mentioned H. Smith having told me he meant to make use of it himself, probably *has* done so in the "New Monthly Magazine."

18th. Irving full of the woman with the black collar; intends to try his hand at it. Resolved to leave us this evening, though evidently much pleased with our little quiet establishment; owned he did not expect to find us in such perfect comfort. After dinner walked with him to Buckhill to meet the coach, having sent his baggage there before us. Missed the coach, and took a chaise to Bath, intending to proceed to his sister at Birmingham to-morrow. Forgot to mention that, during the last week of my stay in town, I heard from Moore, the artist (to whom I was sitting for a model), of an old friend of mine being in London; one whom I knew at Bermuda, when she was about eighteen or nineteen, and I three and twenty, and never had seen, or even heard of her since. Moore said she had expressed a strong wish that I should call upon her, which I did, and the meeting was, from a variety of considerations, interesting to me. She had been married some time to Major Moore, brother to General Moore, with whose wife I found her. Time has made considerable alteration in her, but still the soft black eyes remain.

19th to 30th. The two or three ensuing weeks may be taken *en gros*, as they were diversified by little that calls for detail. I resumed my Sheridan task, and worked at it with tolerable industry, writing with more facility and quickness than usual. Forgot to mention that before I went to town, Charles Sheridan had written to say that he had been requested by Lord Fitzwilliam to allow the Bishop of Rochester to have the Westminster Hall Speech for his forthcoming "Life of Burke." Told him when in town the objections I saw to his complying with such a request; the injury it would do to our work by taking away the novelty or rather authority which this authentic report would give us, the voluminousness of it, &c. &c. C. Sheridan, however, said, that having promised it, he could not be off his word; and besides, he thought it would be creditable to his father's fame to have this speech placed beside those of Burke's upon *equal terms;* those of the latter upon this occasion not having been dressed up for publication, like his other great speeches. Upon my mentioning, however, his intention to the Longmans, they said they should consider it as a breach of his agreement with them, if he gave any papers furnished for our work, into other hands till we had first published them. Wrote also some songs for Power. "Go and forget what now," and "Thou lovest no more;" besides correcting the proofs of a new edition of the "Irish Melodies." Received several letters from Rees, partly concerning inquiries connected with "Sheridan's Life" in which I employed him, and partly to urge my immediate application to Lord Byron's family, and to all other sources likely to furnish them, for materials towards my intended "Memoirs of Byron." Answered that I would do so, as soon as the funeral was over, but that it would be indecorous till then. Looked over the Journals, &c. I have of Byron's, and find much in them that may be made use of. Received an application (through Mrs. Hutchinson) from Madame Belloe, the translator of the "Loves of the Angels," requesting that I would allow her to have the translation of my "Life of Byron," whenever it appears; her letter most enthusiastic. Answered most graciously, and told her I had heard of her beauty; said also to Mrs. Hutchinson in my note, "your fair friend is too faithful a translator to deserve more than half of the title, *La belle Infidelle*, which somebody gave to one of the versions of old Amyot." Went on Sunday to Bowles's church (Mrs. B. with us), and dined with him. Bowles still wild against "Captain Rock;" has begun an answer to it, part of which he read to me, "all in good humour," as he pathetically says, when he is most bitter. Received a copy of "Captain Rock detected;" suspect it to be by a friend of my Sister Kate's, O'Sullivan; tolerably abusive of me; but worse of Lord Lansdowne, which I regret for

many reasons. Have now seen the following comments, reviews, &c. of Captain Rock:—"Blackwood's Magazine," intended to be very fatal, but overcharged and inefficient; calls the work "dull," "weak," &c. &c. "The London Magazine," laudatory. "Westminster Review," half and half. "Universal Review," have *not* seen, but hear from Bowles that it is powerful against me. Baron Smith's "Prefatory Notice," very flattering to the talent, but thinks the work likely to be mischievous. To these and the newspapers, may add Stanley's notice of me in the House of Commons; and the Bishop of Limerick's in the House of Lords. The latter quoted my words, "It has been called an omnivorous church (hear, hear); a preposterously rich church (hear, hear). The noble lords, who cheer these expressions, if they knew," &c. &c. At a Baptist Meeting, also, the other day, some reverend gentleman did me the honour to quote it thus: "In that most pestilent and detestable book the 'Memoirs of Captain Rock;'" this is charming. Have received two copies of verses from women about it; one anonymous, and the other from the little Paddington Sappho. The fourth edition reduced to two or three hundred, and the Longmans about to print a fifth. Answered a letter I had received from a Miss Sophia —— in France, expressing the most passionate feelings about Lord Byron's death, and entreating me to inform her of the particulars; whether he suffered much pain; whether he had any friends with him, &c. &c. Gave her all the information I could. Received a letter in English from some German (whether female or male, don't know) near Dresden, beginning "As you are not only the first poet in the world, but also the best man," and inclosing me a letter to transmit to Lady Byron, signed with a most unpronounceable name, Graff Whackerback, or some such horror. Sent the letter to Lady Byron through Frank Doyle.

July 1st to 9th. Began to think whether it would be necessary for me to go up to Lord Byron's funeral. Wrote to Hobhouse, who told me his own wish had been to have him buried in Westminster Abbey; but that Mrs. Leigh had decided for Newstead, and that therefore the only mark of respect would be sending carriages.

9th. Saw in the papers that the friends of Lord B. would accompany the funeral out of London, and determined to go up; wrote to Rogers to-day, to know what his intentions are; cannot, however, wait his answer, which would not arrive till Sunday (the day after to-morrow), and the funeral is to be on Monday. Resolved to start to-morrow morning.

10th. Mrs. B. went with me in the gig to Buckhill, where I took the coach and arrived in town five minutes after six; no rooms at 15 in Duke Street; was obliged to go to a glazier's opposite. Dined at Richardson's. Called at Power's, who showed me a thing called the "John Bull Magazine," in which there is a long rigmarole, professing to be an extract from Lord B.'s "Memoirs." Rees told him that people believe this to be genuine; people will believe anything. Called and left my name at Hobhouse's.

11th. Called on Rogers after breakfast; said he had written in answer to my letter, that I need not disturb myself to come up, as there was no occasion. Hobhouse had asked him to go in one of the mourning coaches, but he did not intend it; seemed inclined, however, to change his mind; and at last I persuaded him to accompany me to the funeral. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, who was surprised to see me. Walked with Edward Moore. Was with Rogers again at four, to go with him to dine at Highbury (his brother's). A good deal of talk in the hackney coach about Burke, Pitt, and Fox; seemed to think Fox's opinion was right as to Burke's changing his style after the Westminster Hall Speech of Sheridan; fired out impatiently at my hinting that I thought Burke and Sheridan men of more real talent than Fox and Pitt; politics and party alone having given the latter a station above them. He said that William Pitt in speaking of Fox, had called him "the greatest of us all." Forgot, by the by, to tell him (what I think I heard from Tierney), that Pitt thought Sheridan a man much superior to Mr. Fox. Company at dinner, Offley and his daughter, and Mrs. Rogers and her son. Conversation about the arts; the history of which [R. says] Offley knows more than any one. Returned at night in the stage; found a letter from the undertaker requesting me to go as mourner, and fixed nine to-morrow morning as the hour. Agreed to breakfast with Rogers at eight.

12th. Was with Rogers at half-past eight.

Set off for George Street, Westminster, at half-past nine. When I approached the house, and saw the crowd assembled, felt a nervous trembling come over me, which lasted till the whole ceremony was over; thought I should be ill. Never was at a funeral before, but poor Curran's. The riotous curiosity of the mob, the bustle of the undertakers, &c., and all the other vulgar accompaniments of the ceremony, mixing with my recollections of him who was gone, produced a combination of disgust and sadness that was deeply painful to me. Hobhouse in the active part he had to sustain, showed a manly, unaffected feeling. Our coachful consisted of Rogers, Campbell, Colonel Stanhope, Orlando (the Greek deputy), and myself. Saw a lady crying in a barouche as we turned out of George Street, and said to myself, "Bless her heart, whoever she is!" There were, however, few respectable persons among the crowd; and the whole ceremony was anything but what it ought to have been. Left the hearse as soon as it was off the stones, and returned home to get rid of my black clothes, and try to forget, as much as possible, the wretched feelings I had experienced in them. Stanhope said in the coach, in speaking of the strange mixture of avarice and profusion which Byron exhibited, that he had heard himself say, "He was sure he should die a miser and a bigot." Hobhouse, to-day, mentioned as remarkable, the change in Byron's character when he went to Greece. Finding that there was ardor enough among them, but that steadiness was what they wanted, he instantly took a quiet and passive tone, listening to the different representations made to him, and letting his judgment be properly informed, before he either urged or took any decided course of action. Campbell's conversation in very bad taste; among other subjects talked of poor Bowles, calling him "rascal," &c., upon which Rogers took him up very properly. Fixed with Stanhope to come to breakfast with Rogers on Wednesday. Walked with R. into the park, and met a soldier's funeral, which, in the full state my heart was in, affected me strongly. The air the bugles played was, "I'm wearing awa, like snow-wreaths in the thaw." Walked down to Paternoster Row, and dined with Rees. Told him I had consulted Rogers with respect to my applying to the family for materials, and that his decided opinion was, that I should make no such movement at present; and that he thought I would rather injure my chance by doing so than otherwise. Rogers, by the by, in expressing this opinion to me, spoke as if there was something more in his mind than he chose to communicate. He said, "I entreat of you to take no step of this kind till *I* release you. I have particular reasons for it." Have little doubt, though I did not say so to him, that this mystery relates to some plan of the family for settling the 2000*l.* on little Tom. *A la bonne heure;* so I am not consulted on the subject, it is not for *me* to interfere. Went from Paternoster Row to call upon the Morgans. Found Lady Morgan half-dressed, and had the felicity of seeing the completion of her toilette; looking, however, much more at her handmaid (Morgan's pretty daughter) than at herself. From thence went to Mrs. Story's and supped with her. I and the girls went to Vauxhall: a most delicious night. Rogers told me of Burke taking a tour on foot with his brother, and when they came to two branching roads, Burke held up his stick to decide which they should take. The stick said Bath. Burke went there and was married.

13th. Breakfasted at our new club, the Athenæum. Called on Mrs. Montgomerie, who had written to the Cottage to say she had a parcel from Lucy for me. Her account of poor Lucy very disheartening: told me, and cried while she said so, that there was little hope of her getting through the autumn. Lucy's own account, however, is much more cheering, and this I will try to believe. Gave me a little memorandum book, which L. sent by her for me. Walked about with Woolriche. Asked by Bennet to dine with him; but dined with Rogers and his sister. Thence to the Opera, Lord Lansdowne having given me a ticket. Sat quietly, for a wonder, at the front of the pit, and heard almost the whole of the "Donna del Lago;" Ronzi charming. In looking over Rogers's "Common-place Book" with him this evening, found some highly curious records of his conversations with eminent men, particularly Fox, Grattan, and the Duke of Wellington. Grattan thought that Mr. Fox's best speeches were during the American war; his best time about 1779. Quoted several fine passages from Lord Chat-

ham. "I care not from whence the wind comes," &c. &c. (which I must procure from R.), and the passage about the intention of the Americans to resist, "I am pleased to hear," which Grattan thought surpassed anything in Demosthenes, "Mr. Pitt," said Grattan, "is a discreet man; he is right nine times for once that Mr. Fox is right, but that once of Mr. Fox is worth all the other nine times of Mr. Pitt." * * *

14th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Leicester Stanhope. Much talk about Lord Byron, of whom Stanhope saw a good deal at Missolonghi. Byron entirely guided in his views by Mavrocordato; "a mere puppet in his hands;" Mavrocordato always teazing him for money, till Byron hated the very sight of him. The story of Byron's giving four thousand pounds to raise the siege of Missolonghi not true. A little money goes an immense way in Greece. A hundred pounds might sometimes be the means of keeping a fleet or army together. Mavrocordato appointed B. to command the army of western Greece. Stanhope thought this appointment of a stranger injurious to the dignity of the Greek nation, and told B. so, which annoyed him. S. expressed the same to some members of the Greek government, who said it was done by Mavrocordato, without consulting them. In the passage from Cephalonia, the ship, aboard which were Count Gambia, Byron's servants, packages, &c. &c., was taken and carried into a Turkish port; but, by some management, got off again. Byron himself, next morning, at break of day, got close in with a Turkish frigate, which, however, took his small vessel for a fire-ship and sheered off. B. gave but little money. After his severe attack, when he was lying nervous and reduced in bed, insurrection took place among the Suliots, who would frequently rush into his bedroom to make their remonstrances. Byron would not have them shut out, but always listened to them with much good nature; very gallant this. Asked Stanhope as to his courage, which I have sometimes heard the depreciating gossips of society throw a doubt upon; and not long ago, indeed, was told of Lord Bathurst's saying, when somebody expressed an apprehension for Lord Byron's safety in Greece, "Oh, never fear, he will not expose himself to much danger." Stanhope said, on the contrary, he was always for rushing into danger; would propose one day to go in a fire-ship; another time, to storm Lepanto; would however, laugh at all this himself afterwards, and say he wished that —— (some one, I don't know whom, that was expected to take a command) would come and supersede him. Stanhope had several stormy conversations with him on business. In one of them Byron threatened to write a pasquinade against him; and Stanhope begged him to do so, and he would give him a hundred pounds for the copyright. Said it was an extraordinary scene when the leeches had bit the temporal artery in his first attack; the two physicians squabbling over him, and he, weak as he was, joking at their expense. Capt. Parry was his favourite *butt* at Missolonghi. Went from Rogers to call on Charles Sheridan; mentioned to him the objections of the Longmans to the speech being given out of my hands; said he had promised Lord Fitzwilliam, and would rather break the agreement with the Longmans than fail in his word to him; told me, however, I might delay giving the MS. a little longer, as Lord F. was told it could not be had, till I was quite done with it. Went off at two o'clock to the Chapter Coffee House, where Rees had got me a private room for the purpose of looking through the old pamphlets in search of something about Sheridan. Stayed there till five, but got very little. Dined at Longmans': company, Archer (bookseller from Dublin), Abbot (the actor), Oldham (from the Bank of Ireland), &c. &c. Oldham told some good Irish stories. Had fixed to go with Mrs. Story to Vauxhall, but a tremendous storm of rain, thunder, and lightning put it out of the question.

15th. Breakfasted with Newton, and sat to him. Called upon Lady Lansdowne, who asked me to dine quietly with them, but was engaged to Rogers. Called, and sat some time with Lady Jersey, who also wished me to dine with her to meet Lord Grey; found Agar Ellis there who offered me a ticket for Garcia's benefit in the evening, if I would call for it at his house. Dined at Rogers's: company, Newton, Kenny, and Leslie, the painter. Expected that Irving who arrived to-day, would be of the party, but he dined with W. Spencer. Kenny brought to R.'s a copy of a letter from Trelawny, in which there is such a curious ac-

count of Lord Byron's conversation with him about his courage. Went to the Opera; sat in Mrs. A. Ellis's box, and Lady Jersey's. Lord W. Russell in the latter, who talked about Woolriche, and praised him. The opera "Semiramide:" first time in England, and very unperfectly performed. Interesting to see Rossini himself presiding in the orchestra, and his anxious looks at the choruses, &c. &c.

16th. Breakfasted at Holland House. Asked Lord Holland several questions about Burke suggested to me by reading Prior's "Life of Burke" on my way to town. Burke very anxious (Lord H. says) for the Coalition. The fifty-four articles of Impeachment against Fox were written by Burke *before* the separation. In his "History of the English Colonies," Burke suggested (Lord H. thinks) American taxation. Burke always a jobber. Advised me in giving Sheridan's character, to take into account the much looser notions of conduct that existed in his times; a strictness at the present day, of which they had not then any idea. The laxity of principle in the higher classes pervaded all Europe, and might be traced to the dissolute Court of the Regent. The consequence was, the people lost their respect for the higher classes in France. Acknowledged that in England, George III., by the decency of his private life, and Mr. Pitt ("though a drunkard") by his freedom from the more glaring irregularities of high life, kept up the tone of moral conduct, and that so far Pitt did more service to England than Mr. Fox (though so much more amiable) could ever have done, because the example of the latter rather tended in the other direction. Mr. Fox was never a member of the Friends of the People; never a Reformer, in the sense of those who think the people have a right to change the representation. When he was for reform in 1797, "meant really Revolution," because he thought that a Revolution of another kind was coming on, and preferred, of the two, a *popular* one. His speeches at the time prove this. Has papers, which if well grounded, go to prove that the breach with Burke had such an effect on Mr. Fox, that but for party ties, he would at that time have left Parliament altogether; the breach, if not brought about, considerably widened and embittered, by Sheridan, Grey, &c. Sat with Lady Holland some time in her own room. Joined by Lord H. and talked of Lord Byron. B. shocked by Lady H.'s calling her son Henry "hoppy-kicky," &c. His fancy and liking for persons who had this deformity; mentioned that Stanhope told me of his having taken into favour some Count in Greece who was thus deformed. Lord H. related the circumstances of his speaking to Byron about the attack upon Lord Carlisle. Byron's horror when he mentioned the personality of the line*, &c. which had never occurred to him before; left him resolved to make an *amende* for it, and (as Lord Holland supposes) in the dedication of the "Corsair" to me, which he was just then about to write. But the very next day came out the attack upon Byron in the "Courier," which totally changed his conduct as he might be supposed (he feared) to have been bullied into the reparation of this abuse. Lord Holland's remark on the singularity of all the best writers of Comedy having written their plays so early in life. This would prove that liveliness of fancy is more necessary for the task than knowledge of the world. Left them to meet Kenny by appointment. Lord Holland, by the by, having told me that when I came, in my "Life of Sheridan," to the period of the Whig Administration, he would (if I pleased) look over what I said on the subject, not for the purpose of communicating anything to me, which he could hardly do, but in order to prevent me from falling into error. Fixed with Kenny to meet Mrs. Shelley at breakfast, with him to-morrow. Called upon Peter Moore but ineffectually. Dined at Miss White's; company, Stratford Canning, Hallam, Captain Basil Hall, Lady C. Lindsay, Mrs. Tighe, and her sons; agreeable enough. A good deal of talk about Burke. Hallam mentioned *five* speeches of his, among which the choice was bewildered. Newton, Irving, and others in the evening. Sung to as ugly a group of old damsels (with the exception of Lady Listowel) as ever were brought together. Irving said that I ought always, on such occasions, cry "Send out for some girls, and I'll sing for you."

17th. With Kenny a little after ten. Mrs. Shelley very gentle and feminine. Spoke a good deal of Byron; his treatment of Leigh Hunt, by her account not very good. Made

* Alluding to a line on Lord Carlisle in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."—Ed.

some remarks upon him in a letter to Murray, which reached Hunt's ears, and produced an expostulation from him to Byron on the subject; B.'s answer aristocratical and evasive. Asked her whom she thought this person could be, whom Sir Egerton Brydges had announced to the Longmans as about to bring out a sort of Boswell diary of Byron's Conversations, having lived much with him, and noted down all he had said. Supposed it must be a Mr. Barry, a partner in the bank at Genoa, with whom Byron used to sit up, drinking brandy and water, and tell him everything; did not think it could be Captain Medwin. The Gniccioli refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think). Spoke of the story of a girl in the Giaour. Founded (as B. has often told me) on the circumstance of a young girl whom he knew himself in Greece, and whom he supposed to be a Greek, but who proved to be a Turk; and who underwent on his account the punishment mentioned in the poem; he met her body carried along in the sack. Must inquire of Lord Sligo about this, as B. once showed me a letter of his upon the subject. Sung to Mrs. Shelley and Miss Holcroft, who was with Kenny. All walked together to Newton's, where we found Irving. Had despatched in the morning a note to Edward Moore to know whether I might ask Irving, Newton, and Kenny to dine with him to-day; answer, to say I might. Walked about with Irving; called at Power's, &c. &c. Wrote to Mrs. Story to say we should all sup with her to-night. Dinner at Moore's (Fitzroy Stanhope making the sixth) very agreeable; the supper too much after it. Kenny mentioned to-day Charles Lamb's being once bored by a lady praising to him such a "charming man!" &c. &c. ending with "I know him, bless him!" on which Lamb said, "Well, I don't, but d—n him at a hazard." Rogers yesterday, as an instance of broken metaphors, quoted a line of Croker's in his "Talavéra," "a column of the flower of France."

18th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Peter Moore, and found him at last. Told me a good deal about Sheridan, some of which I have noted in my memorandum books. Gave me the printed reports relative to Drury Lane, and told me that Burgess has all the deeds of that property from the beginning. Must apply to him. Mentioned the art with which S. got possession of his friend Ironmonger's house at Leatherhead, advising him to go to France, and he would take house, furniture, &c. &c. off his hands for five years. Ironmonger obliged to come home on account of Bonaparte's *sortie* from Elba, and had great difficulty in getting possession of his house again. Sheridan, he says, raised 30,000*l.* by new shares. When S., after the theatre was in Whitbread's hands, went down to Stafford, they told him that if he could manage to raise 2500*l.* it would secure his election; S. drew upon Whitbread for the sum, but it was refused. S. paid his way at Stafford most punctually, and I forget how much Moore said it had cost him; must ask again. Took a hackney coach and went off to Paddington, in consequence of a note from Miss R. Walked about the garden with her for an hour. Waited on Paddington Green for Mrs. Story, who had promised to meet me in her carriage there; and then walked into town. Called at Power's. Newton and Irving came to my lodgings between five and six; and all went off together to dine at Lord Listowel's; rather a dull party.

19th. Off at a quarter before seven for home. Found all well on my return, and Mrs. Branigan still with Bessy, but Anastasia gone back to school. Forgot, by the by, to copy down from my pocket-book some things Rogers told me of Sheridan. S. said to him *twice* that every sentence in the "Stranger," as it is acted, was written by him. Can this be true? R. saw Sheridan's pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," the first act of which was very good; Grimaldi, as "Friday," excellent. Sheridan annoyed at school by being called a player boy and an actor. Said he never saw Garrick on the stage; never saw a play all through. Garrick played against the "Duenna," and some actor said, "The old woman will break the heart of the old man." Mr. Fox thought that Tom Sheridan ought to have accepted the Registrarship, but some of the violent of the party (Lady R. Spencer, R. thinks, among others) advised the rejection of it. On some one asking S., after the Westminster Hall Speech, "Why he had mentioned the 'luminous page of Gibbon,'" he replied, with a wink, "I said voluminous." Hobhouse, at Byron's funeral, told me that he looked at the corpse at Hanson's desire, who thought it

necessary some one beside himself should see it, and that there was hardly a trace of identity left. Could hardly believe it was he; the mustachios, the puffy face, the shaggy eyebrows, &c. The brains weighed a third or fourth more than is usual.

20th to 26th. Set to work at Sheridan. Lord Lansdowne called on me this week (the 22nd I believe), and I walked part of the way home with him. Told me that before he left town he had a long statement and a heap of papers from Wilmot Horton on the subject of the money, still insisting that I had no right to pay the money, and that I ought to receive it back again. "I am afraid you will be angry with me (said Lord Lansdowne), but I gave it as my opinion that you *ought* to receive the money." On inquiring the new points in their statements which decided him for this opinion, I found that they had dwelt a good deal upon Murray's protest against being paid the money, and that Lord L. in his answer told them he should have been a good deal embarrassed in coming to the conclusion he did if there had been anything like a *free* acceptance of the money on Murray's part, as that would have been, so far, an acknowledgment of the right of property in me, on the total absence of which they furnished their argument for my taking back the money from him. On my mentioning *now*, however, to Lord L. that Murray (after a not very strong protest) not only took the money himself, but ordered his clerk to bring the account of interest, &c. &c., and furnished me with the materials for drawing on Rogers for the amount; not only this, but that he sent the draft to Rogers the next morning, in due course, for payment, Lord L. acknowledged that these circumstances materially changed the ground on which he gave his opinion, and said that he should lose no time in writing an explanatory letter to say so. Asked me to dine next Tuesday to meet Dumont. Sent to Power this week the poetry for two songs; one, "Array thee, love, array thee!" and the other, "As once a Grecian maiden wove."

27th. Dined at Bowood: company, Dumont, Lord and Lady King, Hickson and Mahony (both from Ireland). It was mentioned that the Bishop of Limerick, in his late tedious speech, had his notes written on cards, and the Chancellor said to Lord L., "I have always hated cards, but never saw a pack I took such an aversion to as that." They thought the Bishop never would have done, and when he *did* stop, Lord King cried out distinctly "bravo!" Dumont, in talking of poetry, said, quoting from some one, *La difficulté, c'est la dixième Muse.* I mentioned some verses in which this is illustrated by the *jet-d'eau*, which is made stronger and higher by pressure. He remembered the verses, and repeated them. Came home at night.

28th to Aug. 2nd. Working at Sheridan. Lady Lansdowne called one of these days, and asked us to dine next Tuesday to meet the Hollands, who came on Monday. Bessy had gone to Bowles's to hear some music from the Moravians. Had a letter from John Scully, informing me that the author of "Rock Detected" is the Rev. Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan, so that I guessed right. Expressed great admiration of "Captain Rock," which he says will do more for the fame of its author and the good of Ireland than any book that ever was published.

3rd. Bessy and I dined at Bowood; she not a little alarmed at the encounter with Lady Holland, who, however, was all graciousness to her. Some ludicrous verses quoted at dinner; among others the following by Rogers on Theophilus:—

> When I'm drinking my tea
> I think of my *The*,
> When I'm drinking my coffee
> I think of my Offee;
> So, whether I'm drinking my tea or my coffee,
> I'm always a thinking of thee, my Theoffy.

Lord H. mentioned some one being defied to find a rhyme for Carysfort; and writing—

> I'm writing a note to my uncle Carysfort,
> He has got the gout, and is gone to Paris for 't.

In talking of people who prepared their conversation, Lord Lansdowne mentioned a Frenchman who once dined at his father's, and who, taking him aside when they stood up from dinner, said, "There are one or two things which I had prepared to say to-day; but as there was not time or opportunity to bring them in, I will, if you will allow me, tell them now to you." In the evening talked with Lord Holland about Sheridan. Burke, though very magnanimous in forwarding Mr. Fox when he appeared in the arena of politics, did not feel the same to Sheridan, but regarded

him with great jealousy. There are proofs, Lord H. says, that Burke, after leaving office upon Rockingham's death, was negotiating for a sinecure place with Lord J. Cavendish, who stayed in some time after him for the transaction of business; the proof of this is in the unpublished "Memoirs of Walpole," which Lord H. has in his possession. Sheridan's strong wish to make his power felt in politics grew still stronger in his latter days from vanity and disappointment. Lord H. knows of no regular application from S. to see Mr. Fox when he was dying; never heard of his refusing to see him; though, at the same time, is sure that he would not have liked it. Thinks Sheridan was slow in argument; did not all at once see your drift. Looked over the new etchings to the story of "Fridolin" with Bessy, while Lady Holland explained the story. Came away before ten, promising to go to luncheon to-morrow.

4th. Went to Bowood at two; met by Rogers halfway. Sat with Lady Holland, Rogers, and Allen in the garden talking. Offered Lady H. our little pony-chaise for to-morrow. Went with Lady Lansdowne and Mary Fox into the garden to eat strawberries. Lady H. and Rogers anxious that I should stay dinner, but, though having a general invitation, did not like to do so without a special one. Stayed till five o'clock, when Lady L. very kindly pressed me to stay, and ordered Rogers not to let me go; but I felt somehow as if I had forced the invitation from her by staying so late, and thought it better to come away. Found Bessy at Phipps's waiting for me, and the Phippses just sitting down to dinner. Joined them at it, and returned home early. Lady Holland, to-day, spoke highly of Bessy's beauty.

5th. Drove in the gig to breakfast at Bowood. Talked with Lord H. and R. afterwards about Sheridan. Question as to the things I might tell. Rogers mentioned that S.'s father said, "Talk of the merit of Dick's comedy! There's nothing in it. He had but to dip the pencil in his own heart, and he'd find there the characters of both Joseph and Charles." Lord H. thought I might introduce this as an exemplification of the harsh feeling the father had towards him, which was such that "he even permitted himself to say," &c. &c. Must say something kind of Tom Sheridan; his case a hard one; brought up amid all the splendour attached to his father's name, and the extravagance of his mode of living; left without education or example, yet turning out so amiable. Lord H. mentioned a letter from the Prince to the King, after the first Regency question, exculpating himself; has a copy; does not think it has been printed. At the time of Mr. Fox's assertion about the Prince's marriage with Mrs. F., the Prince wanted Grey to contradict it, but Grey refused; upon which the Prince said "Then I must get Sheridan to say something." The Prince *did* authorize Mr. Fox to contradict the marriage, though he afterwards denied it. Lord H. saw a letter from Monkton in answer to an appeal S. made to him, and saying, that so far was S. from being under any pecuniary obligation to him (Monkton), that if the balance was fairly struck, it would prove to be rather the other way. His pride on being told by some physician that he had a very large heart. The Prince's reason for not going near Sheridan latterly was, that he feared his influence over him. The Prince, when the King last went mad, kept aloof from the Whigs, which Lord H. now thinks he was right in, though they all thought differently then. Never saw even S., though S. wished to have it supposed he did. S. latterly, though having his house in Saville Row, lived at an hotel, and used to chuckle at the idea of the bailiffs watching fruitlessly for him in Saville Row. "They talk (says S. one day to Lord H.) of avarice, lust, ambition, as great passions. It is a mistake; they are little passions. Vanity is the great commanding passion of all. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant." Proposed to Lord Lansdowne to stay dinner, and he said he expected I would. When I told Lady Holland why I did not stay yesterday, she said, I guessed it was so; England is the only country where such things could happen." Walked with Dumont and Rogers. D. mentioned Piron's reply to Voltaire, on his boasting that he did not hiss his tragedy, *Quand on baille, on ne siffle pas.* Rogers quoted Lord Chatham's saying, on some motion which he made and in which nobody seconded him, "My lords, I stand alone;

my lords, I stand like our first parent, naked but not ashamed." Name of a novel, "Delia, by the author of Julia." It was at Osterley, the parish (?) where Child lived, and where Sheridan had a house, that he wrote the sermon for O'Beirne to preach; poor O'Beirne throwing his voice most pointedly into Child's pew. Child had been harsh in punishing some poor person for making free with a few vegetables; and the text (R. says, though this differs from O'Beirne's own account to me) was "It is easier for a camel," &c. &c. A storm coming on before dinner, Lady L. begged I would send home to say I should sleep at Bowood; I did so. Our pony chaise used to-day by Lady Holland in going over the pleasure-grounds; the set-out excellent; the poor pony led slowly along, with Allen walking on one side of the procession and Dumont on the other.

6th. After breakfast had again some conversation with Lord H. about Sheridan. S.'s comparison of Lord Sidmouth's administration to Theseus, taken from a letter of Gilbert Wakefield to Mr. Fox. Looked for "Wakefield's Letters" in the library, and after a long search found it. The letter in which this was is evidently omitted, but Mr. Fox, in his answer, alludes to it; and Lord H. clearly recollects having seen it, and heard his uncle read it. Told me a good deal about Sheridan's conduct in the first negotiations with Lords Grey and Grenville for coming into power after the Regency; their remonstrance, and Sheridan's representations to the Regent upon it; all of which I have written down in one of my memorandum books. Also a whole account of Canning's early connection with Sheridan, which I have written down in the same book. Lord H. mentioned a translation which he had just made of a Greek epigram, but did not recollect nor know where to find the original. It struck me I had quoted it in the notes on Anacreon, and that it was written by some poet whose name began with an A. Looked through the index of the Anthologia, but could not find it. Walked home at two, and Rogers accompanied me to the cottage; looked over Bessy's books, kissed the children, and was very amiable.

7th. Interrupted by visitors all the morning; Bowles, with Archdeacon Nares, Nugent, &c. &c. What *am* I to do?

8th and 9th. Contrived to send off yesterday two songs to Power; one with music of my own, "When the Balaika;" and the other words for Bishop to set, "I come from a land in the sun-bright deep."

10th. Worked at Sheridan a little. Lords Holland, Lansdowne, and Belgrave, called near our dinner-time; was denied to them. Lord H. left word that he meant to leave Bowood to-morrow morning.

11th. Drove over to Bowood at ten in the morning. Told Lord H. that the verses I meant were those by Ariphron, Ὑγιεια, πρεσβυτα μακαρων. Saw the Hollands off before twelve. Talked with Rogers and Lord John (who arrived on Sunday last); talked of Chatham. Rogers quoted what he said when commenting on a speech of the king's, which was known to be the joint composition of Lord Holland and Lord Mansfield;* "Here rolls the Rhone, black, turbid, and rapid; while here steals the Saône, whispering, with flowers on its banks." People used to repeat these beautiful things that Lord C. had said as they walked up Parliament Street. Pitt's style very unlike; more suited to business. Courtney said of Pitt's speeches, that "they were like Lycurgus's money, that did not pass out of Sparta;" this very pretty, but not true, as Pitt's speeches *did* tell through the country. Lord John proposed to me to go to Longleat, when he and the Durazzos go there from Bowood; shall do so if I do not go to the Salisbury music meeting. Rogers sets off to-morrow for town.

12th. After writing a few sentences of Sheridan, set off to dine at Bowood, Bessy leaving me there, in her way to Buckhill. Company, Lord Belgrave and Lady Elizabeth, Lord John, and the Durazzos. Lord L. told me in the evening that old Sheridan once gave a very bad character of Richard Brinsley to his father Lord Shelburne; said he was a person not to be trusted. Lord S. met old Sheridan out riding when he had this conversation with him; and it happened on the very day of the dismissal of Lord North's administration; Lord S. finding on his return home, the message relative to the formation of a new one. Talked with him of the opinions of Fox

* More properly, I believe, Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) and the Duke of Newcastle.—Ed.

on the Regency; Pitt's evident exultation when Fox committed himself in his first speech on that subject; slapped his thigh in triumph, and said to some near him (from whom Lord L., as well as I could understand, heard it), "I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life." Sung a good deal; tried over some Italian things with Madame Durazzo. Slept there.

13th. At breakfast, Madame Durazzo, in talking of poor Miss Bathurst (who was drowned at Rome), mentioned that Talleyrand in reading an account of it (in which it was said that her uncle plunged in after her, and that M. Laval was in the greatest grief), said, *M. de Laval aussi s'est plongé, mais dans la plus profonde douleur.*" Walked home, the Lansdownes having made it a point that I should return to dinner. Bowles came about our lodgings for Salisbury Music Meeting; but Bessy has given up her desire to go. Walked back in the rain to Bowood; the same party as yesterday. Singing in the evening. Slept there. Went after breakfast, with the ladies, on the roof of the house, to see the prospect; visited, too, all the bedrooms. Lady E. Belgrave having expressed a wish for a verse of "Oh, come to me, when daylight sets," written out by myself, did it for her. Lord John told me that Crabbe (who was here the beginning of the week, and whom I had but a glimpse of) said that I was "a great poet when I *liked*." My pony carriage arrived to take Lord John and me to the christening of our little Russell, which he had fixed for to-day; after the ceremony, Lord John lunched with us. Showed him some parts of my Sheridan work, which he seemed to like. Told me he had heard from Dudley North (one of the managers of Hastings' trial), that when the managers used to retire to take any doubtful point into consideration, Burke used to say, "Now let us defer to the superior wisdom of Mr. Fox." Drove Lord John back to Bowood, and returned to dinner. Mentioned what Brougham said lately, in allusion to the adoption by the Ministers of all the Whig measures, "The fact is, *we* are in power, and *they* are in place." Had some people, Hughes, Phipps, &c. to tea and supper; sung for them; a Miss Miller, too, sung some French songs very sweetly. The Lansdownes have invited Bessy to dine to-morrow, but she does not seem inclined to it; "Tell her," Lord L. said to-day, "we have nothing to offer her but a haunch of venison, and Lord John."

14th. Sent an excuse to Bowood. Worked at Sheridan.

15th. Lord John and the Durazzos called in their way to Longleat. Madame Durazzo full of amiable praises of every thing she saw; the children, library, &c. &c. Wanted to take me out with them, but I promised to join them on Thursday. Walked with Bessy in the evening.

16th. Writing away. Luttrel and his sister, Mrs. Scott, called; had invited them and Nugent to come to dine to-morrow, but they go to Longleat. Received a very amusing letter from Washington Irving.

17th. Writing a little. Began a song for Power on a subject from "Valerius Flaccus;" the transformation of Œa into an island.

19th. Set off in my pony carriage to go to Longleat; arrived at Warminster about three; lunched, and left that in a chaise for Longleat. Approach to the house by this road very magnificent. Found Crabbe just going out to walk, when I arrived; joined him; the gardens about the house beautiful. Company at dinner; the Durazzos, Lord John, Lady Clarendon, Luttrel, and Nugent, Miss Copley, Lascelles and Lady Louisa, and the Belgraves. Rather stiff and formal during dinner; the silence of the master of the house, and the largeness of the company naturally producing this effect. Crabbe told me of his visit to Walter Scott while the King was in Edinburgh; the King drinking a glass of wine with Scott to the health of the Ladies of Edinburgh, on being presented by him with some offering from them; Scott's begging of the King to allow him to have the glass as a memorial; and his letting it fall and break to pieces just as he reached his own door with it. Crabbe said this seemed to be a prognostic of the disfavour which he fell into with the King, who did not appear to like his pushing himself forward so officiously. Talking in the evening with Luttrel on some peculiar phrases of the Scotch; they say a man is married *upon* such a one. Sung, Lady Louisa joining me in some things; and so did Lord Belgrave. The first appearance of formality vanished, and all very agreeable. Lady Bath cried at "Oft in the stilly night," and was obliged to leave the room;

told me afterwards it was because this song had been frequently sung to her by her sister, Mrs. Seymour, who is not expected to live long.

20th. After breakfast walked through the grounds with Lord John and Madame Durazzo; she very agreeable. Lord J. mentioned what Voltaire said in his answer to an address presented to him by the College of some little town which called itself *fille de l' Université de Paris*. "I have no doubt of it," said Voltaire, "and certainly a *fille très sage, qui n'a fait jamais parler d'elle*." Lord John reminded me of the circumstance mentioned by Lord Byron in his "Memoirs," of his receiving a letter from some young girl, dying in a consumption, who said she could not go out of the world, without thanking him for all the pleasure his works had given her," &c. &c. Talking of mistakes made by private actors: "I wouldn't give *that* for you (snapping his fingers)," being all spoken, stage directions and all, in the same manner. The old Lord Lansdowne, in some private plays, always said, "I'll spoil your intrigue (aside);" pronouncing intrigue, too, as three syllables. I mentioned the actor who could never be got to say, "stand by and let the coffin pass," but instead of it, always said, "stand by, and let the parson cough." Had music again in the evening; Lady Louisa sung "Dost thou remember," with me, very sweetly. Lady Bath mentioned the ridiculous anecdote Madam de Genlis tells of her losing her way between London and Dartford; and promised to look for the book it is in to show it to me. Looked over with Lord John Russell, to-day, some of the proof-sheets of his new work.

21st. After breakfast prepared to set out with M. and Madame Durazzo to see Fonthill, and attend mass at Wardour to-morrow. Lord John stays in the meantime at Longleat and will meet us on our way back to Bowood at Warminster, on Monday. Lady Bath produced Madame Genlis's book; and on my asking her for the loan of it, begged me to keep it entirely. It is evident, I think, from her account of her nocturnal wanderings, and the proceedings that followed, that it was all a concocted trick of Sheridan's to keep her some time longer in England. Set off between one and two; arrived about four at Hindon. Despatched the letter we had from Lansdowne to Lord Arundell, accompanied by one from myself, asking the hour of mass to-morrow. Set off for Fonthill; and to make sure of our admission there, drove first to Bennet's. No one at home but Anna, who represented her father's hospitality most worthily; asked me where we meant to sleep, and on my saying at Hindon (though she knew neither who nor how many were the party), exclaimed, "That is impossible; papa and mamma will be home from Salisbury in an hour or two, and you must all come here." Despatched a man and horse, bearing a note to Captain Philipps (the agent of Farquhar), in consequence of which he attended us, and showed us marked civility. Durazzo's astonishment at the oddity of Fonthill, exclaiming at every step, *Je ne conçois pas. Un homme doit avoir le diable au corps pour bâtir une maison comme ça.* Returned to the inn at seven; a good plain dinner. Durazzo went soon to bed, and left me with Madame, who was very agreeable. Gave me a whole account of the delirium which followed a typhus fever she had some years since; and which lasted so long after the fever, that it was thought her mind was gone. Her idea all the while was that angels were inviting and opening heaven to her; while the restraints under which she was kept prevented her from enjoying that happiness. Music the only thing that did her good; used to cry when she heard it; sung airs of her own during the time, to words of Metastasio and Shakspeare that she had in her memory. Notes from Lady Arundell, who had just returned from the music meeting, offering us accommodation at Wardour, and saying that mass would be at half-past ten in the morning.

22nd. Set off for Wardour after breakfast. Received very kindly by the Arundells. Bowles there, having come over from Salisbury; attended mass with us, which Durazzo could not understand. Bowles, himself, said to me, as we knelt together, "Only think of my being on my knees beside 'Captain Rock' at mass." The singing, to a fine organ, very good, Lady Arundell herself joining in it. Bowles remarked the effect of the light falling on her face as she sung. A most barbarous explication of the Gospel given by the priest; entering into particulars about the personal appearance and manners of Christ; almost said as much as that he was very gentlemanlike; and

read the whole of the old spurious letter to prove that, though some represented him as despicable in his appearance, he was very good looking. Went to see the old castle, and started at half-past two, Madame Durazzo in very beautiful alarm and despair at the idea of arriving so late at Bowood. Took up Lord John at Warminster, where he had been waiting long enough to read the whole "Duneiad" through. Wished me to go on to Bowood with them; but as I passed my own door, thought it better to stop there; found the Phippses, and dined off cold meat. Have written at intervals during these few days past three or four verses about Œa.

23rd. Had a note from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to take a parting dinner with the Durazzos and Lord John to-morrow; promised to go. Luttrel and Nugent called in passing by, on their way from Longleat.

24th. Sent Power the song I had written. Walked over to Bowood: company, the Hopes, Durazzos, &c. &c. Sung in the evening. Lady Lansdowne had ordered Asioli's duets, and made Mad. Durazzo and I try several of them over together. Sung also my own national duets, "Come to me when daylight sets," and "Dost thou remember?" Intended to return home to-night, and William had come for me with the lantern; but they pressed me so much to stay and see Lord John off in the morning, that I could not refuse. William told me that the pony had kicked this evening with Mrs. Phipps, and broken the little carriage; so there is an end of poor Bessy's driving, as I cannot now in conscience ask her to venture again. Lord Lansdowne asked me to show him Irving's letter, Luttrel and Lord John having told him how clever and lively it was.

25th. Lord John and the Durazzos off, after breakfast, to Middleton. Luttrel anxious for me to go to Lord Bathurst's next week, Seymour Bathurst having begged him, before he left Longleat, to try and persuade me to it. Should like to go, if it were only for the fun of the thing, *de m'y voir*, as the Doge said. Luttrel walked home with me. Called at Phipps's on our way to see the pony carriage, which was still there, Mrs. P. doubting whether I should wish to have the circumstance known to Bessy; thought it better, however, that she should be told. Sent off an invitation to Luttrel's sister, Mrs. Scott, and her husband, to meet L. and Nugent at dinner with us on Friday. William, our servant, ill, from the fright of the pony kicking last night. On my saying that I thought the strong beer at Bowood might have something to do with it, Luttrel said, "Yes, he's *aleing*, I suppose." Saw him back a good part of the way.

26th. Worked away a little at Sheridan.

27th. Luttrel, Nugent, Mrs. Scott, and Luttrel's son came to dinner; Mr. Scott himself being engaged. Luttrel had put his joke about "aleing" into verse: —

> Come, come, for trifles never stick,
> Most servants have a failing:
> Yours, it is true, are sometimes sick,
> But mine are *always aleing*.

Our dinner very ill drest, which was rather provoking, as Luttrel is particular about the *cuisine;* it had no effect, however, either on his wit or good humour, for he was highly agreeable. . . . . Remarked many unaccountable things in Ireland: plenty of plovers, but no plovers' eggs; chaises in abundance, but no return ones, &c. &c. The Lansdownes' carriage brought Luttrel and Nugent to dinner, but they walked home, with the assistance of my lantern.

28th. Wrote before I got out of bed, a parody on Horace's *Sic te Diva potens Cypri*, addressed to the *lantern* that I lent Luttrel last night: —

> So may the Cyprian queen above,
> The mother of that link-boy Love;
> So may each star in Heaven's dome,—
> Those *patent Smethursts* of astronomy,—
> That light poor rural dinners home,
> After a dose of bad gastronomy;
> So may each winter wind that blows
> O'er down or upland, steep or level,
> And most particularly those
> That blow round corners like the devil;
> Respect thee, oh! thou lantern bright,
> By which, for want of chaise and Houhwynmm,
> I trust my Luttrel home to-night[1],
> With half a poet's larder in him.[2]
>
> That bard had brow of brass, I own[3],
> Who first presumed, the hardened sinner,
> To ask fine gentlemen from town
> To come and eat a d—d bad dinner;

[1] Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium—

[2] Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

[3] Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat.

Who feared not leveret, black as soot[4],
Like roasted Afric, at the head set
(And making tow'rds the duck at foot,
The veteran duck, a sort of dead set);
Whose nose could stand such ancient fish
As that we at Devizes purvey—
Than which I know no likelier dish[5]
To turn one's stomach topsy-turvy.

Oh! dying of an indigestion,
To him was *quite* out of the question[6],
Who could behold unmoved, unbother'd,
Shrimps in sour anchovy smother'd[7];
Who, venturous wight, no terror had
Of tart old pies, or puddings *sad;*
Who could for eatables mistake,
Whate'er the cook had mess'd up blindly;
And e'en, like famish'd Luttrel, take
To infamous Scotch collops[8] kindly.

Sent off this to L.; and dined at the Phippses; company, Estcourts, Lockes, Fishers, &c. &c. Sung for them in the evening.

29th. A note early from Lord Lansdowne, to say that Capt. Basil Hall, who is at Bowood, wishes much to see me; and that if I cannot come over to-day to either luncheon or dinner, he will call upon me to-morrow. Answered that I would come to dinner to-day. Walked over at five. Went to Luttrel's room; and found he had written the following answer to my parody, with which he seemed pleased, particularly with the *serves animæ dimidium* and *Quo non arbiter Adriæ:—*

A fine feast is a farce and a fable,
As often, dear Moore, we have found it;
Prithee, what is the farce on a table
To the Fair who sit sparkling around it?

I see not what you'd be to blame for
Though your cook were no dab at her duty;
In your cottage was all that we came for,
Wit, poetry, friendship, and beauty!

And then, to increase our delight
To a fullness all boundaries scorning,
We were cheer'd with your lantern at night,
And regaled with your rhymes the next morning.
H. L.

Company, only Capt. Basil Hall, Luttrel, and Nugent, and an *ad interim* tutor of Kerry's. Hall mentioned a good phrase of some American, to whom Sir A. Ball had been very civil at Malta, "most grateful for all the kindness shown to himself and his wife; and hoped some time or another to have an opportunity of *retaliating* upon Lady Ball." Luttrel mentioned some Irish member (Crosbie, I believe) who in speaking of some one in the House, said, "Sir, if I have any partiality for the Hon. Gentleman, it is *against* him." Hall gave me, before I came away, a journal written by his sister, Lady De Laney, containing an account of the death of her husband at Waterloo, and her attendance upon him there, they having been but three months married. Walked home; took the narrative to bed with me to read a page or two, but found it so deeply interesting, that I read till near two o'clock, and finished it; made myself quite miserable, and went to sleep, I believe, crying. Hall said he would call upon me to-morrow.

30th. Had but an hour or two of study before Hall came; asked him to dine with us; said he had thought of reaching Badminton (the Duke of Beaufort's) to dinner, but would stay. The Scotts called, and wished me to fix a day, this week, to dine with them; but as I still thought of going to Lord Bathurst's, begged them to defer it. Hall said he had written every word in his last book (Account of Chili) seven times over.

31st. At work.

September 1st. Dined at Locke's, Bessy and I; the weather flamingly hot. Company, the Phippses, M——, Edmonston, and the Frederick Bouveries. Sung in the evening, to the accompaniment of M——'s creaking shoes, and chatter, which never stops. This parson an amazing nuisance in society, though said to be an excellent man at home; ought to stay there. Bessy quite indignant at his rudeness during my singing; good girl for so being.

2nd, 3rd, &c. Nothing remarkable; hard at work. Sent Power two poems for Bishop to set for the Greek work. Lord Lansdowne called and arranged for our going together to the Book-Club dinner, on Wednesday next.

8th. Walked over to Bowood to dress, and went with Lord L. to the Book-Club dinner at Chippenham. About fourteen or sixteen people. Made to follow Lord L. out of the room, and sat next him. Mentioned Sir B. Roche saying energetically in the House, "Mr.

[4] Nec timuit præcipitem Africum.

[5] Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.

[6] Quem mortis timuit gradum,—

[7] Qui fixis oculis monstra natantia.

[8] *Infames scopulos;* or as it ought evidently to be read, *Collopos.* N. B. Luttrel eat only of a dish of this kind at dinner.

Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative, No." Joy (who was President) told us he was by at the memorable scene between Fox and Burke. Said that there were a number of people in the House affected to tears. In proposing new books after the dinner, a member from the bottom of the table said, "There is a book called 'Rock Detected,' which I should like to propose;" upon which I said immediately, "Mr. President, I second that motion." I added, however, that they need not go to the expense of buying a copy, as I had one quite at their service. Left between nine and ten. In talking of neatness of execution being the *sine quâ non* in epigrams, Lord L. mentioned one as rather happy in its structure. I forget the exact words, but it was something

> (The hearer) "Perplexed
> 'Twixt the two to determine;
> 'Watch and pray,' says the text,
> 'Go to sleep,' says the sermon."

Wished me to dine with him on Friday, but have a half engagement to Scott.

9th and 10th. Reading and writing.

11th. Dined with the Scotts, who changed their day. Was in Devizes early, and drew on the Longmans for 100*l.* at three months. Company at Scott's; the Salmons, and Edmonston; rather agreeable. Wet, stormy night; meant to have walked all the way home, but on arriving at Devizes, found it too bad, and took a chaise.

12th. Walked over to Bowood to see the Lansdownes, who go to-morrow to the Isle of Wight. Told them of a long letter I had had from Fielding, who expects to be in England at Christmas. Lady L. said it was entirely Captain Hall's anxiety to see Bessy that made him persist in calling upon me on Monday.

13th. At work.

14th. Went to Bath with Bessy for commissions; took Tom and Russell; our dear Anastasia quite well. Home before seven. Had an invitation from the Arundells to go over there to-day, but sent an excuse.

15th. Bowles called. Asked him to return to dinner with us, which he did. Is going pell-mell into controversy again; Roscoe has exposed a carelessness of his with regard to one of Pope's letters, which he is going to write a pamphlet to explain. Mentioned an acquaintance of his, of the name of Lambert, who took a fancy to go to Egypt. When he came back, some one said to him, "Well, Lambert, what account of the Pyramids?" "The Pyramids! what are they? I never heard of them!" Was called, ever after, Pyramid Lambert. Fixed for us to come to him next Monday, to his Moravian Concert. Have received a pretty seal ring (a Lough Neagh pebble) from Ireland; the device an Irish harp, with my own words, "Dear harp of my country," round it.

16th to 19th. Working away at Sheridan. Sent Power two things for the Greek work, "Lonely Man of Athos," and "When thou art nigh;" the latter my own music. A flourishing speech of Shiel about me in the Irish papers. Says I am "The first poet of the day," and "join the beauty of the bird of paradise's plumes to the strength of the eagle's wing."

20th. Had a chaise to go over to Bremhill. Stopped at Bowood on my way to get a volume of Burke's works. Found Bowles and his party fiddling away most industriously; besides the Moravians, who were six in number, there was Mr. Humphreys of Chippenham, and Mr. Fenwick, a parson. Had a card of the concert printed, in which I was set down both as composer and singer. The whole day highly amusing. Set to music again after dinner. Slept there.

21st. Bowles showed me after breakfast the names in the "Tales of the Genii," that were transpositions of the author's (Ridley's) friends. Ellor for Rolle, and Phesor Geneps for Joseph Spence. Lowth, another great friend of Spence's, who has inscribed to him his fine poem, "The choice of Hercules," in his work. Bowles took Bessy in the carriage as far as Buckhill, where she meant to pass the day; I walked about alone. Went to take a look at a pretty cottage there which I should like to have; then got the key of the pleasure grounds at Bowood, and sauntered about them in the sunshine, writing a few sentences of Sheridan till three o'clock, when I joined Bessy at dinner with Mrs. Hughes. The little ones came there to us in the evening, and all walked home together. Find that there is some pamphlet published (and mentioned in "John Bull,") which accuses me of having borrowed

my translation of Anacreon from another translation.

22d to 30th. Rooting among Sheridan's papers, and scribbling. A letter from Corry, mentioning the accusation of plagiary against me in my Anacreon. The translation which I am accused of plundering is by Ogle, and it is odd enough if there should be (as Corry seems to intimate) any coincidences between us, as this is the first time I ever *heard* of such a translation.

Oct. 1st. Saw Bessy and Tom in the evening at Buckhill, where she went to sleep, for the purpose of being able to see the cottage at Calne to-morrow. Called on Mrs. P. on my way back.

2nd. Set off to walk to Buckhill at half past ten. Arrived at the cottage at Calne, where I found Bessy and Hughes, at a quarter to twelve; good walking. The cottage very pretty, but the pleasure grounds too extensive for our means, and every symptom of damp and smoking about the house. Dined at Hughes's, having walked to Bowood before dinner to look over some books. The last day I was there I gave half a sovereign to the wrong housemaid, and was therefore obliged to correct the erratum to-day, by giving ditto to the right one. Walked home with Bessy (for whom it was far too much) in the evening. Sent out some invitations for a dinner on Tuesday next.

3rd. Working at songs for Power.

4th. Sent off two songs to Power, "When on the lip the sigh delays," and "Here take my heart;" the latter with music of my own to it. The Phippses in the evening to tea and supper.

12th. Received a letter from Corry to say he had arrived at Bristol on his way to me, and hoped to be with us to-day. Rather puzzled about our engagement to Locke and the ball, but wrote to Locke to say that if Corry came in time, we would take him with us. He arrived just as we were going, and most good humouredly consented to go with us. Dinner more agreeable than usual; having another Irishman to back me I made play, and we had a good deal of laughing. Danced a quadrille at the ball with a little *blonde*, who quite justified the name Mr. Barry Cornwall the poet gives to her sex in general, "White creatures!" Bessy danced all night and enjoyed herself exceedingly. Home at two. Corry and I had our beakers and to bed.

13th. Corry gave us amusing accounts of my dear Mother's anxiety about me, and his making her laugh through her tears. Walked him over to Bowood; sorry the Lansdownes are not at home to receive him. In looking at the cascade, he mentioned what Plunkett said when some one praising his waterfall, exclaimed, "Why it's quite a cataract." "Oh, that's all my eye," said Plunkett. A delicious day. In the evening showed him Sheridan's MSS. of the "School for Scandal," which, being an enthusiast in the drama, he was delighted with.

14th. Off to Bath with Corry at half-past ten, thinking it as well to take advantage of the return of his chaise to bring home Anastasia, who is wanted for the celebration of Tom's birth-day. Told me that when Grattan was once asked his opinion about Sackville Hamilton (a well known man of office in Ireland), he answered, "Oh, red tape and sealing wax." Corry much pleased with my Anastasia's countenance, but sees, what I do myself, the loving and loveable nature of the dear child; and feels how ticklish will be the steerage of such a creature, when her affections are brought more strongly out. God protect her, and keep her innocent! Corry off in the mail at half-past three for Birmingham, and I home with Statia. Borrowed a volume of Wycherly from Upham.

15th and 16th. Finished the part relative to the School for Scandal.

17th. Worked for Power. Looked over the "Chants Populaires de la Grèce," by Fouriel, to find a subject for a song.

18th. Sent off to Power two songs, "There are two loves," and "Olympus late to Ossa said;" the latter taken from one of the songs of the Klepthes in Fauriel. Wrote to Rogers with respect to the injunction he laid on me not to apply to Byron's family on the subject of materials for his life till he gave me leave; said I thought if they had any sense or feeling, they would rather have a hand upon whose delicacy they could rely, to gather decently together the fragments of Byron's memory, than have them scattered about for every scribbler to make his own little separate heap or tumulus of. Mentioned the misrepresentations in Medwin's book of my first acquaintance with Byron, but said, "I am glad they were no worse, as I ex-

pected mischief, and I am sure there *will* be some in other quarters. To bring up a dead man thus to run a muck among the living is a formidable thing. In old times, superstitious thieves used to employ a dead man's hand in committing robberies, and they called it *la main de gloire*. I rather think the Captain of Dragoons (Medwin) is making use of a 'hand of glory' for not much better purposes."

19th. Walked over to Bowood. Not at home. Brought a book away with me. Note from Lord L. to ask me to dine there on Saturday.

20th. Working.

21st. Celebration of Tom's birth-day, kept to-day instead of the 24th, in order that "Statia" may return to school; plenty of children and noise. The Falkners and Phippses supped with us.

22nd. Walked with Bessy and Anastatia to Buckhill, where Bessy slept preparatory to being taken by Bowles to Bath to-morrow. Met Lord L. on my return.

23rd. Dined at Bowood, company, Grosetts and Clutterbucks; Mrs. Clutterbuck looking very pretty. Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) excellent. Being very nervous she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It's very odd," says Sir W., "but that's the very thing I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady furnished with the letter, sets off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling as usual very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her what a breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter, and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again." Slept there.

24th. A good deal of talk at breakfast about the falsehoods and misrepresentations in Medwin's book about Byron. Told them the whole particulars of my first acquaintance with Byron, and the misstatement about the "leadless bullet" that led to it. Lord L. owned he himself had been always under the impression that the story was true, and that the pistols in my meeting with Jeffrey were really *not* loaded. A proof what a fast hold the world takes of anything that disparages. He mentioned that the present Lords Hertford and Mansfield, when at the University, were mischievously set to fight in a room, by their seconds, and made to fire twice; the seconds not having loaded either pistol, and even having contrived a hole in the wainscot to make them think, after the first fire, that it was where the bullet went through. Walked to Buckhill to see Bessy who slept there last night. Went with her some part of her way home, and then returned to Bowood. Dressed and set off with Lord L. to dinner at Bowles's. Company, Bingham, Linley, Lord L., Phipps, and myself. Bowles mentioned that at some celebration at Reading school, when the patrons or governors of it (beer and brandy merchants) were to be welcomed with a Latin address, the boy appointed to the task thus bespoke them, "*Salvete, hospites cele*beer*imi*," and then turning to the others, "*Salvete, hospites cele*brandi." A good deal of singing in the evening; Linley, Bingham, and I sung several of Calcott's glees, which went off particularly well; Bowles in raptures. Slept there (instead of returning with Lord L.) in order to look over the sheets of Bowles's new pamphlet to Roscoe, in the morning.

25th. At work for three hours after breakfast trying to put Bowles's slipshod reasonings into some sort of order; but the task desperate. Left him between one and two. Called at Lord L.'s in the way, who asked me to dine on Friday next. Read the "Rehearsal" (which I borrowed from Bowles) to Bessy in the evening.

26th. Received Medwin's book and several others from town. Read Medwin through. A trumpery book, but on the whole gives an amiable impression of Lord B.; full of gross errors.

29th. Walked to Bowood to dinner. Company, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Colonel Young, my old friend Sir Stamford Raffles, and the Bowleses. Lord L. mentioned a ship having been once cast away at Petersburgh, laden with the newest fashions from France, and all the fish that were caught for several days were dressed out in the different dresses, veils, caps, &c. &c. Raffles gave us an account of his misfortune (by the burning of the ship in

which he left Benecoolen), very interestingly. Sung in the evening with Lady Pembroke, who also gave us some very pretty Russian songs; did not seem to care much about my singing, except in my duets with her, which went very well; chiefly Asioli. Slept there.

30th. Wrote a verse or two of a song for Power, "The dying Warrior to his Sword." Walked home after breakfast, Lady Lansdowne having entreated me to stay over to-morrow, and to get Bessy to come over too. Lunched at home, and walked with Bessy; then back to Bowood to dinner. Sir S. Raffles gone. Had showed me in the morning, maps of his new settlement at Singapore. The India Company's servants much annoyed at his introduction of the principles of free trade so close to them. Lord L. mentioned that Cottu (the judge who wrote about England), after praising to him Scarlett and the other lawyers of the Northern Circuit, said *Mais il faut avouer que leur cuisine est fade et bornée;* there was, it appeared to him, the same old goose at dinner everywhere he went. In talking of English architects, Lord P. said he would rank Chambers the highest of any; Lord L. said that Cockerell is of the same opinion. The Americans (I mentioned) call a cargo of fashionable goods, trinkets, &c. &c. being "laden with *notions*," and on being hailed by our ships, a fellow (without an idea, perhaps, in his head) will answer through a speaking trumpet, that he is "laden with notions." Having some symptoms of a cold during my singing with Lady P. in the evening, Lady L. recommended me some sal-volatile in water; and her footman gave me a bottle of the stuff on my way to bed. Foolishly thinking it already mixed, I drank off a great dose of the pure sal-volatile, and was nearly suffocated; did not sleep all night with the uneasiness in my throat.

31st. Dreadfully wet to-day. Meant to have walked home to luncheon, but could not. Lord L. having recommended me to read Fielding's "Journey into the next World," did so, and was highly amused; few things so good as the first half of it. Went to chapel, and did not get out all day. In the evening, on my alluding to the story (told originally, I believe, of George II.) of George III. having once said upon being saved from falling, "Never touch a King," Lord Pembroke remarked, "No, no; he did not say that, I was with him at the time. Being very clumsy in his movements, in stepping over something he fell right on his nose, and Goldsworthy ran to help him up; upon which he said, rather testily, 'Don't you think I can get up myself?' and that was all." Could not sing a note this evening, on account of my throat; but Lady P. gave us again her pretty Russian airs, and a beautiful thing by Carafa, *O Cara Memoria*, which I copied out. Slept there.

Nov. 1st. Walked home before breakfast. Went to Lord L. to ask him to take the copy of Sheridan's Westminster Hall Speech to town for me; said, at the same time, that I had had half a mind to offer myself to him as a parcel. In answer, said that he had, by mere accident, as many live parcels already as his carriage could hold, but that if any occasion should take me up to town within the next ten days, he could easily bring me back.

2nd. Sent the Speech over to Bowood.

3rd. Sent to Power "The Dying Warrior to his Sword," and an air I have written to "When on the Lip the Sigh delays." A couple of nice pine-apples from Bowood.

4th, 5th. At work at the "Duenna."

6th. Dined at the Phippses to meet Captain Amyot.

7th, 8th. A parcel from town, containing, among other things, "Murray's Notes on Captain Medwin," in form of a pamphlet, sent by himself. The newspapers have all been giving extracts from the new number of "Irish Melodies," and praising them.

9th. Went to the Devizes ball; the Phippses took us. Walked about a good deal with Mrs. Fisher, and dined with Selina Locke. Bessy not looking at all well, but danced away the whole night, and suffered for it in violent cramps on her return home.

10th to 12th. At work. The "Courier" I see has praised the "Melodies" very warmly.

15th, 16th. Sent Power words to a ballet tune, "Tell her, oh, tell her!" Have been endeavouring, but without success, to put words to Carafa's air.

17th. Some anonymous person has sent me a framed drawing of our cottage ("Anacreon Cottage," as the writer calls it), with a very flattering letter; a woman's hand-writing. We had observed a lady and a gentleman in a gig at the gate some weeks since sketching the

house, and thought it must be for some magazine. Walked to Bowood to dinner; company, the A'Courts, Littleton (Lord Littleton's brother), Miss Napier, and Miss Talbot. Littleton more agreeable than he used to be when a young man; less of a rattle. Music in the evening. Mrs. A'Court sung to the Spanish guitar very prettily, and with me some of Asioli's duets. Lord L. told of Garat (I think) accompanying Chauvelin, when he came on his mission; their bringing a large Amiens pie to eat on the road, which was fastened on the top of the chaise. Garat anxious to see the country, got out and sat with the pie, and at the end of his journey said very innocently, that nothing could be more unjust than giving the English a character of gravity or *tristesse*, as he had seen nothing but *éclats de rire* all the way along. Slept there.

18th. Looked through the "Edinburgh Review" for articles on Commerce with France and the Sinking Fund. Talked with Lord L. upon Mr. Fox's opposition to the commercial treaty in 1786; the very erroneous principles broached both by him and Burke on that occasion, &c. Wanted me very much to stay over to-day; but, as I must come again on Sunday, to meet the Jerseys, thought it better to return home. The Falkeners to dinner with us. Worked in the evening.

19th. Should have mentioned that I wrote to Doyle within these few days, begging him to communicate to Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh, my intention to write a Life of Lord Byron; said it was always his own wish that I should, if I snrvived him, write something about him, and that I thought it must be equally now the wish of his own family that a hand, upon whose delicacy they could rely, should undertake the task, rather than have his memory at the mercy of scribblers, who dishonour alike the living and the dead.

20th. Received a note from Lady L. reminding me of to-morrow, and sending me the Russian airs that Lady Pembroke promised to copy out for me.

21st. Bessy by no means well; the same pains in her face and jaws that she had last winter. Walked over to Bowood; company, the Jerseys, Lord Carnarvon and his daughter, Charles Sheridan, and Lord and Lady James Stuart. Desired both by Lady Lansdowne and Lord Jersey to sit next Lady Jersey at dinner. In reading an extract from Dallas's book about Lord Byron before dinner, it occurred to me that by the "newly made friend," he mentions who turned Lord B. out of the path of courtiership into which Dallas thinks he was so laudably entering at one time, he must have meant *me*, and so Lord Jersey thought. But Lord L., at dinner, said it was quite as likely to be Lady Jersey; and so, upon reconsideration, I have no doubt it is. A good deal of laughing with her about this. Sung in the evening. Slept there.

22nd. Walked home after breakfast to see how Bessy was. Some talk with Lord L. before I came away on a point that has occupied my mind a good deal, namely, the project I have meditated of writing a life of Lord Byron. Though the Longmans look earnestly and anxiously to it as the great source of my means of repaying them their money; and though it would be the shortest and easiest way I could effect that object; yet the subject begins to be so tarnished and so clogged with difficnlties, that my *own* impression is that I *ought* not to undertake it. Mentioned this idea to Lord Lansdowne who qnite agrees with me. Thinks that as to entering into the details of Lord Byron's life now, it is qnite ont of the qnestion, and that all I could with any satisfaction to myself nndertake, wonld be a critical examination of his works and genius, which after all, as I remarked, the pnblic would not much thank me for. It is my intention, however, to leave both the Longmans and the pnblic under the impression that I *do* mean to write the life. Found Bessy not much better. Got wet throngh in retnrning to Bowood. Received a letter from Elliston, asking me whether the G in Gheber was to be pronounced hard or soft, as he is bringing ont a piece from "Lalla Rookh," and wishes to know. Lady Jersey this morning mentioned that Lord —— told her Croker was the author of "Rock Detected." Poor Croker's name is made as free with as the devil's is with the lawyers; everything is laid to him. Lord ——, she says, owned, at the saine time, that it was very dull, and this it certainly would *not* be, if written by Croker. An addition to the party to-day of Ponsonby and Lady Barbara, and the Puseys (Lord Carnarvon's daughter and son-in-law). Again ordered to sit next Lady Jersey. A dispute in the evening upon a passage in Cobbett's

"Cottage Economy;" "It was, pigs of a different description that were," &c.; whether grammar or not. Lords Jersey and Lansdowne against, and Lord Carnarvon and I for; *i. e.* acknowledging it was awkward, but still grammar. As Lord C. said, only change it into "it was a different description of pigs," &c. and you will see that the fault is in the collocation of the words, not in the grammar." Sung again. Slept there. A tremendous storm in the night that actually shook Bowood. Trembled for the thatch of my little cottage. Charles Sheridan having read his father's speech, now agrees with me, that it would not be so desirable to have it all published.

23rd. Lady Lansdowne said in coming down to breakfast, "It is an ill wind, &c.; you cannot go home to-day." On my expressing my anxiety about Mrs. Moore, offered to send the carriage with me to see her, and then come back again. Could not, however, stay. On my mentioning what Sheridan said to Charles, when he was a boy, "Never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to morrow," found that it was not Sheridan but the old Lord Holland, who said it to Charles Fox, adding another maxim, "Nor ever do yourself what you can get any one else to do for you." Talked of Southey: the little reliance that is to be placed upon him as an historian; his base persecution of the memory of Sir J. Moore. Ponsonby mentioned a gross misrepresentation of his with respect to the request which he says Romana made to Moore to advance; said also, that the Duke of Wellington had spoken most warmly and liberally to Col. Napier (who is writing an account of the Peninsular War) on the subject of those calumnies against Moore. Lord Lansdowne mentioned at breakfast that Voltaire in some historical work (?), had described the French as, immediately upon their taking possession of Munich, after a severe siege, collecting all the pretty girls of the town and dancing all night. The authors of the "Universal History," upon finding this anecdote, wrote to Voltaire to request he would inform them of his authority for it. Upon which Voltaire wrote back to say that he really forgot where he had met with it, but that it might be depended on, as *Les Français dansent toujours*. Talked of Jeremy Bentham; calls his walk after dinner his "paulo-post prandial vibration." Mills's article on Government, in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." How quizzible this whole school is! Their method of analysis might be transferred so easily to some ludicrous question, and travestied, &c. &c. Came away before luncheon, and got pretty dry home.

24th and 25th. At work.

26th. Bowles called. Walked over to Bowood to look at Fox's James II., and borrow a volume of the "Edinburgh Review;" found the Ponsonbys; lunched. Lord L. walked part of the way home with me. A good deal of conversation about politics. Asked us to dine to meet the Starkeys next Friday.

27th to 29th. At work. Wrote two things for Power, "Our home is on the sea, boy," and, "Bring the bright garlands hither;" the latter to a pretty Russian air Lady Pembroke gave me.

30th. Writing away.

Dec. 3rd. Dined at Bowood; the Phippses took us; company, the Starkeys and Holtons. The day rather different from Bowood days in general. Whatever it may be in politics, at a dinner, *men*, not *measures*, are to be considered.

4th. A wretched day: the Phippses dined with us. See (by extracts in the "Chronicle") that there is an article in the New "Edinburgh" on "Captain Rock:" evidently by Sydney Smith. Sent an apology to Bowles to whom I promised to go to-day; but the *nebulæ malusque Jupiter* prevent it.

12th. Walked over to Bowood; company there at present, Misses Fox and Vernon, and Lord Seymour. Expect Lady Harrowby and the Ebringtons on Wednesday. Sorry to miss them, as I like the latter exceedingly. In talking of the French academy *éloges*, Lord L. mentioned one by the Duc de Levi, which he had heard. The defunct having written a play, which the Duke considered food for the royalist cause, he said it was "pity that the Théâtre Français had not been able to contain as many people at once as the Coliseum, for if it had *la contre-revolution aurait été faite* by this play."

13th. Set off in the York House coach for town. Lunched at Newbury. On my arrival in town did not dine, having to sup with Power. Called at Lady Donegal's; the house all silent and dark, supposed her out of town.

Found Power full of kindness and satisfaction with me.

14th. Called at Rogers's; not in town. Wrote a letter to Power, explaining what I wished him to do for me in the financial way. Met Charles Moore, who told me Lady D. was not only in town, but that he was to dine there to-day to go to see the "Freischütz;" just the thing I wished; wrote to her to invite myself. Called on the Hollands; Lady H. not very well. Found Woolriche with her; asked me to dine to-morrow, but engaged to the Longmans. Dined with Lady D., and went in the evening with Miss Godfrey, Barbara, and C. Moore to the Duke of York's box, at Drury Lane. Much struck with the "Freischütz." Thought the music sounds familiar, and full of passages to which one is inclined to take off one's hat as to old acquaintances.

15th. Called upon Charles Sheridan; has not yet given the speech to the Bishop of Rochester. Having written a song before I came up upon Pendeli (the modern Pentelicus) in which I made the second syllable short, every verse ending with it, *e. g.* "The marble caves of Pendeli;" but having some misgivings that the syllable was long, asked C. Sheridan. Could not tell me with certainty, but believed it was long Called upon Hobhouse. Much talk with him about the various Byroniauia since we last met. It was Sir F. Burdett advised him to withdraw his pamphlet in answer to Medwin, which he had printed and announced. Showed me some proofs of old Dallas's manœuvring from Lord Byron's letters. Told him (what I feel), that all that has happened since the destruction of the Memoirs convinces me that he was right in advising their total suppression, as, if the remainder were published, much more mischief would be imagined to have existed in the suppressed part than there is even now. Begged of him to give me some time or other under his hand, for my own satisfaction, the assurance which had such weight with me in giving up the Memoirs, that Byron had expressed to him, when they last met, his regret at having put them out of his own power, and that it was only delicacy towards me that prevented him from recalling them; said that I might depend upon it that he would. Asked him about Pendeli, which is long, as I feared, and my song, accordingly, spificated. Called upon Woolriche. Saw the Duke of Bedford, who was all amiability, and very amusing; asked me to come to Woburn this Christmas; invited me also to dine to-day, and go to the play; but engaged. Walked with Woolriche, who pressed me to go to Woburn. There is to be a ballet got up, for young Lady Louisa, who dances, he says, beautifully. Called at Power's, who accedes most readily to my drawing upon him for six and eight months, but expressed regret that I should lose so much by discount. Sorry to find that the two works I am about now for him, will barely complete my annual tasks. Sad prospects before me; deep in arrears on all sides. Dined at Longmans'; had old Taylor of the "Sun" to meet me. Professed to tell me a great deal about Sheridan, but nothing in it, except boring, deadly boring; most of the company asleep. Brought me, however, a letter or two of S.'s, which may be of use; showed me also a curious original letter from Churchill to his bookseller, asking most anxiously for a guinea, for which he said he was "in pawn." Went to the Hollands; Brougham, Mackintosh, and Lord Sefton. Some talk with Mackintosh; said he believed Tooke had assisted Paine in his answer to Burke. Mentioned, as like Tooke's manner, the passage about a king having a million a-year; his only duty being to receive the salary. I must see this passage, in which he objected to the word "nominal," as incumbering the point: asked him about Stone. Stone had got him (Mackintosh) made a French citizen at the time when he wrote the letter I have to Sheridan, taking merit to himself for preventing the same honour from being inflicted on him and Mr. Fox. Mentioned George Ellis's fright on account of the Rolliad, when taken to dine with Pitt, the quotation of the latter, &c. &c. Thinks Richardson's the least good of the Rolliad papers.

16th. Breakfasted with Charles Sheridan. Looked over his translations from Fauriel's Greek songs, which he wishes to publish. Offered to speak to the Longmans about them. Called at the Duke of Bedford's for Woolriche; shown in by a stupid servant to the Duke and Duchess, who were in close conference for the purchase of trinkets; the Duke very kind. Walked with Woolriche; called on Shee, thence to the Donegals. Dressed at

six, and drove to the Storys, to take my chance of a dinner with them. Found them at tea, and did not like to own my intention, but said I was engaged to the Hollands. Dined at the Athenæum, my first appearance there. Went to Covent Garden, where I joined Lincoln Stanhope, and saw part of the "Freischütz" and "Clari;" cried at the latter as much as I used in Paris. Miss Tree, the only woman on the stage I would trust with a tender character.

19th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Conversation with respect to my undertaking "Byron's Life." Does not see that what has happened should alter my intention: thinks whatever of tarnish the subject may have lately received, will have passed away before I come to it, and that the falsehoods and nonsense which have been heaped upon his memory should rather make me consider the duty to do justice to it the greater. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Sir J. Mackintosh, Dr. Holland, and Arguelles. The latter told Lord H. he remembered having met me eighteen years ago at Lady Heathcote's, when he came over as one of the deputies, and that I was less altered since then than any one he had met: I recollect well the evening he alludes to. He and Matarosa (now Torreno) were standing at the pianoforte while I was singing "Come tell me, says Rosa;" and on the latter asking Lady Heathcote what was the subject of my song, she, with great quickness, replied, that "it was in honour of the Spanish Deputies," in consequence of which, whenever I came to Rosa, Matarosa bowed. Some talk with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Brougham and Lord Sefton came in. Went from thence to Mr. Story's, sung and supped. Before dinner to-day called upon Strangford, and found him in conference with Prince Esterhazy.

20th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Showed me some prose essays he has written to intermix with the verses of his "Italy." One "On Assassination," of which Mackintosh (to whom he sent it) wrote back, that "Hume could not improve the thoughts, nor Addison the language." Feel it would do one good to study such writing, if not as a model, yet as a chastener and simplifier of style, it being the very reverse of ambition or ornament. Objected to the phrase, "as if all hell had broke loose," and "nations worrying each other like curs." Talking of Fox's views in 1786, calling the French "natural enemies," &c., he said, "Fox's tone altered much as he got older and wiser, and that on his return from France he was even thought to lean too much the other way." Went to the Longmans on my money business. Drew upon Power for 400*l.* at six and eight months, a hundred of which went to replace what I drew upon the Longmans for three months since, and eighty to Power for a similar purpose. Dined at Denman's, the party a most *Reginal* one; himself, Brougham, and Williams, with old Charles Butler to *dilute*. Very agreeable; talked of the Regency Question. The able article on the subject in the "Edinburgh Review" was written, Brougham says, by Allen. Brougham seemed to lay great stress upon the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the forfeiture of the crown thereby; the nullity of the marriage having nothing to do with the forfeiture. Mentioned a parallel case in law, where a man in consigning an estate might do what would forfeit his own claim to it, though it was null in the law and could not confer any title to it on another. On Charles Butler saying he wondered this was not thought of during the Queen's trial, Brougham said that it *was* thought of; the only witness, however, to the marriage (I forget his name) was dead. Sung for the women in the evening; Brougham and Williams having gone off to a consultation. Agreed to go with Denman to-morrow to the trial of Miss Foote against Hayne.

21st. Up very early, and to breakfast with Denman at half-past eight. Mentioned Fox's famous reply to Grant on the Convention Bill. His side speeches to his friends, while working himself up to it; to Tierney and some one else, who were whispering behind, "Will you be quiet? it is no such easy speech to answer;" and of Michael A. Taylor who was boring him with suggestions, he said aside to another, "Doesn't the —— think I have enough to do?" Staid in court till two, and was then obliged to attend an appointment with Bishop to correct some of our songs for the Greek work. Played me some things out of Weber's "Euryanthe;" a beautiful cavatina and a yager song, not so simple or popular as that in the "Freischütz." Had a letter from Croker yesterday, asking me to dine with him on the

28th, and to fix Lord Strangford and Bushe for the same day. Called and left word with Rogers that I should dine with him to-day. Took my place on Thursday morning. Dined *tête-à-tête* with Rogers, and went to the play together to Lady Spencer's box: "As you like it," Miss Tree the Rosalind.

22nd. All day performing commissions. Called at the Longmans, and from thence went with Rees to the India House to try and see Dr. Wilkie, for the purpose of making inquiries about Halhed, Sheridan's early correspondent, who, it appears, is alive. This may make some difference to me in the Life, as I doubt whether I can venture to give his letters, and they are among the most lively ingredients of the work; could not see Dr. Wilkie. After writing several notes, dined between seven and eight at Richardson's. Thence home to pack.

23rd. Off in the coach at quarter past six. Had for one of my companions a clergyman, brother of the Shearer who wrote "Recollections in the Peninsula," &c. &c. An odd and amusing person; quoted a neat remark of Lardner's on predestination, "if we were judged before we were born, then certainly we were never born to be judged." Found all pretty well at home, and my dearest Anastasia among the rest for her holidays. Shearer said the Longmans had told his brother that I had the most generous contempt for money of any man they ever met.

24th. Surprised by an invitation to dinner from the Starkeys, they having from some unintelligible cause separated themselves from us for a long time. The return just as unintelligible as the breaking off. Upon consideration, however, resolved (as the most sensible and good-humoured plan) to accept the invitation.

25th. Eat my plum pudding at home. Dined at two on account of the servants, who were indulged with dinner for their friends (about a dozen of them) and a large party in the evening. Very jolly and uproarious till twelve o'clock.

28th. Received the account of my poor friend Richard Power's death.

29th. Company at Bowood, Lord Auckland and the Misses Eden, Sir John Newport, Macdonald, Mr. Baring Wall, and Hallam. Mentioned Gilbert Wakefield's taking Pope's "Gently spread thy purple pinions" as serious, and saying that it was not in Mr. Pope's happiest style. Sung in the evening. In talking of my own compositions, mentioned the tendency I had sometimes to run into consecutive fifths, and adding, some time after, that Bishop was the person who now revised my music, Lord Auckland said, "Other Bishops take care of the tithes, but he looks after the fifths." A good story of a man brimful of ill-temper, coming out of a room where he had lost all his money at play, and seeing a person (a perfect stranger to him) tying his shoe at the top of the stairs; "D—n you (says he), you're always tying your shoe," and kicked him down stairs. Slept there.

30th. After breakfast walked home to see Bessy, and returned to Bowood to dinner. In talking at dinner of Lord Chatham's famous figure of the Saône and the Rhone, Lord L. and I maintained, against Hallam, that Fox and Lord Mansfield were the persons meant, and rather thought we had Lord Holland's authority for it. Hallam, however, insisted, upon the authority of Lord Orford's Correspondence, that it was the Duke of Newcastle and Fox. On referring to Lord Orford, found Hallam was right, and borne out by Lord Holland's note; though in the text Lord O. mentions four different persons (among whom was Lord Mansfield) to whom conjecture applied the passage. Had received to-day a modern Greek song upon Lord Byron's death (with the music), Ωδη προς τον Λορδ Βυρον. Hallam and I made out the words between us, but they are nothing remarkable. Slept there.

1825.

January 1st. Received a note from Lady L. asking me to come and meet Sir James Mackintosh on Monday, and stay over Tuesday, saying also she hoped to persuade Bessy to come with the children to celebrate Twelfth-night; answered I should come, but could not stay over Tuesday.

2nd. Have written, for Power, words to a Spanish air composed by Mrs Villamil, and to a German hunting song.

3rd. Walked over to Bowood: company, Mackintosh and his daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Smith and Lewson Smith. Some good stories of old Lady Townsend after dinner. "Lord Anson round the world but never in it." A good deal of conversation about Burke

in the evening. Mentioned his Address to the British Colonists in North Ameriea, "Armed as you are, we embraee you as our friends and as our brothers, by the best and dearest ties of relation." The tone of the other parts, however, is, I find, moderate enough. Burke was of opinion that Hume, if he had been alive, would have taken the side of the French Revolution. Dugald Stewart thinks the same. The grand part of Burke's life was between 1772 and the end of the Ameriean war; afterwards presumed upon his fame and let his imagination run away with him. Lord Charlemont said that Burke was a Whig upon Tory prineiples. Fox said it was lucky that Burke and Wyndham took the side against the French Revolution, as they would have got hanged on the other. Wyndham's speeeh on Curwen's motion for Reform an ingenious defenee of parliamentary eorruption, like the pleading of a sophist. Burke gave the substanee of the India Bill, and Pigot drew it up. Slept there.

4th. After breakfast talked of Lord John's last book. Lord L. approves highly of his defenee of the Septennial Act: thinks it saved the eountry. A question, however, whether they had any right to extend it beyond the parliament then sitting, and whether they should not merely have reeommended the prineiple for discussion to their sueeessors. Mackintosh thinks that if Anne and Louis XIV. had lived two or three years longer, the Pretender would have been restored. Looked over, with M., Bishop Berkeley's Querist, in which there are remarkable instances of acuteness on subjeets of politieal economy; also views with respeet to Ireland and the Catholies, most liberal, eonsidering the times in whieh he lived; all expressed clearly and ably. How mueh more truly patriotie than Swift, who put the great majority of the people wholly out of his aceount! Read over Burke, and made some extracts. After luneheon went with Lady Lansdowne and the two others to drive. Dressed at Phipps's, where Bessy and I dined, to go to the ball: company, Mrs. Houlton and her two daughters, and the Ashes. The ball very full and a number of pretty women; daneed with Selina Loeke. Home between two and three.

5th. But ill fit for working after my late hours. Am labouring away at Sheridan.

6th. The Lansdownes' earriage eame for us, and Bessy, Anastasia, Tom, and I set off in it. Company at dinner, the Mackintoshes and Smiths, the Bowleses, and Mr. and Mrs. Hertford. Sung in the evening and played with the ehildren; Anastasia drew Queen. Home between eleven and twelve. Found that the Starkeys had sent in alarm for Bessy, on aeeount of Julia's illness. She insisted on going aeross the valley, and as soon as I could get on my boots I followed her. Found all in bed and returned.

7th to 9th. At work.

10th. Walked over to Bowood. Found Maekintosh and Abererombie. Showed M. some letters of Parr's and one of the King's, dated 1791, whieh he thinks alludes to something eonnected with the Duke of York's marriage. Talked of Adair's mission to Russia. M. thought his letter to the Bishop of Winehester good, but A. did not eonsider it as quite satisfactory. It seems the letter of Adair that was intereepted had been entrusted by him to some man at Petersburg in whom he had confidenee, and at the man's own request. It eontained a report of a eonversation A. had had with some person high in offiee, and was laid before the eouneil in England. Some were for proeeeding on it, but Maekintosh has heard that Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville both said they would resign if any use was made of a doeument so obtained. Said I should perhaps eome and offer myself for dinner to-morrow. Both pressed me to do so.

11th. Walked over to Bowood, and wrote a verse of a song to Carafa's beautiful air in going. Met Lord. L. and asked if I might dine with him; said he should be most happy. Went to the house and found Maekintosh. Read with him the Prince's letter in 1789, whieh he has always supposed to be Burke's. Thinks the passage about "separating the Court from the State" and "diseonneeting the authority," &c., mueh more in Burke's manner of thinking than Sheridan's. After reading this fine passage with great delight, he said eomically, "who the devil would ever suppose that this was all about the power of ereating lords of the bedehamber?" Turned to the protest of the Lords in 1778, against the plan of desolating Ameriea, whieh was written by Burke and (as Maekintosh heard from Lord Fitzwilliam) the Duke of Riehmond

conjointly. A most magnificent piece of writing, and could hardly have had any other hand to it than Burke's. M. showed it to me for the purpose of comparing the style with that of the Prince's letter, and I confess I begin to think that Burke must have written some passages of that letter. The probability is that it was done by different hands. Abercrombie joined us; asked him about the Scotch boroughs. Gave me a general explanation of them; there is no popular election whatever in Scotland; it is as if the lords of the manor in England were to elect themselves; for it does not even depend upon property, but upon a sort of right, like that of the manorial right, which may be held independent of the property. Company at dinner, Dr. and Mrs. Fowler, the Mackintoshes, and Abercrombies. M. quoted from Churchill about Macpherson:—

Ossian sublimest, simplest bard of all,
Whom English infidels Macpherson call.

In Cesarotti's translation, Cachullin is made *Cucullino*. Was expected to stay to sleep, but took an opportunity of running away, and walked home.

12th. Am pestered with letters from all parts of the world. The other day received four, from New-York, Frankfort, Paris, and Birmingham. That from Frankfort is an account of all that the writer (a Mr. Schonbart) has done for me in the German Gazettes, where I have been attacked, and he has defended me. The Birmingham letter is from a young gentleman who wants to be my amanuensis, and asks, "what remuneration I can give him for it." Last night I received a letter from a French gentleman about Miss Sophie ——, who, he says, will die if she does not get a lock of Lord Byron's hair, and entreating me, in the name of her distracted family, to save her from the grave. Recollect some other things Mackintosh said. Wilberforce's good remark about the Catholics, that they were "like persons discharged from prison, but still wearing the prison dress." Mentioned an advertisement that appeared in 1792, "Wanted for a King of France, an easy good-tempered man, who can bear confinement, and has no followers." Wilberforce was made a citizen by the French Convention, and Courteney, who was in Paris at the time, said, "If you make Mr. W. a citizen, they will take you for an assemblage of negroes, for it is well known he never favoured the liberty of any white man in all his life." Dr. Thomson said of Godwin (who in the full pride of his theory of perfectibility, said he "could educate tigers,") "I should like to see him in a cage with two of his pupils." Pitt is known to have corrected but two of his speeches—that on the Union, and another on the Budget for the year 1792. Mr. Fox, but one; that about the Duke of Bedford. His Scrutiny speech (at least the greater part of it) was reported by Dennis O'Brien. To Dr. Lawrence, who was hideously ugly, Canning and Ellis used to apply

"tetrior" alter
Non fuit, excepto Laurentis corpore Turni.*

Lord Clifford has a copy of the secret treaty entered into by Charles II. with Louis XIV., which he is about to send to Mackintosh. * * * Talked of the opinions of Eichorn, and other Germans, about the Gospels; that there was one original gospel, Matthew, from which the others have been compiled. Herbert Marsh pursues the same idea in his Preface to Michaëlis.

13th. Went into Devizes to dine with the Hugheses; Bessy and Mrs. Phipps had gone in the morning to attend the court, it being sessions time. Bingham of the party at Hughes's; some rather agreeable conversation. Singing in the evening by Bingham and me. In talking of Burke's paper upon evidence (on the trial of Hastings), Bingham said that the only fault to be found with Burke and Romilly in their notions of a reform in the laws was, that they did not go far enough; while in Mackintosh's still worse, everything he proposed was wrong. Had not an opportunity to ask him to explain this.

14th to 17th. Sent Carafa's air, "O Memory," and another (of which I forget the words) to Power. Lord Lansdowne called on the 15th, and asked me to dine at Bowood, to meet the Morleys, on Tuesday 18th.

18th. Walked to Bowood to dinner; none but the Morleys. Lady M. quoted some lines from a poem she said Delavigne had written lately on vaccination: —

"Au fond de Glocester, ou les vastes campagnes
Nourissent des *taureaux*, les fidelles compagnes."

Vache in poetry would be an abomination.

* —— pulchrior alter
Non fuit, &c. *Æn.* vii. 650.

In talking of the strange practice of foreign physicians, it was mentioned that at Lisbon they always order for inflammatory fevers hen broth, and for low fevers cock broth. The Duc de Levi, in something he has written about England, is mightily pleased with a discovery he makes that *luncheon* is derived from *lounger*. Seeing the Bond Street loungers going into the cake shops so regularly, he traced the connection between them and the meal; thus *lounger*, *luncher*, *luncheon*. This Duc de Levi a ridiculous personage; had a picture once drawn of the Virgin Mary, and himself taking off his hat to her, the Virgin saying, as appears by a scroll out of her mouth, *Couvrez vous, mon cousin.* Quoted the line from Ariosto, *andava combattendo ed era morto.* Sung, and slept there.

19th. Lady L. proposed that they should take me to Col. Houlton's (where I have been asked to meet them) to-morrow. Col. H. himself had offered to drive over for me, but declined it.

20th. The Lansdownes called upon me at three. Company at the Houltons, their own family, Wilsons, Shirleys, &c. Elwin, and Lord James O'Brien. Sung in the evening, and Isabella Houlton delighted us with her figure and tones at the guitar; nothing can be prettier. I sung *Se fiato avete incorpo*, with John Houlton. Slept there. Elwin insisted upon my being his guest to-morrow night at Bath.

21st. Lord Lansdowne at breakfast mentioned of Dutens, who wrote the "Mémoires d'un Voyageur que se repose," and was a great antiquarian, that on his describing once his good luck in having found (what he fancied to be) a tooth of Scipio's, in Italy, some one asked him what he had done with it, upon which he answered briskly, "What have I done with it? *le voici*," pointing to his mouth, where he had made it supplemental to a lost one of his own. The Lansdownes off to Bath after breakfast, and I (after singing a little for the girls) followed them with Col. Houlton. The grand opening to-day of the Literary Institution at Bath. Attended the inaugural lecture by Sir G. Gibbs, at two. Walked about a little afterwards, and to dinner at six; Lord Lansdowne in the chair. Two Bishops present; and about 108 persons altogether. Bowles and Crabbe of the number. Lord L. alluded to us in his first speech, as among the literary ornaments, if not of Bath itself, of its precincts, and in describing our respective characteristics, said, beginning with me, "the one, a specimen of the most glowing, animated, and impassioned style," &c.; this word "impassioned" spoken out strongly in the very ear of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who sat next him. On the healths of the three poets being given, though much called for, I did not rise, but motioned to Crabbe, who got up and said a few words. When it came to my turn to rise, such a burst of enthusiasm received me as I could not but feel proud of. Spoke for some time, and with much success. Concluded by some tributes to Crabbe and Bowles, and said of the latter, that "his poetry was the first fountain at which I had drunk the pure freshness of the English language, and learned (however little I might have profited by my learning) of what variety of sweetness the music of English verse is capable. From admiration of the poet, I had been at length promoted into friendship with the man, and I felt it particularly incumbent upon me, from some late allusions, to say, that I had found the life and the poetry of my friend to be but echoes to each other; the same sweetness and good feeling pervades and modulates both. Those who call my friend a wasp, would not, if they knew him better, make such a mistake in natural history. They would find that he is a *bee*, of the species called the *apes neatina*, and that, however he may have a sting ready on the defensive, when attacked, his native element is that garden of social life which he adorns, and the proper business and delight of his life are sunshine and flowers." In talking of the "springs of health with which nature had gifted the fair city of Bath," and of her physicians, I said, "it was not necessary to go back to the relationship between Apollo and Esculapius to show the close consanguinity that exists between literature and the healing art; between that art which purifies and strengthens the body, and those pursuits that refine and invigorate the intellect. Long," I added, "may they both continue to bless you with their beneficent effects! Long may health and the Muses walk your beautiful hills together, and mutually mingle their respective influences, till your springs themselves shall grow springs of inspiration, and it may be said,

'Flavus Apollo
Pocula Castaliâ plena ministrat aquâ.'"

Quite overwhelmed with praises, I left the room. Elwyn and I, accompanied by Bayly, and a sensible Irishman, E. introduced me to (Ellis); went to the play together. Home to Elwyn's house, where I slept.

22nd. Bowles highly gratified with what I said of him. Asked by every one to give a correct copy of it for the newspapers, but shall not, for it would break the charm which all lies in manner, the occasion, &c. &c. Duncan of Oxford said to me, "I have had that sweet oratory ringing in my ears all night." Bowles gave me a copy of his "Roscoe pamphlet," with an inscription in it, *inter Poëtas suaves suavissimo*, &c. &c. Left Bath with Bowles, having bought some grapes for Bessy's patient, Miss Starkey. Bowles dropt me at Buckhill from which I walked home, carrying the basket of grapes. Found all pretty well.

23d to 25th. Received a Bath paper, giving an account of the dinner, and luckily rather describing than attempting to *give* my speech. Had a letter from Cruttwell asking me to send him a correct report of it, but too late to do so.

26th. Took my dear Anastasia to school. Dined at Bayly's, in order to go to the Dramatic Ball in the evening: nothing could be more brilliantly got up than the latter. An amateur play first, and the fancy ball afterwards; an allusion to me in the epilogue spoken by Bayly, "Erin's matchless son," &c. which brought plaudits and stares on me. Introduced to quantities of people; came away with Elwyn before two, and supped and slept at his house.

27th. Mr. Duncan to breakfast, and some very agreeable conversation. Cruttwell has a pretended report of my speech, not one word of which I spoke. Left in the Devizes coach at half-past four. Had a chaise at Melksham, and home.

28th. Walked to Bowood. Neither at home, but met Lord L. as I was coming back, and he dismounted and walked with me. Much conversation about the intentions of the Ministry about Ireland.

29th. Working at something for Power.

30th. Walked over to Bowood, and lunched with the Lansdownes, who start for London to-morrow.

31st. Sent Power off "No, leave this heart to rest," and something else.

Feb. 1st to 8th. Have kept no traces of these days except that they were all occupied with Sheridan. Bessy all this time attending upon Miss Starkey, and injuring her own health.

9th. Took Bessy to Bath to see Liston. Had received an invitation from the Houltons to come over, Bessy and I, to them the following Saturday (12th), to stay till Monday, and go to the Subscription Ball at Bath; but the two frisks rather too much. The Phippses already at Bath. Dined at Elwyn's; company, Mr. and Miss Bayly, Miss Pinny, and Tom Bayly. Went to the play afterwards, and laughed a good deal at Liston in "Solomon Grundy," and "Peter Finn." Slept at Elwyn's. Had walked about in the morning with dear Anastasia; heard the "Infant Lyra" play, &c. &c.

10th. Duncan to breakfast. Suggested as a good topic for an Essay, "The choice of subjects for pictures." A man with a poetical head, and at the same time a connoisseur in painting, might make a great deal of this. Bowles in Bath, and offered to take us home, but we could not start time enough.

14th. Sent Power a glee of my own, which I think rather pretty, "When o'er the silent seas alone."

17th. The irritation between Phipps and the Starkeys has at last broken out into open war.

22nd. Heard Phipps stirring at five; came down stairs soon afterwards, and found he had mounted his horse and rode off; Mrs. P. in a frightful state when she heard he was gone. Got her with great difficulty into the carriage to bring her to Sloperton. Advised Phipps, before he went away, to settle the matter at this side of the water, even at the risk of his 500*l*.

23rd. No intelligence to-day. Rumours of various kinds in the village, where all is known. Supposed that the parties had gone to fight on Lavington Down, and the country people collecting to see the combat. My attention all devoted to keeping Mrs. P. quiet, and dissuading her from her intention of going to Southampton, as much for Bessy's sake, who was to accompany her, as her own. Sent to Melksham this evening, but no tidings. Began to fear they must have crossed the water.

24th. Sent to Melksham at twelve, but no tidings. About four saw Mrs. Hughes (who had come over in the morning) running breathless and crying towards me. Feared something bad and ran to meet her, but found Phipps was returned and safe. In a short time his chaise appeared, and after a short scene with Mrs. P. learned the particulars. They had fought at Southampton; fired twice. His first shot went through John Starkey's hat, and Starkey's second, on the rebound, grazed his foot. He and Mrs. P. stayed to dinner and sleep.

25th to 28th. Nothing particular; hard at work at Sheridan. Sent Power a glee of my own, "When o'er the silent seas alone."

March 1st to 12th. One day exactly like another. Heard two or three times from Lord Lansdowne; the Catholic Question making great progress. Received a new Magazine with a memoir of myself and portrait; answered the editor. Had a long letter from Shiel in answer to one I wrote to him containing advice as to the style of his oratory during his mission to England; recommended him to be as matter-of-fact, and as sparing of *flowers* as possible. Took my advice very amiably.

13th. Mary Dalby arrived to pass some time with us. Wrote for Power a ditty, "There's a song of the olden time."

14th to 18th. *Semper eadem.* Having done my Sheridan task as far as the year 1799, and shall now return to revise it from the very beginning.

24th. Dined at Money's to meet a Cambridge friend of his. Much talk about classics and public schools. M. remarked on the eloquence of Virgil. The speech of Dido to Æneas, beginning with scolding and ending with tenderness and tears, so like a woman. Sinon's speech, too, *Vos, eterni ignes, &c.* Some passages, too, from the Epistle of Laodamia to Protesilaus:

> "Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari;
> Ah, me cum fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat?"

And, further on, *Inter mille rates tua sit millessima puppis.* Story about *Academia.* Home early.

25th. Our wedding day. A dish of salmon, as usual, from our friend Power. Fourteen years married to-day.

26th. Set off for Bath to take Anastasia to school, and forward the first batch of my Sheridan Life to the press. Dined with Crawford. Company, besides Elwyn and myself, the O'Briens, Lord and Lady St. Germans, and a beautiful girl, their niece. Sung in the evening. Slept at Elwyn's.

27th. Read over, after breakfast, Ricardo's article on the Sinking Fund, in the Encyclopædia; and some passages of Tooke on the Bank Restriction. Left Bath at three, and home at seven.

28th to 31st. Every day pretty nearly the same, working at Sheridan. Dined on the 30th at Hardman's, to meet Lord and Lady Ashtown, and Scott. The day very agreeable.

April 1st to 8th. Still revising, and introducing new matter into the early part of the Life. Received the first proof. Under much anxiety about my dearest father, who is beginning at last, I fear, to yield to the weakness attendant upon years. My own mind prepared for the worst, but my poor mother will, I am afraid, be taken by surprise and feel it dreadfully. Have written to insinuate, as gently as possible, into her heart those apprehensions with which my own is filled.

9th. Bessy and Mary Dalby (with little Tom of the party) set off to Bath, to pass a couple of days with Mrs. Branigan, who is just arrived there. Dined alone.

10th. Walked to Bremhill, to take my chance of finding Bowles. Dined with him. His illness much increased by his apprehensions; seemed to forget it all in the gaiety of conversation. Mentioned his anxiety, before he died, to write the Life of Bishop Ken, who voted for the exclusion of James, and yet afterwards sacrificed his bishopric rather than swear allegiance to king William. Was supported the remainder of his days by Lord Weymouth, who gave him two hundred a-year, and had him to live with him at Longleat. Isaac Walton married Ken's sister, hence the name he gives her, "Kenna." Bowles has made a pretty glee of some very charming words from Cowley's Daideis, "Awake, my Lyre." In talking of profane parodies, mentioned Swift's about Sir R. Walpole: "I believe in one infallible King," &c. &c., "one Minister," &c. &c.

April 11th to May 11. For this whole month have been too closely occupied with my Sheridan task to write a word here, and must.

therefore, only recollect what I can. Received a letter from some Mrs. F. (whom I never heard of before) in which she says, "Your talents and excellence have long been the idols of my heart. With thee were the dreams of my earliest love," &c. The object of the letter is to invite me to a dinner she is about to give to "a few select friends in *memory* of Lord Byron!" Her husband, she adds, is a "gentleman and a scholar;" I wish him joy of her. My dear father much recovered. Had a correspondence with Woolriche about Bessy's state of health; promised to leave the Duke of Bedford, on his way up from Devonshire, and come to see her. Did so on the 20th; does not think her liver affected, which is a relief; but is of opinion that, if the medicine he has ordered does not do her good, she must go to Cheltenham. Mrs. Branigan came to us from Bath on the 18th. Lady Campbell (Pamela) called with Mrs. Bowles. Dined one day at Brabant's, to meet the Nestor of Lewesden Hill; has got too deaf for conversation. The day rather agreeable. Bowles called upon me one day; has had a favourable answer from his friend Mr. Clarke with respect to the application he made to him for our dear little Tom, whom he expects to get into Winchester for me. Wrote to Brougham (in consequence of a salutation on one of his franks, "Health and Fraternity") to ask him to give me the particulars of what he said with regard to the Prince's marriage with Mrs. F. when we met at Denman's; had an answer from him to say he would send me some curious matter on the subject. Wrote to Lord Holland too, about a paper which he promised to give me; had two letters from him; the second very lively. In writing to him mentioned that my occupation with the "Life of Sheridan," robbed me of all the gaiety that was going on in town, and that I might be said "*propter* vitam *vivendi perdere causas.*" Had a correspondence, too, with Dr. Bain on my intention to pay him a visit, which he has very hospitably pressed me to do. Sent up Power two more glees, "The Watchman," and "The Spirits." Mrs. Branigan left us on the 9th of May. Mary Dalby still with us.

May 12th. A visit from Crofton Croker on his way from Ireland; says the whole feeling there is in favour of Emancipation. Hardly a dissenting voice on the subject.

15th. Received the 112th page of my printing. Wrote to Dr. Bain to say I should be with him on Tuesday next.

16th. Copied out some parts of my revision, and prepared for my trip. Dined at half-past one; Bessy borrowed farmer Gaby's donkey gig, and all set off for Buckhill. Drank tea there, and watched for the Bath coaches. Took the second and arrived in Bath at eight. Went to see my darling Anastasia; looked very well, but it struck me that her shoulder was a little more out than when I last saw her. Begged of Miss Furness to look carefully to it. Went for a short time to the play. Supped at the White Lion, and slept there.

17th. Set off in the Poole coach at half-past nine. Went half the way outside from a mistake about the place. This contrary to my pact with Bessy, but shall not tell her of it. Arrived at Blandford a little after five. Took a chaise, and was at Dr. Bain's at a little after seven; received me very kindly. No one at dinner but himself and two daughters. A good deal of talk about Sheridan (the object of my visit) after dinner. Find Mrs. Canning's letter not quite correct about Mrs. Sheridan's last moments. Bain was sent for at midnight; Mrs. C. and S. in the room at the time. Mrs. S. begged them to go away for a moment, and bid Bain lock the door after them; then said, "You have never deceived me: tell me truly shall I live over this night?" B. felt her pulse; found she was dying, and said, "I recommend you to take some laudanum." She answered, "I understand you, then give it me." Said (in telling me this) that the laudanum, he knew, would prolong her life a little, and enable her better to go through the scene that was before her in taking leave of her family. S.'s kindness to her, quite the devotedness of a lover.

18th. Walked about the grounds with Dr. Bain and his daughters; rather nice girls. Much talk with him about Sheridan, but got little more. Am very glad, however, I came, as I should have reproached myself for not having done so, and others would reproach me also. Vaughan told him that there were two hundred pounds placed at his disposal for Sheridan, but Bain never understood (as Croker and others assert) that there was more than that sum to come. Believes that Sheri-

dan's dispositions were all good, and that his embarrassments alone were the cause of whatever was wrong in his conduct. Story of Sheridan's butler saying (when Bain was called in and found him in a high fever) that he had drunk nothing extraordinary the day before, "only two bottles of port." Sheridan's arm remarkably thin, though powerfully strong; contrary to the usual notion (Bain said) that an arm must be brawny and muscular to be strong. A most capacious chest; altogether a man of great strength; and but for his intemperance would have had a very long life. Talking to Bain, who had said that Pitt was a very extraordinary man, he answered, "He *is* an extraordinary man, and the more we press him the more he shines." Sung with the Misses Bain after dinner several duets of my own, and of Asioli's; also some old favourites of mine, out of the "Proserpina," *Ti veggo, t'abbraccio*, and *Mi lasci oh madre amata.*

19th. Drove with the Doctor and his two girls to Wareham. Told me of Sheridan's having passed off a young country farmer at Crewe Hall as Richardson. Dined early in order that I might get to Blandford before dark; set off in a chaise, a little before seven; had tea at Blandford, and went to bed after mourning over the debate in the Lords on the Catholic Question. What wretched infatuation! A smug rector, in the morning, at Wareham, was waiting eagerly for the coming in of the post, and I left him chuckling over Lord Liverpool's anilities. These are the fellows to whom Ireland is sacrificed.

20th. Set off in the Poole coach at half-past eight: got to Bath at four: ran to see my sweet Anastasia. Had some cold meat at the York House, and took the Devizes coach as far as Melksham, from whence I walked, and got home about nine. Found all, thank God, pretty well.

21st. Sent to ask Dr. Starkey, and the new curate, to dine with us on Wednesday next.

22nd. Could not help (busy as I was) giving vent to some of my bile against the anti-Popery set, by writing a few lines for the "Morning Chronicle."

23rd. Sent to Power a slight sketch of a glee, "Pretty Maid, pretty Maid." Not quite good enough, I fear, for the set of six I mean to do for him. Sent off, also, to the "Morning Chronicle" my squib against Lord Anglesey and the Bishops, beginning "A Bishop and a bold Dragoon." Read it to Mary at breakfast, who, with all her High Church prejudices, enjoyed the fun of it.

24th. Received a letter from some gentleman at Cork, telling me that he has been collecting Irish airs for me, and sending me some specimens. Must thank him.

25th. Starkey, and four or five more, whom I had asked, being luckily engaged, my dinner consisted only of ——, ——, and ——. *Dullissimum.*

26th. Squib not in: must have been delayed by my enclosing it to Power. Went with Bessy, Mary, the children, and maids to the Bromham fair, and took them all to the show, where we made a great sensation among the clods. Rather a pretty girl one of the dancers.

27th. "The Bishop and the bold Dragoon" inserted conspicuously. Walked to Devizes to draw upon Power. Dined late. Had a letter from Denman telling me that M. A. Taylor is anxious to give me some information about Sheridan. Mentioned, also, the "Bold Dragoon," as a proof that I was *in esse.*

28th. My birthday. What, again! well, the more the merrier; at least I hope so; and, as yet (with all my difficulties), have no reason to complain. An excellent, warm-hearted, lively wife, and dear, promising children. What more need I ask for? A little addition of health to the wife, and wealth to the husband, would make all perfect. Prepared for my trip to town to-morrow.

29th. Left for town. Dined with the Storys. Found a note from Lord Lansdowne asking me to dine with him to-morrow.

30th. Called upon the Donegals, Lady Jersey, &c. Dined with Lord Lansdowne. Went to Lady Jersey's in the evening; Lady Belhaven wanted to take me off to the fancy ball on Lord B.'s ticket, but, having no dress, could not.

31st. Dined with the Fieldings. Went to the Opera. Was to have taken Corry afterwards to Lady Lansdowne's assembly, but it was put off in consequence of the death of her niece, Lady C. Lemon's daughter. Sat some time in Lady Tankerville's box: thence to the Duke of Bedford's. Thanked the Duchess for the wish she had expressed

through Woolriche to have me among the beautiful scenery of Endsleigh with them. Then to Lord Grey's box, where I sat for the rest of the night, talking with him and Lady L. Lambton. Went with Corry, and supped at Long's. Met there Sir Godfrey Webster; reminded by him of the night that Lord Byron and I found him in the same manner at Stevens's, and sat together till four in the morning. By the by, Charles Sheridan told me the other night at Lady Jersey's (to my great delight) that he had found a copy of his father's defence of his conduct in 1811. This paper, which was addressed to Lord Holland, is of great consequence, and Lord Hollaud, who first told me of it, added that he did not feel himself authorised to give it me.

June 1st. A letter from Bessy to say I may expect her to-morrow. Dined with Corry at the Piazza, and went to Almack's at night.

2nd. Dressed early (having to dine at Holland House), for the purpose of meeting Bessy at the coach. Mrs. Story took me, and after our waiting some time at Knightsbridge the Bath coach arrived with Bessy, Tom, aud Mary Dalby. Deposited the two former at Mrs. Story's, and proceeded to Holland House. Sat next my Lady, who was very gracious, filled my glass amply with champagne, and descanted on the merits and prices of Rudesheim, Johanuisberg, and Hockheim. Said to me during dinuer, "This will be a dull book of yours, this 'Sheridan,' I fear." "On the coutrary," I replied, "it will be a very lively, amusing book! not from my part in it, but" &c. &c. In the evening Lady Lansdowne came, looking so handsome and so good, that it was quite comfortable to see her. Told her of Bessy's arrival. "Then she'll come to me," she said, "on Saturday evening." "Bessy," I answered, "has brought no evening things, for the express purpose of *not* going anywhere." After a short pause she turned round, in her lively way, and said, "I'll tell you what: bring Mrs. Moore to see me tomorrow morning, and she shall have the choice of my wardrobe: I assure you it's a very convenient one, fits both fat and lean. I once dressed out four girls for a ball, and there were four gowns of mine dancing about the room all night." Lord John Russell drove me in his cabriolet. In talking of what Lady Holland said to me about my book, mentioned a sally of the same kind she made the other day upon Lord Porchester, who has a poem coming out. "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?" Promised to dine at Holland House on Sunday. Called this morning upon Lucy Drew, who is just arrived.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went with me afterwards to the Areade, to meet Bessy. Dined with the Longmans at Hampstead: company, Sir R. Ker Porter and his two sisters, the novelists. In the evening Joanna Baillie. Sang a good deal.

4th. Went out with Lucy and Bessy, in Lucy's *remise*. Bessy paid several visits to Lady Donegal, Lady E. Fielding, &c. Dined at Story's (Corry of the party): and all went to the Opera in the evening. Woolriche saw Bessy in the morniug, and thinks she had better go to Cheltenham. Lady Donegal going there too, which will make it more comfortable. Went from the Opera, with Corry, to Lady Lansdowne's, where we heard "Pasta," &c. Found a note from Brougham on my return home; asking me to dine with him, if possible, to-morrow; as he is to have Creevy and M. A. Taylor, and "will make them talk Sheridan for me as long as I please."

5th. Lucy called for me. Much puzzled about my engagement to Holland House to-day. Resolved at last to throw myself on the good nature of Lady H., and tell her my reason for dining with Brougham instead. Drove to Brougham's, and despatched a note from thence to Holland House. Called on Lord John: told him I should bring Bessy to pay him a visit in the course of the day: did so. Called with her also at Miss White's and Edward Moore's. Company at Brougham's: Creevy, M. A. Taylor and Mrs. T., Dr. Lushington, Lord Nugent, Lord and Lady Darlington, &c. &c. After dinner Creevy and Brougham got Taylor to tell his famous story about Sheridan's reply on Hastings' Trial, when Taylor was his assistant to hold his bag and read the minutes; but neither bag nor minutes were forthcoming. Shall make use of the story. Found them all adrift about dates; even Taylor, as to events in which himself was concerned, brought circumstances together that were in reality more than a year apart: have observed this invariably in all the men of that time. Went afterwards for a short time, to Mrs. Story's.

6th. Had the engraver and Charles Sheridan with me to consider the print of Sheridan, done for the work, which is very bad. Went out with Bessy and Lucy. Took them for half an hour to the Exhibition. Dined (Bessy, Tom, and I) at the Donegals'; and went in the evening to see Matthews. Bessy too tired to stay. Called with her this morning upon Lord and Lady Hastings, who were very kind to her. I had myself seen him a day or two before, and felt all my first sentiments of kindness towards him brought freshly back by the sweetness of his manner, as well as by a certain tone of melancholy, which looks as if he had at last found out what a mistake his life has been. The King, I understand, has completely dropped him.

7th. Went about a little with Bessy. Dined at Story's: and having taken places for Bessy and Tom in to-morrow morning's coach, brought them to sleep at my lodgings for the greater convenience of getting off. Left them in bed, and went to Mrs. Bennet's ball for a short time.

8th. Up at five; and saw my treasures safe in the coach. Returned, and went to sleep again for an hour and a half. Had Mr. Smythe (the professor) with me while I breakfasted. Told me a great deal about his connection with Sheridan; his first coming to town for Sheridan to look at him, and form his opinion: S. not coming to the dinner made for the purpose, but appointing Richardson and him to meet him at a tavern at supper: not coming there either. At last went to dine at Isleworth with him: no mention made of the business after dinner, but Sheridan wrote him a handsome letter in a few days after: the salary, with apologies for not being able to give more, 300*l.* a-year. At the end of the first year a groom came down to Wanstead with a letter to Smythe, enclosing a draft for 300 guineas: Smythe's anxiety in taking it to the bankers': his suspense while the men behind the counter conferred together, and his delight when asked "in what form he would take the money." Remembers Sheridan going down to Wanstead to prepare for his reply to the Counsel of Hastings: two or three days hard at work reading; complained that he had motes before his eyes with reading so much. Smythe heard his reply: his laceration of Law, powerful. Law had laid himself open by wrongfully accusing Sheridan of showing a wrong paper to Middleton to entrap him into the answer he wished; whereas it was Lord Camden that made this mistake, and Sheridan corrected it. Burke addressed S. in the box friendlily, and said he was sorry he meant to conclude in one day: also went up to him and thanked him at the conclusion. Thinks that S. had no sordid ideas about money, and always *meant* rightly. Never forgave the Whigs for supporting the Duke of Northumberland's son against him at Westminster. The best man to advise *others* that could be found anywhere: no such man for a cabinet. Knew what would suit the public: his powers of winning over people, proved by his persuading the parson to bury Richardson over again for him. Smythe quoted as sublime S.'s phrase, "Let them go and hide their heads in their coronets;" also the happy phrase applied to some of his own party at the time of the threatened invasion, "giving the left hand to the country." Smythe one day, while looking over his table, while waiting to catch him coming out of his bedroom, saw several unopened letters, one with a coronet, and said to Wesley, "We are all treated alike." Upon which Wesley told him that he had once found amongst the unopened heap a letter of his own to Sheridan, which he knew contained a ten pound, sent by him to release S. from some inn where he was "money bound," and that he opened it, and took out the money. Wesley said, also, that the butler had assured him he found once the window-frames stuffed with papers to prevent them from rattling, and on taking them out, saw they were bank notes, which S. had used for this purpose some stormy night and never missed them.

9th. Took Lucy and her pretty friend Clementina to Willis's in St. James's Street, to hear a Spaniard whom Sir William Carol had appointed to sing some of his national songs for me at one o'clock. The Spaniard sick in bed; but it being a drawing-room day, the sight from Willis's balcony was very gay, and we were regaled with luncheon, civilities, &c. &c. Went from thence with them to the Diorama. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, Luttrel, Fielding, James Stuart, and young Grenville. The latter sung a little in the evening, and so did I.

10th. Breakfasted with M. A. Taylor by

appointment; beautiful house. Sat with him in his garden looking upon the Thames, and talked of Sheridan; mentioned his own share in the transaction of 1811. Being sent for by the Prince at three in the morning, found him, Sheridan, and Adam together, the latter looking very black. The Prince produced to Michael a rough draft of an answer to the Address of the Houses (which was to be given the next day), and said he must make two fair copies of it immediately, adding, "these d——— fellows (*i. e.* Lords and Commons) will be here in the morning." The draft was partly in the handwriting of the Prince, and partly in that of Sheridan. The Prince, by Michael's advice, went to bed, and Michael set to copying, while Sheridan and Adam were pacing up and down at opposite parts of the room. Presently Adam came to Michael's elbow and whispered him (looking at Sheridan), "that's the d—ndest rascal existing." A little after, Sheridan came and whispered Michael, "Da—n them all!" (meaning Adam, Lords Grey and Grenville, &c.) Having performed his task, Taylor went home and returned to Carlton House next morning, where he found the members of the Houses already arriving. The Prince, who was still in bed, sent for him, and said, "Are those fellows come?" "Yes, sir, some of them are arrived." "D—n them all," was the reply. He then told Michael that he must make fresh copies of the address, as there had been more alterations in it Michael told me he saw very plainly, at this time, that there was mischief brewing against the Whigs. In the arrangements under the Regency, it was intended Lord Moira should go to Ireland, and that Sheridan should be his secretary. Michael had been, I believe, first intended for this situation; but it was afterwards decided by the Prince that he should remain in England and be Judge Advocate. Lord Grey, who (as Michael expressed it) was "all upon stilts" at the prospect of coming into power, in talking to Taylor of his appointment, said he saw no objection to his having it, as the Prince desired; to which Taylor replied, that he thought it very doubtful whether *any of them* would come in, to the evident surprise and not a little pique of Lord Grey, who said, "How should you know anything about it?" The Prince a day or two after went to Windsor, where the Queen and the Duke of Cumberland settled the whole matter. Lucy Drew took me out to Holland House; found Lord and Lady Holland; and the latter gave me a little lecture on my transgression of Sunday last. Thence went and left my name at Canning's. Dined at Lord Jersey's: company, the Tankervilles, Lord Duncannon, Sydney Smith, Brougham, &c.

11th. A note from Lady Holland to ask me for two or three different days next week; sent her my list to show her how double, treble locked and bolted I am for dinners during my stay. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's with Corry: company, Lord Auckland, the Grahams, Murtado, and other Spanish Americans, and Lady Cochrane. Introduced to the last, who is pretty and odd; told me she would at any time have walked ten miles barefoot to see me. Some curious conversations after dinner, about Spanish America. Sung in the evening.

12th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Dined at Phipps's; company, Sydney Smith and his family, James Smith (of the "Rejected Addresses"), Charles Moore, and Mrs. Siddons. Sung in the evening with the Miss Smiths. Lady Morgan's little niece sung very prettily with Madlle. Castelli; sung also myself, and went afterwards to Mrs. Fleming's music. Heard some things by Garcia, Caradori, &c. and then home.

13th. Dined at Rees's in Paternoster Row with Corry. Tom Campbell of the party. The day not very agreeable. L.'s carriage called and took me to her at Mr. Barber's at the Charter House; a nice old man and nice old place. From thence to Lady Jersey's child's ball, the prettiest ball I have ever seen in London. Interesting, to trace the beautiful mothers in their daughters, Lady Cowper, Mrs. Littleton, Lady Grantham, &c. &c.

14th. Dined at Lord Dacre's: company, Lord and Lady Tavistock, Joanna Baillie, and Grattan. Rather agreeable.

15th. Had a note from Lady Holland to ask me to join her to-night at the play. Miss Tree's last appearance. Said "I think you might *squeeze* in a day to dine with us." Dined at Lord King's: company, Sydney Smith, George Fortescue, Lord Fortescue, the Lansdownes, the Cowpers, &c. During Smith's visit to the Observatory, said to the man, "Mr. ———, it must be very interesting

to observe the progress of comets." "No, indeed, sir," answered the astronomer, "comets are very foolish things, and give a vast deal of trouble." Went to the play to Lady Holland, who had Lord John with her. Was to have gone to music at Lord Ashtown's, but too late.

16th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith and his family, Luttrel, Lord John, Sharpe, &c.; highly amusing. Story of Forth, who informed Mr. Pitt during the French war, that there were two persons on their way from the North of Europe to assassinate him. Measures were accordingly taken by the Ministers to track their progress; they were seized, I believe, at Brussels, and in prison there for some years. It afterwards turned out that these men, instead of being assassins, were creditors of Forth, who were coming over to arrest him for a large sum, and he took this method of getting rid of them. Talked of Sir Robert Wilson. After the battle of Leipsic, to the gaining of which he was instrumental, Lord Castlereagh, in sending over to Lord Stewart the public document containing the orders for thanks to Wilson, among others on the occasion, accompanied it with a private one desiring Lord Stewart to avoid the thanks to Wilson as much as he could, in order not to give a triumph to his party. Lord Stewart, by mistake, showed this letter, instead of the public one, to Wilson, who has had the forbearance never to turn it against the Government since. Dined at Lord Listowel's; Corry and I and Latham went together. (By the by, C. has made me a present of a handsome dressing case.) Company, Spring Rice, the Bushes, the Knight of Kerry, &c. &c. Some agreeable conversation about Burke, Pitt, &c. after dinner. Thence to Lady Jersey's, having been ordered by Lady Holland to join her there, though not asked. Found the Duke of Bedford, Lord King, Lord John, and Tierney. Set off with Lord Jersey and Tierney to go to Prince Leopold's assembly. Stopped by the string of carriages at the top of St. James's Street. Lord J. got out to walk, and I stayed with Tierney, and had about half an hour's conversation. Seems utterly to despair of any change in politics; remarked the success of Peel in procuring popularity for himself by this new jury measure; his name associated with it at public dinners; the only reformer of the day. On my saying that Canning might carry the Catholic Question by resigning and coalescing with the Whigs, he said, "Who the devil will coalesce with people that don't coalesce with themselves." The assembly very crowded; the Prince Leopold full of civility to me. Talked about his house being a curious old mansion, and that he meant to make an alteration in the doorways which are too small. I answered (not very courtier-like) that the rooms, too, were rather small. "Oh," he replied, "there's a good deal of space," and I tried to get out of the scrape by saying that I had as yet seen but few of them. Lord Hastings expressed a wish to have a minute's conversation with me, and on our reaching a retired part of the room said, that he heard I intended, in my forthcoming work, to bring forward proof of the King's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Instead of giving some uncertain answer which might have drawn from him an explanation of the object he had in this inquiry, I answered that I had no such intentions, nor, indeed, knew anything of the existence of such proofs, but merely meant to allude to the *constitutional* consequences that *would* have resulted from such a marriage had it taken place. It is evident, I think, that the Carlton House people have expressed some alarm on the subject, and that his lordship volunteered his mediation to prevent what they dreaded. But does not this look as if Lord Hastings was aware such proofs exist? I called upon him, by the by, the other morning, and after reminding him of what he had once told me (at a time when I little thought I should ever be the biographer of Sheridan), that, after Fox's death, he (Lord H.) and Sheridan were entirely slighted by the remaining ministry, asked him whether he had any objection to my alluding to this circumstance. He answered, "not the least;" and added, as another instance of their indisposition towards himself, that when the Prince afterwards associated him with Lords Grenville and Grey in drawing up an answer to the Address of the Houses, they refused to act with him. Stayed but a short time, and after hearing one frightful squall from Veluti, came home.

17th. Dined with Agar Ellis: company, Lord Clifton, the Ponsonbys, Brougham, the Berrys, William Bankes, &c. At night Lucy's carriage (which she lent me) called to take

me to Paddington. Corry was to have gone with me, but could not, on account of some business connected with the Linen Trade Committee. Expected to meet there the celebrated poetess L. E L., but was disappointed. Only two or three persons: among them a professor of the pianoforte, who sang some airs of his own to mine and Byron's words very prettily. Supped, and did not leave till between two and three. Left Miss Rennie and her sister at home, having kept L.'s carriage all night.

18th. Dined with the Spottiswoodes; a large family party.

19th. Walked with Corry in Kensington Gardens. Dined at the Barings': company, Lascelles, Wm. Bankes, &c. &c.

20th. Dined at Lord Cawdor's: the Abercrombies, Ponsonbys, &c. Meant to have dined with Burgess first, but breakfasted with him this morning instead.

21st. Busy in my arrangements for starting for Brighton to-morrow, where I am going to see a Mr. I——, who professes to be able to tell me much about Sheridan. Edward Moore has offered to take me in his carriage. Dined with him; only Corry besides. Bid my wine-merchant send some samples of port for me to try there.

I have set down here not one half what occurred, as I was too busy all the time in town to make memorandums at the moment, but I shall here add a few more particulars. The day I dined with Brougham he gave me, in coming away, the observations he had promised me on the subject of the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, filling about four sheets of note paper. How he can find time for every thing is quite miraculous: yesterday, besides his law business, he attended and spoke at two public meetings. A few mornings after I met Creevy at Brougham's, I called upon the former by appointment, and heard a good deal from him about Sheridan. Passed some time with S. in Northumberland (at Orde's I believe). S.'s gaiety acted over the Battle of the Pyramids on Marston Moor, ordering "Captain Creevy to cut out that cow," pointing to a cow in a ditch. S.'s anxious efforts in 1805 to get the Prince to give the Receivership to Tom. Creevy has seen him cry while entreating the Prince on the subject. Sheridan one day told Creevy that having gone to Cox's (?), where he used to receive his money for the Receivership, and requested they would lend him ten pounds on account, the clerk said, "Havn't you received my letter, sir?" Sheridan answered in the negative, the truth being (Creevy said) that letters were very often not taken in at his house for want of assets to pay the postage. The clerk then told him, to his no small surprise and joy, that there were 1200*l.* in their hands placed to his account, and arising from some *fine*, I think, connected with his office. S. instantly, on the strength of this, took a house at Barnes Terrace, set up a carriage, and spent the 1200*l.* in a very few months. Sheridan very expert at dressing an Irish stew in a country party. Creevy was witness, in 1805, to the introduction of Sheridan for the first time to Hastings, by the Prince at the Pavilion. S. said something to this effect, "You are, I am sure, too much a man of the world not to feel that all I did on that occasion was merely in the spirit of politics," &c. &c. Hastings appeared much pleased by his declaration, and hinted that it would be no small gratification to him, before he died, to have these sentiments made known to the world. S. on this *backed out* as well as he could. C. says S. was *not* in the habit of borrowing: had Whitbread's authority also for this. Sheridan *twice*, he thinks, in a spunging house: Whitbread described his finding him there, speculating upon Westminster, Lord Cochrane having been just then disgraced.

The night of Lady Jersey's ball the Duke of Gloucester returned again to the subject of Captain Rock: said he had lent it to a great Tory, and it had converted him. On asking Burgess about Sheridan's debts, he said he had paid 150 per cent. upon them all. The statement of his having drawn 330,000*l.* from the theatre, he says, not true. His habit of carrying a bag of papers with him when he went to a coffee-house, to look over them there; took one day a bag of love letters by mistake, and getting drunk left them there: this was what Ward told me of. The sum asked by the person who got possession of them was one hundred guineas, but they were regained in the violent way I have mentioned.

22nd. Set off between eleven and twelve, and arrived to a late dinner at Brighton. Mr. I——, as I heard before I left town, gone to London on a consultation till Friday, so I shall

have to stay all over to-morrow. Walked about.

23rd. Sir Richard Phillips called, and bored me beyond measure. Heard that Lord John Townshend was in Brighton; went and sat some time with him; promised to drink tea with him and Lady John in the evening. Dined with Sir Richard (Moore and I); his daughter a fine woman, brought up entirely on vegetables, like himself, both telling well for this Pythagorean diet. Went to Lord John T.; had much talk with him about Sheridan.

24th. Strolling about Brightou. Mr. —— was to arrive at four; conceived but little expectations from him; evidently a take in. Dined in a hurry at the inn, and then set off with Moore to ——'s, who had claret, fruit, and Sir Richard Phillips laid out for us. Just as I thought; a good, vulgar, jolly, ignorant gentleman, whom Sheridan laid hold of in his latter days, and who was just as fit a recipient for his wit, as a hog trough would be for champagne. Got literally nothing out of him but a few glasses of wine, and escaped with Moore as soon as I could to a raffle at the Library. This is too bad; to come expressly too from London for such a bubble! If I had not met Lord John, I should have just nothing for my pains. Lord John, by the by, told me that in Sheridan's song, "When 'tis night," it was originally, instead of "Some pretty girl and true" (which Lord J. suggested), "Who had his last adieu."

25th. Set off for town between ten and eleven. Dined at Richmond, and while dinner was getting ready walked to look at Lord Lansdowne's beautiful villa. Got to town at seven. Saw L. Packed up.

26th. Started for Sloperton; Lucy's old friend, Mr. Barber, in the coach; rather an agreeable journey. The whole of this next month was devoted, with little interruption, to my Sheridan task, correcting proofs, and finishing what yet remained to be written. Found at home, on my arrival, an extract from Dr. Parr's will, sent me by his executors, in which he says, "I give a ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity." During the hot weather of this month, July (hotter than any remembered for many years), we were imprudent enough to have parties for the children on several of the most sultry evenings, at our own house, Prowse's (the curate, who has four or five little ones), and Phipps's: blindman's buff, and racing in such weather, was but ill likely to do either old or young any good; none, however, suffered by it except Bessy, her leg not getting at all well. Towards the end of July the Lansdownes arrived. Bessy left home for Cheltenham on the 22nd, where Lady Donegal had provided lodgings for her, and Bowles took her and the two little ones (Tom and Russell) in his carriage. A few days before I had attended the funeral of Henry Joy's father, as pall-bearer, at Chippenham. Slept at Bowles's the night before. Long and amusing arguments with him, as usual, about the Church, the universities, &c. &c. Looked at Milton's Latin sonnet to his tutor, Thomas Young. It was his zeal and affection for this tutor (B. said) that first led him into controversy. Young was one of the writers of "Smectymnuus" (which name was made up out of the initials of the different authors), and when the work was attacked, Milton stepped forward in its defence. Looked also over Wharton's beautiful passage in his Preface to Milton's Poems, expressing the regret that must be felt at his abandonment of poetry, &c. for the wrangling of politics. Nothing can be happier than his application of Milton's own passage, ending "What need a vermil-tinctured lip for this." On the 28th my dearest Anastatia left me for school, having been my housekepeer since her mamma went. Dined with the Lansdownes three times, once at Phipps's, and once at Locke's.

August 4th. Set off for Cheltenham. Had a chaise to the Cross-Hands, where I took the coach. An Irish lady, who was not a little angry at my laughing at her country: told her who I was before we parted, and nothing could exceed her surprise and pleasure. Found darling Bessy in a snug little cottage, No. 10, Suffolk Parade; or rather found her at Lady Donegal's, whither she had gone to dinner. A little better, but the leg still continuing bad; not allowed to take exercise. The Donegals all kindness to her and her little ones; Tom calling Lady D. "Granny," and all like the same family. Proposed that Bessy and Barbara should go to the play. Did so: Young in Hamlet; the King and Ophelia laughable

beyond any thing. Little Tom much delighted.

5th. Went out with Bessy; she in the chair, and I walking. Dined with the Donegals. In the evening, Lord and Lady Kenmare, and young Wilmot: sung a good deal to them.

6th. Went with Barbara and Miss Godfrey to see the humours of the Wells before breakfast. Drove about afterwards with Bessy and Barbara. Called and sat a little while with Lady Kenmare. After dinner went to the Walks (Sir A. and Lady Faulkner being of our party), and I had to stand the stare of the night.

7th. Started in the coach for town, with heart much lighter for having seen my dear girl and her urchins: arrived at eight. Slept for the night at Mrs. Soane's, but as she had none but the parlours vacant, resolved to change my quarters on the morrow.

8th. Heaps of proofs from Longmans'. Corrected some. Moved to 19, Bury Street. Dined at the Athenæum, Lord Stowel and the Chief Baron dining at a table near me. Lord Blessington, whom I called upon in the morning, came in; had been to my lodging; asked me to dinner to-morrow.

9th. At work. Dined at Lord B.'s: company, Gen. d'Orsay and his aide-de-camp, who are travelling with Lord Blessington, and Powell (the Queen's); dull enough. In the evening the Speaker came. Talked of the mistakes of English people in French. The speaker said that Lord W——'s French for "never mind" was "jamais esprit." Said also, that when he asked Lord Westmoreland, in Paris, whether he meant to go on to Italy, Lord W. said, "No, no, I have had enough of the *sea* already." This is too bad even for Lord W——.

11th. Got out at three. Called upon Burgess: told him of the scrape he was near getting me into by giving me a copy of a letter as Brinsley Sheridan's that was written by his brother Charles; luckily it was so puzzling in its dates and circumstances, that it set me on inquiry before I ventured to make use of it. Promised to give me the answers of Lords Grey and Grenville to the address of the Houses in 1811. Asked him to go with me and dine at the Longmans' to-morrow. Got down to the Charter House to dinner at a little after five. Only old Barber, L., and myself. Went to the Haymarket in the evening; dull enough. Read the papers at the Club, and in bed at one. Have got two letters from my darling Bessy since I came; says she is better. Had taken greatly to the Kenmares, with whom she was going about a little.

12th. Out for about an hour: went to see the Living Skeleton. Burgess called on me before six. Walked to Paternoster Row: company, Surgeon Thompson, Mr. Mills, Col. Hawker, &c. &c. A curious circumstance mentioned, that it was a Scotchman drew up the charter of the Bank of England, and introduced the rule that no Scotchman should be a director; knowing that if but one was admitted, all the rest would be Scotchmen too. Talked of sculpture. Singular that the ancients, with their imperfect knowledge of anatomy, should have represented the muscles in action so correctly, and even better than the moderns: seems as if this knowledge was unnecessary to a sculptor. The Apollo (Surgeon T. said) has no one part of him formed like a man, so that the artist gained his object of creating something quite unlike a human creature, yet producing the effect of most perfect and divine beauty. C. H. afterwards. Had a letter this morning from Walter Scott, in answer to one I wrote him before I left home, expressing my regret at not being in my own green land to welcome him, and saying how I envied those who would have the glory of showing him and Killarney to each other, there being no two of nature's productions so worthy of meeting.

13th. Went out at three to call upon Burgess, who showed me some very curious papers indeed, particularly a letter, written for the Prince by Sheridan, after the dismission of the Whig ministry in 1806, explaining all the motives and feelings that then actuated him. The letter appears to have been written in consequence of some [left unfinished]. Dined at Lord Blessington's: company, the Speaker, Comte d'Orsay, and his aide-de-camp. The Speaker gave us an account of the new commission established for examining and publishing the documents in the State Paper Office; it appears there is a regular history from the time of Henry VIII.

14th. Called upon Burgess, who still keeps me in suspense as to giving those papers. Said he thought he might venture to let me have the letter of the Prince, but must consult a

gentleman with whom he was to dine to-day: a sad shuffler. When I told him that I had no longer any interest about the work further than my anxiety for its fame went, having got all I was to get for it long ago, and spent it, he said he should stipulate with the Longmans that his contributions of these three papers should be repaid, in some shape, to me. Begged him to do no such thing, at least for me, as I had no right to claim anything more from them. Called upon one of my poetesses, Miss ——, and Miss R. Dined alone at the Club, and went to sup with Power.

15th. Called upon Burgess. His friend has advised him not to give me more than one of the letters: this is a sad disappointment to me. Dined at Holland House: company, Adair, Wishaw, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Hackett, Lord Affleck, &c. &c. Story of Lord W—— saying in one of his speeches, "I ask myself so and so," and repeating the words, "I ask myself." "Yes," said Lord Ellenborough, "and a damned foolish answer you'll get." Frere's beautiful saying, that, "Next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy." In the evening Warburton pointed out to me a remark in a work just published upon "Political Economy," that one thing cannot be said to have value without relation to some other thing, no more than one object can be said to have distance without reference to some other. This is the great mistake Smith, Malthus, &c. &c. have made in endeavouring to find something of *fixed* value, whereas no such thing exists. Some have taken *corn* for the standard, some *labour*, and some (by a strange sort of abstraction) a mean between labour and corn. Rogers arrived after dinner. In talking of Rose's Ariosto mentioned an odd phrase he uses of a lady "voiding a saddle," *voto*. In going to bed, Lord H. took me into his room to show me some passages we had been talking of before dinner, relative to the knowledge which the ancients had of hawking. His own remarks upon a passage in the "Odyssey," where a simile is used about the suitors, which he thinks *does* describe hawking. All depends, however, upon whether the word *νεφεα* in those lines may be taken, in Homeric language, to mean nets. A passage in Aristotle plainly describes hawking.

16th. Lady H. had ordered the carriage to bring me into town early, but I walked, and Rogers with me, a part of the way. Mentioned Sheridan saying, when there was some proposal to lay a tax upon milestones, that it was unconstitutional, as they were a race that could not meet to remonstrate. Went down to Shoe Lane, thence to Paternoster Row, and made some money arrangements. Thence to the C. H.: stayed an hour. At my lodgings found a letter from dear Bessy, enclosing one from Miss Furness; by which it appears that the latter has had an execution put upon her house, and is obliged to dismiss all her pupils. Bessy has dispatched Hannah to bring our sweet Anastasia to her. Had a letter from the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone, who is about to publish his father's diaries, &c., and wants my assistance. Went to Rogers's: looked over the notes he has from Sheridan. Walked out with him to Holland House: company, Lord and Lady Wm. Russell, Misses Fox and Vernon, Comte de Faux Guyon. A good deal of talk in the evening with Allen: praised Adam Smith's style in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments;" cost him great labour. Hume's, on the contrary, written off easily; great part of his history without any erasure. Went with Lord Holland to his dressing-room, where he read me some remarks of his upon an unpublished pamphlet of Sir Charles Grey, which is meant to prove that Lord Orford (of all people) was the author of Junius. Forgot to mention that last night Lord H. read to me from a manuscript of his own, in several *cahiers*, what I rather suspect to be memoirs of his own times. The part he read to me related to Drury Lane and Lord Byron. There was also mention in it of the latter's verses on the Princess Charlotte, and my parody on the Prince's letter. "Another poet," he said "Mr. Moore, with more of Irish humour than of worldly prudence," &c. This is too bad. Lord Holland himself having been the person who first put it into my head to write that parody! Read me some epigrams and translations of his own, and others. Among the latter, the following on an indefatigable translator, Philemon Holland, publishing a version of Suetonius,—

> "Philemon with translations so doth fill us,
> He won't let Suetonius be Tranquillus."

Did not leave his room till near two.

17th. Brought in, after breakfast, by Lord

II., who was going to a dentist. Conversation chiefly upon teeth; has suffered from them since he was two or three and twenty, and his present false teeth (three or four in front) the only ones he has felt comfortable with. Has had a tooth fall out while speaking in the House of Lords, which he described as the most dreadful sensation possible. Large mouths, he said, favourable to good teeth, and remarked that that was one of the reasons of my having such "a deuced good set of teeth." Promised to dine again with them to-morrow, but found a note to say that Bishop had fixed to meet me at Power's. Received a letter from Lord Essex, "renewing his solicitations" for me to come to Cashiobury. Dined at the Club. Some talk with Lord Nugent. Met Bailey, and went to the Lyceum with him: the opera of "Tarare." Went behind the scenes, and was introduced to Miss Paton. The Burghershes in the next box to us; went in, and had a good deal of conversation.

18th. Did not get out till near Power's dinner hour. Bishop mentioned a thing Poole told him of his travelling with a Yankee from Paris to Dover, who did not open his mouth the whole time, till, on their leaving Dover, he said, "What an extraordinary coincidence! I declare yonder's a 'Prospect Place,' and there's a 'Prospect Place' also at Philadelphy." In the evening went over the whole of the new number of "National Melodies" with Bishop, who thinks them the best of any yet. Sung also my own two glees with him, "Ship, ahoy!" and the "Watchman," which he likes very much. Met L. in Bury Street. Wrote to Lord Essex, to say I should come this day week.

19th. In walking, to my great surprise, met Lord Lansdowne; he and she arrived last night in consequence of the illness of Lady Charlotte Lemon. Walked with him home. Dined at Paternoster Row; took Baily with me. Company, Merivale, Christie, Power, &c. &c. Afterwards to the C. H.

20th. Went out early. Called on the Princess de Polignac. Thence to Shoe Lane to make some arrangements with the printers. Dined alone at the Club. Went for an hour to the Cobourg Theatre: wretched stuff.

21st. Met Lord Lansdowne, and walked a little with him: mentioned the *Retrospective Review* as latterly very well done; and was anxious I should find out for him who were the authors of it. Spoke of an article in it on the Catholic Mass, in which I am mentioned, he said, "in the way I deserved to be." They quoted my lines "From the Irish Peasant to his Mistress," to show with what charms persecution may invest even the worst superstition. "They take you," he said, "for a Catholic;" I answered they had but too much right to do so. We then talked of the last stretch of fanaticism in Charles X., in putting all France under the protection of the Virgin, *Voué au blanc;* shops and all France dressed in white! Dined at Holland House. My Lady not very well; summoned me to sit next her. Wishaw, Adair, &c. Told ghost stories in the evening. The lady haunted by the large *hat* always near her; had been faithless to her lover. They seemed to like very much my story of the young man climbing up to the window to look at his father dying: Lord H. said it would do for a poem. In talking at dinner of the disadvantage of people being brought up to wealth and rank, Lady H. said, "that if she were a fairy, wishing to inflict the greatest mischief upon a child, she would make him abundantly rich, very handsome, with high rank, and have all these advantages to encircle him from the very cradle;" this she pronounced to be an infallible receipe for producing perfect misery; and "in the mean time," she added, "I should have the gratitude of the child's relations for the precious gifts I had endowed him with." This produced discussion and dissent. Lord H. said it depended upon the natural disposition of the person. There were some that would be happy in all situations: "There's Moore," he said, "you couldn't make him miserable even by inflicting a dukedom on him." Lord and Lady Cowper came in the evening. Asked me to come to Panshanger to them. When all the rest went to bed, Lord H. kept me, reading Dryden's "Aurungzebe" to me. Magnificent passages in it; "And with myself keep all the world awake," applicable to Napoleon.

22nd. Off in the morning to town before eight, having been led into this excess by the derangement of my watch. Breakfasted at Hatchett's, in Piccadilly. Called at the Lansdownes', and found that they were to bring me back from Holland House in the evening.

Off to Shoe Lane, after working a little at home. Thence to L. Dined at Holland House: the Lansdownes, Dr. Holland, Adair, Lord Valletort, Lord Gower, &c. The Lansdownes brought me home,

23rd. Worked a little. Called, according to promise, on the Burghershes. Veluti there; afterwards Braham, Hawes, Mercer, &c. Got up some things of Lord B.'s operas very beautifully. Braham's singing at sight remarkable. Veluti's look and manner particularly interesting, but his singing still disagreeable to me. Went afterwards with Sir Audrew —— * (one of those many old friends of mine whose name I don't know) and Burghersh to the Academy of Music, where Bochsa made the pupils play for me a fantasia of Beethoven's, where a chorus is introduced after a long instrumental symphony; all admirably executed. An Irish girl, Miss Chancellor, at the pianoforte; a remarkably fine player. Thence to Shoe Lane, with copy. Lord Nugent had called in the morning to beg I would meet him at the Athenæum at half past six; did so. Some talk about a publication of Spanish songs, which he meditates. Thence to dinner at Lady Westmoreland's: company, Lord Gower, Marquis and Marquise Palmella, &c. &c. She, in her strange way, talked of "Captain Rock," which Palmella said he had read at Lisbon, and thought it the most original book he had ever met with. Lady W. said, "that never was there anything to equal it, either in talent or mischief; that it was also the most *heartless* book ever written; and though those who knew me well said I had a great deal of heart, she would judge from this work I had none." All this half addressed to Palmella, and half to me. Sung in the evening. Walked on Waterloo Bridge.

24th. Lord Lansdowne called on me, and left word he was going away to-morrow. Found him at the Travellers' Club, and walked a little with him. Quoted the French proverb, *Si la jeunesse savait, ou si la vieillesse pouvait.* Went to meet Lord Nugent at the Athenæum. Brought in his words to Spanish songs; *rather* pretty. Amused me a little to think of "Lord George," the young man about town (vide "Twopenny Post-bag") consulting me friendlily on the subject of his poetry. Dined alone at the Athenæum, and thence to the C. H. Walked in the town till late. Had a note to-day from Lord Essex (in which he bids me use Cashiobury "as my villa" during my printing business) desiring I would persuade Barnes to come down with me to morrow.

25th. Started for Cashiobury in the coach at two; got there at four. Found them driving about: Lady Davy and Young of the party, and joined them. A most lovely and enjoyable place. Some talk with Lord Essex in the evening about Sheridan.

26th. Drove with Lord E. and Lady Davy to call on Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, who was on a visit in the neighbourhood. On our return sung to Lady Davy. She talked much of the Giuccioli whom she knew intimately at Rome. Saw a note in a book of hers which she had lent Lord Byron, in which he said that it was his strong wish to believe that she would continue to love him, but there were three things against it, "she was nineteen, come out of a convent, and a woman." Lord E. asked me to take a drive with him through the grounds, which I most readily accepted; full of beauty. Showed me one or two cottages, and said he had many others to tempt me with, if I would come and live in his neighbourhood. Told me of his having taken Sheridan to Drury Lane, the first and only time he ever set foot in the new theatre, and (according to Lord E.'s account) the last time he ever was out of his house before his death. The actors drank his health in the green-room most flatteringly. Told the anecdote of the Prince pitching Abbé St. Phar (half-brother to the Duke of Orleans) into the water at Newmarket. The Abbé had some method of making the fish lie still by tickling (or some such manœuvre), and proceeded to exhibit his skill, having first made the Prince and all the rest give their honours that they would not push him into the water. He then bent down to the river or pond, when the P., not being able to resist the temptation, pitched him head over heels into the middle of it. The Abbé was so enraged, that when he got out, he ran after the Prince, and but that the company favoured the escape of the latter, would have treated him rather roughly. The Prince once having applied, in speaking of Sumner (now member for Surrey), a cant phrase he was

* *Barnard* was afterwards inserted.

much in the habit of using, some one told Sumner, who meeting Jack Payne afterwards in the street, said to him, showing a large stick he had in his hand, "Tell your master he had better keep out of my way, as, if I meet him, I shall fell him to the earth." When Fox questioned the Prince about the loan from the Duke of Orleans, and the bonds which the Prince had given for the purpose, the Prince denied most solemnly having ever given any bonds; upon which Fox produced them to him out of his pocket, thus convicting him of a lie to his very face. Errington was the person supposed to have been present at the marriage of the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. When Lord Essex returned once from France, the Prince said to him, "I am told, but cannot believe it, that when at Paris you wear strings to your shoes." "It is very true, sir, and so do the Duke of Orleans, &c., and so will your Royal Highness before six months are over." "No, no, I'll be damned if ever I do such an effeminate thing as that." Story of the P. Attempted once to shoot himself on account of Mrs. Fitzherbert; only fired at the top of the bed, and then punctured himself with a sword in the breast. Lord E. thinks the Queen of France was innocent; so thought Lord Whitworth. If she erred with any one, it was Fersen a Swede, he who assisted in her escape.

27th. Started at eight for town. Dined with Barnes (of the "Times). A large party: Serjeant Rough and his two daughters, M. Comte (conductor of the Minerve") and his wife, a daughter of Say, &c. &c.; rather agreeable. Talked of a variety of topics,—Burke Dryden, Lord Thurlow. Dryden always gives you the idea of being capable of much more than he did. B. quoted a passage of Cicero, where, discussing different methods as more or less musical, of constructing a particular sentence, he decides for concluding it with the word *comprobavit*. Where is this?

28th. Dined at Holland House. Forgot, in going out there, to change my long morning coat for an evening one, and had to dine in the former costume, which was not a little disagreeable: company, Rogers and his sister, Rose, Stratford Canning, Palmella, Byng, Fazakerly, &c. Fazakerly mentioned that he had the other day met Lainé, the former Minister of the Interior in Paris, who told him that he had had a project of getting Captain Rock translated, and adding as an appendix to it, the late reports of the committee on Ireland, but he feared that the attacks on the principle of tithes would render the book obnoxious to the priests, and gave it up.

29th. Walked into town in all the rain early; worked a little; went off to Shoe Lane and to Longmans' to get some money to send Bessy, who means to leave Cheltenham on Friday. Called at the C. H. Returned to Holland House to dinner: Lord Gower and Lady Stanhope of the party. Lord H. gave a good description of a Spanish bull-fight. The caciatero is a little fellow who comes and gives the bull the *coup de grace*, after the matador has conquered him; and in Spain, when they hear of an additional physician being called in to some one that is very ill, they call him caciatero (?). The splendid thing for the matador is in making the homage of his victory to some fine lady present, to draw his bloody sword over the expensive dress he wears, so as to render it unfit for further use. Lady Stanhope asked me to dinner to-morrow, but engaged.

30th. Started before breakfast. Rogers spied me from his window and joined me as far as the end of Kensington Gardens. Breakfasted at the Athenæum, and home to work. Dined at the Charter House; young Murray came in the evening.

31st. Fixed to dine with Lord Strangford at the Athenæum, in consequence of a note he wrote me yesterday, saying, "Surely as none of your d———d Whig dukes are in town, you could contrive, once in a way, to *tête-à-tête* it with me at the Athenæum." Went to the printer with my proofs. Dinner with Lord S. at seven; a good deal of old fun between us. Told me of Canning's anger at him for not voting for the last Catholic Bill. Mentioned that on some one saying to Peel, about Lawrence's picture of Croker, "You can see the very quiver of his lips;" "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, "He meant *Arrah*, coming out of it." Sat together till near ten.

Sept. 1st. Dined at Holland House: company, the Wm. Russells, Lady Davy, &c.; Lord H. not at all in good spirits. I mentioned after dinner Barnes's opinion of Lord Liverpool as one of the cleverest men in the House of

Lords, which brought on a discussion. Lord H. mentioned as curious that political affairs had always prospered best under men who had changed their party; Godolphin, Lord Oxford, Mr. Pitt. I mentioned Mr. Fox, too, as an instance, which he tried not to admit; the short share that Mr. Fox took, when young, in Lord North's politics, not being on subjects that much committed his Whiggism. Sharpe mentioned to me the story of Sheridan and the milestones, and another. Sharpe was complaining of an ugly house built by D'Arblay just near them at Leatherhead, and Sheridan said, "Oh, you know we can easily get rid of that, we can pack it off out of the country under the Alien Act." Lady Holland very anxious for me to give her copies of the "Watchman" and "Ship ahoy!" to take to Paris to Lady Granville, but shall not. Lady Davy brought me home.

2nd. Got out about three. Called upon Miss Furness, who wants her money, and though it is rather hard upon me (as Anastasia has not had more than three months out of the half year) must, I suppose, pay her the whole sum, as she seems much distressed. Several letters from poets to answer; one a Portuguese, who sends me a work of his from Havre, about Camoens, with a fine letter calling me the *ami* and *emule* of Byron. Bessy inclosed me a letter from a Bath schoolmistress, proposing to take Anastasia, and saying that "terms would be a very minor consideration indeed, with the daughter of such a man as Moore."

3rd. Strangford called and sat some time: read me part of a letter from Lady Strangford on his telling her of the day that he and I passed together; "Shall henceforth," she says, "love Moore as much as I have always admired him for having given you one day of happiness." Showed me the extracts he talked of the other night from a MS. book of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, which the old Lady Jersey had in her possession, and lent him many years ago at Cheltenham. Some very remarkable things in it, which I wrote down when he left me as well as I could recollect them.* Met Warrender while I was out, who invited me down to his place. Went and paid Miss Furness twenty pounds of her money. The printers have sent me nothing to-day, it being some annual festival with them. Went to Holland House: company, Rogers, Abercrombie, &c. The dinner very amusing from a contest maintained with great spirit and oddity by Lady Holland against Lord H. and Allen (the latter most comically personal and savage) on the subject of Gen. Washington, whom she, with her usual horror of the liberal side of things, depreciates and dislikes. The talent and good humour with which she fought us all highly amusing. In talking of the Game Laws, Rogers said, "If a partridge on arriving in this country, were to ask what are the Game Laws? and somebody would tell him they are laws *for the protection* of game, 'What an excellent country to live in,' the partridge would say, 'where there are so many laws for our protection.'"

4th. * * * Lord H told at breakfast of the old Lady Albemarle (I think) saying to some one, "You have heard that I have abused you, but it is not true, for I would not take the trouble of talking about you; but if I *had* said anything of you, it would have been that you look like a blackguard of week days, and on Sundays like an apothecary." Lord H. full of an epigram he had just written on Southey, which we all twisted and turned into various shapes, he as happy as a boy during the operation. It was thus at last:—

"Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus."

"Our Laureat Bob defrauds the king,
He takes his cash and does not sing:
Yet on he goes, I know not why,
Singing for us who do not buy."*

Walked to Brompton alone. Went to indulge myself with the sight of the house I lived in (in Queen's Elms) the first year I was mar-

* "I can as little live upon past kindness as the air can be warmed with the sunbeams of yesterday." "A woman, whose mouth is like an old comb, with a few broken teeth, and a great deal of hair and dust about it." "Kisses are like grains of gold or silver, found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious, as showing that a mine is near." "That man has not only a long face, but a tedious one." "One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was of gold or brass by which the stamp was made." "Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them." "A sort of anti-blackamoor, every part of her white but her teeth." "A woman whose face was created without the preamble of 'Let there be light!'" "How few, like Danaë, have God and gold together."

* *Aliter*,

"And yet for us, who will not buy,
Goes singing on eternally."

ried. Thence to Mrs. Montgomery's; to town, and back to Holland House to dinner: company, Adam and his two sons, Lord Gower, Adair, Lady Stanhope, &c. Lady S. said she had had a design upon me for the play last night, but that Strangford told her I was gone to Holland House. In the evening, to my great surprise and pleasure, Mrs. Leigh appeared. Could not help looking at her with deep interest; though she can hardly be said to be like Byron, yet she reminds one of him. Was still more pleased, when, evidently at her own request, Lady Stanhope introduced me to her: found her pleasing, though (as I had always heard) nothing above the ordinary run of women. She herself began first to talk of him after some time, by asking me "whether I saw any likeness." I answered, I did; and she said it was with strong fears of being answered "No," that she had asked the question. Talked of different pictures of him. I felt it difficult to keep the tears out of my eyes as I spoke with her. Said she would show me the miniature she thought the best, if I would call upon her. Brought home by Lady Affleck. From this on't too busy to keep my diary regularly.

6th. Dined alone at the Athenæum.

7th. Went to Peel's Coffee-house and looked over the file of the "Morning Post" for 1816, in order to find D. O'Brien's article about Sheridan. Dined at Miss White's: party, Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Davy, &c. Sung in the evening.

8th. Dined at Mrs. Montgomery's. An old acquaintance of mine (Miss Gore) of the party; likewise the two Montgomerys, Murray, and Lucy. Miss Gore mentioned a Frenchman saying to a party who were speaking English, *Pour l'amour de Dieu, parlez* Chrêtien, meaning French. Saw Luttrel this morning. Walked about with him, but he was obliged to go home, not being well. Stayed with him a little while.

9th. Went to Lady Maria Gore's in the evening; Mrs. Beauclerc and her daughters.

10th to 12th. Was to have gone down to Sir George Warrender's, but wrote to him on Friday to say I could not. Promised too to go from thence to Lady Stanhope at Lord Carrington's, but this, of course, frustrated too. Thought, however, I might be able to manage (as being nearer town) a trip to Farquhar's on the 12th, to Roehampton but this likewise I was obliged to decline. Dine also at Panshanger and at Lord Nugent's, but the printer's devils say "No." Dined with Rogers at his brother's at Highbury.

13th. Returned home, after walking a little, at five, and worked away at copying out till past seven, when I walked down to Shoe Lane with what I had done, and returned to the Club, where I dined alone at about nine. Dr. Bain's card to-day informs me he is in town; must have some talk with him about Sheridan's last illness, which is the part I am just now correcting for the press: must keep back the sheet till I see him.

14th. A note from Burgess asking me to meet Dr. Bain at dinner with him at five to-morrow. Am engaged to the Knight of Kerry, but as he will not dine till near eight, shall contrive to manage both.

15th. Wrote to Luttrel to Panshanger to make my apology to the Cowpers, having promised to go down there on Saturday, but find I cannot. Let off my dinner with the Knight of Kerry to-day, on account of the death of some friend of his. Felt so low (both from exhaustion of stomach and some melancholy thoughts suggested by my task) that I could not help crying a little. Went with L. and the Montgomerys to the painter's, where she is sitting for her picture: from thence to see the picture of Waterloo in the Park. They left me at Burgess's door, and Burgess having pressed Montgomery to stay for dinner, he did. A good deal of talk about Sheridan, but not many new lights on the subject. Went in the evening to Mrs. Montgomery's.

16th. Did not get out till near four: met Abbot of Dublin: walked with me to Wardour Street, where I wanted to ascertain the name of Sheridan's pawnbroker: kept waiting a good while before I saw Mr. Harrison. Then home to dress, for an early dinner at Mrs. Montgomery's.

17th. Called at Power's on my way to Shoe Lane, and felt such a sinking in my stomach, that I stopped to dine with him.

18th. Called at Mrs. Purvis's: found she was in town, and left word I would dine with her. No one there but the Speaker, who told some amusing anecdotes about himself when a boy. His stopping to dine at Hatchett's on

his way, alone, to school; begging of the waiter to dine with him, and offering to send out for a pineapple to bribe him to do so. Talked of fagging: the horror he has had ever since of the boy to whom he was fag: once bought a horse which he liked very much till he knew that it had last belonged to this man, and then took a dislike to it. Mrs. P. mentioned that in the same way, there has been a deadly feud between Lord Blessington and his fagger all through life; lawsuits, &c. &c. The Speaker told also of the Duke of York's stupidity in reporting Bobus's joke about Vansittart and Hume, "penny wise and pound foolish;" "It was so good, you know," said the Duke, "calling Hume 'pound foolish,' and Van 'penny wise!'" Mentioned Canning's having met Lord Stowell one day on the road with a *turtle* beside him in the carriage which he was taking down to his country house; Canning, a day or two after, said to him, "Wasn't that your *son* that was with you the other day?" I told in return a story of Jekyl's. Sir Ralph Payne begged of Jekyl to take him to see Philip Thicknesse's library, &c., which J., after cautioning him against saying anything to offend Thicknesse's *touchiness*, consented to do. Sir Ralph behaved very well, till, just as they were leaving the house, he saw on the library door the original sketch of the print that is prefixed to Thicknesse's Travels, in which Thicknesse is represented in an odd sort of a travelling carriage and his monkey with him. Sir Ralph having asked what it was, Thicknesse said it was a representation of the way in which he travelled on the Continent. "Poor Master Thicknesse," exclaimed Sir R., "he must have been greatly fatigued with the journey." This Sir Ralph, by the by, who was afterwards Lord Lavington, and governor of the Windward Islands, was the person of whom Jekyl told that anecdote about the consulting the Chief Justice, &c.; "the guns will be fired, the bells will be rung, the guards will all turn out," &c. &c. Called on Bessy's mother this morning. Received from Burgess *one* of the letters I was so anxious to get from him (that written by Sheridan to the Prince in 1812, about the exclusion of Lord Grey), which Dr. Bain, I find, persuaded him to let me have: must see to-morrow how I can get it in.

19th. Went pretty early to Shoe Lane, to see about getting Sheridan's letter in. Found the sheet was not printed off, and inserted part of it. Dined with Rogers at the Athenæum; the first time he ever dined at a club. Went together in the evening to the English Opera, but could get no seats. From thence to the Coburg, where we saw a strange thing: "The Last Days of Napoleon;" where Bertrand and his wife were quietly listened to abusing the perfidy and cruelty of the English towards Napoleon, who was represented throughout in the most amiable light. Left the Coburg soon, and walked home by Waterloo Bridge; a beautiful moonlight night.

20th. Left the last pages of my work at the printer's. Dined at Longmans': company, Abbot, &c. Thence to Miss White's to meet Capt. Lyon and his newly married wife. Sung a good deal, which they seemed to like very much.

21st. Was to have gone with Strangford to Sir George Warrender's to-day, but cannot spare the loss of to-morrow morning. He took Lord Binning with him instead. Went with Abbot, Harry Harris, and Beazeley to dine at Mathews's: company, Mrs. Purvis and her daughter, the Speaker, a Mr. Broderip, Price the American manager, &c. The day very amusing. Mathew's imitation of Coleridge admirable; the "single-*moindedness*," &c. &c. Sung a good deal. Mathews's Dramatic Gallery very curious; his "Life of Garrick," illustrated, particularly so. Has the first playbill in which Garrick was announced to act, between the acts of a concert, at Goodman's Fields. The French copy of the engravings of Sir J. Reynolds's picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, is entitled *L'Homme entre le Vice et la Vertu.*

22nd. Took my preface (which I wrote yesterday) to the printer. Dined (I believe) at the Club.

23rd. Felt myself free enough to sally out in the morning, and breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called on the Jerseys; found there Lord Bristol and Agar Ellis: Lord Jersey's face still wrapped up from the late abscess under his ear. Dined at the Speaker's, which *sounds* a greater honour than it *is:* company, much the same as at Mathews's, and the day quite as amusing, with the addition of an admirable *cuisine* and cellar. Speaker very civil; had his levée-rooms and state dining-rooms lighted up in the evening, in order that I might

see them. I mentioned having heard Lord Sidmouth say that the only time his gravity was ever tried in the Chair was once when Brook Watson getting up (on some subject connected with Nootka Sound) said, "Mr. Speaker, it is impossible, at this moment, to look at the north-east, without at the same time casting a glance at the south-west." The Speaker stood this pretty well; but hearing some one behind the Chair say, "By God, no one in the House but Wilkes could do that," he could no longer keep his countenance, but burst into a most undignified laugh. My host, on this, mentioned an occasion, on which he too had not been able to refrain from laughter. The Opposition (as he described it) had been, to his no small amusement, squabbling with one another, and firing into their own ranks, when presently he perceived a large rat issue from under the Opposition benches and walk gravely over to the Treasury side of the House. This, he said, he could not resist. Felt my story to be rather awkward before I was half through it, as the Speaker squints a little. Had music and mummery all the evening, and did not leave this dignified mansion till just two.

24th. Was to have gone with Abbot to Hampton Court to-day, but made my excuse as I wished to see the "Freischutz." Dined with Rees, and both went to Drury Lane.

25th. Went to Paternoster Row, for the purpose of packing up the Sheridan papers for Charles S. and the other persons who had entrusted them to me. Met Luttrel on my way, who asked me to dine with him at seven; did so. Mentioned to me a good rhyme of his:—

> "Of diamond, emerald, and topaz,
> Such as the charming Mrs. Hope has."

Finished a bottle of côte rotie, of Champagne, and of claret with Luttrel, and went from thence to Power's to correct some music.

26th. Corrected my last revises. Took a place in the coach for to-morrow morning, and transacted various little jobs. Dined at the Club. Came home and packed.

27th. Started in the Emerald, and arrived at home at seven.

28th. Dined at home.

29th. Dined at Bowood. The Agar Ellises, Fielding, and Talbot, Mrs. Collingwood, &c. Sung in the evening. Slept there.

30th. Walked home after breakfast, to see Bessy, the boil coming to a head. Returned to Bowood to dinner; the Fazakerleys and Barings in addition to the party. Sung again in the evening. Slept there.

Oct. 1st. Bowles called at Bowood, while I was listening to Mrs. Fazakerley's singing to the guitar. Went down to him; wanted me to dine with him to-day, but told him that Bessy's illness made it impossible for me to stay longer away from her. After luncheon, Lady Lansdowne brought me home in the carriage with Lady G. Ellis and Mrs. Baring. Found Bessy better, and anxious that I should go to Bowles, on account of a nephew of his, who, he said, was to be with him, and could serve our little Tom at Winchester. Packed up fresh things, and set off to catch Lady L. on her return from Bromham. Met her at the corner of Sandy Lane, and went on to Bowood. Walked from thence to Bowles's: company, Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick, Young West, Linley, and a Miss Sotheby, but no nephew! Had a great many glees, duets, &c. in the evening; my singing much liked.

2nd. Looking over the sheets of Bowles's "More last Words" to Rosco. Having tried in vain to dissuade him from publishing it at all, did my best to get rid of some of the twaddle. Set off to walk home between eleven and twelve: called at Bowood in passing, and saw Lady E. Fielding, who arrived yesterday. Dined at home.

3rd. Dined at Bowood: Fazakerleys, Fieldings, Bowleses, and Sir J. and Lady Campbell.

6th. The newspapers ("Times and Courier") at the breakfast table, full of extracts from the "Life." Fidgeted exceedingly by seeing people reading them, at which they were not a little amused. Entreated Lord Lansdowne to wait till he could read the book itself, which he promised me to do. Returned home. Dined at Money's to meet Linley, the Bowleses, and Campbells.

7th. Did a song for Power to an air of Crescimbeni's, beginning "Fear not, that while around thee." Received a letter from Charles Sheridan full of the warmest admiration and gratitude; a most seasonable relief to my mind, as I have been ever more anxious about his opinion than that of the public.

8th. A triumphant letter from Longmans',

congratulating me on the perfect success of the work, saying that, from the state of the sale, they must go to press with an octavo edition on Monday, and desiring me to send up the corrected copy by to-morrow night's mail. They also add that, from the extent to which I had carried the work, and its success, they felt called upon to place to my credit 300*l.* more than the sum originally stipulated to be paid for it. A letter likewise from Lord John, in which he says he has read some of my book, and the extracts in the "Times," and thinks it "very much what it ought to be." Have made up my mind to take a run to Paris, Lord John having offered to take me there, and Lord Lansdowne having invited me to take up my quarters with him, while there. Looked over the Life, having time only for verbal corrections.

9th. Went to church with Bessy and Mrs. Branigan, who arrived here on Thursday. Sent off the corrected copy in the evening.

10th. Walked over to Lord Lansdowne, who was much delighted with Longmans' and C. Sheridan's letters, which I had sent him. The Longmans had mentioned in theirs, that Henry Grattan had been with them, and seemed much disposed to put his materials for the Life of his father into my hands, but they said I must not do it till after the Life of Lord Byron. Lord Lansdowne much amused by the custom for Lives I was likely to have. I said I had better publish *nine* together in one volume, and call it "The Cat." Walked the greater part of the way home with me.

12th. A letter from Lord John, saying he had read but little of my book when he wrote before, but that now he had got through two-thirds of it; and "I confess," he says, "I am all astonishment at the extent of your knowledge, the soundness of your political views, and the skill with which you contrive to keep clear of tiresomeness, when the subject seems to invite it." "Your wit and fancy," he adds, "we all knew before; and the latter is, as usual, perhaps a little in excess, but it is always so beautiful that we could not wish it to be other than it is." He says in a postscript, "I dined at Wimbledon yesterday, and all the Spensers sung chorus in praise of your book." This last circumstance gives me a good deal of pleasure, as I feared Lord Spenser would rather resent my remarks on him and the other Whig alarmists. Lord John has changed his mind about Paris, and will not go till Spring. Sent his letter to Lord L., and said that his change of mind would make no difference to my intentions.

12th. A note from Lord Lansdowne, who starts with Lady L. on his way to Paris to-day.

13th. Receive every morning letters about the Life; one full of praise from Elwyn, another from Scott (of Devizes), and second from Lord John, relative to the remarks upon the funeral, which I foresaw would produce uneasiness in many quarters. Tells me the Duke had lent Sheridan 200*l.* before his illness, and attended the funeral by Mrs. S.'s invitation; says this was probably the case with many.

14th. Set off for Bath to dine at the mayor's great dinner; Mrs. Branigan and Mrs. Phipps went with me. Went with Elwyn to the dinner, and got well seated: 270 persons at the dinner, Lord Camden, Lord John Thynne, &c. &c. When my health was given from the Chair, I saw a speech was expected from me, and I had thought of some things to say, but as none of the great guns had gone beyond a simple return of thanks, I was resolved that neither would I; so merely said, that after the brief manner the distinguished persons whose healths were already drunk had returned their thanks, it would ill become so humble an individual as myself to trespass further on their time and attention than merely to say that I felt very deeply, &c. &c. This was the best thing to do, but I saw it disappointed them. Left at ten, and went home with Elwyn. He mentioned a good Italian squib on the Neapolitan revolution, as follows,—

LETTER FROM A CORPORAL IN THE PATRIOTIC NEAPOLITAN ARMY, AFTER ITS DEFEAT AND DISPERSION.

Pulcinello, mal contento
Disertor dal Reglmento,
Scrive a Mama a Benevento,
Della Patria il triste evento.
Movimento, Parlamento,
Giuramento, Squarciamento,
Gran Fermento, poco Argento,
Armamento, e nel cimento,
(Mene pento, mene pento)
Fra spavento o tradimento
Siam fuggiti como il vento
Mama mia, Mama bella
Prega Deo per Pulcinella.

Slept at Elwyn's.

15th. Bowles brought me back as far as Buckhill, where I eat a couple of entlets, and walked home afterwards.

16th. A letter from the Longmans to say that they have sold every copy of the first 1000, and that the octavo will not be ready for two or three weeks. Take for granted, therefore, that there is a second quarto edition. Much inclined to give up my Paris trip for various reasons; the expense, Bessy's health, the idleness, and one or two more things.

17th. Bessy would not hear of my staying at home: insisted that if I did not go to France, that I must go either to Scotland or Ireland, to amuse myself a little. Dear, generous girl, there never was any thing like her for warm-heartedness and devotion. I shall certainly do no good at home, from the daily fidget I am kept in about my book. So perhaps an excursion somewhere, merely to change the current of my thoughts, would be of use.

18th. Mean to set off to town on Thursday (as I had promised Power to meet Bishop there on musical business), and then afterwards, perhaps, to Derbyshire and Scotland!

19th. More letters about the book. One from Barnes (of the *Times*) full of the most enthusiastic praise.

20th. Had a chaise to Buckhill at seven in the morning; Bessy and Mrs. Branigan with me. The two first coaches full; got a seat in the Regulator. Read my old French newspapers all the way: the following in them:—"Since that time, as Scarron says, *La Parque a diablement filé.*" Louis XIV. said to Molière, on his producing the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "*Je n'ai demandé qu'un ballet, et vous m'avez donné une bonne comédie.*" Got to Power's at nine: found that they had a friend staying with them, so would not sleep there, as I had promised (though they had everything ready for me), but took up my quarters in Duke Street.

21st. Called on Lady Donegal; found her only at home. Talked of the "Life:" has not read it herself, but mentioned different opinions she had heard, and all praise. Told me an anecdote of the Prince when a very young man, having gone disguised to Lord Donegal's house to leave 1000*l.* for Lord Spencer Hamilton, who was in fear of an arrest for debt. Said he had lately, too, sent 1000*l.* to Edward Boviere when he was dying. Called at Lord John's; he is at Woburne. Carpenter told me that he had heard nothing but praise of my book; but that he was told the Whigs were in a rage at it. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to Paris, to tell him I had changed my mind, and would not come there: have almost resolved to go to Scotland to see Sir Walter Scott. Dined at Power's; party Rees, Bishop, and Millikin of Dublin. Rees all delight at the success of the book: could have sold another edition of quarto if he had had them ready: not a copy to be got for these several days past, and the octavo will not be ready for a week: is negotiating with Charles Sheridan to buy him out of his stipulated share of the work. Latham this morning made me a present of a German translation of "Captain Rock."

22nd. Went at eleven with Power to Bishop, in order to look over with him a couple of glees and a single song I have done. One of the glees convivial, having "Hip, hip, hurra!" for the burden. Bishop thought the melody too elegant for this purpose; so shall put other words to it. Called upon the Donegals; dined at the Longmans'. Nearly the whole of the second edition is already disposed of; and they are laying in paper for a third. Decided to go to Scotland: despatched a messenger to have my place taken in the York Mail for Monday night. Went to the Adelphi with Rees and Millikin.

23rd. Tegart called, and stayed some time, praising my book. Went out: called upon Denman: asked me had I heard of Lady Holland's triumph. There are some chambers in the Tuileries which are never shown to strangers; accordingly Lady H. has long set her heart on seeing them. During Louis XVIII.'s time she was always told, in answer to her application, that such a thing was *non nominandum;* now, however, it appears on her returning to the charge, the answer has been, that there is no door or gate of the Tuileries that was not open to Lady Holland. Bought a copy of a low Sunday paper, in which I had the pleasure of finding myself abused in all the flowers of Billingsgate; this "vile little fellow," this "filthy little fellow," &c. &c. Called at Knight of Kerry's; saw Mrs. Fitzgerald. Dined at Lady Donegal's: only the Knight of Kerry; a very agreeable evening. Fitzgerald told some curious anecdotes of Grattan. Called this morning at Mrs. Purvis's, and sat some time with her and the Speaker.

24th. Went to Power's: signed a renewed deed between us, the other having expired this last year. Went to Bishop's, to look over the things that have been done for the Greek work. After our singing together his glee, "To Greece we give our shining blades," he turned exultingly to Power, and said, "That's worth one thousand pounds." Presently we tried over my glee, "Here, while the moonlight dim," and he said, "That's worth five hundred." Called upon Lady Donegal; walked with Barbara and Miss Godfrey. Packed up and took my luggage to the Longmans', who sent it off immediately to the mail office. Dined with them: nothing could exceed their attention: gave me letters of credit on York and Edinburgh. Green saw me to the mail. Kenny, at dinner, mentioned that Washington Irving, he thinks, is becoming independent of literature by the profits he derives from the Rouen steamboats, in which he is partner with his brother. Started in the mail at eight: two lively and (as far as the darkness would allow me to judge) good-looking girls my companions, who had just returned from a trip of *four* days to Calais with *Pa* (who was outside), and two or three more friends. As full of France as if they had been there for years: a good deal of laugh and talk, till all grew sleepy; and at three in the morning we parted company.

25th. Arrived at Stamford, where I breakfasted, between six and seven; got to York between eight and nine at night.

26th. As soon as I was breakfasted, &c. called with my letter of introduction from the Longmans on Mr. Wilson, who attended me and an unknown acquaintance of mine that I picked up in the mail, to the minster. Much as I had heard of this glorious piece of architecture, it went beyond my expectations. Among the curiosities, the bowl given by Archbishop Scroope, with an inscription round it purporting that every one who drank out of it should have forty days' indulgence. Went to see the new concert room; walked on the walls; had also gone to the top of the minster, which was no small trial to our legs. Before I started from town I wrote a letter to Sydney Smith (as I did also to Sir Walter Scott), saying I should call on him on my way. On my arrival at York last night, found he was at Mr. Yorke's (formerly Mr. Sheepshanks, who changed his name on marrying Lord Harewood's sister), and immediately despatched a letter to him by post, saying how I regretted he was not at home. Fixed to dined with old Mr. Wilson at Fulford, two miles from York. On returning home found a letter from Sydney Smith, saying that Mr. and Lady Mary Yorke were most anxious that I should come out there; but though I should not mind any distance to see him in his own house, it was not worth the time and expense to see him in another person's, so wrote an apology. Col. Thornhill (of the 7th hussars), who commands at York, was the bearer of the note to me. Among the company at Fulford was Mrs. John Kemble. She mentioned an anecdote of Piozzi, who on calling once upon some old lady of quality, was told by the servant "she was indifferent." "Is she indeed?" answered Piozzi huffishly, "then pray tell her I can be as indifferent as she," and walked away. The day deplorably common-place. Found a letter from Col. Thornhill on my return home, begging me to make use of his horses and carriages, &c. for my "locomotive adventures" during my stay at York. Wrote him a letter of thanks; am not aware that I know Col. Thornhill.

27th. Started in the coach for Newcastle at a quarter before nine; a young man in the coach, who was an intimate of Lockhart (Scott's son-in-law), and told me a good deal about them. Got a wretched bed at Newcastle; took my place in the Wellington for Kelso.

28th. Up before five and started for Kelso; another young man in the coach who knew the Scotts. Mentioned the application made in one of the Scotch colleges of the motto of the city of Edinburgh, *Nisi Dominus frustra*, Unless you are a lord you cannot get on here. Arrived at Kelso at a quarter to five; the passengers, who had found me out, full of kindness at parting with me. Walked before I dined to the bridge, past the ruins of Kelso Abbey, and on, by the side of the Tweed, to another bridge opposite Sir John Douglas's gate. The evening delicious: slept at Kelso; an excellent inn.

29th. Set off between eleven and twelve in a chaise for Sir Walter Scott's. Stopped on the way too see Dryburgh Abbey on the grounds of Lord Buchan. The vault of Sir

Walter Scott's family is here. Lord Buchan's own tombstone ready placed, with a Latin inscription by himself on it, and a cast from his face let into the stone. Forded the Tweed below the chain bridge, and passed through Melrose, having a peep at the abbey on my way, but reserving my view of it till I could see it with Scott himself. Arrived at his house about two. His reception of me most hearty; we had met but once before, so long ago as immediately after his publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." After presenting me to Lady Scott and his daughter Anne (the Lockharts having, unluckily, just gone to Edinburgh), he and I started for a walk. Said how much he was delighted with Ireland; the fun of the common people. The postilion having run the pole against the corner of a wall and broken it down, crying out, "Well done pole! didn't the pole do it elegantly, your honour?" Pointing to the opposite bank of the river, said it was believed still by some of the common people that the fairies danced in that spot; and as a proof of it, mentioned a fellow having declared before him, in his judicial capacity, that having gone to pen his sheep about sunrise, in a field two or three miles further down the river, he had seen little men and women under a hedge, beautifully dressed in green and gold; "the Duke of Buccleugh in full dress was nothing to them." "Did you, by the virtue of your oath, believe them to be fairies?" "I dinna ken; they looked very like the gude people" (evidently believing them to be fairies). The fact was, however, that these fairies were puppets belonging to an itinerant showman, which some weavers, in a drunken frolic, had taken a fancy to and robbed him of, but, fearing the consequences when sober, had thrown them under a hedge, where this fellow saw them. In talking of the commonness of poetical talent just now, he said we were like Captain Bobadil, who had taught the fellows to [A blank left in the MS. The passage referred to is probably in Act 4, sc. 2 (Every Man in his Humour): "I would teach these nineteens the special rules, as your punta, your reverso, ... till they could all play very near, or altogether as well, as myself."]

When I remarked that every magazine now contained such poetry as would have made a reputation for a man some twenty or thirty years ago, he said (with much shrewd humour in his face), "Eeod, we were in the luck of it, to come before all this talent was at work." Agreed with me that it would be some time before a great literary reputation could be again called up, "unless (he added) something new could be struck out; everything that succeeded lately owing its success, in a great degree, to its novelty." Talked a good deal about Byron; thinks his last cantos of Don Juan the most powerful things he ever wrote. Talking of the report of Lady Byron being about to marry Cunningham, said he would not believe it. "No, no, she must never let another man bear the name of husband to her." In talking of my sacrifice of the Memoirs, said he was well aware of the honourable feelings that dictated it, but doubted whether he would himself have consented to it. On my representing, however, the strong circumstances of not only the sister of Lord Byron (whom he so much loved) requiring it, but his two most intimate friends, Kinnaird and Hobhouse, also insisting earnestly upon the total destruction of the MS., and the latter assuring me that Lord Byron had expressed to him regret for having put such a work out of his own power, and had said that he was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling it; when I mentioned these circumstances (and particularly the last), he seemed to feel I could not have done otherwise than I had done. Thought the family, however, bound to furnish me every assistance towards a Life of Lord B. I spoke of the advantage of Scotland over Ireland in her national recollections, in which he agreed and remarked the good luck of Scotland, in at last giving a king to England. In the spirit of this superiority he had himself insisted, in all the ceremonials attending the king's reception in Scotland, that England should yield the precedence: there had been some little tiffs about it, but the king himself had agreed readily to everything proposed to him. In talking of Ireland, said that he and Lockhart had gone there rather hostilely disposed towards the Catholic Emancipation, but that they had both returned converts to the necessity of conceding it. Dined at half-past five; none but himself, a young clergyman, quite deaf, who is making a catalogue of his library, Lady Scott and daughter, and a boy, the son of his lost friend Sir —— Erskine.

After dinner pledged him in some whiskey out of a *quaigh ;* that which I drank out of very curious and beautiful. Produced several others; one that belonged to Prince Charles, with a glass bottom; others of a larger size, out of which he said his great grandfather drank. Very interesting *tête-à-tête* with him after dinner. Said that the person who first set him upon trying his talent at poetry was Mat. Lewis. He had passed the early part of his life with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows, whose thoughts and talents lay wholly out of the region of poetry; he, therefore, had never been led to find out his turn for it, though always fond of the old ballads. In the course of the conversation he, at last (to my no small surprise and pleasure), mentioned the novels without the least reserve as his own; "I then hit upon these novels (he said), which have been a mine of wealth to me." Had begun Waverley long before, and then thrown it by, till, having occasion for some money (to help his brother, I think), he bethought himself of it, but could not find the MS.; nor was it till he came to Abbotsford that he at last stumbled upon it. By this he made 3000*l.* The conjectures and mystification at first amused him very much: wonders himself that the secret was so well kept, as about twenty persons knew it from the first. The story of Jeanie Deans founded upon an anonymous letter which he received; has never known from whom. The circumstance of the girl having refused the testimony in court, and then taking the journey to obtain her sister's pardon, is a fact. Received some hints also from Lady Louisa Stuart (granddaughter, I believe, to Lord Bute); these the only aids afforded to him. His only critic was the printer, who was in the secret, and who now and then started objections which he generally attended to. Had always been in the habit (while wandering alone or shooting) of forming stories and following a train of adventures in his mind, and these fancies it was that formed the groundwork of most of his novels. "I find I fail in them now, however (he said); I cannot make them as good as at first." He is now near fifty-seven; has no knowledge or feeling of music; knows nothing of Greek; indebted to Pope for even his knowledge of Homer. Spoke of the scrape he got into by the false quantity in his Latin epitaph on his dog. I said that his letter on the subject was worth all the prosody that ever existed, and so it is; nothing was ever in better or more manly taste. In the evening Miss Scott sung two old Scotch songs to the harp. He spoke of Mrs. Lockhart (whom he seems thoroughly to love) as richer in this style of songs than Miss Scott. I then sung several things which he seemed to like. Spoke of my happy power of adapting words to music, which, he said, he never could attain, nor could Byron either. Story of the beggar: "Give that man some halfpence and send him away;" "I never go away under sixpence." Spoke of the powers of all Irishmen for oratory; the Scotch, on the contrary, cannot speak; no Scotch orator can be named; no Scotch actors. Told me Lockhart was about to undertake the Quarterly, has agreed for five years; salary 1200*l.* a-year, and if he writes a certain number of articles it will be 1500*l.* a-year to him. Spoke of Wordsworth's absurd vanity about his own poetry; the more remarkable as Wordsworth seems otherwise a manly fellow. Story told him by Wordsworth, of Sir George Beaumont saying one day to Crabbe, at Murray's, on Crabbe putting an extinguisher on a tallow candle which had been imperfectly put out, and the smoke of which was (as Sir G. Beaumont said) curling up in graceful wreaths, "What, you a poet, and do that?" This Wordsworth told Scott was a set-off against the latter's praises of Crabbe, and as containing his own feelings on the subject, as well as Sir G. Beaumont's. What wretched twaddle! Described Wordsworth's manly endurance of his poverty. Scott has dined with him at that time in his kitchen; but though a kitchen, all was neatness in it. Spoke of Campbell; praised his Hohenlinden, &c.; considered his "Pleasures of Hope" as very inferior to these lesser pieces. Talked of Holt, the Wicklow brigand, who held out so long in the mountains, and who distinguished himself on many occasions by great generosity; once or twice gave up men who had been guilty of acts of cruelty; is still alive, keeping (I believe) a public house, and in good repute for quietness. Sir Walter Scott had wished much to have some talk with him, but feared it might do the man harm, by giving him high notions of himself, &c. &c. "I could have put," says he, "a thousand pounds in his pocket, by getting him to tell simply the adventures

in which he had been engaged, and then dressing them up for him." In speaking of the circumstances in which my intimacy with Byron began, and giving him an account of the message from Greville that followed, he spoke as if the thought had occurred to him at that time, whether he ought not himself to have taken notice, in the same manner, of what Byron had said to him.

30th. A very stormy day. Sir W. impatient to take me out to walk, though the ladies said we should be sure of a ducking. At last a tolerably fair moment came, and we started; he would not take a great coat. Had explained to me after breakfast, the drawings in the breakfast room, done by an amateur at Edinburgh, W. Sharpe, and alluding to traditions of the Scotts of Harden, Sir Walter's ancestors. The subject of one of them was the circumstance of a young man of the family being taken prisoner in an incursion on the grounds of a neighbouring chief, who gave him his choice, whether he should be hanged or marry his daughter "muckle-mouthed Meg." The sketch represents the young man as hesitating; a priest advising him to the marriage, and pointing to the gallows on a distant hill, while Meg herself is stretching her wide mouth in joyful anticipation of a decision in her favour. The other sketch is founded on the old custom of giving a hint to the guests that the last of the beeves had been devoured, by serving up nothing but a pair of spurs under one of the covers; the dismay of the party at the uncovering of the dish, is cleverly expressed. Our walk was to the cottage of W. Laidlaw, his bailiff, a man who had been reduced from better circumstances, and of whom Scott spoke with much respect as a person every way estimable. His intention was, he said, to ask him to walk down and dine with us today. The cottage and the mistress of it very homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing the quiet self-possession of a man of good sense. The storm grew violent, and we sat some time. Scott said he could enumerate thirty places, famous in Scottish song, that could be pointed out from a hill in his neighbourhood: Yarrow, Ettrick, Gala Water, Bush-aboon, Traquair, Selkirk ("Up with the souters of Selkirk"), the bonny Cowden Knowes, &c. &c. Mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had once wept, in speaking to him about Waterloo, saying that "the next dreadful thing to a battle lost was a battle won." Company to dinner, Sir Adam Ferguson (an old schoolfellow and friend of Scott), his lady, and Col. Ferguson. Drew out Sir Adam (as he had promised me he would) to tell some of his military stories, which were very amusing. Talked of amateurs in battles; the Duke of Richmond at Waterloo, &c. &c.; the little regard that is had of them. A story of one who had volunteered with a friend of his to the bombardment of Copenhagen, and after a severe cannonade, when a sergeant of marines came to report the loss, he said (after mentioning Jack This and Tom That, who had been killed), "Oh, please your Honour, I forgot to say that the volunteer gentleman has had his head shot off." Scott mentioned as a curious circumstance that, at the same moment, the Duke of Wellington should have been living in one of Buonaparte's palaces, and Buonaparte in the Duke's old lodgings at St. Helena; had heard the Duke say laughingly to some one who asked what commands he had to St. Helena, "Only tell Bony that I hope he finds my old lodgings at Longwood as comfortable as I find his in the Champs Elysées." Mentioned the story upon which the Scotch song of "Dainty Davie," was founded. Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least, while they were once drinking together; a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said the only two men, who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant-boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fireplace, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place. It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honours and prosperity to him before whom it appeared, but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir

Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly. Told of the Provost of Edinburgh showing the curiosities of that city to the Persian ambassador; impatience of the latter, and the stammering hesitation of the former. "Many pillar, wood pillar? stone pillar, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba," stammered the Provost. "Ah, you not know, var well. Many book here: write book? print book, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well." A few days after, on seeing the Provost pass his lodgings, threw up the window and cried, "Ah, how you do?" "Ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well;" and shut down the window. Account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson as given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw (said Smith) this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was a son of a b—h." Good this, between two sages. Boswell's father indignant at his son's attaching himself (as he said) to "a Dominie, who kippit a schule, and ca'd it an academy." Some doubts, after dinner, whether we should have any singing, it being Sunday. Miss Scott seemed to think the rule might be infringed in my case; but Scott settled the matter more decorously, by asking the Fergusons to come again to dinner next day, and to bring the Misses Ferguson.

"31st. Set off after breakfast, Scott, Miss Scott, and I. to go to Melrose Abbey. Told him I had had a strong idea of coming on as far as Melrose from Kelso on Friday night, in order to see the Abbey by the beautiful moonlight we had then; but that I thought it still better to reserve myself for the chance of seeing it with him, though I had heard he was not fond now of showing it. He answered, that in general he was not; but that I was, of course, an exception. I think it was on this morning that he said, laying his hand cordially on my breast, "Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life." Forgot to mention that, in the answer which he sent to me to Newcastle, and which was forwarded after me to Abbotsford, he offered, if I would let him know when I should reach Kelso, to come for me there in his carriage; nothing, indeed, could be more kind and cordial than the whole of his reception of me. Explained to me all the parts of the abbey, assisted by the sexton, a shrewd, hardy-mannered fellow, who seemed to have studied every thing relating to it *con amore*. Went up to a room in the sexton's house, which was filled with casts, done by himself, from the ornaments, heads, &c. of the abbey. Scott, seeing a large niche empty, said, "Johnny, I'll give you the Virgin and Child to put there." Seldom have I seen a happier face than Johnny exhibited at this news; it was all over smiles. As we went down stairs, Scott said to him, "Johnny, if there's another anti-popish rising, you'll have your house pulled about your ears." When we got into the carriage, I said, "You have made that man very happy." "Good (said Sir Walter), then there are two of us pleased, for I did not know what to do with that Virgin and Child. Mamma (Lady Scott) will be particularly glad to get rid of it." A less natural man would have left me under the impression that he had done really a very generous thing. Sir W. bought one of the books giving a description of the abbey (written every word of it by the sexton), and presented it to me. Went from thence to the cottage of the Lockharts, which is very retired and pretty; and then proceeded to pay a visit to the Fergusons just near. Could not help thinking, during this quiet, homely visit, how astonished some of those foreigners would be, to whom the name of Sir Walter Scott is encircled with so much romance, to see the plain, quiet, neighbourly manner with which he took his seat among these old maids, and the familiar ease with which they treated him in return; no country squire, with but half an idea in his head, could have fallen into the gossip of a hum-drum country visit more unassumingly. This is charming. Left Miss Scott to proceed home in the carriage; and he and I walked. Took me through a wild and pretty glen called "Thomas the Rhymer's Glen." Told me of his introduction to the Prince by Adam; their whole talk about the Pretender. The Prince asked him, would he have joined the Jacobites; "it would have been wretched taste of me (said Scott) to have said I would, and I merely answered that I should have, at least, wanted one motive against doing so in not knowing his Royal Highness." Adam said afterwards, that the only difference as to Jacobitism between him

and the Prince, during the conversation, was, that the Prince always said "the Pretender," and Scott said "Prince Charles." Mentioned that when Buonaparte expressed himself shocked at the murder of the Emperor Paul, Fouché said, "*Mais, Sire, c'est une espèce de destitution propre à ce pays-là.*" On my taking this opportunity of saying that I doubted whether I ought to allude to a work which it was supposed he was writing, "The Life of Buonaparte," he said that it was true, and that he had already finished, I think, more than a volume of it, but had now suspended his task for the purpose of writing a novel on the subject of the "Civil Wars," in which he expected to make something of the character of Cromwell, whose politics he certainly did not like, but in whom there were some noble points which he should like to throw light on. It gave me pleasure to find that some of the views he expressed of the character of Napoleon were liberal; talked with scorn of the wretched attempts to decry his courage. I said how well calculated the way in which Scott had been brought up was to make a writer of poetry and romance, as it combined all that knowledge of rural life and rural legends which is to be gained by living among the peasantry and joining in their sports, with all the advantages which an aristocratic education gives. I said that the want of this manly training showed itself in my poetry, which would perhaps have had a far more vigorous character if it had not been for the sort of *boudoir* education I had received. (The only thing indeed, that conduced to brace and invigorate my mind was the strong political feelings that were stirring around me when I was a boy, and in which I took a deep and most ardent interest.) Scott was good-natured enough to dissent from all this. His grandfather, he told me, had been, when a young man, very poor; and a shepherd, who had lived with the family, came and offered him the loan of (I believe all the money he had) thirty pounds, for the purpose of stocking a farm with sheep. The grandfather accepted it, and went to the fair, but instead of buying the sheep, he laid out the whole sum on a horse, much to the horror of the poor shepherd. Having got the horse, however, into good training and order, he appeared on him at a hunt, and showed him off in such style, that he immediately found a purchaser for him at twice the sum he cost him, and then, having paid the shepherd his 30*l.*, he laid out the remainder in sheep, and prospered considerably. Pointed out to me the tower where he was born. His father and uncle went off to join the rebels in 1745, but were brought back; himself still a sort of Jacobite; has a feeling of horror at the very name of the Duke of Cumberland. . . . Came to a pretty lake where he fed a large beautiful swan, that seemed an old favourite of his. The Fergusons to dinner; maiden sisters and all. Showed me before dinner, in a printed song book, a very pretty ballad by his bailiff, Mr. Laidlaw, called "Lucy's Flitting." In the evening I sung, and all seemed very much pleased; Sir Adam, too, and his brother the Colonel, sung. Scott confessed that he hardly knew high from low in music. Told him Lord Byron knew nothing of music, but still had a strong feeling of some of those I had just sung, particularly "When he who adores thee;" that I have sometimes seen the tears come into his eyes at some of my songs. Another great favourite of his was "Though the last glimpse of Erin," from which he confessedly borrowed a thought for his "Corsair," and said to me, "It was shabby of me, Tom, not to acknowledge that theft." "I dare say," said Scott, "Byron's feelings and mine about music are pretty much the same." His true delight, however, was visible after supper, when Sir Adam sung some old Jacobite songs; Scott's eyes sparkled, and his attempts to join in chorus showed much more of the will than the deed. "Hey, Tutti tatte," was sung in the true orthodox manner, all of us standing round the table with hands crossed and joined, and chorusing every verse with all our might and main; he seemed to enjoy all this thoroughly. Asked him this morning whether he was not a great admirer of Bruce the traveller; said he was his delight; and I could have sworn so.

November 1st. Scott proposed to take me to-day to the castle of Newark, a place of the Duke of Buccleugh's. Sat with him some time in his study: saw a copy of the "Moniteur" there, which he said he meant to give to the Advocates' Library when he was done with it. I said that what astonished foreigners most was the extent of his knowledge. "Ah, that sort of knowledge (he answered) is

very superficial." I remarked that the manual labour alone of copying out his works seemed enough to have occupied all the time he had taken in producing them. "I write," he answered, "very quick; that comes of being brought up under an attorney." Writes chiefly in the morning, from seven till breakfast time: told me the number of pages he could generally produce in the day, but I do not accurately remember how much it was. Mentioned to him that Lord Byron repeated to me the first hundred and twenty lines of "Lara" immediately after they were written, and he had done them either that morning or the evening before, I forgot which. Went out at twelve in the open carriage, he and I and Miss Scott; the day very lowering. Showed me where the Ettrick and Yarrow join. The Yarrow grows beautiful near the gate of the Duke, and the walk by it through the grounds is charming. Lunched in a little summer-house beyond the bridge. Showed me a deep part of the river into which he found Mungo Park once throwing stones: Park said it reminded him of what he used to do in Africa to try the depth of the rivers. After his return from Africa he opened an apothecary's shop in Selkirk, but the passion for wandering would not allow him to remain quiet. Day cleared up as we returned home. Saw the place where Montrose was defeated; four hundred Irishmen shot near it after the battle. In talking of his ignorance of music, Scott said he had been once employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed on as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the Encyclopædias, &c., and having got the names of Straduerius, Amati, &c., glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles; upon which the Duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered the room about half a dozen tall servants all in red, each bearing a fiddle case; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made. "By guessing and management," he said, "I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee." Mentioned an anecdote which he had heard from Lady Swinton, of her seeing, when a child, a strange young lady in the room, whom she took for a spirit, from her vanishing the moment she turned her head. It was a person whom her mother kept concealed, from some cause, within the panel: this evidently suggested the circumstance in one of his novels. On our return home found that two gentlemen were waiting to see Sir Walter; proved to be young Demidoff, son of the rich Russian, who has been sent to Edinburgh for his education, and, with his tutor, was now come to pay a visit to Sir Walter.* Much talk with the young man, who is very intelligent, about Russian literature. I mentioned the "Fables" of Kriloff, of which I had seen a translation in French, and in one of which he talks of Voltaire being roasted in hell *à petit feu*. This translation, Demidoff said, was a very bad one. Sung in the evening; much pressed by Scott to defer my departure for a day or two.

2nd. While I was dressing, Mr. Gordon (a presbyterian clergyman, whom I found at Abbotsford, and who is employed making a catalogue of the library) came into my room, and requested, as a great favour, a lock of my hair: told him to be careful how he cut it, as Mrs. Moore would be sure to detect the "rape." The carriage being ordered immediately after breakfast, to take me to the coach and young Demidoff and his tutor to Melrose Abbey, I took leave of Scott, who seemed (as my companions afterwards remarked) to feel much regret at parting with me. Finding a place in the Jedburgh coach, I set off for Edinburgh. Some talk among the people in the coach about Scott; said he was "a very peculiar man," and seemed all to agree that he had chosen a very bad situation for his house. Went outside for the last two or three stages, in order to see the country, but it was all dreary and barren. The entrance, however, into Edinburgh most striking; the deep ra-

* A gentleman who was at Abbotsford at the time, declares that it was Count Orloff, a nephew of the Count Orloff, who holds a high station at the Russian Court, who was Sir Walter Scott's guest, and not M. Demidoff.—Ed.

vine between the two towns, the picturesque sites of the buildings on the heights and in the depths, the grand openings to the sea, all is magnificent, and unlike every thing else. By the by, talking with the guard about Abbotsford, he told me Lady Scott had said that "it was quite an hotel in every thing but pay." Took a hackney coach and drove to William Murray's (husband to Bessy's sister), having received a letter from him at Abbotsford, entreating me to take a bed at his house. Found Anne not so much altered (though it is fourteen years since we last met) as Bessy led me to expect. A note while we were at dinner from Murray's sister, Mrs. Siddons, to ask me, if not too fatigued, to drink tea there. We went; none but herself and daughters; sung a little, though very hoarse; one of the Miss S.'s also sung. Had written to Jeffrey after dinner to say I was come, and would be out with him at Craigcrook to-morrow; an answer from him to say, "Why not to-night?"

3rd. Went out with Murray and a Mr. Bridges to see the town; the day, though it looked dull, very clear, and favourable for seeing the distant hills. Went up to the Castle, thence through some of the old town to Calton Hill. Was quite enchanted with the views of the Forth; could see the Isle of May and the snow on Ben Lomond. Had soup at a restaurant on Calton Hill: returned home to meet Jeffrey, who came and proposed that I should call upon him at his town-house in a coach at half-past four. Did so; Craigcrook about three miles off; no one at dinner but Mrs. Jeffrey, a Mrs. Miller, and Cockburn, the celebrated barrister. Cockburn very reserved and silent; but full, as I understand, of excellent fun and mimicry when he chooses. A good deal of chat with Jeffrey before going to bed; cannot bear to stir without his wife and child; requires something living and breathing near him, and is miserable when alone. Slept in a curious bedroom, with two turrets for dressing-rooms. This house was once a madhouse, and it was a common saying of any one that was flighty, "He is only fit for Craigcrook."

4th. After breakfast, sitting with Jeffrey in his beautiful little Gothic study (from which he looks out on grounds sloping up to a high-wooded hill), he told me, at much length, his opinion of my life of Sheridan. Thinks it a work of great importance to my fame: people inclined to depreciate my talents have always said, "Yes, Moore can, it is true, write pretty songs, and launch a smart epigram, but there is nothing solid in him." Even of Captain Rock they said, "A lively, flashy work, but the style not fit for the subject." "Here, however," added Jeffrey, "is a convincing proof that you can think and reason solidly and manfully, and treat the gravest and most important subjects in a manner worthy of them. I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself as comparatively worthless; it is for the historical and political views that I value it; and am, indeed, of opinion, that you have given us the only clear, fair, and manly account of the public transactions of the last fifty years that we possess." Walked up to the wooded hill opposite the house, and caught some beautiful views of the Forth and its islands, as well as of Edinburgh. Went into town in a hackney coach with Jeffrey and Mrs. Miller: walked about with Jeffrey: called upon Lady Keith. Flahault in Edinburgh, but not at home: promised she would make him come to dinner at Jeffrey's to-day, if he could. Called at Black's the bookseller, at Constable's, at Sir Henry Moncrieff's: sat some time with this fine old man, who seems to be much looked up to. Returned to Craigcrook at half-past four with Thomson (Mackintosh's friend), John Murray, and Jeffrey. A large party to dinner: Lord Mackenzie (son of the "Man of Feeling"), Mr. and Mrs. Kay, my old friend Shannon, &c., &c. Sung in the evening, Jeffrey having had a pianoforte sent expressly for the purpose. Have seldom seen people more pleased: obliged to repeat "Ship, ahoy!" "The Watchman," &c.

5th. After breakfast, young Stoddart (grandson to Sir H. Moncrieff) came out to beg I would fix a day to dine with Sir Henry: fixed for next Tuesday. Set off to walk to town, but, near the house, met the "Man of Feeling" coming out to call upon me. Jeffrey put me into the carriage to him, and he carried me into town. Told me that what put him upon writing "Julia de Roubigny," was a wish expressed by Lord Kaimes for a novel without love in it. Dosed me with old stories and civility; and having stopped his carriage half way down a hill, in order to introduce me

to his daughter, who was coming up it, left me at last at Murray's house. Walked out with Murray, and went to see Holyrood House: felt, as I looked at the wretched lodgings around it for the privileged, how much better I had been within the rules of the Allée des Veuves, in 1820. Dined at Mrs. Siddons's, with Murray and Anne: company, the Lord Provost, Shannon, &c., &c. A party in the evening: Miss Gibson Craig, a pretty girl; two other nice girls, Miss Wilsons, very good musicians, rather a rare thing, it appears, in Scotland. Sung with them some Italian duets and trios: one of them sung my own "Say what shall be our sport to-day?" The evening agreeable.

6th. Went off with Murray, in a hackney coach, to see Roslyn Castle; the day clear and sunny, and, considering the time of the year, very favourable for the purpose. The colouring of the leaves, rocks, and water brought out beautifully by the sunshine. Did not go on to Hawthornden: the chapel very curious. Lunched at the inn, well and cheaply. Company to dinner at Murray's, John Wilson, the professor of Moral Philosophy (author of the novels, *Blackwood*, &c.), Ballantyne the printer (Scott's friend, and, as Scott told me, the only critic he had for his novels), and Shannon. Wilson an odd person, but amusing; his imitation of Wordsworth's monologues excellent. Spoke of my Sheridan; thinks the *bon mots* I have reported of his very poor; told him I agreed with him in this, but was obliged to put them in, both from the outcry there would have been, had I not given anecdotes, and the value in which most of those I have given are held by Rogers, Lord Holland, &c., particularly the reply to Tarleton about the mule and the ass, which I saw no great merit in myself, but which Lord H. and Rogers always quote with praise. All agreed in thinking it not only poor, but hardly intelligible.* Wilson praised my book warmly, and said that it was only so far unfair that the biographer had in every page outshone his subject. Seemed not to think very highly of Sheridan's genius; and in speaking of his great unreported speech, said it appeared to him utterly impossible that, with such powers as his, he should ever have produced any thing deserving of such high praises. In comparing prose with poetry, remarked, in order to prove the inferiority of the former, that there have been great schools of poetry, but no school of prose. Sat drinking till rather late, and sat again with Wilson after supper, till past one. Not being able to dine with him any day before I go, fixed to sup at his house next Tuesday.

7th. Walked about with John Murray; went with him to the Advocates' Library; rather too gay and ornamented; fitter for ladies than lawyers. Called at Black's, the bookseller, who showed me a letter from the Longmans, saying the demand for the "Life" was "prodigious," and that they were bringing out the third edition. Called on Lady Keith; her children at dinner; lunched with them; fixed to dine with her on Wednesday. Proved to me that I could perform all my visits to my Scotch friends in ten days, going to Lord Dunmore's on Monday, thence on Tuesday to her, where I should be saved the trouble of going to the Gwydirs by seeing them with her; and so on she traced the route for me, to Lord Belhaven's, the Dalrymple-Hamilton's, &c. &c. Should like it much, but too late in the season, and cannot, at all events, spare the time. Went to John Murray's at five to be taken out to Jeffrey's. M'Culloch, the political economist, went with us. Said he was very much pleased with the remarks I had made in the "Life," relative to the debates on the commercial treaty with France, and the Irish propositions: Lord Lansdowne's speech on the latter measure, one, he said, of considerable ability. A large party to dinner at Jeffrey's: Mr. and Mrs. Fullarton (she a fine woman), Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford (the latter, I found, an old acquaintance of mine in Ireland, Sophia Stewart), a Mr. Mure, a young man, only twenty-two, whom Jeffrey mentioned to me as having given great promise of talent, and as being the author of some late articles in the "Review," on Spanish poetry, &c. &c. Sung a good deal in the evening, and had no reason to complain of any want of enthusiasm in my audience. A Miss Young played two or three things with much feeling.

8th. Company to breakfast, Capt. Basil Hall

* Sheridan's joke to Tarleton. Any one might think the wit poor (although I do not agree with them), but the joke is clear enough. "I was on a horse, and now I'm on an elephant," *i. e.* "I was high above others, but now I am much higher." "You were on an ass, and now you're on a mule," said Sheridan; *i. e.* "You *were* stupid and now you're obstinate." For quick repartee in conversation, there are few things better.—J. R.

and his wife, old Mackenzie, &c. &c. Sung for them after breakfast. Have more than once seen Jeffrey (though he professes rather to dislike music) with tears in his eyes while I sang "There's a Song of the Olden Time," one of those that make the most impression. John Murray, having sent out his gig for me, I took leave of Craigcrook, leaving, I hope, as pleasant recollections of my visit as I brought away with me. Letters from Mrs. Dugald Stewart and old Mr. Fletcher (a friend of Mackintosh's), full of the most flattering kindness. Mrs. Stewart says that her husband would have come expressly to Edinburgh to meet me, if it was not for the bad weather, and Mr. Fletcher, with many praises of my writings, expresses his regret that his infirmities would not allow him to do the same; both invite me to their houses. Took my place in the mail for Thursday morning. Dined at Sir Henry Moncrieff's: company, Jeffrey, J. Murray, Dr. Thompson, young Stoddart and his sister, and one or two more. Sung to a wretched pianoforte in the evening. Went from thence to Miss Sinclair's; with W. Murray's assistance escaped early, and he and I went to sup at Wilson's. An odd set collected there; among others, the poet Hogg. We had also Williams, the Rector of the Academy, the person to whom Lockhart addressed "Peter's Letters;" said to be an able man; some ladies too, one of whom sung duets with an Italian singing-master; a fine contrast between this foreigner and Hogg, who yelled out savagely two or three Scotch songs, and accompanied the burden of one of them by labouring away upon the bare shoulders of the ladies who sat on each side of him. He and I very cordial together; wanted me to let him drive me to his farm next day, to see wife and bairns. I was much pressed to sing, but there being no pianoforte could not; at last, in order not to seem fine (the great difficulty one has to get over in such society), sung the "Boys of Kilkenny."

9th. Called upon Constable, and sat some time with him: thence to Ballantyne's with Murray, and sung for Mrs. B. and a party there (among whom was G. Thompson, editor of the "Scotsman") though in violent pain; never, however, sung better, and they all seemed much pleased. On coming home, Murray insisted upon sending for Dr. Ross. Went to dine at Lady Keith's: company, only themselves, Jeffrey, John Murray, and Stewart. Flahault gave me twenty drops of laudanum before dinner; so ill I could not stay at table. Flahault took me down to his bedroom, and attended me with all the kindness that makes brave, warm-hearted soldiers like him such good nurses. Lay on his bed for some time, and then returned to the table. A good many people in the evening, whom I should like to have known something of; among others, Cranstoun, but my head was turning round, and I could enjoy nothing. Murray all kindness; surrounded me with all possible comforts at night.

10th. Much better this morning, but determined to put off my departure till Sunday (13th). Staid at home all day. Flahault called upon me, and sat some time.

11th. Went out in a hackney-coach: called upon Lady Keith, &c. Dined at home with the Murrays; Dr. Ross of our party. Murray full of talent and fun. * * * * His story of "Jobson of Dundee;" ossification of the heart; bones turning to stones, and blood to mortar. His story of the fellow acting with Kemble in "Coriolanus," and in the speech where he accuses Coriolanus:

> "For that he has
> (As much as in him lies) from time to time
> Envied against the people, seeking means
> To pluck away their power."

The fellow forgetting his part here, looked fiercely at Kemble, and added, "And that he is always seen going about the streets, making every one uncomfortable." At the end of the play, the unfortunate actor went to apologise for this awkwardness, but Kemble merely looked bitterly at him, and said, "Beast!" Story of the little girl, on being asked what kind of an animal man was, "He is a tripod." Lord Sidmouth said that the great art of a Speaker of the House of Commons was "to know what to overlook;" applied by Murray to the manager of a theatre. Went with Murray and Ross in the evening to see the theatre lighted up; it has been newly painted and is to open to-morrow night. The Courts also open to-morrow, so that it is lucky I stay.

12th. Went to the Courts after breakfast: found out Jeffrey and walked about with him to see every thing, being myself the greatest

show of the place, and followed by crowds from court to court. Had the pleasure of seeing Scott sitting at his table, under a row of as dull-looking judges as need be. Jeffrey asked him to dine to meet me, and though I had already refused Jeffrey (in order to dine with the Murrays), I could not resist this temptation: begged of Jeffrey to dine pretty early, in order that I might see the theatre. Met Scott afterwards, and told him this arrangement. "Very well," he said, "I'll order my carriage to come at eight o'clock, and I'll just step down to the playhouse with you myself." Company at Jeffrey's, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Thomson, &c. Sir Walter a different man from what he was at Abbotsford; a good deal more inert, and, when he did come into play, not near so engaging or amusing. When the carriage came, he and I and Thomson went to the theatre, and I could see that Scott anticipated the sort of reception I met with. We went into the front boxes, and the moment we appeared, the whole pit rose, turned towards us, and applauded vehemently. Scott said, "It is you, it is you; you must rise and make your acknowledgment." I hesitated for some time, but on hearing them shout out "Moore, Moore," I rose and bowed my best for two or three minutes. This scene was repeated after the two next acts, and the "Irish Melodies" were played each time by the orchestra. Soon after my first reception, Jeffrey and two of the ladies arrived, and sat in the front before us, Scott and I being in the second row. He seemed highly pleased with the way I was received, and said several times, "This is quite right. I am glad my countrymen have returned the compliment for me." There was occasionally some discontent expressed by the galleries at our being placed where they could not see us; and Murray told me afterwards, that he wondered they bore it so well. We had taken the precaution of ordering that we should be shown into one of the side boxes, but the proper box-keeper was out of the way when we came. At about ten o'clock we came away, I having first renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Coutts, who was with the Duke of St. Alban's in a box near us. Home very tired with my glory, and had to pack for the morning.

13th. Up before six: found that Murray, in order to be ready for me, had sat up reading all night. Got to the mail coach office in time, and was off at seven. A gentleman came into the coach in the middle of the day, who after some time guessed who I was, and asked my name. Said he had been with some friends in Scotland, who were full of indignation at the people of Edinburgh for not giving me a public dinner; assured him that the people of Edinburgh were not in fault, as such a tribute had been proposed to me, but that the shortness of my stay rendered it impossible.

14th. Got to Manchester in the morning. Had a letter of introduction from Constable to a gentleman of the town, but was too tired to deliver it. Resolved to give up my original intention of visiting Derbyshire, and to get, as soon as possible, home.

15th. Started in the coach for Birmingham, where I arrived at night. An odd fellow (an Irishman) in the traveller's room, which was very full, recognised me, and after various civilities, begging me to draw nearer to the fire, &c., came up to me and said in a whisper, "I know who you are: whisht! the last time I saw you, you were only seven years ould, and I little thought what a great man you would become. Do you remember Mr. Molloy?" So he went on. Got to bed, having taken my place in the Bath coach for the morning.

* * * * * *

December 11th. Received two letters (one of which I ought to have got yesterday) from my sister Ellen, telling me that my dearest father is dangerously ill: the event I have been but too well prepared for. God send he may not have pain or lingering. His long life has been one of almost uninterrupted health, and I have been able (thank Heaven!) to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable. It is my poor mother I have now most to feel for. Must start immediately for Ireland, but this being Sunday can make no arrangements for money. The shock at first very great, notwithstanding the prepared state of my feelings; darling Bessy full of the sweetest sympathy and kindness about it. Wrote to Corry, to say I trusted in his friendship for every thing being done that ought to be done, and begging him to communicate to Ellen my intention to set off immediately.

12th. Sent to the bank: have some fears lest the present panic may prevent them from cashing, as usual, my bill on Power. Walked

over to Bowood to see Lord Lansdowne, who returned from Paris on Saturday: took little Tom with me; my own thoughts not being such agreeable company, as, I am glad to say, they in general are. Found Lord and Lady Lansdowne; soon got on the subject of "Sheridan's Life," and his tone confirmed what his letter from Paris had prepared me for, namely, that neither he nor any of my high Whig friends are quite pleased with my book. The fact is, what I stated to Agar Ellis in my answer to the flattering letter he wrote me on the subject is but too true. "You are just of a standing that enables you to view the events of which I treat historically; but those who were themselves actors in the scene will not, I fear, take so favourable a view of my impartiality." The points which Lord Lansdowne mentioned as objectionable were, first, the censure upon those who attended the funeral; secondly, what I have said, as to the surrender of principle by those Whigs who coalesced with Lord Grenville; and, thirdly, the remark on the "overshadowing branches of the Whig aristocracy," in my account of Canning's political début, which he thought was going out of my way to throw a reflection on the Whigs. In answer to this last objection, told him the whole paragraph is but the substance of Canning's own reasons for the line he took, as stated by him in a letter to Lord Holland at the time, and as mentioned more than once to me by Lord Holland. On the other points, too, I briefly defended myself, but have not time here to note down what I said. He remarked also that, though I had not professedly drawn any parallel between the talents of Fox as a statesman and those of Burke and Sheridan, yet he thought it might be deduced from my general sentiments that I was not inclined to place Fox so far above the other two as he Lord L. thought he deserved. To this I answered that neither had I in my book, nor would I venture now, to draw any parallel between Fox and Sheridan with respect to political sagacity, but that I recollected Tierney once telling me that Pitt looked upon Sheridan as a much abler man than Fox. This surprised Lord Lansdowne, and I bid him ask Tierney whether I understood him rightly. Told him what Jeffrey had said with respect to the "Life" being useful to my reputation in a department of intellect for which I had hitherto got but little credit; namely, sound political reasoning. Lord L. said he quite agreed in this. Expressed a strong wish that I should undertake the Life of Grattan. Talked much with him on the subject of Lord Byron's "Life," and mentioned Scott's advice that I should employ him (Lord L.) to negotiate between me and the family. This brought him to tell me (what he has hitherto, very much at my own desire, kept a secret from me) the nature of the negotiations which he had in that quarter last summer. It seems Wilmot Horton consulted Lord L. with respect to the question of paying me back the money, and Lord L. gave it as his opinion that the obvious step for the family to take was (without any reference to me, who was decided upon refusing it) to settle it upon my family. This, Wilmot Horton said, was his own view of the matter exactly. On proposing it, however, to the family, they refused to pay the money otherwise than making myself take it. From all this it appeared that Lord Lansdowne has no channel of communication (as I supposed) with the family: offered however, most kindly, to undertake any proposal to them I might wish. Walked nearly home with me. All this conversation, added to the already deep sadness of my heart, threw me into a state of nervousness and depression on my return home, from which it required all the efforts of my natural cheerfulness to recover me. Bessy, too, did much for me by her own sweet womanly fortitude, bless her! Dined at three, and set off at five in a chaise for Bath. Went, on my arrival, to see Anastasia: found the sweet child in the midst of gaiety: it was the ball night, and she came out to me, "smiling as if earth contained no tomb." On my telling her of the sad mission I was going upon, she assumed that grave look which children think it right to put on at such news, though they cannot be expected, and, indeed, *ought* not to feel it. She wore three or four orders of merit which she had gained; one, for general amiability of conduct (a lily of the valley), of which she told me with much triumph, there had been but four given in the school; another (a rose) for her progress in music, and so on. Slept at the York House: got them to give me a letter to the landlord of the inn at Birmingham to secure me a comfortable bed. Found in the coffee-room an old acquaintance (Birmingham, the clergyman),

with two sons of Charles Butler, on their way to Ireland.

13th. Journey to Birmingham: read on the way "Hall's South America."

14th. There being so many candidates for the coach at the Albion, went to the Swan, to take my chance in the mail: got a place; my companions, a dull, good-natured Scotchman, and a young lady with a little girl under her charge, who left us at Shrewsbury. Took in a gentleman as far as Oswestry, who proved to be a merchant of some kind at Liverpool: some interesting conversation on commercial matters; mentioned the great change that had taken place of late years from the manufacturers exporting for themselves without the intervention of merchants, as formerly; the latter class, accordingly, quite extinct, and the business managed entirely between the manufacturers and their commercial agents abroad. All this done from greediness of profit, and their present sufferings (from bad remittances and the fall of cotton): little, he thought, to be pitied. Liverpool and Manchester have been wise enough to keep clear of local notes; many attempts made to introduce them, but all resisted. In one stage between Llangollen and Corwen, there came on the most dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and hail that ever I witnessed; the horses, though alarmed, behaved, luckily, very steadily; but the universal blazing of the sky and the pitch darkness that succeeded, the storm of hail blowing in the coachman's face, the horses in full career, and the guard crying out from behind, with evidently an alarmed voice, "Hold hard! hold hard!" were altogether circumstances by no means agreeable. Confess I felt a little frightened, and arranged myself on my seat in the safest attitude for an overset. Got safe, however, to Corwen; the coachman owned he was once very nearly off the road. At Bangor (where we arrived between one and two) resolved, as it would be so miserably wet and dark in crossing the ferry, to stop at Jackson's, and pass the day of rest I meant to give myself *there*, instead of at Holyhead. Had to knock the people up, and got to bed about three.

15th. After writing a letter to Bessy, walked to see the Menai Bridge which is to be opened for general passage next month; a grand achievement. Dined at half-past three, in order to be ready to take the first chance of a place on that offered. Birmingham and the two boys arrived in a chaise; told me there was but little hope of a place in either of the coaches, and offered to take me on; willingly accepted, and left my luggage to follow. Much talk about my Sheridan work, which Birmingham praised to the skies. Got to Holyhead between nine and ten, the wind blowing from the worst possible point, and with a fury that gave but a bad prospect for to-morrow. Had bid Corry write to me to Holyhead, but too late now to get a letter out of the office.

16th. Up at five, and aboard the packet (Skinner's) at half-past six. Got into my berth immediately, where I lay without moving for the twelve long hours of our passage: by this means kept off actual sickness, but became even more deadly ill than if I had been sick. Overheard a man say to the under-steward in the cabin, "Isn't Mr. Moore among the passengers?" "I don't know indeed, sir," was the answer. "His father (said the other) is ——" (I didn't hear the word). "Is he, sir?" said the steward. This appeared to me conclusive that all was over; and it is a proof of the power of the mind over even sea-sickness, that though I was just then on the point of being sick, the dread certainty which these words conveyed to me quite checked the impulse, and I remained for some time even without a qualm. Did not stir till all the passengers had gone off by the coach, and then had a chaise and drove to M'Dowell's, in order to get something to eat, not having tasted food for twenty-eight hours. Found there Corry's two nephews; as they had only an open car to take them to Dublin, offered them seats in my chaise, and put my luggage into their car. Drove to Corry's and sent in for him; told me my father was still alive, but that was all. Went with me to Bilson's hotel, where he had got a bed-room for me. Assured me that I need not agitate myself as I did, for that my father was closing his eyes on the world without any suffering, and that my mother had already brought her mind to as much composure as could possibly be expected. Undertook to go and consult my sister Ellen, as to whether it would be too much for my mother to see me to-night: returned to say that I must come to her by all means, as she was expecting me, and it would be (Ellen thought) of the greatest service to

her. Was glad to find from him that it was their strong wish I should not ask to see my father, as he was past the power of knowing me, and it would only shock me unnecessarily. This a great relief, as I would not for worlds have the sweet impression he left upon my mind when I last saw him exchanged for one which would haunt me, I know, dreadfully through the remainder of my life. It was Bessy's last wish that I should not arrive in time to see him alive, and her earnest request that I should not look on him afterwards. She knows how it would affect me. The meeting with my dearest mother, after the first burst, not so painful as I expected, and I soon found I could divert her mind to other subjects. My sister Kate had come up on the first alarm of his illness, and had taken her turn with Ellen in nursing and watching him ever since. Left them for my hotel between eleven and twelve, and had a much better night than I should have had, if I had remained in ignorance of my mother's mind. At parting, Ellen bid me not come too early in the morning, and said she would write me a note.

17th. Took my time at breakfast, and waited for Ellen's note, but none came. Walked down to Abbey Street and found that all was over; my dear father had died at seven in the morning. Consulted about the funeral, which it was the wish of all to have as simple and private as possible: entrusted the management of it to Mr. Legh, the son of an old friend of my mother. Dined at Abbot's, and returned to my mother in the evening. Our conversation deeply interesting: found that neither my mother nor Kate were very anxious to press upon him the presence of a clergyman; but on mentioning it to him at Corry's suggestion, he himself expressed a wish for it. The subject of religion was, indeed, the only one, it seems, upon which his mind was not gone. When the priest was proceeding to take his confession, and put the necessary questions for that purpose to him, he called my mother, and said, "Auty, my dear, you can tell this gentleman all he requires to know quite as well as I." This was very true, as she knew his every action and thought, and is a most touching trait of him. A few nights before he died, when Ellen was doing something for him, he said to her, "You are a valuable little girl, it's a pity some good man does not know your value." The apothecary, who was standing by, said with a smile, "Oh, sir, some good man *will*." "Not an apothecary, though," answered my father, which looked as if the playfulness, for which he was always so remarkable, had not even then deserted him. Our conversation naturally turned upon religion, and my sister Kate, who, the last time I saw her, was more than half inclined to declare herself a Protestant, told me she had since taken my advice and remained quietly a Catholic. * * * For myself, my having married a Protestant wife gave me an opportunity of choosing a religion, at least for my children, and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for. We then talked of the differences between the two faiths, and they who accuse all Catholics of being intolerantly attached to their own, would be either ashamed or surprised (according as they were sincere or not in the accusation) if they had heard the sentiments expressed both by my mother and sisters on the subject. Was glad to find I could divert my mother's mind from dwelling entirely on what had just happened; indeed, the natural buoyancy and excursiveness of her thoughts (which, luckily for myself, I have inherited) affords a better chance of escape from grief than all the philosophy in the world. Left them late after fixing everything for Monday.

18th. Staid within till dinner: dined with my mother at Mrs. Legh's, an old friend of hers, to whose house we persuaded her to go out of the way of the sad preparations for to-morrow. Saw my sisters Ellen and Kate at night, and found them both much shocked and agitated by the scene they had gone through with the undertakers. Wished to spare me the operation of the mass in the morning, and advised me not to come till after the service was over; but thought it better for every reason to attend. Felt my heart full of sadness when I got to my bed-room, but was relieved by a burst both of tears and prayer, and by a sort of *confidence* that the great and pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased with what he saw passing within my mind. This, perhaps, not Christian humility, but let it be what it will, I felt consoled and elevated by it.

19th. Awake at a little after four; got up at half-past five, and was in Abbey Street at

half-past six. The priest not yet come; at seven he arrived, and we had mass in the room with the coffin. There had been very few invited, but others came of themselves, and after a long delay of the hearse (which had been promised at seven, but did not come till half-past eight), we set off for St. Kevin's church. The mourning coach was a relief to me, for the delay had been dreadful. There were mourners with me, Corry, Abbot, and young Legh, and in the coach after us were Philip Crampton, Mr. Maze, Grierson, Lyne, and two more. The weather was wretched, and altogether the scene shocked and afflicted me beyond anything: the vulgar apparatus of the ceremony seems such a profanation! Went to breakfast with Abbot, thence to my mother at Mrs. Legh's, and afterwards to Ellen and Kate. Dined at Corry's; doubted whether I ought or not, but anything to escape from such thoughts. The company, Grierson, Abbot, and his family. * * * Abbot brought me home. Forgot to say that, the night before last, I received a letter from Crampton, inclosing one from Shaw (the Lord Lieutenant's secretary), the purport of which was that the Lord Lieutenant meant to continue my father's half-pay in the shape of a pension to my sister. Resolved, of course, to decline this favour, but wrote a letter full of thankfulness to Crampton. Find since that this was done at Crampton's suggestion; that Lord Wellesley spoke of the difficulty there was in the way, from the feelings the King most naturally entertained towards me, and from himself being the personal friend of the King, but that on further consideration, he saw he could do it without any reference to the other side of the Channel, and out of the pension fund placed at his disposal as Lord Lieutenant. All this very kind and liberal of Lord Wellesley; and God knows how useful such an aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burdens now heaped upon me; but I *could not* accept such a favour. It would be like that *lasso* with which they catch wild animals in South America; the noose would be only on the *tip* of the horn, it is true, but it would do. Find that Crampton and Corry, though the chief movers of the act, highly approve of my refusal. Had a kind letter from Bryan to-day, begging me to take my mother and sisters down to Jenkinstown; answered him that I would come down myself as soon as possible.

20th. Had some talk with my sister Kate, as to what is to be done for my mother. * * * There was my admirable Bessy, before I left home, planning how *we* might contrive to do with but one servant, in order that I might be the better able to assist my mother. Dined at Abbot's; no one but Dr. Litton. Abbot said (in talking of the necessity of a man's *ruining* himself in Ireland, in order to get the character of being any thing of a good fellow), that he who had a pipe of port coming down to him with a *custodiam on it*, was thought the only true and proper gentleman. Went to Mrs. Legh's afterwards, and from thence with Ellen to Abbey Street, where I found John (who had arrived to-day), and supped.

21st. Sent Crampton my letter, in answer to Lord Wellesley's offer: had a note from him back, in which he said, "It is (like everything that comes from you) as perfect in expression as it is noble in thought." Can get no place in any of the coaches for Bryan's, it being Christmas time. Dined with my mother, who returned to Abbey Street this morning; John Scully of the party.

22nd. Resolved to give up going to Bryan's till Monday, and to dine with my mother on Christmas Day. Receive letters from my dearest Bess every day, which is a great delight to me. Corry told me from Crampton that Lord Wellesley was highly pleased with my letter; said it was very creditable to me; that he hoped I was not too sanguine in taking so much upon my own shoulders, but that if I should see reason to change my opinion, I should find him equally disposed to serve me. Dined with my mother. Sent Dr. Mills a copy of "Sheridan's Life," as a mark of gratitude for his attendance on my father.

23rd. Corry and I called at Philip Crampton's to leave word we should dine with him. Gervais Bushe sat some time with me in the morning, and spoke with great praise of "Sheridan's Life;" told me some fine traits of Grattan. In the year 1778, when from the tenants in most places having neglected to renew their leases the leases had lapsed, Grattan who was very poor, and might have had a great accession to his little property by taking advantage of this circumstance, was himself the person

to bring a bill into the House, making it imperative on the landlords to renew the leases on the old terms. Another circumstance was, when Fox in '82 wrote to the Whig party in Ireland to announce the coming of the Duke of Portland, and expressed a wish for their support, Grattan and Lord Charlemont met together on the subject at Grattan's lodgings, and the latter said, "You, Lord C., are the poorest peer in Ireland, and I am the poorest commoner; what I propose is, that neither of us shall accept any thing from the new government, but try to serve the country." In 1806 he likewise declined taking office, and said, "Let us be consulted, but not considered." Dined with Crampton; none but he and I and Corry. Crampton very lively and amusing. Went to sup with my mother. Paid to-day fifteen guineas to Mr. Donough, the tailor, half of it for a suit of clothes which my poor father had last year; paid also for the expenses of the funeral seventeen guineas. Should have mentioned that, before I left home, I wrote to the Longmans to know whether I might (for the expenses I was about to encounter) draw on them whatever little balance might, by their late goodness, be coming to me on the Sheridan account; that I had no right to draw it, as every thing ought to go into the chasm of debt that was open between us, but that I could not help it. Received a kind letter from them since my arrival, to beg that I would draw upon them for whatever I wanted "without reference to the amount."

24th. Drove with Crampton in his gig to the park, to leave my name with Lord Wellesley: went from thence with him to Goulburn's, and while he was paying his visit, wrote out for him in Goulburn's study my verses, "A Bishop and a Bold Dragoon," which he had never seen. Told me that Mrs. Goulburn had expressed a wish to know me, and that I should dine with them. Gave me some very pretty verses of his own to Miss Edgeworth, with Sir Walter Scott's pen: showed me also some verses of hers to himself, strongly laudatory, but very bad. Dined with Corry: company, North, Henry Grattan, Gervais Bushe, Wallace. North, slow and sententions, and apparently not much above the level of ordinary official talent: said before dinner, that he had discovered in an old act of parliament, an illustration of the phrase "gouts of blood" in Shakspeare; in speaking of the sewers of Dublin, the acts called them "gouts." This, however, I remarked, has a more direct origin in the French word *égouts*, which means sewers, while the "gout" of Shakspeare is as directly and evidently from the French word *goutte*. Like a man accustomed to lay down the law, he did not appear willing to give up his own view of the matter. A variety of subjects brought into play after dinner, upon most of which Wallace struck me as by far the most sensible man of the party. In the evening there were two nice girls, the Miss Henns, who sung Italian with very good taste. I sung also a good deal. In singing, "There's a Song of the Olden Time," the feelings which I had so long suppressed broke out: I was obliged to leave the room, and continued sobbing hysterically on the stairs for several minutes.

25th. Dined with my dear mother and sisters, and were all as happy as the circumstances would admit of.

26th. Set off in a coach from Duke Street for Kilkenny: six inside; some rather intelligent men. One of them said, in talking of Conolly the rich merchant, "He is a safe man to ride behind on the back of a seven-shilling stamp." Mentioned Sir Boyle Roche's dream; his head being cut off and placed upon a table, "'*Quis separabit?*' says the head; '*Naboclish*,' says I, in the same language." Arrived at Kilkenny at eight; a servant at the inn waiting to tell me that Bryan and Mrs. B. had come to meet me, and were waiting dinner for me at Rice's Hotel; a very thoughtful and welcome attention. Drove to Jenkinstown in Bryan's coach and four after dinner; slept in one of the large cold state bedrooms, and might have sung, "Can nothing, nothing warm me?"

27th, 28th. No company: walked about a little with Bryan, and dined late. Told me he had not found any satisfactory way of vesting Anastasia's thousand pounds, and had therefore left it to her in his will, bearing interest from the date of the will.

29th. Dined rather early, and set off at eight for Kilkenny, where I had ordered a bed, for the purpose of starting next morning for Dublin.

30th. Left Kilkenny at seven. Two Dublin tradesmen (Catholics) my companions in the coach; sensible and rather cultivated men.

One of them had some number of Cobbett's "History of the Reformation," which I read on the way. In speaking of Cromwell, one of my companions said he thought the character of the Emir, in my "Fireworshippers," had many points of resemblance with that of Cromwell. The other asked me whether by the parson near Roscrea, whom I mentioned in "Captain Rock," I meant the Rev. W. Hamilton? Told him not. Arrived in Dublin at four; went to Crampton's, with whom I had promised to fix my residence on my return. Set off to see my mother before dinner; found she had not been so well during my absence. In consequence of the distance of Crampton's house from Abbey Street, resolved to return to my old quarters at Bilson's. Company at dinner at Crampton's: Sir C. and Lady Morgan, John Doherty, the Corrys, Colonel Shawe, &c. Crampton told me that he had shown my lines about "the Bishop and the Bold Dragoon" to Lord Wellesley; and on the lines "To whom no harlot comes amiss, save her of Babylon," Lord W. said, "Well, I make no exception to the general rule, for *she* does not come amiss to me *either*." Additional company in the evening: Mrs. Sewell and her daughter, Mrs. Bowles and her sister, Miss Montague, Miss Caton, Mrs. Ponsonby, &c. &c. Sung a good deal, and happened, in spite of cold and my morning journey, to be in good voice.

31st. Went (after breakfast at Crampton's) to call on Henry Grattan, accompanied by Corry, who had fixed the meeting for the purpose of talking with Grattan about his father's "Life," and his intentions with respect to transferring the materials for it to me. Found him as shilly-shally as ever; will evidently neither perform the task himself, nor (though professedly inclined to do so) ever bring himself to relinquish it to another. Showed me several volumes of memoranda and sketches on the subject, but, unfortunately, almost all in his own handwriting; very little of the father's. Even the conversations of the father come all darkened and diluted through the medium of the son's memory and taste: this will never do. Said ultimately he must write to England to consult his family on the subject. Dined at Wallace's (Corry and I), out of town; company, North and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Crampton, Mr. and Miss——, Gervais Bushe, &c. &c. The day rather dull. North, in talking of language (evidently a favorite subject of his), said, "that certain words, in the course of time, sunk in the scale of gentility, and passed, like houses, into the hands of humbler occupants." By the bye, Crampton reminded me this morning of my having once said to him of the Spenser stanza, that when (as often occurs in Lord Byron) the sense is continued without any stop from one stanza to another, it was "like going on another stage with tired horses." In the evening a gentleman played sonatas on the pianoforte, and I sung, with (apparently) but little echo in the hearts of my audience. Got back with Corry to Crampton's at twelve, and eat oysters and drunk brandy and water till two. Slept at Crampton's.

1826.

January 1st, 1826. In consequence of a card (which I found on my return from Kilkenny) inviting me to act as collector at a charity sermon for the Magdalen Asylum to-day, went at two o'clock to Townsend Street Chapel. Introduced into the priest's apartments: saw Dr. Murray, the archbishop. The sermon (by the Rt. Rev. Dr. M'Hale) rather good; his illustrations from scripture well imagined: the angel pointing out the fountain to Agar in the desert, &c. Blake, the chief remembrancer, my fellow collector: had to stand a good stare for every pound note I received. On my coming out into the yard a great number of persons assembled to see me, and in the narrow passage into the street a man nearly pushed me down, asking me at the same time, "Which way is he (meaning myself) gone?" Crampton's carriage was waiting for me, and one of my spectators (a fine gentleman in a crimson lined cloak), begged to help me in, saying, as he took me by the hand, "A countryman of yours, sir;" a countryman of mine being such a rarity here: an Irishman a *rara avis* in Townsend Street! Dined at my mother's: told me of a priest lately, at Balbuggan (I think), who, wishing to raise some money for the repairs of the chapel, hit upon the plan of buying a copy of Lalla Rookh, and having it raffled for at half-a-crown a piece, by which means, it seems, he collected the sum he want-

ed. Went for a short time to Corry's in the evening. Called to-day on Lord Blessington, and sat some time with him.

2nd. A dreadfully wet day. Met Curran in Millikin's shop, who told me I was expected at Lord Cloncurry's, at Lyons, to-morrow, and repeated what had been before hinted to me, of the wish of Lord Cloncurry and others to get up a public dinner for me. Went with Curran to Shiel, and talked over the subject: expressed myself decidedly against it. They proposed sounding the Duke of Leinster, as to whether he would take the chair; but after a good deal of discussion, I begged of them to dismiss it entirely from their minds, as my intention was to sail for England on the following Friday. A good deal of talk upon the Catholic cause. Said I thought their best policy would have been, after the defeat last session, to have had one great meeting, to have let their feelings explode on that occasion as violently as they pleased, and after that to maintain a sullen and formidable silence, which (for the same reason that makes the government always apprehensive when the fellows are not drinking and breaking each others' heads at fairs) would have had ten times more effect in alarming their rulers than all the oratorical brawling in the world. Shiel said this would not do; there was but little public spirit in Ireland; they wanted continual lashing up; the priests were the only lever by which they could raise the people, and they had now fully brought them into play. Dined at Millikin's: a party of sixteen, Baron Smith, Sergeant Gould, Crampton, Corry, Blake, Doherty, Col. Shawe, &c. &c. The dinner splendid, and without any fuss, as if habitual; fine wines, liqueurs, &c. &c. Blake's story of Baron Thompson: his telling of his once going to bed at an inn, determined on a good night's sleep; the porter coming in the morning to call him for the Birmingham coach, "'Stay, friend,' said I, waking out of my sleep, a phrase I am in the habit of using. 'Stay!', said he, 'the Birmingham coach stays for no man. You must get up.' The porter then going away, and returning with the chambermaid, 'That's he!' said she, 'that's the gentleman that said it was so hard to make him get up. We must pull him out.' Upon which (said Baron Thompson) I exclaimed, 'I am Baron Thompson come here for the assizes to-morrow; and the devils fled.'" This followed by a story of Baron Smith's about Gould: the lawyers teazing him one night on circuit, when, after grumbling at every thing, he went up to bed, sending him up tea, then negus, &c., and, lastly, an old woman with a tub of water for his feet, who fell down the two steps into his room, and decanted the whole of the water into the room. A good inscription for a fountain, built by some Irish lady, whose name is Letitia, "*Lætitia sitientibus.*" Came away before eleven with Crampton and Corry, and went to Abbot's box at the theatre (where I could not be seen) for a short time. Thence to Crampton's, and had oysters and brandy and water: home at two. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne to-day, begging me to report myself at Bowood immediately on my return home, as all his company would soon be going, and hoping I should be there for Twelfth Night. In allusion to my affair with Lord Wellesley he says, "I hope you have not been too heroic."

3rd. Answered Lord Lansdowne, and, in vindicating myself from the charge of being "too heroic," said, "I cannot forget that in a conversation I had with you about 'Sheridan's Life,' before I left home, when I was speculating as to what would be the tone of the 'Quarterly Review,' you said, 'why, you have been very conciliatory to them.' This startled me at the time; for what *you* call conciliatory, others would be sure to call *courting;* and if a favour from that quarter should happen to be coincident with such an expression, I know the world too well to expect they would separate the two considerations in their estimate of my motives." Called at Mrs. Smith's: met there Scott's friend, Weld Hartstonge, who had already sent me his novel: expressed his intention of presenting me a small edition of "More's Utopia" and a volume of church music. Saw Sir Capel Molyneux, who, telling me he was a descendant of the celebrated Molyneuxes, said: "Sir, *your* name will live as long as his and Locke's." Inclosed the preface of the German "Captain Rock" (of which Longmans have just sent me a translation) to Conway, for the "Evening Post." Met him afterwards at Millikin's: thinks the Catholic cause is gone to ruin, and nothing but the distress of England can retrieve it. Supped with my mother.

4th. Called upon my Limerick friend, Miss

Crump: read me part of her novel: showed me a letter she lately received from Professor Napier, of Edinburgh (of which she has since sent me the following extract:—"Owing to this I saw less of your eminent countryman, Moore, than I could have wished. What I did see of him gave me the idea of a very agreeable, unpretending, and brilliant man. His 'Life of Sheridan' is excellent for sense, knowledge, and liberality; and would have been excellent in style also, if its author had repressed a little the exuberance of his Irish fancy. He was highly popular here; and has, I believe, carried away a more favourable impression of *the Athens* than a certain fair friend of mine. I should have been happy had things permitted me to see more of him; for I highly reverence his talents and his genius; and we heard nothing of him but what was good, and kind, and amiable." Saw Shiel: consulted me as to the intention the Catholic leaders had of commencing immediately a direct attack upon the Established Church in Ireland, and giving it no quarter. This led to a long conversation: mentioned the "ferocious attack" Dawson had just made upon him in a speech at Derry: will take his own moment to answer him, and not be in a hurry, lest people should say he is angry. Traces the attack to his own phrase, "plebeian arrogance" applied to Peel; feels on such occasions like the drummer tied to the halbert, having flogged so many himself. Dined with my mother; and in the evening looked over some of my early letters to her. Fear it will be impossible for me to sail on Friday, as I intended: there has been a storm from the eastward since Tuesday, and no packet is able to get out.

5th. Paid some visits; among others to O'Connell: said he did not despair of producing a sensation by the approaching meeting. As to the Catholics irritating or alienating the people of England, thinks they have a purgation of that kind to go through before they can hope for any thing. Gave me a signal instance of that inconsistency for which he is so remarkable. On several occasions lately he has said in public, that he thought the inferences drawn from my "Life of Sheridan" with respect to the feelings of the King towards the Catholics were erroneous; that the rumours founded on those deductions were false, &c. &c.; yet almost the second sentence he now addressed to me was, "A most useful statement that which you have made with regard to the feelings of the King." Mentioned the sanguineness of Plunket, with respect to the question last session, apparently in vindication of his own. That he called upon Plunket one morning, and waited till he should awake; that Plunket came out to him in his dressing-gown, and, shaking his hand, said, "I wish you joy of your Emancipation. I now look upon it as quite certain." Mentioned an idea of Dominick Rice's, with respect to the sort of petition the Catholics ought to present. "The fighting age in Ireland," said Dominick, "is from sixteen to sixty. I would have the petition signed by all within those ages, and to commence, 'We, the undersigned fighting-men of Ireland, most respectfully beg that you will emancipate us.'" "Do you think," he said, "this *Constantine* will do any thing for us?" Met Miss Crump again, who insisted on my going home with her to hear another chapter of her novel. Dined with Dowager Lady Clanricarde, who has come to Dublin for the purpose of marrying her daughter to Lord Howth, and has been these two days an inmate of the same hotel with me. Lord Howth mentioned a story of Crampton's, about the fellow saying, "Oh Christ! I ought never to hunt, I am so cowardly." A note from Frankland Lewis to say, that as he hears I do not mean to sail to-morrow, he hopes I will dine with him.

6th. Dined with F. Lewis: company, the Goulburns, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, Miss Montague, Crampton, Mr. Grant, and several officers. Found that Goulburn (whom I have so little spared in "Captain Rock") is an old acquaintance of mine; at least, he reminded me very civilly, in sitting down to dinner, that we met one day, many years ago, at dinner at Byng's: asked me to take wine, and altogether got on very amiably with me. Singing in the evening. Miss Montague sang with me "Dost Thou remember." The three sisters, too, sang together two Irish airs, "The Harp that once," and "Erin, the Tear;" but took care not to profane their lips with the *rebel* words of mine, singing them to the old words, "Had I a heart," and "Aileen a Roon," and (what made it more marked) using the harmonies of my work. Left Crampton at home: dreadfully wet day, and the wind still violent from the east.

7th. Dined with my mother: employed myself for an hour or two before and after dinner in looking over my own letters, and taking memorandums of their dates, &c. Forgot to mention that Crampton, while I was away in Kilkenny, gave a statement of my affair with Lord Wellesley to the "Evening Mail;" and, contrary to my own intention (for I had suggested that there should be nothing more said than that "I had respectfully declined the offer"), put in an extract of my own letter to him, which, both as betraying that the statement came *immediately* from the persons concerned, and as expressing, in a manner not quite fitted for the public eye, my intention of taking upon myself the sole support of my family, did not at all please me. As I knew he meant well, however, and the thing could not now be remedied, said nothing about it to him. Went alone to Abbot's box to see Cagliostro. Staid out two acts, and then returned to my mother's, and supped. All the packets now at this side. Lord Blessington has been four days waiting at Howth.

8th. Find that two packets have got out this morning, but the wind still easterly. Dined with my mother and looked over my letters in the evening. Have resolved to take my chance on Tuesday.

9th. Millikin called; anxious for me to dine with him to-day; consented on condition of being let away early to my mother. A letter from Bessy full of disappointment at the prospect of my not being at home on Twelfth Night as I had promised. Lord Lansdowne had called and pressed her to go to Bowood with the children on that night. Lady L. too had written most kindly, and it was her intention to go. Made up my mind to be off to-morrow morning; the wind much moderated. Company at Millikin's: Cramptou, Cuthbert Eules, and Curran. Difficulty of avoiding mistakes in advertisements and notes. Example of the former:—"To be sold a gig, the property of a gentleman without a head;" of the latter, a note to Crampton with an hospital patient, "I beg to recommend to your care John ——, the coachman of Lord Howth, who is my friend and dropsical." Settled my account with Millikin before dinner. Have drawn upon the Longmans, through him, for 100*l.*, 70*l.* of which I have spent in expenses, and in paying bills for Abbey Street. God only knows (I again and again say) how I am to get through the difficulties that are before me. Left Millikin's before ten, and supped with my dear mother and sisters; my mother kept up wonderfully to the last, but the great fear is that she will sink after I leave her. Parted with them at twelve; finished my packing, which I had begun before dinner, and did not get to bed till past one.

10th. Started in the mail from the Post Office at seven; arrived at Howth at eight, and sailed almost immediately; took to my berth and was not sick. The passage about seven hours. Dined at Holyhead, and left it in the Oxonian afterwards; crossed Bangor ferry in a storm of sleet, and slept at Jackson's.

11th. Off in the morning at five; arrived at Shrewsbury at six; dined and started again at ten; got to Birmingham at four in the morning; took my place in the York House coach for Bath.

12th. Left Birmingham at a quarter before eight; took a chaise at the Cross Hands between six and seven in the evening, and changing horses at Chippenham, got home to the dear cottage at ten. Found Bessy better than I have seen her for a long time.

13th. Anastasia still at home, and her friend Eliza Branigan with her; all well and happy to see me back again. Found letters from Lord John and Rogers. The former says, "I understand your book has made you many enemies; the nature of the work made that inevitable; but you must console yourself with the public applause." Hughes dined with us.

14th. Walked over to call on Lord Lansdowne; met him in the avenue, setting out on his ride; got off and walked back to the house with me. Took a turn round the pleasure-grounds with me: his expression still is, that I ought to have accepted Lord Wellesley's offer; said that this was also the opinion of Abererombie, Macdonald, and all those assembled at Bowood when the news came. Talked of the statement of the "Westminster Review" about the Prince having given 4000*l.* to Sheridan; told him I had every reason to think it false. Mentioned the anecdote told me by Lord Holland, on which I founded this persuasion. Said I had better take some opportunity of publishing this, as it was the only fact of any importance brought to impeach my impartiality. The article in question, he

added, evidently not written by any one accustomed to live with gentlemen, or to shape his thoughts by the standard of gentlemanlike society; no gentleman would have published those letters of General Fitzpatrick. Home to dinner at three o'clock, as Bessy meant to give the children their twelfth cake (reserved for my return) in the evening. The Prowses' children, the two Bayntons, and the Phippses made up the party; and rackets and forfeits were the order of the day.

15th. Had written to Hobhouse while I was in Ireland, telling him of my intention to undertake a memoir of Lord Byron, and asking him how far his approval of my undertaking, or his duty as executor, would allow him to assist or co-operate with me in such a work. Wrote to him to-day to announce my return, and to request his answer. Resumed my Greek work for Power.

16th. Sent off some of the verses of the Greek work.

17th. Received Hobhouse's answer; very much what I expected. Says he sees no good in a life of our late friend, and he sees many objections to it. He also puts into the following form the opinion which I understand he has lately held in company, whenever my talent for biography, as exemplified in the "Life of Sheridan," was the topic. "You will write, there can be no doubt, a very clever and very saleable book; but I shall be agreeably surprised, if you should accomplish those higher objects which you must propose to yourself in writing the life of a man like Lord Byron." Concludes his letter by saying that there was a project for a monument to Lord Byron, and that he hoped I would allow my name to be put on the committee for that purpose. Answered his letter and kept a copy of my answer.

18th. Mrs. Branigan arrived to go with us to the Chippenham ball, a foolish engagement, which I had allowed Bessy to make without thinking of its unseasonableness. Lord Lansdowne had called in the morning and said he and Lady L. were going. The ball pretty good. Bowles there, full of his forthcoming pamphlet against the "Quarterly." Home at three. Answered Rogers's letter to-day; forgot to mention that both he and Charles Sheridan informed me of its being confidently said in town, that the King has *ordered* his librarian to review me in the "Quarterly;" there is, however, nothing of it in the last number.

20th. Sent off more verses to Power, making altogether near 150 lines I have done since I returned. Walked over to Bowood, in order to go with Lord Lansdowne to dine at Grosset's. Called at Spy Park in my way and sat some time with Dr. Starkey. Company at Grosset's, the Bowleses, &c.; cold and dull work if Bowles and Lord Lansdowne (not forgetting Mrs. Clutterbuck's eyes) had not enlivened it a little. Obliged to sing. Back to Bowood at night, where I slept.

21st. A pleasant breakfast with Lord and Lady L.; a good deal of talk with him afterwards on the financial prospects of the country. Walked home with me at half-past twelve. Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Power yesterday, approving of my refusal of Lord Wellesley's offer. It is not a little strange that my men of business (Power and the Longmans) take this view of the matter, while all my fine friends think I ought to have accepted the favor. The fact is, the latter always apply a different standard in the conduct of poor men from that which they would go by themselves.

22nd. Went to Church. The Phippses in the evening.

23rd. A reply from Hobhouse, written in a much kinder spirit. I had said in my answer, "Though you make me doubt whether I ought to impose such a confidence on you, I will nevertheless confess that my opinion as to the objections against writing a Life of Lord Byron is very much the same as your own, and that if I can possibly avoid the task, it has all along been my intention to do so." In his letter of to-day, he asks me when I shall be in town, and says, that as we agree upon the biography, he has a plan to propose to me which may enable me "to abandon the design should I be pleased to do so." Cannot think what this is, but fear it will prove to be something I cannot agree to. Resumed my Egyptian romance. Lord Lansdowne called this morning: left me some "Cobbetts" and a note, in which he tells me of the consternation in Edinburgh by the sudden breaking of Constable.

24th. Employed upon my Egyptian story.

25th. Scott, of Devizes, called upon me to go to dinner at Bowood: company, Sir Guy and Lady Campbell, the Bowleses, and Mrs.,

Miss, and Mr. Ricardo. Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying, when Lord —— yawned during his own speech, "Come, come, the fellow *does* show some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province." Lord Ellenborough being once met going out of the House of Lords while Lord —— was speaking, "What, are you going?" said the person to him, "Why, yes," answered Lord E., "I am accountable to God Almighty for the use of my time." Talked of Sir David Baird, his roughness, &c. His mother said, when she heard of his being taken prisoner at Seringapatam, and of the prisoners being chained together two and two, "God help the mon that's tied to my Davie." Asked Lady Lansdowne about Mad. de Duras, the writer of "Edouard," which I have just read. She said it was odd that Madame de D., of all people, should write such a book, as her own marriage was a *mésalliance*, and it was even discussed at Holyrood House by the Princes whether they could receive her. Sung in the evening: was made to repeat "There's a Song of the Olden Time" three times. Poor Bowles (who begins to look broken and wandering) said it was "equal to Shakspeare for the words, and to Purcell for the music." They expected me to sleep, but as Scott offered to leave me at home, returned, promising to call on Lord L. to-morrow.

26th. Went to Bowood after breakfast: Lord L. showed me a copy of the letter which he had written to Hobhouse on the subject of the monument, recommending that every thing aristocratical should be avoided in it, and that the tribute should be paid distinctly, *not* to *Lord* Byron, but to Byron the poet. Showed him the last letter I had from Hobhouse: walked home with me: asked me to dine on Saturday. Answered Hobhouse; and took occasion (in alluding to his mention of some attack made upon me by an American writer for destroying Lord Byron's memoirs) to request he would fulfil the promise he made me, to put into some written form what he told me once of this subject, namely, that when he last saw Lord Byron, he had given him (Hobhouse) to understand, that he regretted having put such a document out of his own power, and was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling the gift.

28th Ditto. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. In talking of the incentive poverty has always been to talent, Lord L. said, that in the law there is no instance of a man who began in easy circumstances ever rising to great eminence. Lord Camden, he said, was once very near giving up the bar in despair, but a friend of his who was employed with him as senior counsel in some forthcoming cause, entreated him to wait till this cause was decided, and then falling sick (intentionally it is supposed) on the day of the trial, gave his young friend such an opportunity of distinguishing himself, as opened at once that career for which he was evidently destined. Slept at Bowood: after the company went away, some very agreeable conversation with Lord L.: took down a volume of Erskine's Speeches and read me a very noble and striking passage from his defence of Stockdale, in 1790. The skill with which he at the same moment vindicates Hastings and brands the policy of the British government in India is most masterly.

29th. After breakfast a good deal of conversation on the financial prospects of the country. Lord L. quoted an observation of Brougham's, that "We are bound over in a sum of eight hundred millions to keep the peace." Walked with him and Lady L. to call upon Lady Campbell at Calne. Lord L. said that one of the warmest admirers of my "Captain Rock" he ever met was a person I should little suspect, namely, the Russian minister at Paris, Pozzo di Borgo, who told Lord L., "*Je vous assure que ça m'a singulièrement frappé; il y a tant de verité*," &c. &c. This was when Lord L. was last in Paris. Mentioned what Foote said to a clergyman, a very dirty fellow, who was boasting of his agricultural labours, "Oh, it's easy to see, sir, you keep your glebe in your own hands." Took leave of them: they start for town to-morrow, and, if possible, leave a warmer impression upon my mind than ever. Nothing can be more perfectly amiable than they are both.

30th. Wrote to Lady Donegal, and sent a whimsical little song, "When Love is kind," to Power. Bessy having told me lately that Mrs. Branigan had mentioned to her something about her brother having large sums of money at his disposal to lend out at interest, and that she was sure, if it would be any convenience to me, he could accommodate me with some, it has struck me that this would be a much

better mode of supplying my present wants than those jobs for Jeffrey and "The Times," which I was thinking of. Forgot by the bye, in reference to this, to mention that about a week ago I wrote to Jeffrey to tell him I was at my wit's end for money, and to ask him whether (if I could hit upon no better mode of raising it) he could advance me a hundred pounds out of the funds allowed for the "Review," and let me work it out in the year. On Saturday (28th) I received his answer, saying, that it was the very thing he was going to write to me about, as he never wanted the help of a "fine, light hand" like mine more than at present, to carry him through the difficulties entailed by Constable's failure. At the same time, in order to "entrap me (as he says) with base money," he incloses a bill for one hundred pounds. This, however, I have locked up, and shall not make use of unless actually obliged. these jobs fritter away my time and thoughts, and are, besides, so disproportionately paid, that I could make tenfold the sum during the time I waste on them. Bessy proposed to set off to Bath to make more particular inquiries of Mrs. B., and ask whether I might write to her brother on the subject. Bowles called: offered to take Bessy on in his carriage to Bath to-morrow, if she will be at Buckhill to meet him.

31st. My Egyptian story.

February 1st. Ditto. Hardman's gig called for me at two to take me to his house to dinner: dressed at Scott's, where I was to sleep: company at Hardman's, Lord and Lady Ashtown, Miss Armstrong, and a Mr. Pipon: rather agreeable: some amusing stories of Lord Ballamont; his duel with Lord Townsend; taking off his hat to him when he wounded him. Lord A. mentioned some French remarks upon Pope, in which, on the line "He oped his snuff-box first and then the case," the commentator says, "*Comment peut-on ourrir uns tabatière sans ourrir l'étui qui la contient?*" Walked home with Scott and slept at his house.

2nd. At breakfast Scott talked of his uncle Lord Clonmell; mentioned his duel with Cuff (afterwards Lord Tyrawley); Grattan was Cuff's second. Scott (Lord C.) proposed swords, being a good swordsman: to this the other side objected, and it was at last agreed that the swords should not be used till after the pistols had failed. Before proceeding to fire, Scott said to Grattan, "I trust I shall not hear of this in any other way" (meaning by action); to which Grattan answered, "Never fear, *omnis actio personalis* moritur *cum personâ*." Clonmell never forgave this to Grattan. Said it was all a mistake what Gervais Bushe told me of Grattan's bringing in the Tenantry Bill; it was all Scott's doing; and, from the above-mentioned hostility between them, he does not think Grattan could ever have assisted in it. Hardman's gig brought me home. Found Bessy returned from Bath.

3rd and 4th. Employed on my Egyptian story. Wrote also a squib to send to the "Times," an amatory colloquy between the Bank and the Government."

5th. Sent off the verses to the "Times."

7th. The verses inserted, and a note from Barnes to say, "a thousand thanks for your exquisite piece of pleasantry, which is everywhere admired."

8th and 9th. At work reading for and writing my Egyptian tale. Received an Italian letter from Milan, from a man who is about to publish a splendid edition of the "Corsair," with vignettes, &c. &c. Wrote to Dr. Parr's executor, to beg he would send me Tom's five pounds, as we mean to buy him a share in the lottery with it.

10th and 11th. Wrote two things for Power, "Hark I hear a Spirit sing" and "The Evening Gun;" also a squib about the Sinking Fund for the "Times." Received through the Longmans all Scott's works, the joint present of Sir W. himself and Constable, with a very kind note from the latter. Fear that poor Scott's share in the ruin of Constable's house is even greater than I had supposed. Few things have affected me more than this. I almost regret, indeed, having been brought so close to Scott, as I might otherwise have been saved the deep and painful sympathy I now feel for his misfortune. For poor devils like me (who have never known better) to fag and to be pinched for means, becomes, as it were, a second nature; but for Scott, whom I saw living in such luxurious comfort, and dispensing such cordial hospitality, to be thus suddenly reduced to the *necessity* of working his way, is too bad, and I grieve for him from my heart. Mrs. Lyon and Mrs. Bowles called. A note from Locke asking us to meet (according to promise) the Bishop of Bath and Wells at din-

ner on Monday. Bessy will not go on account of the expense of a chaise.

13th. Went over to Locke's and dressed there: company, besides the Bishop, the Bouveries, Edmonston, Jerry Awdrey, Mr. Paley (son of the celebrated Paley), &c. The Bishop civil and good-humoured. He mentioned that he remembered Pitt's first going to Cambridge, a very sickly boy, and brought his nurse with him in the carriage. Paley was very near being his tutor, instead of Prettyman, but Paley did not like it. Mrs. Bouverie and her daughter and the young Lockes played in the evening, and I sung a good deal. Paley brought me part of the way home.

14th. Working at my story. Bessy set off in the evening to Buckhill.

15th. Walked to Buckhill at half-past nine: found Bowles waiting for me, and Bessy, and I, and little Tom set off with him to Bath. Dressed at Elwyn's, and he and I and Col. Houlton went together to the Anacreontic dinner; forty-four persons at table; the glees rather dull. Got next to my old friend Sir W. Keir; sung two songs with much applause, and got home to Elwyn's early. Bessy slept at Mrs. Branigan's. E. showed me among Arnault's Fables a comparison of an Egoiste to a Colimaçon, which is very good. Story of the Frenchman worrying Alvanley with praises of Wilberforce. "But," says Alvanley, "W. was the greatest *roué* existing in his young days." "*Quelle espérance pour vous, milor*," replied the Frenchman. The French military coxcomb to Talleyrand: "*Nous appelons* péquin *tout ce qui n'est pas militaire.*" Talleyrand's answer; "*Et nous, nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas* civil."

16th. One of the Duncans to breakfast: said it was the principle of such men as Lord Eldon μη καινειν. Is there any such a word? there is καινουργεειν; but καινω, I think, is to kill.* Mentioned a French poet who boasted of having written all his verses in seclusion and solitude. "Yes," said some one to him, "it is easy to see they are *vers solitaires* being *plats et longs*." Talked of "Bubb Doddington's Memoirs;" nothing so likely to make a man a republican. Houlton knew Wyndham, who published them, and who was much blamed for doing so, he being a relative of Doddington's. Took down the book and looked at the passage where he describes the different statesmen deceiving each other, "and all for quarter-day." This is capital; *tout pour la tripe*. E. mentioned what Pepys says of the Duke of Lauderdale, "a cunning man, and has the ear of the king," as applicable to the present Lauderdale. In talking of the present pecuniary crisis, turned to Swift's verses about the "run on the bankers" in 1720; full of very elaborate wit. Joined Bessy at Mrs. B.'s; walked about with her; went to see the giantess and the dwarfs. The giantess a very fine girl, with very feminine manners, and at least seven feet high. Went to Upham's to look for "Rameses," an Egyptian romance, lately published. Said I believed, from what I had heard, it was but little asked for. Promised to send me a copy. Dined at Mrs. Branigan's: a children's party in the evening, with the intermixture of two or three rather pretty young marriageables. Danced a quadrille with Anastasia, to her great delight, and not a little to my own; was almost the only beau, therefore in great requisition, and danced all night. Back to Elwyn's at twelve.

17th. Set off back again with Bowles (the same party) at one o'clock; arrived at Buckhill at four, where we dined, and I walked home afterwards, leaving Bessy and Tom to sleep there. Bowles told anecdotes on the way, of the steps by which several of our bishops were advanced. Mentioned some lines by John (?) Warton (which I must ask him again to repeat), "Hasten on, hasten on, my bonny grey pad; I have seen the day when thy haste would have made my poor heart glad." Quoted on the subject of resigning *livings* an old monkish couplet—

> "In omnibus tuis cogitationibus
> Semper caveto de resignationibus."

In talking of the music of Dryden's poetry, Bowles brought as an instance the grand march of the line, "And glittering temples of their hostile gods," coming after the broken and *scintillous* verses that precede it: quoted, also (from his "Virgil" I believe), the line so expressive in its sound, where describing the archer drawing the string of his bow,

> "To the head he drew,
> And almost bent the horns of his tough yew."

On my return home found letters from Barnes and Lawrence; the latter saying, that there will be no difficulty in procuring the loan for

* There is καινοω, to make new.

me, if I can wait about three months, when he is sure of having money to that amount at his disposal. Barnes's letter was to thank me for my last contribution, and to say that, "in return for my golden notes they had nothing but thanks and Threadneedle Street rags to offer," and had, accordingly, ordered a hundred pounds to be placed to my credit with Locke and Co. This answers to the account I have always heard of the liberality of the "Times." Happen to have another *jeu-d'esprit* on the anvil for him, which I wrote several verses of in walking about Bath.

18th. Walked after breakfast to meet Bessy, and rejoice her dear heart with the god-send from Barnes, which will enable her to pay some of her bills.

19th. Sent off the squib to Barnes, "An Ode to the Goddess Ceres."

20th and 22nd. Wrote to Lord John Russell, to Sir Walter Scott (to express, as well as I could, what I feel about his late calamity, and to thank him for the books), and to Jeffrey, to tell him he might expect an article from me this next week.

23rd and 25th. Wrote some of my article for the "Review:" wrote, also, a squib for the "Times," "Dialogue between a Sovereign and a One-pound Note;" and two songs, to French airs, for Power, viz. "Smile as You used to do," and "If Thou wouldst have this Heart pronounce Thee fair."

26th. Walked over to Bowood to consult "Sully's Memoirs." Received a letter from Lord John Russell, full of kindness; expresses his regret that I am not so well off in the world as I ought to be, and then says, "If you write (*if* I write!), write poetry, or, if you can find a good subject, write prose; but do not undertake the life of another reprobate. In short, do anything but write the 'Life of Lord Byron.'" This is too worrying; the only work that would enable me to surmount my difficulties is that which (with too much reason) all are against my undertaking.

March 1st. Dined with the Mayor and Corporations of Devizes to celebrate Watson Taylor's election!! My health drunk with much applause. Made a speech which had a good effect. Said that "some years since (staunch Whig as I was) I should have felt myself misplaced in that company; but that at present, under a ministry, who by the liberality of their government at home, and the truly English front which they presented to the other nations of the world, had conciliated the suffrages of liberal men of all parties, the partition between Whig and Tory, if not removed, was considerably diminished. If there does exist any wall between us, it is like that which of old separated Pyramus and Thisbe; there has been made a *hole* in it, through which we can converse freely, and even sometimes (as we see in the Houses of Parliament) *make love to each other*." William Salmon afterwards applied this rather skilfully: speaking of W. Taylor, he said, he "would be the last man to narrow that hole, which (according to his friend Mr. Moore's beautiful illustration) had been opened between Whig and Tory," &c. &c. Watson Taylor told me a parody he had lately made with reference to Crabbe, Bowles, and myself, as the three poets of Wiltshire:

> "Three poets, at three different ages, born,
> Wilt's happy county did at once adorn.
> The first in energy of thought surpast,
> The next in tenderness, in both the last.
> The force of nature could no further go,
> To make *one Moore*, she joined the other two."

3rd. Sent off my article to Jeffrey.

4th to 6th. Worked at my Egyptian story: had half a mind to give it up, and write "Travels of Captain Rock, Jun., in Search of a Religion." A capital subject, but full of perilous matter. Wrote a squib for the "Times," "Expostulation to Lord King." Mrs. Branigan and her four children arrived to pass the week with us.

7th. Sent to Power Jeffrey's bill of exchange for 100*l.* towards taking up my last draft on him for 120*l.* Working away at my story.

9th. Dined at Phipps's, all of us, to meet Trevanion, who is come on a visit to them for a day or two.

10th. Trevanion and Mrs. Phipps dined with us: a salmon from Power in the morning came very seasonably. * * * Trevanion's son lately married to Lord Byron's niece, Miss Leigh.

11th to 13th. Wrote two songs for Power, "Good bye, my Youth, good bye" and "'Tis not where Lights are shining." The former, my own air; the latter, a Spanish air, to which I shall, some time or other, write different words, as these are too gloomy for the character of the music. Wrote, also, a squib for the

"Times;" not very good, though there are one or two comical points; but I took a larger canvas than I had time to fill up. By the bye, Lord King has alluded in the House to my last verses. "I have been entreated," he said, "both in prose and verse, to give up exertions on this subject," &c. &c.

15th. Wrote a joint letter to our dearest Anastasia, on her birth-day, which will be to-morrow. Called her "my dearest Sheelah," which, by the bye, is the name she was very near being christened by, the 16th being Sheelah's day.

16th to 18th. At work at my story.

19th. Sent off a squib to the "Times;" pretty good; called "Memorabilia of last week." Wrote at the same time to Barnes, to say (which is the case) that I find this diversion of my mind to fun and satire draws me off too much from my other tasks. Every newspaper I read starts a crowd of whimsical thoughts and jokes, which, till I *lay* some of them with my pen, haunt and tease me as the little devils did St. Anthony; so that I fear I must soon give it up entirely. Dined with Dr. Starkey to meet Mr. Smith, who comes to do duty for Prowse. A letter from Jeffrey, to say that he means to give an account of my "Life of Sheridan" in the next "Edinburgh;" and asking me whether I had any explanation or information, which I should like to take this opportunity of communicating.

20th to 24th. Our dear Russell not very well; had King to him. Asked King to dine with us on the 25th, the anniversary of our marriage. A letter from Barnes, saying they will miss me sadly, and hoping it will not be for long.

25th. The Phippses, Miss Bailey, King, and Hughes: a very merry day. Heaven send us a long series of such!

27th. Sent off two songs to Power: "I would tell her I love her," and "Spring and Autumn." Mrs. Branigan arrived with our dearest Anastasia to stay till Wednesday.

28th. Went to the Devizes ball with Bessy and Mrs. Branigan. Home between two and three.

April 8th. Head full of pains and much depression. Have worked this week at my Egyptian story. Received a present of Erskine's speeches from Lord Lansdowne, beautifully bound. This was in consequence of my having said the night before he left Bowood, that I had not this collection in my library. Very kind and thoughtful. Says in his postscript, "I never read a better dialogue than the 'Sovereign and Pound,' and all *selon les principes*, to which poetry is not often tied." Rather nervous to find that these squibs are taken for granted to be mine.

9th. Much better. Sent off a squib to the "Times," "A Hymn of Welcome after the Recess."

10th. Wrote a song for Power and sent it off. "Fair One, choose between the Two."

11th. At work at my story.

12th. Received the "Quarterly Review," which contains the long-threatened cannonade against my "Sheridan:" more noisy and less effective than I expected. Has added but little to what was in the "Westminster." Sent off another squib—"All in the Family Way."

13th to 15th. Bowles called. Thinks what is said in the "Quarterly" about the King "plausible:" this is what it was meant to be. Wrote to Lord John Russell about his reception at St. Ives. Bennett called on the night of the 15th on his way to Phipps's, and sat some time. Pressed us both to go up to town to his house, which (from his wife's illness) he will have all to himself.

16th. Heard from Power that Rees means to pay us a visit in a few days. Wrote to Rees to tell him we were going to Bath on Tuesday for two or three days. Have somewhat changed my mind with respect to the "Quarterly," and think it will be as well to take some notice of it. Wrote to Charles Sheridan on the subject.

17th. Wrote to Dr. Bain to beg of him to give me an attestation under his signature to the correctness of my account of the 200*l.* sent by the Prince through Vaughan, he and Vaughan being my authorities on the subject. He cannot, I think, refuse, and I shall thus be able to throw those fellows completely on their backs. Have been a good deal idled these few days past.

18th. A letter from Lord John: thinks I had better make some reply to the reviews. Says, "your verses in the 'Times' are excellent, but you must not let them appear too often." This, I dare say, is in consequence of my last, which was not so good as the others. I made a mistake of idiom, too, throughout it,

putting "all in *the* family way" instead of "in *a* family way." Clutterbuck's gig came for us at twelve, took me to Harnish (Hardenhuish): walked about the grounds with him and his pretty wife: showed me the church where Ricardo lies buried. After luncheon Clutterbuck and I set off in his carriage for Bath. Took up my quarters at Monkland's; called on Anastasia and found her well. Dinner at Monkland's: company, Simpson, Clutterbuck, Blood, &c. Company in the evening, Tom Bailey's intended wife and himself. Sung a good deal with much success: also some good glees by Blood, Broadhurst, Williams, &c. Slept at Monkland's: read before I went to bed a pamphlet by my old acquaintance Maugin, entitled, "Letter to Thomas Moore, esq., on the subject of the 'School for Scandal.'"

19th. Paid some bills; made calls. Took Anastasia to Mrs. Branigan's, and on our way were overtaken by Bessy, just arrived with Bowles. Left Bessy to her shopping. Called upon Maugin; on Lady Burdett; on Young, to ask him to dine with the Anacreontic to-day. Forty-one or forty-two sat down to dinner. Lord Blayney at the right of the chairman and I at the left; Young next me. Day very agreeable. In talking of nervousness Young said it was but within the last four years he has been able to get rid of it on the stage, and that any one who had observed his acting closely, would observe the great change there has been in that interval. My imitation of Curran, he said, was the most perfect mimicry he had ever witnessed. My health given in a most flattering speech by the chairman, and applauded tumultuously for some minutes: returned thanks with much success. Some good glees by professional men, and a Mr. Hallet, an amateur. A song of Tom Bailey's writen for the club, rather happy. I sung: very ill the first song, but redeemed myself in "The Watchman," and produced great effect. Received a letter from Lady Burdett, regretting she did not see me to-day, and asking me to call to-morrow; fixed half-past one. A note also from Col. Napier, who had followed me hither from Sloperton, on the subject of Battle House (at Bromham), which he wishes to take. Had to answer both notes from the table. Left for the fancy ball at 10 o'clock; too late for Tom Bailey's epilogue. The *coup d'œil* as usual here beautiful; the details, as far as women went, not so good; two or three, however, very pretty; Miss Stuart, a daughter of Admiral Stuart, whom I had my full fling of staring at, till some one told her who I was, when she turned the tables on me.

20th. Breakfasted at Mrs. Branigan's with Bessy. On my way thither met Ethel Benett, who I found had been *incog.* in the gallery last night, looking down on her sister beauties, and wishing herself among them. Went with Upham to the Literary Institution to look through some books for particulars of Trajan's pillar, at the request of Hughes, whose son is about to write on this subject for a prize. Turned over Grævius with the assistance of the useful index in the catalogue of the Royal Institution; also Montfauçon, &c., but found nothing. Ciaccconius was the work I wanted. Thence to Lady Burdett's, where I stayed a short time; they are going to the Continent this summer. Went to Young at Mr. Winsor's, in order to hear Miss Winsor sing; nothing could be more charming or more full of true feeling both of words and music. The things she sung were Bishop's, from my "Loves of the Angels," and, as she gave them, exquisite. "By those impassioned eyes" was spoken just as it ought to be. Went at four with Bessy to hear our sweet Anastasia attempt the harp, which she had been learning but a fortnight: a very good promise.

21st. Breakfasted at Monkland's. Bessy left Bath with Bowles at twelve, and I afterwards in a coach at three. Got to Buckhill at six, where I found Bessy. Had a chaise and home. The "Edinburgh Review" does *not* contain the article promised me by Jeffrey.

22nd. Immediately after breakfast Colonel Napier arrived to look at Bromham House; an able man; is employed in writing an account of the campaigns in the Peninsula. * * * * Mentioned what old West said of the people of England, that they judge of music by the eye, and of painting by the ear. In talking of phrenology, said that the Duke of Wellington has not the organ of courage, but has that of fortitude or resolution very strongly. The Duke owned himself that this corresponded to his character. I mentioned having heard that the only time the Duke was hit, which was by a spent ball, the blow affected him very much and made him very sick. Napier said he himself was by at the time, but the blow

was a very severe one, and that instant sickness is a very frequent effect of such a wound. I said it was rather against phrenology that *I* should not have the organ of music, as if there was any feeling more strong than another that I had, it was that for music. He agreed I had but little of it. The Duke of Wellington, it appears, has it very strong, and this is so far borne out (Napier says) that he is a passionate lover of music. Walter Scott, it seems, has *not* the poetic organ, and Napier appeared to think he had no right to it. Wordsworth, he says, has it very strongly. What stuff is talked on this subject! Liked Battle House very much, and if Dr. Starkey is agreeable, will take it. Received Dr. Bain's answer, with the note, on the subject of the 200*l.* as I desired.

23rd. Called upon Dr. Starkey about the house for Colonel Napier. Walked with Bessy in the evening to drink tea at Phipps's.

24th to 27th. Employed chiefly in drawing up my answer to the "Quarterly," which I mean to put in the form of an extract from my intended preface to the fifth edition of the "Life," and insert it in the "Times." Wrote also some verses for the "Times," in which there is, I think, a good deal of fun. "The Canonization of St. Butterworth." A long letter from Barnes, telling me that he keeps the secret, but that they are generally guessed to be mine.

28th. Sent off my verses to Barnes.

29th. Wrote a verse of a song for Power, "When Night brings the Hour."

30th. Copied out my article on the "Quarterly," and sent it off. A letter from Benett to say that he will have every thing ready for me at his house in town on Wednesday; has been very anxious that Bessy should come up too, as he has his house all to himself, but the dear girl is wise enough to stay where she is. Trevanion called after church with the Phippses; is going to town on Tuesday, and would have taken me in his carriage with him if I had not engaged to go in the coach with Locke on Wednesday.

May 1st. Walked to Spye Park. Wrote a verse of a song for Power, "Oh Death!"

2nd. Busy in preparing for my journey. After dinner set off (with Bess and little Buss to see me part of the way) for Locke's. The evening delightful, and, after we separated, both parties stopped often to have one more parting look of each other. Drank tea at Locke's; listened to his girls playing the "Preciosa," and the overture to "Tancredi," and then to bed.

3rd. Up at seven; got to Devizes before ten, and had to wait some time for the Emerald. Had, in the meantime, some conversation with an intelligent young farmer on the consequences of letting out the bonded corn, &c. Journey nothing remarkable; Locke and I gossiped about our neighbours the whole way. Arrived at Benett's at eight.

4th. Not at all well. Found notes on my arrival last night from Lord Lansdowne and Lord John. The former to ask me, "before I should be swallowed up," to dine with him on Monday; the latter sending me a note of Lady Jersey's, begging me to leave out Lord J.'s name (in my next edition) among the attendants at Sheridan's funeral, as he was *not* there. Lord L. in his note says, "The statement in the 'Times' is *very* satisfactory." A note this morning from Rogers asking me to join Lord John and him at breakfast; sent word I should come after breakfast. Found there, besides Lord John, Milman and his very handsome wife, old Crowe, and Miss Rogers. Rogers's story of Dean Shipley getting into his carriage with about a dozen children, and giving a sixpence to a beggar-woman as he went in. "God be with you," said the beggar-woman. "God forbid, my good woman," said the Dean; "there's quite enough of us already." Both Rogers and Lord John seemed to think my answer to the "Quarterly" quite conclusive. Went from thence to Lady Donegal's; she still confined: sat with Barbara and Miss Godfrey some time. While I was there Lord Clifden came in, full of the last squib in the "Times," "Butterworth's Canonization," which he produced, cut out of the paper, from his pocket; looked as if he had but little doubt it was mine. I volunteered to read it. Miss G., while I went on, charged me with it *direct*, but I denied as well as I could. Went to call on Mrs. Purvis: met the Speaker on my way; asked him to let me come under the gallery to-night, to hear the Corn debate. Said, with great pleasure. Dined at Lady Donegal's; thence to the House of Commons; no Corn debate, but Hume entering upon an interminable speech. Resolved to

try another place of amusement, Astley's; but found it almost as dull as the House of Commons.

5th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called in Paternoster Row; some talk about Lord Byron's Life. Told them of my correspondence on the subject with Hobhouse: promised to dine with Rees. Thence to Power's. Dined with Rees, and both went together to Covent Garden to see "Oberon." Not much pleased with it; the music in general more odd than agreeable; and, when pleasing, not very new.

6th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Talked of my Sheridan Life; regarded in general, he says, as an attack upon the Whigs. Lady Grey urges Lord Grey to leave on record his own statement of the circumstances in 1811. Lord Grey himself takes it very quietly. Said that it was evident I was not a Whig; for, though my views were strongly on the side of liberty, they were not modified by those constitutionalities and legalities with which a Whig fenced round his principles. Seemed to consider my remarks on Coalition as an instance of this. Lord Holland says it is plain I am not disposed to agree with Mr. Fox in any thing, and it is not likely I should. This is surely unjust. Lord John thinks there is nothing on record more honourable to Mr. Fox than the letter which I have produced relative to the Catholic petition in 1805; but is still of opinion that my book does not leave the reputation of Mr. Fox altogether so high as it found it. A note from Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, sending me an Opera ticket for to-night; Lord Belgrave himself called afterwards. Dined at the Artists' Benevolent Fund, of which I was a steward; the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the chair:* sat near Campbell; Shee on the other side of me. Was told yesterday that my name was on the list of toasts, but found now there was no intention of giving it. Many messages sent to Shee to request he would propose my health: at length, just as Robinson was leaving the chair, Shee rose, and in a long speech gave the healths of "Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell." Received with acclamation. Previous to this the feelings of the company had been shown towards me by the enthusiasm with which they received and encored "Sing, sing," sung by Broadhurst. My speech, in returning thanks, very effective. Robinson made the *amende honorable* before he went, by thanking the gentleman who had given the healths of the two "eminent individuals," and praising us for our "eloquent and glowing speeches."

7th. Called upon Rogers: found him in high good humour. In talking of Miss White he said, "How wonderfully she does hold out: they may say what they will, but Miss White and *Miss*olonghi are the most remarkable things going." Called upon Lady E. Belgrave, Lord Lansdowne, and Lady Cawdor. Dined at Lord Listowel's; the Beechers, Newton, and their own family. Sung in the evening. Asked by Edward Moore to dine with him on Tuesday to meet the Catholic Lord Stafford and Lord Fingall.

8th. Breakfasted at home with Benett, who is all kindness and hospitality. Went at eleven to the Royal Institution to hear M'Culloch's lecture, having met him since I came to town, and promised to do so. A very kind note from Lady Jersey, in answer to one I wrote her asking for some tickets for the Spitalfields' ball, which she has sent me. In the evening to Lady Jersey's: a little nervous to see how my Whig friends would receive me; all as usual. A cordial shake by the hand from Lord Grey. The Duke of Wellington looked as if he was inclined to renew his acquaintance with me, but I was not courtier enough to avail myself of the inclination. Lord Hertford too bowed graciously to me, but as I knew it must be by mistake, I met it with a profound reverence, and on raising my head again I saw that he looked disconcerted: was never at any time acquainted with him. Heard to-day that when Canning's speech the other night threw all the country gentlemen into consternation, Bobus Smith said, "a brand among the bullocks." On one of the country gentlemen saying, "we must return to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked, "What food does he mean?" "Thistles, I suppose," said Tierney. Lady Cawdor asked me to dine to-morrow to meet the Marquis of Stafford and Mr. Grenville, but am engaged to Lord Auckland. Curiously enough, have been asked likewise to meet the other Lord Stafford at Moore's. Walked home with Fielding.

9th. Lady Listowel and Lady Ennismore called to take me to the Exhibition. Left them at two to go to Bishop on music business.

* Mr. Robinson, now Lord Ripon.

Found he had done nothing, but gave him some ideas with respect to the airs he has to compose for my Greek work. Was to have gone with Trevanion to call upon Mrs. Ames, a great admirer and singer of my music, but was prevented by my engagement with Bishop. Dined at Lord Auckland's: Baring Wall, and Miss Barnet, the company. From thence to the Opera: had bought a ticket in the morning, but brought from home and gave instead of it a card, "Marchioness of Lansdowne at home," insisting to the man, when he questioned it, that I had bought it at Eber's in the morning. Was obliged to pay again, he promising to return me the money when I should bring the right ticket. Went first into Lady Cowper's box, where there was only Lord Sefton. Saw the second act in Lady Farquhar's box.

10th. While Benett and I were at breakfast, M. Alexandre, the conjuror (who has brought letters of introduction to me from Ireland), paid me a visit, and amused us very much by some specimens of his ventriloquism. Went to the General Post Office for a letter; then to Longman's. Dined at the Literary Fund, having in vain endeavoured to extricate myself, but Rees made it a point that I should go. The Duke of Somerset in the chair. On the "Poets of Great Britain" being given, there was a general call through the room for me, but as Sotheby and Croly were present, I resolved not to take upon myself the task of returning thanks. After a long interval Sotheby rose, and began by an eulogium upon me, in which he said my "prose took the colour of my poetry" (some people would have added "too much so"). I was in hopes that I had escaped a speech, but Sir J. Malcolm soon after proposed my health alone, praising "Lalla Rookh" most abundantly. My speech in returning thanks even more successful than that at the Artists' dinner.

11th. Called upon Bowles in my way to breakfast with Newton; took him with me. Sat to Newton after breakfast. Wretched reports of my speech in all the papers. When I was leaving the dinner yesterday evening, a young reporter of the "Times" addressed me, and said I would do him the greatest favour if I would assist in some points of my speech, which he had not caught correctly. Told him he could not do *me* a greater favour than not to attempt to report my speech at all; praise what I said as much as he pleased, but not make any attempt to give it. The "Times," accordingly, has done what I wished. Went with Benett to Deville's, in the Strand, the phrenologist and collector of casts; called for Sir Francis Burdett in our way at Brookes's. After having explained to us the principles of the science, he proceeded to examine our heads. Had some suspicion who Burdett was, but did not know me in the least. Found no poetry in my head, but a great love of facts and clearness in argument; humour, love of music, strong feelings of friendship (this Spurzheim too, I remember, remarked when I met him at Paris), a facility in parting with money, and "not being very particular as to the securities" (his very words, which amused the standers-by not a little), and the organs of combativeness and destructiveness as strong as ever he had witnessed them in any one. On Benett's asking him, whether he discovered in my head any particular talent, said, that he had seldom seen a head with "so active and general an organisation," and that whatever the person possessing it attempted, he would most probably succeed in. Told Burdett some things which he seemed to think true; among others, that his first perceptions of subjects were slow and rather confused, and that it was not till after some consideration he mastered and saw his way through them. A sense of justice and impatience under oppression was one of the features of Burdett's head, which he found also in mine. Went all together to the Exhibition. Burdett's criticism on Lawrence's picture of Canning, that it is "like an actor standing before a glass rehearsing his part," rather just. Forgot, with all this, an engagement I had made to Barnes. Dined at the Donegal's: poor Lady D. herself not able yet to see me. Thence to the Opera, Lady Farquhar having given me a ticket: saw the greater part of the opera in Lady E. Belgrave's box; Lady Wilson there. Went thence to the Countess St. Antonio's, where Lady Burghersh was, and sat some time. A new "Romeo and Juliet" arrived, composed by ——, I forget the name. Lady B. trying to persuade Pasta to introduce some of the music of it in the old one. Went afterwards to Lansdowne House, where there were some new beauties: Lady Clifton, Mrs. Napier (with whom, as Miss Benett, I played shuttle-

cock, two or three years since, at Bowood) pronounced to be the prettiest woman of the season.

12th. Went to Lord Radstock's sale; thence to British Gallery with Bowles. Called with him upon Sir George Beaumont, who showed me his portraits of Garrick (in a scene of *Lethe*) and of Parsons. Dined at Longman's: M'Culloch, Newton, Kenny, &c. &c.

13th. Lady Listowel called to take me to the Water Colour Exhibition: a very pretty picture there from "Lalla Rookh," by Stephanoff. Dined at A. Baring's; his purchases from Lord Radstock's collection just brought home. The Titian (Herodias's daughter), price 1800 guineas; and a Giorgione, 700; the latter a charming picture. Company, Agar Ellis and Lady Georgiana, Lord Lothian, &c. Some anecdotes of Grattan. On the night when it was probable the Catholic question would be carried said, "What shall we do? we'll get very drunk." Ellis described him, on one night when he spoke, as dragging in with him a large bag, which contained, in the first place, heaps of petitions on the subject, then quantities of oranges, and a bottle full of water, which he drank during his speech. Wilberforce was at one time in the habit of eating and drinking in his place in the House.

14th. Have exchanged visits and some notes with Hobhouse, but did not see him till to-day. Found him full of kindness, and inclined much more to assist than to thwart me in my design of writing "Byron's Life." Mentioned Byron's letters to Lady Melbourne, which Lady Cowper has still in her possession, and which he thinks more likely to contain passages fit to be extracted than any other of B.'s correspondence. Disclaimed ever having had the idea of writing the "Life" himself; thinks there are no materials to make a life, which I fear is but too true. Talked of Burdett's opinions on the corn laws, on the present distresses, &c. Said I thought them very vague and adrift. Thence went to Barnes, with whom I had made an appointment between two and four. A good deal of conversation. Sounded him on the probability of an advance of 400*l.* being made to me by the proprietors of the "Times." Said he had little doubt it would be done. Dined at Chantrey's; had been engaged to Fielding's, but was let off on a promise of going early in the evening. Company, Henry Joy, a Mr. Thompson, and two others. Talked of phrenology; Spurzheim's mistake at Chantrey's, in pronouncing Troughton* from his skull to be a poet, and Sir Walter Scott a mathematician. Chantrey at first inclined to believe in the science, but from seeing, from his experience, that there were clever heads of all sizes and shapes, lost his faith in it. An intimation of phrenology in Shakspeare's "foreheads villainously low." Went to Fielding's early; found there Mrs. Ames, for whom I sung, apparently to her very great delight.

17th. To Power's on business. Called upon Lady Cowper; said she had for some time thought of giving those letters of Lord Byron's back, and would now, as soon as she could get them from the country, put them into my hands or Hobhouse's; said she thought it very possible that there were many passages in them that would do for publication. Called upon the Houltons; desperate wet weather; drove out with Mrs. Houlton and Mrs. Shirley, who is looking in high beauty. Having to dine with Rogers to-day at six (an Ancient Music party), meant to have dined with Lady Davy *afterwards* to meet Sydney Smith; but Rogers would not have me, he said, upon such terms; "there would be an indigestion produced." This being the case, tried my chance of a ticket for the Ancient Music, by leaving a note at Lord Darnley's. Mrs. Shirley undertook to change my voucher at Almack's, while I went home to dress. Company at Rogers's, Miss Stephens and her niece, Sir G. Beaumont, Sir P. Codrington, and Sir G. Warrender. During dinner a ticket came for me from Lord Darnley, an order to "admit Signor Mori" (a foreigner's ticket, which the directors are privileged to give); the selection very dull, and the room oppressively hot. Had some talk with Mrs. Boddington, and her very pretty little daughter, and then home to refresh my toilette for Almack's. Had heard that the fancy quadrille of the "Twelve Months" that was danced at the Spitalfields' ball last week was to be repeated to-night; but the sister of Miss Crofton (one of the months) has died since then, and it is given up. The quadrille of "Paysannes Provençales," however, was danced. Some pretty girls among them; a daughter of Lord Talbot's, Miss Duncombes,

* The well-known maker of philosophical instruments: himself a mathematician of a high order.—Ed.

&c. &c. Mrs. Sheridan's second daughter strikingly like old Brinsley, and yet very pretty. Some anecdotes to-day at dinner of the Duke of Wellington: battle of Toulouse the most remarkable of any. The movement by which he won it determined on in consequence of his trying by chance a glass that was recommended to him, and, in looking at Soult, seeing some motions of his hand which showed in what direction he was about to act.

18th. Met Hobhouse, and went with him to call on Sir F. Burdett, who is laid up with gout. Went afterwards with Benett to the Houltons, to take them to Deville's; dreadfully wet weather, no end to the rain. Called on Bowles in our way, and took him with us. Deville's examination of the heads of the girls very interesting, particularly as he made them let loose their long hair, which added not a little to their beauty. Bowles, at first, a good deal unsettled by the sight of the casts after death, and was, with much difficulty, persuaded to submit his head to inspection: some good guesses of Deville's about him soon put him in good humour. While we were there a mother came with her little boy to have his head examined; and Deville told us he has had since he began about seven hundred mothers in the same way, bringing their children for the purpose of ascertaining what course of education their organs were best suited to. Dined at Lansdowne House: company, the Agar Ellises, the Cawdors, Sydney Smith, Mr. Portman, Macdonnel, &c. A party to hear Pasta in the evening. Sat with Lady Cawdor and Lady Wilton most of the night; Lord Grey and his daughters very kind. Found a note from Mrs. Coutts on my return home, full of anxious inquiries as to the death of Lady Scott, which is mentioned in the evening papers.

19th. Called upon Mrs. Coutts: found her breakfasting at the top of the house, in consequence of the preparations below stairs for her great ball next Monday. Showed me all over her house, bedrooms, closets, every where. Called upon the Storys, who are but a few days in town. Went at three to a lecture at the Royal Institution, the consequence of a promise I made to Gen. Thornton; the subject, music. Have a great mind to lecture myself; Lord Spencer many a year ago wanted me to do so; Houlton wrote to sound me on the subject before I left home; and now both Thornton and the secretary of the Institution renew the request: it is, at least, worth consideration. Had some business in the evening, therefore dined alone at the Bedford coffee-house. Afterwards dressed and went to Mrs. Cunliffe's child's ball, where there were some very pretty children. Thence to Mrs. Baring's grand ball, which was full and splendid.

20th. Went to Agar Ellis's at one, to meet Lords Lansdowne and Cawdor, and Sydney Smith, a rendezvous fixed the day before yesterday, in order to go all together to Deville's: his explanations of the principles of his art, and some of the facts he produced, very striking to us all: instances where the organ was considerably increased by the exercise of the faculty connected with that organ, &c.; but his guesses at the characters of the new subjects I brought him (none of whom he knew) egregious failures. For instance, said that Lord Lansdowne gave his opinions without deliberation! In Sydney Smith the chief propensity he discovered was a fondness for natural history, and for making collections of the same. Altogether this was the worst exhibition I have seen him make, though very amusing from Sydney Smith's inextinguishable and contagious laughter, which I joined in even to tears. Was to have dined with Ponsonby today, but went, instead, to Sir S. Raffles: asked to sing in the evening, but between could not and would not, did not: my cold very bad; got home early to bed.

21st. Called upon Lord John after breakfast: mentioned my having some idea of reviewing his "History of the Affairs of Europe" for the "Edinburgh," notwithstanding that I had often resolved never to review the work of a friend, as it was always a ticklish, and generally turned out a thankless task. Proposed to me to go and see Lord Kinnaird at Hammersmith: agreed, and went with him to leave his excuses at Lady Jersey's, with whom he was to have gone to the private exhibition at Somerset House. Had luncheon at Mrs. Purvis's (where I found Lord Auckland), and rejoined Lord John at three, when we set out in his cabriolet for Hammersmith. Shocked beyond description at the appearance of Lord Kinnaird, whom I had not seen since his paralytic attack; such a sad instance of premature decrepitude, and the liveliness of

manner which he still preserves, makes it only more frightful: was evidently very glad to see me, which made me feel happy that I had come. Lord John and I got back about five. Dined at Boddington's: company, Sydney Smith, Dr. Wollaston, Sharpe, Henry Webster, &c. &c.

22nd. Forgot to mention that when I last saw Hobhouse, he asked me whether it was "upon the cards" that I should make up with Murray: said that Murray had often talked to him on the subject, &c. I answered that I should have no objection; that I had always felt that I had committed a mistake originally in refusing the overtures of reconciliation which he made on the day when he offended me: that I ought (as Rogers often said) to have gone into his shop as usual, and not conferred upon him such importance as to make him an object of my resentment: I was therefore very ready, I said, to go with either Hobhouse or Rogers to his house to proffer him my hand, and let there be no more of it. I afterwards spoke to Rogers on the subject, who quite agreed with this view of the matter, and said he would go with me some day to Murray's. This morning, as I stood at Power's door, saw Murray go by; and it occurred to me that, as the thing was to be done, the shortest and manliest way was to do it at once myself, without any intervention. Accordingly sallied out after my man and accosted him. He seemed startled at first, but on my saying, "Mr. Murray, some friends of yours and mine seem to think that you and I should no longer continue upon these terms, I therefore proffer you my hand, and most readily forgive and forget all that has passed;" he soon brightened up into smiles, and we walked on together very amicably. On our parting at Charing Cross he shook my hand, reiterating, "God bless you, sir! God bless you, sir!" and hoped I would call and see my portrait at his house in Whitehall. Had not time for much to-day, as I was obliged to dress early for Lord Belgrave's. Lord Lansdowne sent his carriage for me at twenty minutes before five; when I came to take him up, found that Lady Lansdowne could not accompany us, her sister was so ill. Company at Lord B.'s, the Cawdors, Mr. Grenville, and ourselves. To the play: "Paul Pry;" very amusing, but had heard too much of it: many of our party had seen it before, and still laughed hearty, which was no small tribute. Came away after the play: left at home by the Cawdors, and sallied out again for Mrs. Shirley's assembly: heard Isabella Houlton play her wild Spanish air; and came away with the Wilsons, who set me down at Lady Jersey's, where I did little more than make my bow, and then set off for Mrs. Coutts's ball, where I found quadrilles going on in one room, and Braham and Miss Stephens singing in another.

23rd. Breakfasted with Newton, and sat to him: went together to the National Gallery, from thence to West (the American painter) to see Lord Byron's portrait: had only the copy at home, which did not strike me as like. Met Lord Lansdowne, and heard from him that there is but little hope of Lady Charlotte. Dined at Rogers's; Lord John having called for me in his cabriolet: company, Barnes, Kenny, Lord Lansdowne, Sharpe, Brougham, Lord John and myself: very agreeable: Brougham's tone a good deal subdued (as it has been, I hear, all this session), but social, natural, and agreeable as usual: went home early.

24th. Went to join Rogers at Lord Stafford's gallery: introduced to Danby, the painter: *ciceronied* very agreeably round the rooms by Rogers, upon whose taste I have more dependence than on that of any of the connoisseurs that are about.

25th. Breakfasted with the Donegals. Obliged to dress early for the anniversary dinner of the Madrigal Society; a scrape (as it turned out) which I was brought into by Bowles, who long ago made some agreement with me to go, and now left me in the lurch; never was there any thing so bad; three-and-thirty fellows bawling away for the bare life at old exploded madrigals, and singing them all wrong into the bargain: attempted to perform a madrigal of Wesley's, who was present, but they had not proceeded three bars before the author exclaimed, "Oh! for God's sake, gentlemen, no more, I cannot bear it." Tried one of poor Linley's too (my inviter), and produced the same sort of explosion from the author. Got away as soon as I could; glad to have seen a new instance of the strange whimsical things that are going on in London, but determined never to repeat the experiment. Went to Miss White's, where I was so early that the ladies had not come up from dinner. Left my card at Murray's to-day.

26th. Went to breakfast with Barnes, from whom I some days since received a letter to say that the advance of the £400 would most willingly be made: told me that last year, when we had the same sort of agreement in contemplation, Walter could not be altogether brought to understand that it was *tanti* to the paper; but that now, since he perceived the sensation which my late contributions had produced, he was quite convinced of the importance of my assistance. This was gratifying to hear. Talked of the French newspapers. The "Journal des Débats," he considers, altogether, one of the best conducted papers in Europe: Bertin one of the proprietors: vast expenses attending it; thirteen or fourteen people employed on it (I think, he said) at an average of 12,000 francs, annually, each. Barnes was the college competitor with Matthews (Lord Byron's friend), of whom Byron speaks in a note. Went afterwards to Longman's: mentioned to them my conversations with Hobhouse and Rogers, and my reconciliation with Murray (who, by the bye, has not yet taken any notice of my visit to him). On my mentioning what Hobhouse said of the possibility of a coalition between Murray and their house in publishing the life, Longman said, "Do not let us stand in the way of any arrangements you may make; it is our wish to see you free from debt; and it would only be in this one work that we should be separated: put us, therefore, out of the question; nor let us in the least degree fetter you in the business." This I felt to be most liberal and considerate; and such, I must say, their conduct to me has been throughout. Dined at Sir George Beaumont's; taken by the Bowleses: company, they, Mr. and Mrs. Sturges Bourne, and Ottley. Sturges Bourne, in talking of Canning, rather agreeable. The translation of Jekyll's "Sage Chiankiti" was by Canning and Lord Grenville; *vos inumbrelles video* is the only good point in it; the rest any schoolboy might have done. Sturges Bourne repeated some more of Jekyll's verses, but there is nothing in them near so good as those I already know, with the exception, perhaps, of

> "You'll please to remember
> Your month called November,
> Which *we* call Hum-Sang, is rheumatic."

Went in the evening to Lady Dacre's. Sturges Bourne, by the bye, told of Canning, that at a dinner at Eton last year, after "The Ministers of Eton" had been given as a toast, Canning gave, in allusion to Tom Tyrrwhit, who was present, "The *Rods* of Eton."

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Lord Cawdor, G. Fortescue, and Warburton. Smith full of comicality and fancy; kept us all in roars of laughter. In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconveni ence of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking, "Sir, your observation has caught fire." Then imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the waterworks being an Unitarian or an Atheist. Said of some one, "He has no command over his understanding; it is always getting between his legs and tripping him up." Left Rogers's with Smith, to go and assist him in choosing a grand pianoforte: found him (as I have often done before) change at once from the gay, uproarious way, into as solemn, grave, and austere a person as any bench of judges or bishops could supply: this I rather think his natural character. Called with him at Newton's to see my picture: said in his gravest manner, to Newton, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church establishment?" Went with him from thence to two pianoforte makers: chose one at Broadwood's. Left him in the Strand to call at Power's. Called upon Rogers before dinner, and walked in the Park with him. In talking of my situation with the Longmans, he said, "The fact is, the Longmans, having you in their power, are resolved to make a slave of you ——." Here I stopped him, and begged, before he went any farther, he would let me tell him what passed between me and Longman yesterday; upon hearing it, he said, "I retract every thing that I was going to accuse them of; it is, indeed, very fair and liberal of them." Dined at Lord Fortescue's: company, the Granville Vernons, Adair, Lady Mary and her husband, &c. &c. Went from thence to Miss White's; Mrs. Sheridan there and her pretty daughter.

28th. Newton called, and went with me to Stevens's, where I breakfasted. From thence went to call upon Hobhouse, who told me that Murray had, immediately on my visit to him, come to know from him (Hobhouse) on what

terms he and I were with respect to the "Life." Hobhouse told him all that had passed between us, and suggested that the "Life" written by me should be prefixed to the quarto edition of "Byron's Works" which Murray meditates. Murray had originally proposed to Hobhouse to edit the work. I now mentioned what Longman had said to me a day or two before, which Hobhouse appeared much pleased at; and said it would facilitate the object of us all considerably. Suggested (what is also my own idea) that the "Life" should consist as much as possible of extracts from Byron's letters and journals, making him tell his own story. H. praised Count Gamba's book. Has never read a line of any of the letters he has in his hands as executor. Dined at Lord Cowper's: Rogers, who was going to dine with the Attorney-General in the same street, dropped me at Lord C.'s. Company: Mr. Grenville, Lord Auckland, Lord Robert Spencer, Lord and Lady King, Lady Carlisle, H. Pierrepoint, &c. Very agreeable. Mr. Grenville said that the city of Edinburgh ordered a bust of his father in the year 1764, to be executed by Bacon; but Mr. Grenville being turned out of the Ministry soon after, the bust was left upon Bacon's hands.

29th. Breakfasted with Newton for a final sitting. On my return home found Murray's card, with a message that he would be glad to see me any time to-day. Called upon him between one and two: entered at once on the subject of the "Life;" told him what the Longmans had said as to leaving me free; and added what I felt and thought of the handsomeness of their conduct altogether to me. He replied, that he had no doubt they had behaved very well, but that I ought to consider they had profited by me in return. He then mentioned, with some degree of soreness, their having got "Sheridan's Life" away from him. I said, if a coalition between him and the Longmans was practicable in this new work I should prefer it. He seemed, however, to thing such an arrangement not feasible; and repeated, two or three times, that the "'Life of Byron' was his birthright." Said that the materials in his own possession would go near to filling a quarto volume, without including (as I understood him) the journal given to Mrs. Leigh, of which he has a copy: difficult to say, however, how much of all this could be retained: hoped that Hobhouse would not be too fastidious as to the extracted matter; would not prefix the "Life" to the "Works," but print it separately. Said, *en passant*, that the terms he meant to propose were, that he should discharge my debt to the Longmans, and give me half the profits of the work. (This rather ambiguous; but it is impossible he could have meant that he would give half the profits, *besides* discharging my debt to the Longmans.) I answered that all this must be a subject for future arrangement; for, as what the Longmans had said, was merely a passing remark in conversation, I could not proceed upon it without ascertaining that they seriously and deliberately meant me to take them at their word; and that I, therefore, must again consult them, and would let him know the result. Left him to call upon Mrs. Ames, according to a promise made to her at Lord Ashtown's; found Trevanion with her; sung to her, and brought the tears pretty abundantly; in which Trevanion, in compliment to her, joined. She sung to me my own "By the Feal's Wave," with a good deal of passion. Called afterwards (in consequence of another appointment) at Mrs. Sheridan's; the sky pouring torrents all day. Sung for and with Miss Sheridan, who looked quite as pretty as at night: promised I would go and see the quadrille of the "Months," at Almack's, on Wednesday, she being the *August* of the party. Dined at Lord Daere's. Dinner at six, for the purpose of going to the French play; only Mrs. Brand and her daughter and Lord Lynedoch. Potier in the "Centenaire" admirable.

30th. Called at S.'s lodgings, and left word that he would find me at the Athenæum till twelve; did not come. Went to Power's; and while there my excellent friend, Joseph Strutt, came in to inquire my address; greatly disappointed to find that I cannot go to Derby to preside at the Leicestershire dinner, as they expected; will not have the dinner till I can go. Went together to Longman's, where he left me, having fixed next day for me to take him to see Rogers's house. Found Longman and Rees together, and told them all that had passed, since I saw them both, with Rogers, Hobhouse, and Murray. Longman repeated what he had said before; and added, that he was rejoiced the affair now seemed likely to be put on such a comfortable footing for me; that

I should now have materials from all quarters; and, by the concurrence and assistance of all Lord Byron's friends, be relieved from much of the trouble and responsibility I should have incurred in undertaking the task alone. On my questioning them as to the practicability of a coalition between them and Murray, Rees seemed rather inclined to it, but Longman was decidedly of opinion that it would not be for the comfort or interest of either party. Drew bills upon Power for 400*l.* at six and eight months, which they cashed for me. Forgot to mention that I met Lawrence one of these days, and told him that I should be able to raise the supplies without troubling him in the manner I had proposed. From Longman's went to Power's, and gave him two of my 400*l.*, to take up some drafts of mine upon him that will soon become due. Thence to Newton's, where I had appointed to meet Hume, my old and odd friend, on the following business. Chance threw us together about a week ago (as it does once in every three or four years), and a day or two since I had a letter from him inclosing a draft for 20*l.*, and saying, as he knew no one who could do an act of gallantry better than myself, he begged I would choose and purchase some trinket with that sum for my *amantissima conjux*. Answered that I felt most gratefully his kindness, and so would she; but that her habits and tastes were so unambitious, that a fourth of the sum he sent would be more than enough for a present that she would think quite splendid. Wrote accordingly to Bessy, who would have nothing at all to do with the matter, and begged me not to buy anything for her. In order, however, not to offend him, I said that as she was a great visionary about lotteries, a couple of sixteenths would give her a few weeks of dreaming, and make her happier than anything. Our meeting to-day was for the purpose of going to choose the numbers; he, and I, and Newton went out together. After buying the tickets, went to the engraver who has Lord Byron's portrait; cannot think it like; Newton of opinion that the fault lies in the smooth, marblish, effeminate colouring. Dined at Agar Ellis's: company, Lord and Lady Harewood, the Archbishop of York, and his wife and daughter; Greville, Lord and Lady Clifton, Sydney Smith, &c. Sat next Sydney Smith, right opposite Lord Harewood and the Archbishop! an odd conjunction of signs. Some demonstrations of aristocracy from my Lord Harewood, in speaking of Marshall, the manufacturer, who is candidate for the county of York; Smith and Ellis stood up for the manufacturer. In the evening, sung a good deal; among other things my rebel song, "Oh, where's the Slave," which give rise to a good deal of fun from Sydney, about turning the Archbishop into a rebel. "But it's fast subsiding," he said; "his Grace is relapsing into loyalty; if you don't sing another song you'll lose him." The "Watchman" was what seemed particularly to please both the Archbishop and his daughter. Heard Ellis telling Smith what great delight he had "in showing Moore to Tories." Set Smith at home in a hackney coach. On my remarking how well and good-humouredly Ellis had mixed us all up together, Smith said, "That's the great use of a good conversational cook, who says to his company, 'I'll make a good pudding of you;' it's no matter what you came into the bowl, you must come out a pudding. 'Dear me,' says one of the ingredients, 'wasn't I just now an egg?' but he feels the batter sticking to him," &c. &c. Found a note from C. Sheridan, that he would be at home to-morrow, if I would call upon him. A note also from Lady Jersey, asking whether I could dine with her the day after to-morrow.

31st. Called upon C. Sheridan on my way to the Athenæum to breakfast. * * * * Called at Power's; Bishop too much engaged about Vauxhall and another opera to be able to do anything with me; a sad delay this for Power. Found on my return home a note from Barnes, inclosing the promised 400*l.*; wrote him an acknowledgment. Dined at Lord King's. Forgot to mention that the first time I saw Lord King after my arrival in town (it was at Lady Jersey's) he came up to me repeating a line out of the squib I addressed to him in the "Times,"—"When you tread on a nobleman's corn how he winces." Pretended, of course, perfect unconsciousness of the source of his quotation. Company, Sydney Smith, Sir J. and Lady Graham, Lord Ebrington, Baring Wall, &c., &c. Sung a little for Lady King in the evening. Went away with B. Wall, and having left him at the Travellers', took his carriage home with me, and having refitted a little, made use of it to go to

Almack's; was there too early; waited till the Seasons arrived; got into their wake as they passed up the room, and saw them dance their quadrille; the twelve without any gentlemen. Rather disappointed in the effect; their head-dresses (gold baskets full of fruit, flowers, &c.) too heavy; Miss Sheridan the handsomest of any; most of the others pretty, Miss Brand, the Miss Foresters, Miss Acton, Miss Beauclerc, &c. As soon as I had seen them dance, came away.

June 1st. Forgot, I believe, to mention in my Journal of last year, the following circumstances. Being much urged for a sum of money, it was my first intention to raise it by an advance, either from the "Chronicle" or the "Times" (as I have done this year from the latter), but having unluckily mentioned the idea *both* to Black and to Barnes, and both being much more ready than I expected to come into my terms, I found myself in a situation of some delicacy between them, there being a deadly jealousy (which I was not before aware of) between the two establishments. I thought it safer, therefore, for the present, to have nothing to do with either of them. Just about the time I met Charles Kemble at dinner, at Longman's, and he expressed strong anxiety that I should undertake a play of some kind at Covent Garden. It occurred to me, in consequence, that I might be able to raise the sum I wanted through this channel; and I wrote a letter to C. Kemble, having first seen him on the subject, of which the following is a copy: "Dear Kemble, in consequence of the earnest request that you were kind enough to make, that I should undertake to write a piece for Covent Garden Theatre, I beg to propose for the consideration of the proprietors, a plan by which this object may be attained, and a considerable accommodation afforded to me. In consideration of an immediate advance to me of 400*l.*, I agree to write, and put into the hands of the proprietors, within the next twelve months, either a comedy or drama, whichever may seem most desirable and practicable; the said sum of 400*l.* to be subject to any future arrangement that, on the completion of the piece, may be agreed on between me and the proprietors; and in case of the failure of the piece on representation, any loss that may be incurred thereon, to be made good by me. I also beg it to be understood, that if during the twelve months, either from my own dissatisfaction at the manner in which I perform my task, or from a wish to relinquish writing for the stage altogether, I should be inclined to annul the present agreement, it shall be in my power so to do, after having previously repaid to the proprietors the sum of 400*l.* with the interest accruing thereupon during the time. Should this proposition meet the views of the proprietors, I hold myself bound by the present letter to perform my part of the proposed agreement. Yours, my dear Kemble, very truly, T. M."

After showing this letter (the limitations and conditions in which all came from myself) to his brother proprietor (Capt. ———), C. Kemble acquainted me that they most cheerfully acceded to my proposal, and I accordingly received the 400*l.* from the treasurer. During the year that has elapsed since then, I have thought of many subjects for a drama, all of which were rejected almost as soon as thought of. At one time I had some intention of turning my Egyptian story into a grand drama of show and scenery, but neither the descent to the *souterrains* nor the inundations would have been practicable. At last a tolerable subject for a comedy occurred to me; and on my coming up to town now, I told Charles Kemble, that if it would suit him to let me pay but half of the 400*l.* now, and give me till Christmas for the rest, it was highly possible that by that time I might have a comedy ready. This, I confess, I said more from a wish to be convenienced so far, than from any serious expectation that my other tasks would allow me to have a comedy ready at the time. The proprietors, too, no doubt, saw that this was my object, as on my calling at the theatre to-day to know what was their decision, the treasurer informed me that, in consequence of the property being in Chancery, and the awkwardness of allowing a sum to appear so long unaccounted for, they would prefer my paying the whole sum now; expressing, at the same time, a strong hope that I would return with a MS. in my hand to reclaim it from them. Having come provided with the 400*l.*, went with the treasurer to his office, and paid him, with 19*l.* interest. Dined at Lord Jersey's; Lord Auckland, Gen. Alava, Lord W. Somerset, Lord and Lady Grantham, Sneyd, &c. &c. In the evening I sung a little; the Duke of

Wellington came in while I was singing, sat down behind me, and seemed much pleased. Lady Grantham, who sat beside me all the while I sung, asked me for a copy of the words, "I love but Thee." Came away with Lord Auckland; called in to see his sisters, who were waiting for him to go to Lady Hertford's, and then his carriage set me down at home. Met Murray to-day in the street; had called upon him by the bye, yesterday, to tell him the result of my interview with the Longmans, which left me quite free (as far as they were concerned) to enter into terms with him. He seemed much pleased, and said he should lose no time in collecting the materials. Took Strutt this morning to Rogers's.

2nd. Busy all day in preparing for my departure to-morrow: dined with Edward Moore; just the sort of party I detest. Did not get away till near twelve, fevered, vexed, and full of spleen and champagne. Had to finish my packing before I went to bed. By the bye, got into rather a ridiculous mistake this morning. Having thought a good deal about lecturing at the Royal Institution, as a thing that might be rendered profitable (as well as an undertaking that I should gain credit by), I wished to ascertain before I left town all the particulars with respect to the number of persons the lecture-room would contain; the space that, after the members are accommodated (they being privileged to attend gratis) would be left for my own private subscribers, &c. &c. In order to procure this information I called yesterday at tho Royal Institution (as I thought) to see the secretary; not being at home, I fixed to-day at twelve; saw him, and after having opened to him *confidentially* my object, had the mortification to hear him say, "My dear sir, you have mistaken the house; this is the Alfred Club House; the Royal Institution is next door." A very gentlemanlike person, however, the secretary; took me all round the house, to see the arrangements; expressed great anxiety to have me a member, &c. &c.

3rd. Set off in the coach at a quarter to seven. One of my companions, a particularly pretty girl, just from Paris, where she had been a year *en pension;* and going to join some relations of hers lately established at Calne: made the journey very agreeable. Found all pretty well on my return, but Bessy looking rather pale. Has been, during my absence, visiting at Spye Park and the Hugheses, which has got her over the time pretty cheerfully.

4th to 6th. It takes some time getting back to one's habits and studies after the dissipation of town.

12th. Came into Calne with Bowles to attend the election. Was to have gone to Bath with Bessy to-day, but the members having earnestly begged me to "help them through," put it off till to-morrow. Called with Bowles upon my pretty stage-coach friend, who proves to be the daughter of a new chemist come to Calne. Found her behind the counter reading "Voltaire's Tragedies;" drank some of her soda-water. Took Macdonald there afterwards; all admired her exceedingly; Bowles in raptures, and will kill himself drinking soda-water for her sake. Walked between the two members to the town hall; no pelting, contrary to what we had anticipated; a few slight hisses during a part of Abercromby's speech, but they soon died away. One of the electors at the close of the proceedings, said they expected to have heard Mr. Moore speak. "So you will," said Macdonald, "if you will come to the dinner;" the Calnite (who was one of the dissentients) shook his head negatively. Abercromby begged of me to write a letter to Lord Lansdowne to say how well every thing had gone off; walked to Hughes's, and wrote my letter from thence. The dinner at three o'clock; furiously hot. My health proposed by one of the burgesses. Made a speech in which I endeavoured to give as popular a complexion to the transaction as possible; did not blink the question of Reform, but said, "However unluckily Calne furnished an example of that anomaly and inequality in our representation which I, in common with all friends to Reform, lamented, yet I could not but look upon it as an instance of that compensating power by which Providence so often educed good out of evil, that Calne should be able to place two members in the House; who, whenever the day of parliamentary purification arises, will be among the first to plead for that great cause; and thus best evince their gratitude to the town by raising her to that rank in the representative body of England which she so well deserved to occupy;" something of this kind. Both Abercromby and Macdon-

ald seemed delighted with what I said; the latter particularly overflowed with praises of it, and made a speech afterwards near an hour long about me. The day altogether went off much better than we could have expected; an unspeakable relief, however, to get away. Drove with the members to Bowood, and walked from thence home.

13th. Off early to Bath; performed various commissions, and brought our sweet Anastasia home.

14th, 15th, &c. For the remainder of the month I must journalise *en gros*. Resumed my Egyptian story, and worked a little almost every day. Sent to Power, "When night brings the hour" (which I had written a verse of before I went to town), and new words to "'Tis not where lights are shining." Sent to the "Times" some verses on the election at Cambridge, "Bankes is weak and Goulburn too;" also on the Somersetshire election, "Alas! alas! thou Man of Corn." Received from Barnes a letter on the subject of the latter, which he said he felt some compunction at putting in (notwithstanding its pleasantry) on account of the abuse it contained of Hunt. Received several strange letters. One from a lady who calls herself Mrs. ——, full of praise of my Sheridan; gives me to understand that she is in high life; the curricle and deer-cart at the door waiting for her to go to see the stag-hounds thrown off, but could not bring herself to leave my book, &c.: ten years of marriage, she says, have diminished whatever personal attractions she might once have had: the letter altogether clever and lively. An epistle also from a lady at Birmingham, who tells me, among other things, that her heart is like an Æolian lyre, and that some hands have visited it rather roughly, and

> "Like the winds of the south o'er a summer-lute blowing,
> Have hushed all its music and withered its frame.'—
> (My own lines.)

Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, in which he says that he would have written before, but that an effort to write too soon had already caused a relapse of the gout in his hand. In talking of the elections, he says, "the Cambridge election has given birth to a better song than I could have expected from collegiate manufacture; I hope it did not escape you in the 'Times.'" Wrote an article for the "Edinburgh Review" upon a trifling French work, "Mœurs Administratives;" had nothing better to work upon; accordingly, *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

July 3rd. Called at Bowood in the evening, the Lansdownes having arrived on Saturday. Lord L. much better; sat with them till near ten o'clock: promised to dine there on Friday (7th). Told me the King had in two instances lately shown his decided hostility to the Catholic Question; one was on addressing S. Wortley on his peerage, in which he expressed his satisfaction with him on every point but one in which he entirely differed with him; the other was in speaking to Duncombe on *his* promotion, when he said how highly he approved of his sentiments on this question. Dined two days at Spye Park.

4th to 6th. On the 6th walked in the evening towards Buckhill to meet Bessy, who had gone there to tea; overtaken by the Lansdownes, who took me part of the way in their carriage. Sent two songs to Power, "The Garland I send Thee," and "The World was hushed."

7th. Dined at Bowood; drove about the grounds with them after dinner; staid till near ten. Showed Lady L. my letter from the anonymous high-life lady.

8th to 10th. Sent a squib to the "Times" on "No Popery: a Despatch from Don Strepitoso Diabolo," &c. Lord L. called on the 10th: told him I should come and drink tea with them in the evening. Did so; drank tea under the tent in the pleasure grounds; went afterwards on the water; Lady Louisa and the little French girl rowed; Lady L. pushed off the boat, &c.; Lord L. and I (to our great amusement) sitting like grand Turks, and reversing Cleopatra's triumph. Very anxious that I should meet them at Lord Cawdor's (as I have been invited to do) on their return from Ireland.

12th. The Lansdownes started from Holyhead; took Miss Ricardo with them.

13th to 16th. Various letters have passed between me and Dr. Bain on the subject of our meditated visit to him; Bessy has for some time given up the idea, and I am to go alone; succeeded in persuading Bowles to go with me. Sent a squib to the "Times" about "Mr. Dodsworth," the man found under an avalanche. Received a letter from a man telling me he has written a trajedy (spelling it thus

with a *j*), and begging me to assist him in having it brought forward. Wrote in answer that it would give me great pleasure to be of service to him; but that I trusted he would forgive my frankness in saying that from certain proofs of a neglected education which occurred in his letter, I rather fancied literature was not exactly the line he was likely to succeed in. Had a pic-nic party to Bowood on the 14th, consisting of Mrs. Napier and children, Prowses and ditto, our own little flock, the Phippses, and two of the Hugheses. Dinner laid out on the steps of the mausoleum; the day delicious; walked before dinner through the pleasure-grounds; all returned to tea with us. A letter from Lady Cawdor, inclosing me some airs she promised, and renewing her invitation for me to meet the Lansdownes.

17th. Writing letters. Sketched out the first verses of two songs for Power.

18th. Bowles and Mrs. B. called for me in their carriage at ten o'clock; Bowles all in a fuss about our arrangements with Lord Arundell and Bain. Stopped for some time at Warminster; called with B. on Mr. W. an odd sort of ignorant old fellow with a good fortune, who has passed most of his life in travelling. When some one said to him at Naples, "Mr. W., this is rather a different country from Salisbury Downs," he answered, "Yes, but I think this a very pretty country too." Found letters at Warminster from Lord Arundell, saying that he expected us to dinner; one of the letters to me, and brought express, by a man and horse from Wardour. Got to Lord Arundell's a little after five, having separated from Mrs. B. at Hindon and taken a chaise. Company at dinner: Miss Macartney (called Countess as being a Chanoinesse), Mr. Jones, a great antiquarian, Mr. Benson, Lord Arundell's uncle and brother, and the chaplain. In the evening the organist played in the hall, and Lord and Lady A. sung several Gregorian chaunts: had singing afterwards to the pianoforte. Slept at Wardour.

19th. Some discussion before breakfast on a Latin epitaph which Lord A. is about to have set over an old priest at Salisbury. Bowles questioned the propriety of the term *sacerdos*, as applicable rather to a dignitary than a priest (he was thinking of the "Sacerdos maximus"), but it is the word always used. This brought on some talk about epitaphs. The following quoted by Lord A. rather good—upon a man who was very fond of oysters, and died of a surfeit of them; something as follows.

"Tom ——
Lies in these cloisters;
If at the last trump
He should not up jump,
Cry 'oysters!'"

We referred to Louth's beautiful epitaph on his daughter,

* * * * * * *

"Cara Maria, vale! at veniet felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum (sim modo dignus) ero,
Cara, redi, læta tum dicam voce, paternos
Ejà age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi."

Made them laugh with "Here lies John Shaw," &c. which they had never heard. Story of the barrister making a speech on the wrong side, and when reminded of it by his alarmed client, going coolly on with "Such, my lord, are the arguments that, no doubt, may be used on the other side, but I shall proceed to show," &c. &c. After breakfast read some of a new Catholic work, "Morus," by a Mr. Kenelm Digby, full of learning, and though strongly Catholic, tolerant and amiable; the style, however, long-winded and obscure. At two o'clock set off (Lord A., Mr. Jones, Bowles, and myself) to walk to Benett's; Mr. Benson accompanied us part of the way. Jekyll at Merchant Tailors' Hall being asked by one of that body to translate the motto, "*Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*," said it meant "Nine tailors make a man." A conceited man of the name of D'Oyley having said that he wished to be called De Oyley, somebody at dinner addressed him thus, "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some Dumpling?" Story of an Englishman giving a *carte* of a restaurateur (which he happened to have in his pocket) instead of his passport, and the *gend'arme* maliciously reading it and looking at him, "*Tête de veau; pied de cochon; ça suffit, Monsieur, c'est vous.*" A French bookseller told Benson, speaking of two books that he had in his hand, "This is bound in mutton, sir, and this in veal." Mrs. Bennett not well enough to see us: the place looking quite beautiful. Same party at dinner as yesterday, with the exception of Mr. Benson, who went off to town. Told me he had, among the books he brought with him from Corsica, some translations from me; showed me some pretty things by the Corsican poet, Viali. Music in the evening. On my expressing a desire to

see the castle by moonlight, Lady Arundell offered to accompany me, and she and I and the priest set off together. The night was delicious, but the moon too high to shine through the windows as we wished it.

20th. After breakfast Mrs. Bowles (who is staying with her sister at Knoyle) came for us. Lady Arundell most kind in expressing her wishes that I would soon come again, and that I would bring Mrs. Moore with me: promised that I would. Set off at eleven; drove through a part of the grounds which I had not before seen; all laid out with much taste; the lodges and cottages (Lord A.'s own designs) very pretty. Went to Donhead to a cottage of Bowles's, in which he lived while curate at Knoyle; the grounds all planted by himself. 'Twas to this place he addressed his lines, "Oh no, I would not leave thee, my secret home." Under a tree in the grounds is an urn with the pretty Latin inscription which he has given in the 2nd volume of his works, written on Mrs. Bowles's sister, to whom he was to have been married. Two of Bowles's sisters now live rent free in his cottage. This neighbourhood, between Wardour and Knoyle, very fertile in recollections of eminent men; Lord Clarendon, Fielding, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Sir C. Wren. The chancel of Knoyle was one of the latter's first works. Went next to Shaftesbury to excuse ourselves to Charles Bowles (B.'s brother), who, we found, expected us to dinner; promised to breakfast with him in the morning. Paid visits afterwards to several of Bowles's friends — the Wrottesleys [Miss Wrottesley turning out to be an old London acquaintance of mine, a Maid of Honour], the Hillyars, &c.; and at last arrived at Mr. Still's [Mrs. B.'s brother-in-law], where we were to dine and sleep. A good quiet dinner; Mrs. B.'s sister a nice kind old lady. Sung in the evening with Miss Still, and walked home through the fields with my host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who live in a pretty cottage belonging to Mr. Still, and gave me a hearty welcome and a comfortable bed.

21st. Called for by Bowles between eight and nine. Went on to Shaftesbury to breakfast with his brother, who lives in a house that originally belonged to their father, and which Bowles sold for 2000*l.*; Charles has now a lease of it for his life: the trees in the grounds all planted by their father. In walking into Shaftesbury after breakfast, Bowles called to inquire after his old nurse who is still alive (Nanny Freke), and left a *shilling* for her! Went with him to the bookseller's, Rutter, a Quaker, who expressed great delight at seeing me; praised my "Life of Sheridan" abundantly. Just before we drove off from the banker's next door to him, this enthusiastic Quaker came to the carriage-door, and thrusting in a copy of his splendid work on Fonthill Abbey, said, "There, friend, accept that as a mark of my respect for the independent spirit you have shown in your Life of Sheridan." Thence proceeded to Blandford, where we stopped to rest the horses. Bought two children's books at Blandford; saw in a music-shop window the ballad of "Here's a Health to Thee, Tom Moore," and went in to buy it; but while the man was in the act of selling it to me, a lady came out from the parlour, and said that it was by mistake it was put in the window; that she had borrowed it and it must not be sold. Arrived at Bain's just in time to dress for dinner; Charles Sheridan not yet come. Some singing in the evening. The Bains disappointed to find that we do not mean to stay longer than Tuesday.

22nd. Drove to see Lulworth Castle. The wretched taste of the statues in the niches; the chapel on one side, the church on the other, and the castle (as I told Bowles) keeping the peace between them. A fine opening to the sea from one of the windows. While I was admiring it, Bain told me with tears in his eyes, that it was here his son and Baring went down and were lost; the Miss Bains and Mrs. Baring looking on at the time. He seemed quite overcome at the recollection. Company to dinner, Mr. Bond, a clergyman, and his wife and daughters; Charles Sheridan, too, had arrived in the morning. In talking of absent people, Sheridan mentioned a man who put his watch in the saucepan and held the egg in his hand to boil it by. Singing in the evening; attempted some Italian things with the Miss Bains, but they were too shy to let out their voices. Mrs. Bond an intelligent, agreeable mannered woman, and evidently much delighted with my songs.

23rd. Read after breakfast Plutarch's essay "De Iside" for my Egyptian story; a curious specimen of ancient manners to find this treatise, which is full of horrors of indecency, &c.,

dedicated to a *lady*. Drove to church three miles off; a small wretched barn, full of dingy, stinking people. Had no conception before that the proud Protestant establishment was ever so meanly lodged; Bowles said he never saw anything like it. Walked back from church. No company to dinner, but some excellent champagne, hock, and claret. Bowles quoted an epigram on Dr. ——, who had a very large nose and squinted:

"The reason why Doctor —— squints, I suppose,
Is because his two eyes are afraid of his nose."

Sung a little with the Miss B.'s in the evening.

24th. Breakfasted early and set off to Mr. Bond's at Tyneham (I think) on the coast, the whole party. I, with Bain in his pony-carriage, was gate-opener to the party all the way; dreadfully bad road. Went over Whiteway Hill and descended thence into the wild solitary valley where Mr. Bond lives. Second Mis Bond a good artist; the rooms furnished with oil paintings of her doing. Walked out after luncheon to visit the cliffs; no easy task; Bowles obliged to turn back from his head going giddy. The scene full of novelty for me, as I had never before been on a bold coast; much struck by it; mistook a sail-boat below for a bird. Got home time enough to dress for dinner; two other Miss Bonds (coming to these at Tyneham) our party. Sung for them in the evening. Bowles's carriage broke by the bad road, and will not be ready time enough in the morning for me to catch the coach (as I expected) at Blandford. Shall be obliged to go on with Bowles to Salisbury. Forgot to mention yesterday that C. Sheridan at church lent me a Romaic prayer book (the Church of England service translated into Romaic); and seeing that I took a great fancy to it, made me a present of it. Omitted to mention too that Bain, on my praising his port wine the day before yesterday, said he had more of it than he knew what to do with, and would send me a hamper to Sloperton.

25th. Started after an early breakfast, Bowles, Sheridan, and I, for Blandford; rested there some time and then set out for Salisbury; lunched at the half-way house; arrived at Salisbury between five and six. Called at Captain M'Donnel's before dinner; dined at the inn, the White Hart. Sauntered about afterwards with C. Sheridan; and delighted to have had the opportunity of forming a nearer acquaintance with Sheridan, who improves by being better known, and is a sensible, ingenious, and kind-hearted person. To-day in passing over the Downs talked much of Doddington and the literary men with whom he lived. Windham of Salisbury had a number of MSS. of Doddington's, which Bowles had looked over (some most indecent poems among them); believes that Windham destroyed them. There is also a journal of Glover's among these papers, kept in the year 1745, which Bowles says is curious.

26th. Bowles and C. Sheridan determined to set off for Southampton; and I, finding that the Devizes coach does not start to-day, thought I could not do better than go, first to the race-ground (Bowles having bequeathed his carriage and horses to me for that purpose), and then take a chaise home. The race-course very gaily attended: met Macdonald there, and Baker, who pressed me to remain over to-day and dine with him: met also Locke, and his brother-in-law, Powell, who urged me to join their party at the house of the latter, and stay for the ball on Tuesday, Locke offering to bring me home on Saturday; was obliged however to refuse. Saw one race and returned to the inn, where I lunched, and then set off in a chaise for Devizes, having bought Price's "Essay on the Picturesque" (a good companion over Salisbury Downs) to read on the way. Got to Devizes between six and seven, and walked home. Found Bessy just returned from Bath, where she had been to leave 'Stasia at school, and expected to meet me there.

27th to 31st. Dined on the 28th (Bessy and I) with the young Starkeys at the Park, the father being away; regaled us merrily with claret, ices, &c. &c. Sent off some verses to the "Times," "The Millennium." Wrote some things, too, for Power; two sets of words to "Early one Morning;" a sketch of a glee, "Hush, hush!" and words to an air for the Greek work, "As by the Shore at Break of Day." Find that the Houltons have been here while I was away, and made Bessy promise to fix a day for us to go there; more idling! Must give up meeting the Lansdownes at Lord Cawdor's on their return.

August 1st and 2nd. Wrote to Murray to say that I was anxious to know whether he

had made any progress in collecting the materials for "Byron's Life."

3rd. Went to Devizes, Mrs. Napier taking me in her chaise. Went to the lecture of a Mr. Wood, who has sent me a free admission for all his course; by no means bad. Called at Vincent's on my way home, and he drove me the rest of the way. Working at my Egyptian story. A letter from Barnes to say that my "Attic salt" would be more than ever welcome just now.

10th to 14th. On the 10th had a pic-nic to Bowood with the Starkeys and Collinses. Met Bowles in the wood, and walked some time with him. Mentioned the story of Dr. Bull, the celebrated contrapuntist, paying a visit to a foreign composer whom he did not find at home, but saw a piece of music arranged by him for forty parts; Bull sat down and wrote forty more to it; which, when the composer on his return saw, he exclaimed, "This must be either the Devil or Dr. Bull!" Fixed to go to the Houlton's on Tuesday next. Sent off two things to the "Times;" "Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter" and "Ode to a Hat." Sent also to Power words to an Indian air, "Like him who doomed." Wrote to Murray to know what progress he has made in collecting the Byron papers. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne from Kenmare, informing me of his approaching departure from Ireland for Lord Cawdor's, and hoping to meet me there. Received a letter from Houlton, wishing us to put off our visit till Monday week, as he is engaged for Wednesday and Thursday, which would only leave one day for us to pass with him. Returned for answer, that we were so uncertain for next week, that we would make sure of Tuesday at all events.

15th. Set off in a chaise (Bessy and I, and Hannah and Russell) for Houlton's; stopped to visit our neighbours the Collinses on the way. Called also on Crabbe at Trowbridge, but he was not at home; arrived at Farley about three. Walked in the garden and grounds before dinner. Houlton has had a letter from Sir J. Astley, saying he will come to Farley to-morrow; this keeps the Houltons at home; so we agreed to stay over to-morrow. Music in the evening; Isabella's guitar, as usual, delightful; duets on the pianoforte and harp by her and Eliza.

16th. Set off to call on the Shirleys, to whom the H.'s had been engaged to-day. Found there the Lockes, who are on a visit for a few days; a pretty place; walked about, lunched, &c. Pressed by the Shirleys to come to them to-morrow; but couldn't; half promised we would come next week. Sir J. Astley not arrived at Farley. Evening very agreeable. John Houlton, among other things, sung *Un tenero amore* from the "Semiramide," with Eliza, whose voice in this is full of melancholy and expression.

17th. Went to see the castle and chapel, and sent for a chaise to take us home. Had music before we went. Sir J. Astley arrived. Started between two and three, and got home about five. Met Benett and Phipps on their way to the Trowbridge dinner.

18th. Benett and Mrs. Phipps called: mentioned that we had some thoughts of going to town, and he offered us the use of his house.

19th to 22nd. Sent to the "Times" the "Petition of the Orangemen of Ireland." They have not yet inserted the "Ode to a Hat," through fear, I suppose, of the parsons. Told Barnes, from the first, that this sensitiveness about the Church would be a restraint upon me in my operations for them. Received a letter from Mr. Upcott, who has purchased the papers of Garrick, expressing his wish that I should undertake the editorship of them, and bidding me name my own terms; wrote to decline it. Received a letter from a Mr. Smith sending me a work (translations from the Greek) by Leopold Joss, together with some original Greek music. In reference to the latter he says, "As lyric monarch you have a right to all such jetsam and flotsam; and they must be worthless indeed if you cannot ennoble them in your "National Melodies." Received a very civil answer from Murray, to say that he had been attending to the arrangement of the Byron papers, and that there was already as much transcribed as filled four cyphering books! A good deal embarrassed by the prospect of being obliged to go up to town to take leave of Lucy Drew, whom we shall not see again for some years; Bessy having set her heart upon going up too, which increases the expense. Wrote to Power and Murray to see if I could not have from one or the other some pretext of business for my visit; but Power cannot get Bishop to fix a time for business, and Murray is not yet sufficiently ready with the papers to admit of our looking

them over together, as I proposed. The "Ode to a Hat" has appeared, but abridged of a stanza.

23rd to 30th. Employed chiefly at my Egyptian tale. Had driven over with our neighbour Collins to Bowood on the 21st, and brought away "Priestley's History of the Church." The Lansdownes arrived next day; walked over there a day or two after; met Lord L. on my return. Felt myself rather ill for some days. Lord L. called and walked in the garden with me for some time; said that the day he arrived at Lord Cawdor's, they saw the steam packet approaching and thought it probable I was on board. It had the longest tail of smoke behind he had ever seen; and he said to Lord Cawdor, "Moore has evidently heard your dinner bell, and bid them put on more coals." Wrote words to one of Mr. Joss's Greek airs, "They are gone;" the prettiest thing I have done for some time. Lord L. asked Bessy and me to come over and dine on Saturday next (Sept. 2). Fixed to go to town on the 6th. The following is the omitted stanza of the "Ode to a Hat:"

> "Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
> So redolent of Church all over;
> What swarms of tithes in vision dim,—
> Some, pig-tailed,—some, like cherubim,
> With ducklings' wings—around it hover!
> Tenths of all dead and living things,
> That nature into being brings,
> From calves and corn to chitterlings."

Sent up a squib, better than usual, to the "Times:" "A Vision; by the Author of Christabel."

31st. Walked over to Bowood; saw Lady L. and sat with her some time. She said, "What an admirable thing in yesterday's 'Times!'" "What, Coleridge's?" I asked. "Coleridge's indeed!" she answered, with a smile that showed plainly *whose* she thought it. I however denied as well as I could, being but a bad *denier*. Offered to send the carriage for us on Saturday; gave me a long account of their dinner at Lord Wellesley's; Lady W. becomes her station admirably. Lord L. had already told me how well she went through her representation. He had a good deal of talk with her, and she spoke of her pride in being an American; recollected being taken when a child, to see the place where her grandfather burned the tobacco rather than let it fall into the hands of the English; and remembers and values this more than she would the proudest heraldry.

Sept. 1st and 2nd. Received a note from Barnes full of praise of the "Vision." Col. Napier returned, walked a little with him; spoke also of the "Vision," as wonderfully clever; asked me if it was mine; said *not;* said it was likely to be by Denman, who, to my surprise, he mentioned as a person guilty of many good *jeux d'esprit*. Company at Lord L.'s; the Ricardos, Bowleses, young Awdrey, &c. &c. A delightful day; sang a good deal in the evening.

3rd. Wrote part of a squib, "News for Country Cousins." Wrote also an air to words which I had already sent to Power, "The Light Bark that goes."

4th. Bessy set off for Buckhill, having borrowed the Gabys' donkey-cart; followed her in an hour or two afterwards; an early dinner at Hughes's. Set off (Bess and I) in the Shamrock coach at twenty minutes past nine; a Bristol merchant our companion; a very interesting man, who gave us a whole account of his life and adventures.

5th. Arrived in Albemarle Street between nine and ten, and found breakfast and a good fire ready for us. Could hardly hold up my head for want of sleep; Bessy much fresher than I; lay down on the bed for an hour or two, while Bessy drove out with Lucy; joined them afterwards, Lucy looking in high bloom. Dined at Power's. Bessy went to her mother's in the evening, while I walked to my tailor's, &c. Met Grattan, who consulted me on the subject of an Irish novel he is about to write. Called for Bessy at her mother's; tea at Power's; and home early, Lucy having sent her job carriage for us.

6th. Driving about all the morning. Called at Miss White's, who wanted us all to dine to-day, or fix some other time; could not. Spoke of Frere, whom, I told her, we were to meet to-day: she said we should find him very sleepy: "that it did very well to have to say, 'Mr. Frere dined with me yesterday;' but that was all one had for it." Told me that Murray "was very unsuccessful of late:" besides the failure of his "Representative" [newspaper], the "Quarterly" did not look very promising; and he was about to give up the fine house he had taken in Whitehall and return to live in Albemarle Street; said that

there was to be a canto by Lord Holland in W. Rose's next volume of "Ariosto," which she thought imprudent of Rose, as Lord H.'s was said to be so superior to his. Pressed us very much to name a day or evening to come to her. Called at the Fieldings', Lady Elizabeth having left her card yesterday; saw them all; Fielding ill with a sort of dumb gout; fixed to eall and take us to dinner at Mrs. Montgomerie's. Company at Mrs. M.'s: Fielding and Talbot, Lucy and ourselves, the two Freres, M. Rosetti, and Grattan. Frere rather agreeable. When I mentioned the "aerial potato," of which Dr. Darwin gives an account in his "Phytologia," he said it was like O'Connell's eloquence. Talked a good deal about Lord Erskine; said how odious he thought those verses of his. "The Muses and Graces will just make a jury," when he first heard them; introducing law terms into love-verses. This, however, rather hypercritical. In the evening, M. Rosetti, who has just published a commentary on Dante (proving it, I think, to a be satire), gave us recitations from Tasso, and some Neapolitan songs. One of the latter about a Jew, Barokaba, very good. Repeated also some verses of his own, in which the four following lines struck me as pretty—

"E finita la pace,
La guerra è vivace;
L'affanno rimane,
La gioja s'en va."

Fielding brought us home at night. Called at Longman's this morning; gave me an account of the losses they have sustained from Constable. Sir. W. Scott, they say, is in good spirits; says he "has yet twelve good years in him," and has no doubt of working through all his difficulties. Called, too, at Barnes's, but did not see him.

7th. Nothing but rain. Shopping about with Bessy and Lucy; Frederick Montgomerie with us part of the time. Quoted my parody on Horace, "Rosa quo locorum," and said there was more wit condensed in that book of mine than is to be found anywhere else in the same space. Talked of modern Greek, whether they have the true pronunciation of the ancients; the *equivoque* in the old oracle on Αιμος; their substitution of *v* for *b*, make the cry of a sheep, *va va;* the words they borrow from other languages, Ὁ Καπιτανος του Υριγαντινου. Called at Murray's, and found he was gone off to Chichester. Sent Barnes the "News for Country Cousins." Dined with Luey at Barbour's; went in the evening to Sadler's Wells, B. having sent to take a private box; saw the pony races first, with which Bessy was much interested. Returned to tea at the Charter House, and then home. The Longmans have sent me Priestley's "Early Opinions," &c. (which I wish to read for my Egyptian work), with a note to say that I must return it on Saturday. Hard work to get through four octavos in that time.

8th. Luey called upon us at ten to drive out to Twickenham for the purpose of seeing a villa that belongs to Lady Virginia; lunched at Richmond on our way back, and went to see Lord Lansdowne's house there. Had two volumes of "Priestley" with me, and contrived to skim the cream of them on the way.

9th. The first fine day we have had. Walked about a good deal, after having devoted two or three hours to Priestley, from whom I made a sheet of extracts. Luttrell called. Forgot to mention that I saw him the day before yesterday, when he read me a humorous poem which he has written upon Rome, and which I advised him to publish. Went with Lucy and Bessy to the wild beasts and the British Gallery; found that I could not relish sufficiently Sir J. Reynolds's "Death of Dido;" the face of Dido beautiful, but her arms out of drawing, and the other figures disagreeable. The portrait of "Count La Lippe" very fine. Dined at the Charter House; sung in the evening; and home pretty early to pack for the morning. Saw Lord Strangford this morning; long conversation with him.

10th. Set off in the Emerald at half-past seven, and got home about the same hour in the evening. Found Bessy quite well. Forgot to mention, that while in town I received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, saying he meant to go to Gloucester meeting, and had sent to order beds for him and me.

11th. Walked over to Bowood, and fixed with Lord L. to be with him at eleven on Wednesday morning (13th). Met Napier on my way back, and he walked with me. On my mentioning the courtesy of manner for which the Indian savages are remarkable, said that *that* seemed to bear out the theory of Dr. Davis (I think) in his "Celtic Researches;" namely, that the people we call barbarous and

savage are the worn-out remains of civilised nations. This supposition, when we consider the countless empires that have existed in the world, not altogether improbable; but it is going too far to suppose that the polished manners of such effete nations would survive the rest of their civilisation. Dined with the Napiers, who have Lady Bunbury (Mrs. N.'s sister) with them.

12th. Wrote a squib for the "Times," "Incantation of the Bubble Spirit."

13th. Set off from Bowood with Lord L. at half-past eleven; stopped at Malmesbury to rest the horses, and saw the cathedral. Took, to read on the way, the Bishop of Salisbury's pamphlet on Milton's lately discovered Latin work. This brought on a conversation between us on the subject of the Trinity, and the disputes respecting it. Middleton's "Free Enquiry." No monument to him at Cambridge; merely a plain stone with his name inscribed on it. Watson's too, an eye-sore to the Reverends; but on *temporal* grounds. Shabby of Pitt not to promote him. At Rodbury took post-horses and arrived at Gloucester between five and six. Good lodgings taken for us opposite the King's Head; Bowles there already; his bed-room next to mine. Lord L. and I dined and went to the evening concert; the Ricardos there. Lord L. introduced me to Lord and Lady Ducie. "The Last Rose of Summer," by Caradori, very ineffectively sung, and went off flatly. Had to stand a good deal of staring; some talk with Lord Worcester, &c. A ball after the concert; stayed till between twelve and one.

14th. Breakfasted early. Sent off to Barnes my "Incantation." To the cathedral between ten and eleven. Lord Ducie wished us to go to the *Lay* gallery, but we remained faithful to the Spiritual and Bowles: sat with the Ricardos. Some of the selections very good: "In sweetest Harmony," the "Benedictus," the "Heavens are telling." Dined at the ordinary; some doubts whether I should get a place from the neglect of Bowles in not giving in my name. Ricardo and I got together towards the bottom of the table; ninety persons; twice as many as ever dined before. At the top of the table were Lords Ducie, Sherborne, Worcester, Calthorpe, the Duke of Beaufort, &c. &c. Contrary to my expectation my health was given (proposed by Lord Dulcie's son, Moreton); and, still more extraordinary in the presence of so many high Tories, was the only toast drunk with three times three. Some of the honest country gentlemen who sat near me, but did not know me, as soon as their glasses were filled, directed their eyes towards the upper part of the table, and roared out aloud, "Mr. Moore, your health," till Ricardo said, impatiently, "There he is, this is Mr. Moore here amongst us." Went in the evening to the concert; very crowded. Home between twelve and one. Lord L. wanted to pay for all my tickets, saying, that I was "his guest;" but I insisted on his allowing me to discharge at least this part of my expenses. "Eveline's Bower" this evening, by Miss Stephens, very flat.

15th. After breakfast joined Lord L. at Lord Ducie's. The Ducies wish me to pay them a visit at their country house after the Music Meeting, but cannot. Meant to be off early, but was induced to go with Lords Ducie and Sherborne to see the prison and pin manufactory. Lord L. mentioned the circumstance of Vansittart going to see the Millbank Penitentiary, on a day, as it happened, when the prisoners, who had been long discontented with their bread, meant to take vengeance on the governor by shying their loaves at him. Poor Van, having been recommended to sit down in the governor's chair, as the best place to see the prison from, was no sooner seated than a shower of these loaves from all quarters flew about his ears, and almost annihilated him. At half-past one o'clock left Gloucester; found Lord L.'s four horses waiting for us at Rodbury. * * * * Had some mutton cutlets and a bottle of sherry at Malmesbury, while the horses rested; and reached Derry Hill between seven and eight, when I got out (it being a delicious moonlight night), and walked home. Found Newton, who arrived the day before yesterday, and had been to dine to-day, with Bessy, at Napier's.

18th. Desperate rain; Newton evidently glad of the excuse to put off his departure from us till to-morrow. Made some pretty sketches in Bessy's album. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me for three or four days this week, but answered that I could come only on Friday. Newton's opinion of Raphael, that though his single figures are perfection there is too often a want of poetry and even sense in

his general design; the Transfiguration an instance. The two boys in the Dresden Madonna leaning as on a table; the old saint in the same picture, so discordant with the other figures; the Magdalen here, though perhaps a little coquettish, exquisite.

19th. Walked with Newton on his way to Bowood.

20th. Went (Bessy and I and Buss) to Locke's to dine and sleep; a large party; Napier, the Grossetts, the Warrenders, Amyot, &c. &c. Napier mystifying with his paradoxes at dinner. Sung a good deal in the evening; Mrs. Grossett also sung.

21st. * * * * Walked to Devizes with Bessy and Selina Locke, for the purpose (on my part) of seeing Luttrell; met him on my way to Scott's. Walked with us a good deal; quoted *à propos* of Selina Locke's eyes, the saying of a Spanish poet to a girl, "Lend me your eyes for to-night; I want to kill a man." Said he detected me in the "Times" yesterday (alluding to the "Incantation"); but I disavowed. Company at Locke's: the Vincents and John Starkey; in the evening, Mrs. Vincent played and sung.

22nd. Walked home with Bessy, and prepared for my visit to Bowood; dreadful idling; near three weeks now *sine lineâ*; ruinous! Got to Bowood about six: company, the Aucklands and Newton (the only inmates), Bowleses, Grossetts, and Heneages. Sung in the evening, "They are gone;" very much liked. Slept there.

23rd. In speaking at breakfast of the custom of the Lords wearing their hats in conferences with the Commons, and the latter taking them off, Lord L. said that the point of etiquette was once contested between them, and public business a good deal obstructed by their dissension; but Speaker Onslow had the merit of settling the matter thus—as the Lords sit with their backs to the Throne (?) they are not, he said, supposed to see it, and therefore not expected to uncover; whereas the Commons with that object before their eyes could not in decency keep their hats on their heads. This reconciled the pride of the latter, and got over the difficulty!* On my describing the way I was situated at the cathedral at Gloucester, Lord A. said that it was plain I was a man more sat upon than sitting: was prepared to be pressed to stay to-day, and made up my mind accordingly. Walked home, and employed myself in transcribing some things from Magee's "Atonement." This is surely an overrated work; its plan desultory; its tone arrogant; and its reasoning weak. No one at dinner but the Aucklands, Newton, and myself. Sung in the evening; Lady L. a good deal affected, both by "They are all gone" and the "Evening Gun." Walked home between twelve and one.

25th to 27th. Sent some verses to the "Times, "A Dream of Turtle, by Sir W. Curtis." Several allusions to the last one (the "Incantation") have appeared since its insertion. Wrote to Barnes to remind him of his promise to come to us. Received a letter from the Longmans (which, though I have been for some time rather prepared for its contents) disturbed me not a little. After inquiring whether I had come to any conclusion with Murray upon the terms which he himself proposed (namely the paying off my debt to them in the first instance), they add that, after their late losses they cannot but say that the payment of this sum would be at this time very welcome to them.

28th. Wrote to the Longmans, and stated the extent of my intercourse with Murray since I had last seen them, amounting to no more than the two letters I received from him in answer to my inquiries as to his progress in collecting the papers; added that if I had had any idea of their being anxious for the immediate payment of the money, I would have pressed that point in the first instance; that I would now lose no time in doing so, and would write to Rogers (who had consented to be my negotiator with Murray on the subject) immediately. Wrote to Rogers, and directed it to town, not knowing where he is. Have received from Power a MS. copy of the poetical part of our Greek work for the purpose of finishing it off as soon as possible. Must suspend my story to do this: altogether feel harassed and uncomfortable.

29th. Plaguing letters, &c. from beggars and scribblers. A Mr.—— sends me no less than a comedy, a set of tales, and a poem (all in MS.) to look over! An anonymous gentleman wishes a recommendation to the Literary Fund; his only qualification a bad novel from

* There is some obscurity here. A conference never takes place in the House of Lords; but there may have been a throne in the Painted Chamber.

the Minerva press. A Major and Mrs. F. write to complain that the Reviews have accused their friend Lieut. S. of borrowing his "Bay Leaves" from me, and seem to expect that I will vindicate the lieutenant from the charge. One of my unknown Kerry cousins sends me a petition, the first clause of which is, "that your petitioner has the honor of being your first cousin;" he then tells me that I gave him 10*l.* four years since, in Dublin (which is a lie); and concludes by entreating me to "resume my generous habits." Wrote to Mr.—— to say, that I hope he will excuse my frankness, but that I have looked over his MSS. and do not think that literature is his line.

30th. Received a letter from the Longmans expressing their regret at having given me so much uneasiness, which was by no means their intention; and inclosing me one of Murray's announcements of his new publications, in which he mentions as preparing for the press, "Memoirs of the Life of Lord Byron" (*without* any author's name). * * * * Had a party to dinner, consisting of Col. Napier and Collins (the two strangers for whom it was given), Dr. Starkey and his son, the two Hugheses, and Prowse; the Miss Starkeys and Mrs. Collins in the evening. Did my best to amuse them, though but little in a mood for mirth. Staid supper.

October 1st. Wrote to Murray; and without mentioning the suspicions his announcement had excited in me, merely asked him to explain the meaning of his change of plan from what we had agreed on together; and to say at the same time, whether any other material change had taken place in the intentions he expressed to me on the subject of Lord B.'s life, in May last. Wrote also to Rogers, at Lord Lonsdale's, stating what had occurred, and inquiring how soon he could be in town to act as my negotiator with Murray, and to bring the whole matter to some definitive point. Meant to have walked over to Bowood with these letters, but was prevented by the rain; inclosed them to Lord L. with the copy of Murray's announcements, and expressed the anxiety I felt to consult him on the subject. A kind answer.

2nd. Lord L. called and I was out; left word he would come again; and did so. Brought Crowe (the author of "To-day in Ireland") with him; a shy man. In talking of Lord H., I mentioned the uneasiness he was in one day at my making him laugh, on account of a new dandyish wig he had on for the first time, and which laughing disturbed the set up. Lord L. said that the late Duke of Marlborough having been forbid all sorts of excitement (or being himself afraid of it), the invitations of the duchess were always accompanied with a promise that the person invited should not make the duke laugh; if any such effect was likely to be produced, the guest must stay away. The duke at one time did not speak for three years; and the first thing that made him break this long silence, was hearing that Mad. de Stael was coming to Blenheim, when he exclaimed, "Take me away!" Dined at Starkey's; company, the Collins, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Vilet; sung a good deal in the evening. Bessy slept there, and the Collins brought me home.

4th. Sent off a squib to the "Times," "Corn and Cotton, a Dialogue;" a good subject, but spoiled in the execution. No answer from Murray.

6th. Went to dine at Bowood; Bessy walked in the morning to dine and sleep at Buckhill. Company at Bowood, only Luttrell, who arrived the day before yesterday, and Mr. Crowe. Lord L. told of some one who mentioned at a large dinner, that he had seen that day, in the street, a most extraordinary sight; namely, a very handsome carriage driving about with four monkeys in it. "*Pardon, monsieur,*" said a little Prussian nobleman who was among the company, "*c'étoit moi et mes trois singes.*" Mentioned some one having said of Lord Melville, that he was the only orator who ever forced the House to learn his language instead of his learning theirs. Turned over the new number of the "Quarterly" in which they call me "a sprightly partisan;" was near saying to Lord Lansdowne that *he* would not join them in calling me a *partisan;* but such are the consequences of being honest and impartial. Slept there; promised to stay over to-morrow.

7th. Lady L., who in calling on Mrs. Hughes yesterday had seen Bessy, begged me to prevail on her to come and dine at Bowood to-day, and sleep. After breakfast Luttrell and I walked over to Buckhill. * * * * Bessy would not dine at Bowood because this is Tom's day of coming home, and she does not

like to lose his company: left Buckhill with us to walk to Spye Park and home. In Sandy Lane met by the Starkeys, who took Bessy home in their carriage; and Luttrell and I walked to Spye Park. Nothing could look more beautiful; a sombre day suits it. Found Jane at home, who gave us luncheon. In talking of my restlessness, Luttrell said (to Jane's amusement) that I ought to be treated as Zephyr is in a ballet called "Zephyre puni et fixé." Luttrell walked to the cottage with me, where I played him over some music; and then both walked back again to Bowood. Charles Fox and his wife in addition to our party at dinner. In talking after dinner of sailing, &c., Fox was describing the sea as he had once seen it, all in flames round the ship in passing through the Gut of Gibraltar; "an inflammation in the bowels," said Luttrell. Sung in the evening; but my audience very dull.

8th. Lady L. made me promise to stay till after luncheon. Luttrell showed me a pretty translation of his from the German, which I made him promise me to send to the "Times." Read some of "Landseer's Sabæan Researches." After luncheon Luttrell walked part of the way home with me. J——'s saying to him that in going circuit "there was always a floating balance of shirts among us, and I contrived to leave the party one morning when this balance happened to be particularly in my favour." Told him of some one saying Miss ——'s father and mother were "afraid to let her off the premises;" "for fear, I suppose (said Luttrell), that she should come to the "*conclusion*." Worked at my Greek subject in the evening.

9th. Wet day. Greek work.

10th. Just as I was settling to business Luttrell arrived; one of the pleasantest interrupters I could have had, but still an interrupter. Had consented too, a little before, to dine at the Starkeys', in the hope of having a long day of work till six o'clock. Talked of the dull audience I had the other night at Bowood: told him I was fool enough to fancy at first that Mrs. F. was crying, but that I found she was only putting up her hands to settle her spectacles. "Ay (he said), you thought it was *nocte pluit totâ*, instead of which it was *redeunt spectacula*." Repeated me some lines of his about lord F. B.; one stanza was something as follows:

"'Tis said you're famous at a breach,
Covering yourself with glory;
But when you come to make a speech,
That's quite another story."

Gave me a copy of his translation from Gellert (?) to send to the "Times." Walked with him the greater part of the way to Bowood; was back but just time enough to dress for the Starkeys', who sent their carriage for us. Company, only Mrs. Collins and Col. Keate: sung in the evening; a different audience in every respect from that on Saturday. Wrote to the Longmans to-day "* * * that I had been since I wrote last calculating my own resources, and that I found I should at least be able to settle my account with them at Christmas, so as to leave but a balance of a few hundreds against me, which I could easily work through before Midsummer. That my assets towards them were, 1st, the money of Anastasia's in their hands, and the interest on it, which Bryan, when he told me of his settlement of 1000*l.* on her, suggested that I should devote towards freeing me from my embarrassments, and which I had now made up my mind to do; 2nd, the 300*l.* which Lord John Russell insisted on leaving in their hands (being the profits of his "Life of Lord William Russell") towards the payment of my last Bermuda claim, but which has never been called for; 3rd, the sale of my three copyrights ("Angels," "Captain Rock," and "Holy Alliance"); and 4th, the produce and copyright of the Egyptian story I am about (deducting from thence a portion which I shall have to call upon them for between this and Christmas). That these different items amounted altogether to a sum which would leave no greater balance against me than I could with ease provide for by Midsummer.

11th. Employed at the Greek work. Began in the evening a squib for the "Times." The "Donkey and his Panniers."

12th. Finished my squib and sent it off together with Luttrell's verses. Employed in the evening on the Greek work.

13th. Sent off the Greek work to Power. Dined with the Napiers.

14th. A most kind letter from the Longmans, saying, with many thanks for the efforts which I proposed to make towards a settlement with them, they were not so pressed for money as to wish to change our relative posi-

tions with each other; that they knew how well I could, in more than one quarter, raise supplies sufficient to meet all demands upon me; but that they thought the arrangement I had with them would be most satisfactory to my feelings, as being rather in the shape of *business* than of *obligation*. (I give more the substance than the words of their letter.) * * * Walked with Napier; talked of King William being a coward: quoted Marshal Berwick's anecdote of the difficulty of finding William during the action, when he, the Marshal, was taken prisoner and they wanted to conduct him to William; and of their at last finding him in a retired valley in such a state (Berwick says) as no general ought to be found in. . . .

16th. Set off for Bowood to see O'Driscoll, who has been there some days: met him coming to me and turned about with him. Spoke of the excited state of the public mind in Ireland: thinks that 300,000 men might be raised there at a very short notice, and that there is not a priest but would turn recruiting officer. While he was with me Bowles came, full of the verses in the "St. James's Chronicle;" nothing was ever so clever or so witty. Played off the same ignorance of the poem, and indignation at the use of my name as I did to the Lockes, and with the same success. "Then it must have been written by Luttrell," said Bowles; "no one but you or he could have done it." Worked in the evening at my Egyptian story.

17th. A letter from Barnes, and some remarks in one of the leading articles of "The Times," upon the unjustifiable step of the "St. James's Chronicle." Worked at my Egyptian story.

18th. Working. Elwyn called while I was out; is coming to Bowood on Monday, and will bring Anastasia home for Tom's birthday.

19th. A letter from Rogers saying that he is in town, and that if I mean to go up before he goes to Bowood, I must go immediately. Another from Power to say that Rees will be leaving town in a day or two, and that he wishes me very much to see Sir W. Scott, who is now in London on his way to Paris. Resolved to start to-morrow morning; wrote to tell Lord L., who called while I was out. A kind note from him in the evening to express his regret at my going away just now, as a number of friends were coming in the course of the next ten days, and hoping that I should be able to return with Rogers. Met Charles Fox at Napier's this morning; he and O'Driscoll are also going to town in the morning.

20th. A chaise to Calne early, in order to be time enough for the first coach; was lucky enough to get a seat in the York House with Fox and O'Driscoll. Fox happening to have the "Memoirs of Berwick" with him, I referred to the passage about K. William, but found it not quite so strong as Napier had represented it; it *was*, however, a valley *très eloignée de l'action*, and from which William could neither see friends nor foes. Our whole day rather amusing; Fox's mimicry very good; and I dosed them plentifully all the way with Irish stories, to the no small amusement of a lady fresh from Antigua, who formed the fourth of our party. O'Driscoll gentle and silent; "gentle, but not dull." Fox mentioned an epigram occasioned by a speech of the Duc de Fitzjames, spoken at the special instance of Chateaubriand, to support their party when it was tottering:

"Fitzjames a parlé; c'est chose très certaine,
Voilà Chateaubriand qui fait comme La Fontaine."*

This is as Fox gave it; the metre is evidently all astray. Mentioned a short memoir of his "Own Times," by the old Lord Holland (?), which is in the present Lord Holland's possession; the delight expressed in it at the progress of the King's passion for Lady Sarah Napier. Fox's imitation of the singing of different countries, of the cry of his guide in Asia Minor, &c. &c.; all very good. On our arrival Fox wanted me to go and take a bed at his aunt's house, but Rogers having also invited me, could, of course, accept no other invitation. Went to my lodgings in Duke Street, which I found ready for me. Dined at the Athenæum, and went early to bed.

21st. Breakfasted with Rogers. Told me that after having called once or twice upon Murray without seeing him, he met him a day or two since at Lockhart's; when Murray himself opened upon the subject, and explained the meaning of his announcement by saying that the papers of Lord Byron in his hands

* The version I heard is—

"Fitzjames a parlé; la chose est certaine,
Chateaubriand a fait ce qu'a fait La Fontaine."—J. R.

had proved so abundant and curious, that some friends had advised him to publish them first separately; and then (he added) Mr. Moore is welcome to make all the use of them afterwards that he pleases. R. has been with Southey this summer. S.'s bigoted opinions; Charles I., he says, had but one fault, that of betraying his friend! his admiration of Laud, and his anger against Lord Holland for having called him "that bad man," in one of his speeches. "Only for my knowing Lord Holland (said Southey) I would have twigged him for that;" as if he considered himself the grand protector of all tyrants and bigots, living and dead. A witticism of Foote's: "Why are you for ever humming that air?" "Because it haunts me." "No wonder, for you are for ever *murdering* it." Told him of the state of my affairs with the Longmans, and of the offer I had made to settle with them; on which he very kindly said, "Why not settle with them at once? Lord Lansdowne would, I am sure, lend you a thousand guineas, and I'll lend you another thousand." When I was parting with him, having owned that I sometimes felt fits of despondency at the prospect before me, he said, "No, no, you have a noble spirit of your own, and you must keep it up, you dog." Altogether my conversation with him was very cheering to me. Called upon Luttrell, who walked with me to Power's and to Longman's. Told the Longmans of Murray's explanation of his announcement to Rogers. They read us some correspondence that had passed between them and him on the subject of "Mrs. Rundell's Cookery," from which we learned the curious fact that, after this book had for many years produced Murray seven or eight hundred a-year, £2000 was given by him for the copyright of it. "Gad! one wonders (said Luttrell) that there should be *any* bad dinners going." Had met Sir T. Lawrence on our way to Longman's, who asked us to call at his house in a couple of hours. Called at Pickering's in Chancery Lane, who showed us the original agreement between Milton and Symonds for the payment of five pounds for "Paradise Lost." The contrast of this sum with the £2000 given for Mrs. Rundell's "Cookery," comprises a history in itself. Pickering, too, gave forty-five guineas for this agreement, three times as much as the whole sum given for the poem. It was part payment, I think (?). Went to Lawrence's: always wish I could like the man as much as I admire his works; but (as Luttrell says) "he is oily, and the oil bad into the bargain." On my mentioning that I was to dine with Rogers next day, he expressed a strong wish to be of the party, and at length bid me say to R. that he would come. Left my name at Lockhart's for Sir Walter Scott, who dined with the King at Windsor yesterday, and had not yét returned. Went to dine with Rogers at five; found I had got into a scrape by bringing Lawrence upon him to-morrow. Mentioned the Duke of Portland having once sat for an hour and twenty minutes without speaking when Lord J. Townshend went to him on the subject of the £10,000 which he had subscribed for the Westminster election. "As every body else has come forward with their money, I venture to," &c. &c.; not a word from the Duke: "We do not wish for the whole sum at once, but if your grace," &c. &c.; still not a word; and, at the end of the hour and twenty minutes, he was bowed out silently by the Duke without getting any thing by his visit. R. and I went to Drury Lane, to Lady Spencer's box. The "Devil's Bridge" and the "White Lady." The scene of the White Lady rising out of the fountain, under a sort of bower of water-drops in the moonlight, most beautiful.

22nd. Breakfasted with R.; Luttrell and his son there. Mentioned some one who, on seeing an unruly English mob, said, "Now, what do these fellows want? it can't be liberty, for they seem to have plenty of that; I rather think it must be property, of which some of them appear to be in considerable want." Dreadful rain; took a hackney coach and drove to Brompton to see L.; afterwards called upon Barnes; spoke to him of Luttrell's poem upon Rome; whether it would be too long to insert in the "Times," as the Longmans think it too short to print separately. Said he should be very glad to insert it, and asked whether I would expect any remuneration for it; said, I believed not. Found a kind note on my return home from Sir Walter Scott, begging me, if possible, to come and partake of his daughter's (Mrs. Lockhart's) family dinner to-day, and, at all events, to come to breakfast to-morrow morning; had just written to him to propose myself for the latter. Dined at Rogers's:

company, Newton, Luttrell and his son, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. L. mentioned some rich city heiress who, whenever any man made proposals of marriage to her, immediately sent for a Bow Street officer. Went to Scott's in the evening. Sir T. Lawrence having begged me to mention that *he* was within call, did so, and a note was immediately written to him, by Lockhart, to ask him. Scott mentioned the contrast in the behaviour of two criminals, whom he had himself seen: the one a woman, who had poisoned her husband in some drink, which she gave him while he was ill; the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon's surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, "Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?" and steppiug behind a tree and killing it. The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added, that this suggested to him the scene in "Marmion." Sat down to a hot supper, of which Scott partook, and drank bottled porter; both myself and Sir T. Lawrence following his example; then came the hot water and whiskey, in which we all joined also. This seems to be Scott's habitual practice. He spoke a good deal about Coleridge and Hogg, and recited, or rather tried to recite, some verses of the latter; but his memory appeared to me more wandering aud imperfect than formerly.

23rd. Breakfasted at Scott's; Rogers there, and another person, whose name I did not make out. Talking of practical jokes, Rogers's story of somebody who, when tipsy, was first rolled in currant jelly, and then covered with feathers: his exclaiming, when he looked at himself in a glass, "A bird, by Jove!" Scott's story of the man whom they persuaded that the place he was walking in was very full of adders; his fancying he felt an adder in his foot, and strikiug his foot violently with his stick, in order to kill it; hearing a hiss from out the boot, and then (as Scott said) "pelting away" at it again with his stick. "Ah, now he is silent, I think I have done for him;" then taking off his boot, and finding that it was his watch which had slipped down there, and which he had been thus hammering away at, the hiss having been the sound of the spring breaking. Scott's acting of this story admirable. In talking of their approaching trip to Paris I said, "How I should like to go with you;" upon which both he and Miss Scott caught eagerly at my words, and with an earnestness that was evidently *real*, pressed me to accompany them. Nothing could be more tempting, and I almost made up my mind to do it. Their departure fixed for Thursday; promised to let them know for a certainty on Wednesday. Scott said, as I was coming away, "Now, my dear Moore, do think seriously of this; you would be of the greatest service to me, and we have a place for you in the carriage; only you must take care and not rumple Anne's frills." Set off, with Rogers, for Murray's. Talked, as we went, of my scheme of going with Scott. Threw a little *blight* over it; said it was an extraordinary frisk, but that it was like me; no body else would think of it; that it never would surprise him (even after hearing me complain, as I did eternally, of pressure of business and want of time), to be told of my having set off on a party of pleasure *any where*, with *any body*. He went into Murray's, while I walked about Albemarle Street. After a short interval came out for me, and he and I joined Murray in his office. Murray then repeated to me what he had just said to R., that his *only* reason for announcing the "Papers of Lord Byron" separate from the "Life," was to give a sort of éclat to his list of publications, and that he had not the least intention of departing from the plan which he, and I, and Hobhouse had agreed upon for the work in my last. Said I was very glad to hear this from him; that if he had but condescended to answer the letter I had written to him, my mind would have been easier on the subject. Both Rogers and I then enforced upon him the expediency of writing immediately, to make the same explanation to Hobhouse, who would be sure to view the announcement in the same light as I did; and who, if alarmed or displeased at such a departure from the plan agreed upon, might interpose his authority as executor summarily, and preclude both me and

Murray from the liberty of publishing any paper of Lord Byron's whatever. I then said that as he must be aware of my situation, and the inconvenience of my being kept in suspense any longer, I trusted he would be able, by the time Mr. Rogers returned to town, to come to some definite arrangement on the subject. Said he would as soon as possible. * * * Called upon Luttrell; will *not* publish his verses in the "Times." Went to the Longmans to tell them of my idea of going with Scott; Longman highly pleased at the plan. Told him I should give Scott till to-morrow to consider of it, as there was certainly some degree of courage (standing in such high favour as he does with the King) in choosing a political reprobate like me for his companion. Longman said, Scott was not a man likely to have any fears or scruples of this kind. "Not if left to himself, probably; but he will meet shabby people enough to put it into his head, and, at all events, I will wait the chance of his changing his mind before I determine." Dined with Rogers at five; was to have gone with him to the play, but got off this, as I am to see the same play to-morrow night. Quoted a good parody of Luttrell's written during the famine and brown-loaf time:

> "Deepens the curses of each hungry oaf,
> And breathes a browner horror o'er the loaf."

Talked of my "Sheridan;" gave me great pleasure by saying, that among those who most disliked it, and most differed with me, there was but one opinion as to the honesty and impartial feeling of the work. Adair, he says, feels more than any one the views which I have taken of Fox's career, and will not be satisfied, he thinks, without leaving some answer behind him. Criticised my manner of telling some of the anecdotes, and, generally, with justice. Told him I regretted having put in those anecdotes, at all, as I feared (what I had, indeed, anticipated would be the case) that they were generally thought poor and unworthy of Sheridan's fame. Wrote to Bessy to-day, to tell her of Scott's proposal, and of the disposition I felt to avail myself of it.

24th. On my way to breakfast with Newton called at Sir Walter's; a party with him at breakfast; not a word said by either himself or Miss Scott about my going with them to Paris. Felt how right I was in concluding that, upon reflection (or rather upon the representations of others), he would grow less eager on the subject. Richardson and Dr. Holland among his guests at breakfast. Sat to Newton. After leaving him, in passing through Pall Mall, met Scott. "Well," he said, "it's all fixed; I have sent for your passport." "Do you really mean," I asked, "that I am to go with you?" "Most certainly," he answered; "I have quite set my heart on it." He then said, that he did not mean to stay more than seven days in Paris; that he would refuse all dinner engagements, &c. In talking of going from the Tower (which is the way he has fixed upon) said, "and we shall eat such a hearty dinner when we arrive at Calais!" Left him at his own door, promising to be at dinner at five with his daughters, to go to the play. Forgot to mention, by the bye, that Sir Charles Stuart (to whom he went the other day with Rogers) mentioned (as the two persons most likely to be useful to him in anecdotes of Napoleon), Pozzo di Borgo and my friend Gallois.* Drove with L. to Paternoster Row: drew a bill upon Power for 150*l.*, which they cashed for me. Told me they had now succeeded to the whole property of the "Edinburgh Review," and begged me to do something for it. Said I had some idea of reviewing the two tragedies on the subject of "Anne Boleyn." To dinner at Lockhart's at five. Scott and Lockhart stood by while we were dining, as they were engaged to Wilmot Horton's dinner. All evidently bent on my joining them in their journey. Said I should be able to give them a decisive answer to-morrow; but that, at all events, it would not, I feared, be in my power to start with them on Thursday morning, but my intention was, if I went, to follow by the mail on Thursday night, and catch them at Calais, or a stage or two farther. Went to the play (to Mrs. Coutts's box) with Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Scott, and Capt. Lockhart. In talking of her father's plans of retrenchment, Miss Scott said, "Papa is a bad hand at economising;" and then added, laughing, "All his great plans of retrenchment have ended in selling my horse!" The play, "Peveril of the Peak;" the third or fourth night. In trying to make out the plot Miss Scott said, "One confuses the stories of

* Sir Charles Stuart mentioned likewise the Count *Daru* as likely to know much of Napoleon's life and government.—J. R.

those novels, there are so many of them; 'pon my word, papa must write no more;" a proof that the mask is about to be thrown off entirely.

25th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Note from Lady Listowel to know what day I can dine with her; could not give a decided answer. Met Bishop at Power's at one, to arrange together the Greek work and my set of "Glees." Received, while there, Bessy's answer to my letter; leaves me wholly to my own decision with respect to the trip to Paris. Almost made up my mind to go, but still had a feeling that I *should not;* the idea of taking advantage of Scott's *bonhommie*, and letting him do what he might afterwards repent of, hung about me still. Resolved, however, to make an effort to start *with* him from the Tower, and, if I could not manage that, not to go at all. Did a good deal with Bishop in the time. Called upon Scott on my way home; told him I meant to make an effort to start with him from the Tower in the morning. He said, "That's right; but what will you do about your passport?" He then expressed his regret at not having my name put down in his, but asked did I not think I might, by taking a hackney coach and driving to Portland Place, prevail upon the secretary there (though it was now past the hour of business) to give me a passport. After some more conversation on the subject, left him. Made up my mind to give up the journey; whether it was fancy or not, thought I had seen a *little* change in Scott's manner on the subject; a slight abatement of his former eagerness for my going. Dined at Miss White's: company, Hallam, Sharpe, Sir B. Hobhouse, Luttrell, Captains Head and Denham, and Miss Drew. While Head was describing the use of the lasso in catching men as well as animals, Luttrell said the first syllable of it had caught many a man. In talking of the *Eumelian* (?) Club, of which Ashe was the founder, somebody said that a son of that Ashe was at present chairman of it. "Still in its *ashes* live their wonted fires," said Luttrell. In the evening found Sir Walter, his daughter, and the Lockharts (who were all to have dined with Miss White) on going up-stairs. All reproached me for having given up my thoughts of accompanying them, which I had mentioned before dinner, and at which Sharpe and the rest expressed their surprise. Gave Scott the letter of introduction to Gallois which I had written for him, Hallam having also written a few words in it. Saw the Scotts (who went away early, having to start at four in the morning) down to their carriage, and Scott, who all the way downstairs was expressing his sorrow at my not going with him, said in parting with me, "It would be odd enough, after all, if your name *was* in my passport." This struck me as curious, and as a good deal confirming the suspicion that occurred to me to-day. The light that I have been all along expecting to break in upon him (with respect to the imprudence of having me for a companion) was, I have no doubt, insinuated yesterday at Horton's by the colonial secretary himself, who is just the sort of man to have put such a thing into his head. Indeed, though (for Scott's sake) I have not mentioned this suspicion to a creature, I have very little doubt of my being right in it.

26th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Paid some visits; called on Shee. His surprise at hearing that any of my Whig friends were discontented with my "Life of Sheridan." Said that if he himself had been inclined to find any fault with me, it would have been for over-partiality to that party and the aristocracy in general. Called on Croker; talked of Scott; thinks he sees an alteration in him; that he is more absent and *distrait*, and that his spirits have more of effort in them than formerly; ridiculed the idea of his visit of *investigation* to Paris, for eight days only; agreed with me that it was only a journey for the booksellers, to give an *appearance* of research to the work. On my saying how much more agreeable it was, in the long run, to converse with men who give you facts without fancy, than with those who give you fancy without facts, he said he quite agreed with me, and asked me who did I think of all others was the man he would choose as the most agreeable companion on a long journey? The Duke of Wellington, because he had more important facts to tell than any man of his time, and told them sensibly and simply. Took Luttrell to dine at Mrs. Montgomerie's, Lucy having asked him yesterday. Having some idea that Bessy might possibly come up to town this evening, in consequence of my letter of yesterday, waited to see some of the Bath coaches come in before I went to dinner. On

our way I was mentioning that some one had said of Sharpe's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hat making) had got engrained into his face. "Yes (said Luttrell), darkness that may be *felt*."

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27th. Breakfasted at Lansdowne House with Guthrie, Lord Kerry's tutor. Took him afterwards to Newton's to see my picture, which is now ("positively for the last time of performanee") finished.

28th. Went to the Charter House with L.: called upon Bessy's mother. Paid a visit to Lockhart, who proposed to give me a seat in his carriage to Croker's at Kensington, where I dine to-day. Called upon the secretary of the Royal Institution on the subject of my giving lectures there; expressed great anxiety that I *should*, and begged I would let him know my determination before the next board day. Company at Croker's, besides the Lockharts and myself, Sir T. Lawrence and Mr. Locker. Some talk of the etiquette to be observed with kings. Story of an ambassador to the King of Naples, who fearing that he should forget the speech he was to deliver, had it written out in his hat, but no sooner had he made his bow to the King, and directed his eyes to the hat, than his Majesty said, "*Couvrez-vous, M. l'Ambassadeur*" (which, it appears, is the etiquette or privilege of ambassadors), and the poor diplomatist was thus deprived of his speech. A circumstance illustrative of this mentioned by Bassompière, of his walking in the gallery with Charles I., with his hat of course on, when the Duke of Buckingham in his familiar way joined them; upon which Bassompière, considering his royal audience terminated by this interruption, took off his hat. Bassompière mentions that the Duke was silly enough to suppose that he took off his hat to him, and rallied him on his formality; a mistake under which Bassompière thought it was politie still to leave him. Sung in the evening. Brought back by the Lockharts. Packed upon my return home. Forgot to mention that one day at the beginning of the week, met Walsh the musician, who has a large musical establishment, and who expressed a strong anxiety to know whether he could by any means become a proprietor of my musical works, or have even a share in them. Urged me strongly to write an opera, and said, if I had any fear in running the risk, he would at once buy it of me, and take the risk on himself.

29th. Set off at half-past seven. An odd fellow in the coach, who (according to his own account) was on his way to Ireland for the purpose of demanding an explanation from a man who had struck him in a coffee-house in Paris, and had set out for Ireland next morning, leaving him his address in Galway. This man who struck him was his brother-in-law, and did it in revenge for his having run away with the sister from Cheltenhan. Talked very largely of his family, of his travelling with four horses always; and it appeared that he had now taken a packet to himself to bring him from Boulogne, which cost him fifteen guineas; altogether a most prosperous and communicative person. Found all well when I got home. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me over there to-morrow.

31st. Rogers came to see Bessy: very kind to her: said afterwards, "She is very beautiful." Took him across to the Napiers'; saw only her. Walked to Bowood by Spye Park, where we met Napier, who went part of the way with us. Dined and slept at Bowood. Miss Ricardo at dinner.

Nov. 1st. Breakfasted at nine with Rogers, who was to set off in a coach for town. Went with him to the Black Dog, where we walked up and down the road for an hour and a-half nearly, waiting for the coach. Told him something of my Egyptian story. After seeing him off, returned to Bowood; promised to dine there to-day. Walked home and returned to dinner; no one but Baily. Slept there.

2nd. Conversation after breakfast about universities. It tells well for freedom from restrictions that Trinity College, Cambridge, which is the least exclusive of any boasts the greatest list of illustrious names, Bacon, Newton, Barrow, &c. &c. They have the heads of Newton's lectures at Trinity. Gibbon, Locke, and Swift, tell against universities. "*Cæteraque* (says Milton) *ingenio non subeunda meo*." Turned to Gibbon's fine tribute to Lord North in the preface to his "History." *Quære*, Johnson's reason for quoting Barrow so little (if at all) in his "Dictionary?" Returned home to dinner.

3rd. to 5th. Busy for Power: my Greek work and glees. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me to meet the Clutterbucks

on Tuesday next, and Lady Morley on the following Thursday: said I would come the latter. Sent to Barnes this week "Ode to the Sublime Porte" and "Stanzas on Wilmot Horton."

6th to 8th. The Henry Napiers come to Bromham; walked with them one day to Spye Park.

9th. Dined at Bowood: company, Lady Morley, her son Lord Boringdon, her nephew, and the Henry Napiers. * * * The following French words, "*Pie a haut nid, caille a bas nid;*" difficult to tell on hearing them, what language they are. Talked of English directions written by foreigners. Mrs. H. N. mentioned, "*Hai par Cornê, Piqué du lait,*" for Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly. Sung a good deal. Lady M. saug some comic songs of her own which she had written for the acted charades they had at Saltram a year or two since (for one of which, by the bye, Canning wrote a prologue). Altogether liked her better than ever I did before: she has both fun and good sense in no ordinary degree. Slept there.

10th. After breakfast Lady L. pressed me to stay over to-day, and though I intended to refuse, did not. As it rained hard, ordered the carriage to take me home to tell Bessy. Bessy disappointed, having expected I would dine at home to-day; prevailed on her to take advantage of the carriage and to go and pass the evening with Mrs. Hughes; left her at Buckhill and returned to Bowood. The same party: singing in the evening. Lord L. mentioned a circumstance of the private secretary of Vergennes, on landing at Dover at night (just before the peace with America) finding himself, the instant he set foot on shore, whipped up suddenly in the arms of two men, who, putting a lantern to his face, exclaimed, "'Tis he!" and letting him down again, mounted horses that were near and set off. This was a funding speculation; they had had private information that he was expected, and were on the watch for him. Told an anecdote of the Spanish ambassador, at the time when the King's life was attempted by Margaret Nicholson, taking horse instantly and setting off for Windsor, where he posted himself in the window of the inn by which the messenger with the account must pass. As soon as the messenger arrived the ambassador accompanied him, and having been a witness of the transaction, was able to assure the Queen that his Majesty was perfectly safe. At the same time taking care to inform her that though his zeal had impelled him instantly to set off for Windsor to give her this information, his feeling of *etiquette* prevented him from intruding upon her Majesty till the regular messenger arrived. This mixture of zeal and etiquette was the very thing for the atmosphere of Windsor, and the ambassador (De Campos, I believe) was ever after a great favourite with their Majesties.

11th to 30th. Passed the remainder of this month (with the exception of the Devizes ball on the 14th, and a diuner at Phipps's on the 24th) busily at home; occupied in adding to and correcting the Greek work for Power, in writing an article for the "Edinburgh" (a task which I detest, and therefore always do badly), and in furnishing two more squibs for the "Times,"—the "Ghost of Miltiades" and "Corn and Catholics." In a letter of C. Sheridan, he says of the former, 'The Ghost of Miltiades' *must* be yours, I should think; if not so, I am very curious to know the 'S.' who can so imitate your union of point with power and fun with bitterness." Had a letter also in its praise from Barnes. Sent some epigrams of Luttrell's to the "Times," of which Barnes says: "The epigrams are neat, but appear to me feeble." The same opinion he had expressed to me before of L.'s poetry in general. Received a very kind letter from Sir W. Scott, inclosing me one from Gallois, and repeating his invitation of us all to Abbotsford next summer. Wrote to Murray to know when he would be able to meet Rogers on the subject of the "Life." Saw Lord Lansdowne two or three times before he started for town, which was on the 18th. Had little Tom's schoolmaster (a good, honest Dissenter) to dine with us on the 21st, and had Phipps, Hughes, and Clifton (Bowles's curate) to meet him.

Dec. 1 to 9th. Correcting the proofs of my Greek work. Bishop having failed at giving my idea of the "Song for the War Dance," I played him a few bars, when in town, as my notion of the sort of subject it ought to be. He took down the notes I played, and when his new settling came I found he had exactly preserved them. The rest of the composition, however, not being at all what I liked, I again suggested a totally different harmony, as well as melody, and he, very good humouredly adopted it almost note for note; so that the

composition now, though under his name, is nearly as much mine as any thing I ever wrote. Received a civil note from Murray on the 9th, to say, "the unexampled abundance of materials sent in from various quarters has embarrassed and delayed him, but that he hoped to be ready for me in little more than a week." Had received letters a day or two before from the Longmans, in which they inclosed an extract from the new list of publications, announcing the "Life" with my name. The letter from Orme, of the 5th, contained a proposal to me to become editor of an annual work which they meditate, on the plan of the "Forget-me-not," "Souvenir," &c. Speaks sanguinely of the prospect of its success, and says, if it turns out as they expect, it would give me an annual income of from five hundred to a thousand a year.

10th. Wrote to Orme, telling him my views *for*, as well as *against*, the plan which he had proposed to me, and leaving him and his partners to decide for me between them. Employed about a squib for the "Times," but chose too large a canvass, and puzzled myself with trying to bring it within proper compass.

11th. Sent off the verses to the "Times," "A Case of Libel." Wrote also to Barnes on the subject of a letter, which I have received from Luttrell, expressing a desire to have some remuneration for the things he sends, or rather proposes to send, the "Times." Lord Lansdowne returned from town yesterday evening.

13th. Returned to my Egyptian story. Dined at the Vincents': company, besides myself and Bessy, the M'Donalds of Bishops Cannings, and Prowse. M'Donald mentioned Frazer's book, in which he says, that being delayed for some time at a town on the shores of the Caspian, he was lucky enough to be enabled to amuse himself with a copy of "Lalla Rookh," which a Persian, who was in England some time ago, lent him.

14th. Guthrie called: told me of the war with Spain, and that Lord Lansdowne had set off for town again the day before yesterday.

17th. Walked over to Bowood: met Lord L. on the way to meet me. Talked of the probabilities for and against war. Says the Ministers are in great consternation; all so very civil, which is an invariable sign of difficulty and alarm with them. Lunched and walked back again.

18th and 19th. On the 19th had Napier, Prowse, and Clifton to dine with us for the ball. Danced two quadrilles and a country dance with Eliza Houlton, Elizabeth Starkey, and Mrs. Phipps.

20th. At work at my story, which has been announced for "soon after Christmas." The "Morning Chronicle" spells it the "Epicurian:" wrote a note to the L.'s about this. A letter from Orme to say that, in consequence of my views of the proposal they made to me, they feel convinced that I ought not to accept the editorship, and are much inclined to give up all share in the work themselves.

21st and 22nd. Walked over to Bowood this latter day. Company: Miss Fox and Miss Vernon, Mary Fox, and Sir J. and Lady Graham. A good deal of politics. Graham gave a description of the effect of Canning's war-speech on the House. A proof of the excitement he had produced in his audience, their being ripe for such a boast as, "I called a new world into existence." When he said, "I thought of Spain and the Indies," 'twas in a sort of scream. Nearly fainted after he had done.

23rd. Walked home to inquire after little Russell, whom I left suffering a good deal of irritation and fever with the chicken-pox. Bessy, too, a good deal worn out by her disturbed nights with him. Found them both better. Began some thing for the "Times." Returned to dinner at Bowood: the same party. Lord L. spoke of the vigorous state he had found Lord Grenville's mind in the other day, though his body was so evidently and rapidly going. Comparison of Canning's late speech with Pitt's of '93. Talked of Allen's strange and suspicious quotation from Strada against Lingard; Lingard's answer dignified, and like that of a man conscious of his strength. Allen furious against *all* Catholics, for Lingard's sake; attempts to explain the matter by saying that he had copied the passage in pencil, and without stopping it, and that when he came to remedy the omission afterwards this convenient punctuation was the consequence. In talking of light and humorous poetry Graham said, "After the 'Ghost of Miltiades' one gets hard to be pleased in such writing." Slept there.

24th. Talking of Brougham. Graham quoted the termination of a speech of his at the begin-

ning of the Queen's trial, when, upon his entering on the subject, the Chancellor said, he must confine himself for the present to the time and manner of bringing in the bill. Having got in all he wanted to say, in discussing the subject of the time, he concluded thus, "As to the *manner*, it matters not to my royal client *what* clerk at your lordship's table shall read the bill; whether the second reading shall precede the first, or whether it be chanted, said, or sung." Returned home after breakfast. Finished the verses for the "Times."

26th. Gave a gay dinner, dancing, and supper to the servants in honour of Christmas.

27th and 28th. A very kind letter from Barnes, bidding me consult my own wishes entirely both as to time and subjects; saying, that he thought much more highly of my last (the "Case of Libel") than I seemed to do myself; that though it was from the nature of the subject elaborate, there was thought and wit enough in it for half a dozen poems. A kind letter, also, from Croker, in answer to one I wrote to him, asking his opinion as to my Bermuda situation, whether I should give it up, &c. &c. Advises me not to give it up, and thinks he could procure me a proper person fit to be my deputy. Tells me, also, an interesting anecdote of Lord Byron. Dined on the 27th at Locke's: discussion with V. and P. on Unitarianism, their ignorance on the subject.

29th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Abercromby and his son called upon me in the morning, but I did not see them. Company: the Grahams, Sir J. Macdonald, two Abercrombys, Lord Seymour, Misses Fox and Vernon, and Mary Fox, Okeden, and Leveson Smith. Sung a good deal in the evening.

30th. Okeden mentioned having seen Lord Byron in a state of great excitement. On one occasion he made an effort to restrain himself, and succeeded; on the other, he gave full vent to his violence. The former was at Copet; when, on coming to dinner, he saw unexpectedly among the guests Mrs. Harvey (Beckford's sister), whom he had not seen since the period of his marriage, and who was the person chiefly consulted by Lady Byron, I believe, on the subject of his proposals to her. He stopped short upon seeing her, turned deadly pale, and then clenching his hand, as if with a violent effort of self-restraint, resumed his usual manner. The other occasion was at Milan, when he and Hobhouse were ordered to quit the city in twenty-four hours, in consequence of a scrape which Polidori had brought them into the night before at the Opera, by desiring an officer, who sat before them, to take off his cap, and on his refusal to do so, attempted to take it off himself. The officer, upon this, coolly desired Polidori to follow him into the street, and the other two followed, ripe for a duel. The officer, however, assured them he had no such thing in his contemplation; that he was the officer of the guard for the night; and that, as to taking off his cap, it was contrary to orders, and he might lose his commission by doing so. Another part of his duty was to carry off Polidori to the guard-house, which he accordingly did, and required the attendance of Byron and Hobhouse in the morning. The consequence of all this was, that the three were obliged to leave Milan immediately; Polidori having, in addition to this punishment, "bad conduct" assigned as the reason of his dismissal. It was in a few minutes after their receiving this notification that Okeden found Lord B. storming about the room, and Hobhouse after him, vainly endeavouring to tranquillise his temper. Must ask Hobhouse about this. In talking of Erskine's *jeux d'esprit*, Lord L. mentioned four lines he once wrote upon an inn window, on a great attorney, named Terry; thereby losing, as he said, a great number of briefs. Among the inscriptions on the window was one, written by the attorney himself, announcing that, on such a day, Mr. Terry had arrived here from Tenterden, and it was under this that Erskine wrote

> "What can it matter how or when
> Terry arrives from Tenterden;
> For when he's crost the Stygian ferry,
> Who'll ever ask—What's come of Terry?"

Talking of Burdett's having learnt all he knows late in life, and of his exhibiting accordingly all the defects of this kind of education, mentioned Parr's horror of these Οψιμαζεις (as he calls them); his only exception being in favour of Payne Knight, whom, though late-learned, he allowed to be a scholar. Lord L., Okeden, and Leveson Smith walked home with me.

31st. Received a very kind letter from a Mr. Burke, a gentleman of Caius College, accompanying a collection of Spanish airs, and saying, "Some of them, I am sure, you will

find very beautiful, and nothing is wanting to set their beauties in the most favourable light but a somewhat richer accompaniment, and such words as none can write so well as yourself." He concludes, "with the highest admiration of your talents, and esteem for your political character, allow me to subscribe," &c. &c. A letter from my old friend, John Dalby, informing me of a communication he had received from a Major Dwyer, dated Naples, the day after Lord Hastings' death, informing him by Lord Hastings' desire of the event, and begging that he would also communicate it to me.

1827.

January 1st, 1827. Working at my story. Bessy still ill, and obliged to give up all thoughts of going to Bowood to-morrow night.

2nd. My story. Sent for a chaise; and set off between seven and eight—Napier, his daughter, myself, Anastasia, and little Tom—for Bowood. A large party: Lord and Lady Suffolk and Lady Julia, Lord Duncan, Lord Seymour, &c., and *all* the *neighbours*. Little Tom looking very pretty and exceedingly admired; poor Anastasia but little noticed. The Suffolks very kind: Lady S. expressed great regret at Bessy's not being there, and hoped that we would all come and pay them a visit at Charlton. Supped; danced afterwards, and were not home till three o'clock.

4th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner; company: Lords Duncan and Seymour, Elwyn, L. Smith, Vernon Smith and his wife, Labouchere, Short, Osman Ricardo and his wife. Sung a good deal in the evening. Talking of epitaphs, L. Smith said that Mackintosh thinks that of Gray on his mother the most perfect in the language. Those of Canning on Pitt, and Sheridan on Nelson, not very good. Some wise person's criticism on the conclusion of the former, "He lived without ostentation, and died poor;" thought that the words "died poor" sounded meanly, and that it would be better, "died in distressed circumstances." Lord L. quoted some pretty verses of Piron's upon a picture of people skating; the two last something this way:

"Telle est de nos plaisirs la brillante surface,
Glissez, mortels; n'appuyez pas."

Mentioned the epitaph on Addington, concluding,

"Politique soi-dissant,
Et médecin malgré lui."

5th. A good deal of conversation after breakfast. On my pointing out three or four lines of blank verse succeeding each other in Sandford's lecture (just published), a question arose whether one ought always to reject a sentence, however forcible and well expressed, because it happened to have fallen into this metrical arrangement. *Quære*, whether many such lines occur in Milton's prose? Quoted an instance at the end of a famous passage of his (where he has the phrase, "mewing her mighty youth"), "Prognosticate a time of strife and schism." George Selwyn's criticism on Burke's "Reflections." "I could not get on with it; at the end of the first page I had to send for my apothecary to ask the meaning of some allusion to his profession, which I could not understand: at the end of the second I had to send to my carpenter to explain to me," &c., &c. Elwyn quoted what he had himself heard Burke say in a speech towards the end of the Hastings' trial. "You might as well attempt to make a perfumer of a man who was bred on a dunghill, as to think of making a statesman out of this bullock contractor." Before luncheon sung over some things with Mrs. Vernon Smith. In talking of America with Labouchere, it appeared from his account, that though there is no intolerance in the *laws* of that country, there is abundance of it in society; particularly among the northern states, where a man that does not go to a church of some kind forfeits caste, and in any election for a public office would not stand the slightest chance. It seems as if a certain portion of religious malice must exist in every community, and where the laws are free from it the people take it up. After luncheon, Lord Lansdowne, the two Smiths, Labouchere, and Lord Seymour walked the greater part of the way home with me. Money called upon me before dinner; full of praise of Lady Lansdowne. Told me circumstances that had come accidentally to his knowledge; of her *personal* attention to the poor; of her sitting day after day, reading by the bedside of a poor old man, who was dying of a mortification that had spread half way up his body, the stench of which, in the small room where he lay, was

such as even medical men did not often encounter; her attending to see a poor woman put decently in her coffin, &c. &c.

6th. Walked over to Bowood to get a paper, which I left there, containing a list of books I promised to procure at trade price for Hughes. Found them at luncheon. Lady L. all kindness; said that they wanted me very much; they had got "dreadfully flat." Promised, if I could, to come on Monday. When I went to my bedroom for the paper, found every thing ready; the fire lighted; my things airing, &c., as if I were a regular inmate. Lord Caernarvon, who arrived yesterday, proposed to walk part of the way home with me. In talking of Grattan, mentioned his having heard Grattan say that, when a young man at the Temple, he had been much taken with Lord Chatham's style, and had made it his model. This agrees very much with what I have remarked in the Life of Sheridan. In talking of George R. Fitzgerald, Grattan said he was a very good man for *one* hanging, but not for *two* (alluding to the circumstance of the rope having broken with him, and his cowardice on being brought on the scaffold again).

8th. Wrote to Lady L. to say that I could not come to-day, having some proofs to correct for Power, which would take me all this evening and to-morrow morning. A note back from her to say that she did not see why I couldn't bring my proofs with me; that I should have a large table and a room all to myself to-morrow morning, and that it was bad for my eyes to work at night; "so pray, come." Did not, however, being unable to spare the time. Began some verses for the "Times," "The Slave."

9th. Finished the verses and sent them off; also some proofs to Power. Walked to Bowood to dinner: company, Lord Caernarvon and his daughter, and the Smiths; sung in the evening. Got the "Edinburgh" this morning with the article on my "Life of Sheridan;" most friendlily done. Slept at Bowood.

10th. Wrote to Jeffrey to thank him. The Caernarvons and Smiths went off after breakfast. Desperate day. Looked over Johnson's review of Soame Jenyns' work on the "Origin of Evil," with Lord L. The application of Soame Jenyns' theory (with respect to the delight of superior beings in mischief) to himself, though too elaborately introduced, able and striking. His image of "mistaking fogs for land," good; but when he comes to "storms of objection," bad and pompous. Stayed luncheon, and they then ordered the carriage to take me home, the weather being so bad. Borrowed the Bishop of Bristol's work upon Tertullian.

11th. Jeffrey having used the information which I sent him respecting the Prince's gift of 4000*l.* to Sheridan, wrote to the Longmans to beg that they would call upon Burgess (from whom Bain, my authority, must, I suspect, have gained the information), to procure any additional circumstances from him that may verify the fact. Worked at my story. Dined with Evans (Tom's schoolmaster) and had a dreadful walk of it to his house. A good many at dinner; most of them intelligent men, and all of them had been, I believe, his father's pupils. Talked of Milton's "Arianism;" of the Bishop of Salisbury's late work on the subject, &c. &c. Home pretty early.

12th. Found that Bessy had fixed this evening for Napier to come and read us some of his "History of the Peninsular War." The part he read (being chiefly about the complicated operations of the different Juntas at the beginning of the war) rather confused and heavy, as he himself felt it to be.

13th and 14th. At work.

15th. Lord Lansdowne called, just as I was setting out to call upon him. Bowles, too. Bowles brought James Hughes's translation into Greek Anacreontics of a drinking song of his. The phrase *ου θεατος*, for *invisible*, was (I remarked) not correct; *θεατος* means *spectabilis*, and the word for invisible is *αορατος*. When I said this, Bowles exclaimed, "Bravo! it was not without reason that Parr called you a good scholar." Inclosed 30*l.* to my mother to pay her half year's rent with 20*l.* of it, and divide the other 10*l.* between Corry (to whom I owe 5*l.*) and my tailor.

16th. Walked to Bowood. Met Lord L.; walked back with him. Talked of the man who wrote a book some time since on the "Malaria of London," and who, it seems, keeps a person that is particularly liable to ague as a sort of *miasmeter*, wherewith to measure the degree of badness of the air in different parts of London. He then accompanied me almost all the way home, and I saw him back again as far as the George; making altogether, for me, about ele-

ven miles. Was asked to Locke's to dinner, but refused.

17th and 18th. On this latter day had a party of young folks to share in our twelfth-cake: Napiers, Prowses, Lockes, and Starkeys. Danced with them all night. Nine and twenty supped in my study.

19th and 20th. Sent some day this week a poem on the Duke of York's death to the "Times," called "The Slave." Had a letter from Luttrell about it. I *must* thank you for "The Slave." Sent me a charade of his own on Cobbett, which I forwarded to Barnes, with two old epigrams of my own.

21st and 22nd. Sent, the 21st, two poems to Barnes, "Affair of Honour in High Life" and "Tout pour la Tripe." Had a letter from him, saying the verses on the Duke of York were excellent, and came most apropos.

23rd to 25th. Went to dinner at Houlton's. 25th, Lord Lansdowne called for me in his carriage at four. Mentioned with great praise my verses in the "Times" of yesterday, "Affair of Honour," &c. Company at dinner, the Shirleys, Elwyn, and Bowles. Singing in the evening. I tried over my glee of "Hip, hip, hurrah!" which is to be sung at the Anacreontic to-morrow; all seemed to think it would have a good effect. Slept at Houlton's.

26th. Conversation after breakfast about meteoric stones; that some of them have come quite near to earth, and then been attracted up again: Davy believes this. The celebrated blades of Damascus are professedly made of the meteoric iron. Left Farley with Lord L. for Bath between eleven and twelve. Talked all the way of theology. Marcion's notion of two Gods, one the author of the Law and the other of the Gospel, very like the Avatars (Lord L. remarked) of the Indian theology. Neither of us could recollect the name of the writer who has left a dialogue on Christianity between a pagan and a Christian (Minucius Felix). On my arrival at Bath went in pursuit of some of the professional singers to rehearse my glee. Found Manners; played it over to him, and begged him to instruct the others. Borrowed two books at Upham's, "Vansleb'o's Egypt" and "Murtadi's," a work on the same subject. Dressed at Elwyn's, and was at the York House an hour before dinner to hear the music rehearsed. A MS. glee of Bowles's also to be sung. About forty-three at dinner; Lord Lansdowne and Lord Liverpool of the party. Got well situated, within one of Lord Lansdowne, and nearly opposite Lord Liverpool; was glad to have an opportunity of seeing a little of the latter. Gave me an idea of a common-minded man; that is to say, a common mind elevated by circumstances and situation as high as it was capable of going. Directed some of his conversation very civilly to me, and asked me to drink wine with him. My glee received most enthusiastically; a distinct peal of applause after every verse, and there was no less than five. Took the pianoforte myself, which put the fellows on their mettle, otherwise they would have sung it sleepily and professionally. In one of the verses there is a toast,

"To the poet who sings; to the warrior who fights;
To the statesman who speaks in the cause of man's rights."

And when we were rehearsing it before dinner, one of the singers said to me, "This is particularly applicable to-day, sir, as Lord Liverpool is to dine here!" little knowing, poor man, how much Lord Liverpool's notions and mine as to the rights of man differ. A few of us remained some time after the grandees went away, and I sung two or three more songs. Walked home with Lord James O'Brien, who told me Lord L. had expressed a great wish to have a copy of my glee for Lady L. Slept at Elwyn's.

27th. Dawson, the Orange parson (brother to my friend George), and Duncan and Houlton, at breakfast. Much amused by their talking quietly to Dawson about remoulding the Church establishment in Ireland, getting rid of tithes, &c. &c., he hardly knowing what to answer. Lord Lansdowne came after breakfast. Went to look at Barker's fresco of the "Massacre of the Sciots," and afterwards walked with Lord L. to the White Hart, from whence we set off for home between twelve and one. Agreed very much with the view I took of Lord Liverpool, but said, that, "as a speaker, *pro re natâ*, nobody could surpass him either for clearness or for the tact with which he knew how to avoid what ought not to be said." Dropped me at his Chippenham gate, and I walked home.

29th. Walked to Bowood to dinner; a large party of my neighbours, twenty-one in all; Bailey and Sir John Newport the only inmates. Old Sir John very agreeable after dinner.

Talked much of Garrick, whom he used to meet at "old Mr. Wilmot's," and repeated two or three unpublished copies of verses of his; one called "The Propheey," of which he afterwards told me some additional lines, which (from their containing an attack on churchmen and tithes) he had omitted at dinner, on account of the Member for Oxford and the persons who were present. Sung in the evening.

30th. Bailey looking for a fine passage in "Pindar," beginning (I think, he said) Ζαvειν οἷς εστιν αναγκη. Mentioned the indifference of the ancients to death; the coolness with which Xenophon talks of the deaths of some of his companions. On my quoting a passage from the "Journal des Débats," on the new law against the press, in which (speaking of the age of Louis XIV.), it says, *L'admission de Molière à la table de Louis XIV. était la Charte de ce temps là*, a question rose whether Molière *was* really so admitted. Molière anxious to conciliate the King in favour of his "Tartuffe;" this evident from speech towards the conclusion, "*Nous vivons sous un Prince ennemi de la fraude.*" Bailey (who is a great traveller, and has been every where) said that Maundrel's was the best account of "Palestine;" Chateaubriand's description of scenery beautiful, but not to be depended on; his description of the "Dead Sea," however, very correct. It is from this Scott has drawn in his "Talisman." Mentioned Sandys as a good traveller; had never heard of Herbert! Lord L. and Bailey walked to the cottage with me and Napier; Bailey then went on with the latter to Bromham, and I took Lord L. back on his way by the valley of Chitway and my favourite well, with which he was much delighted.

Feb. 1st to 4th. On the 4th set out to walk to Bowood to take leave of the Lansdownes; met him just near the cottage, coming over to take leave of us. Walked back with him and lunched. After they went in to chapel, copied out and dispatched to Barnes some verses, "An Ode to Ferdinand."

6th to 11th. At home (with the exception of a dinner on the 9th at Spye Park) and hard at work. Sent back the article on "Anne Boleyn," which I had had from Jeffrey to make some corrections in. Finished the preface for the fifth edition of "Sheridan," having in vain waited for some satisfactory information from Burgess on the subject of the Prince's gift to Sheridan.

12th. Sent up some verses to the "Times," "Hat *versus* Wig." Had a letter from Shiel, to beg that I would use my influence with the editor of the "Times" to prevent such articles as appeared the other day on the subject of the prosecution against him, which he thinks unfair, as prejudging his case, and likely to be of material injury to him. Hannah's illness proves to be fever.

13th. Wrote to Barnes about Shiel, Bessy copying out my Egyptian story, in order to be able to take up some of the MSS. with me to town.

14th and 15th. Ditto. Dined on the 15th at Napier's: Bessy and myself, Elizabeth and Augusta Starkey. The doctor having advised that Hannah should be removed to her friends before infection appeared, Bessy took her in a chaise this morning to Devizes; left her at her father's, leaving her a provision of fruit, broths, &c., and giving orders to our tradesmen there to supply her with every thing she wants.

16th to 18th. Bessy transcribing. Wrote a long letter to Bryan, giving him an account of my proceedings with Longman and Murray, and telling him of my intention to appropriate the money of Anastasia that is in Longman's hands, to pay off my debt. Wrote, also, to Rogers, to apprise him of my coming.

19th. Transcribing and packing up.

20th. Bessy set off for Buckhill in the Starkey's carriage; followed her at three o'clock. Dined at Hughes's and slept there.

21st. Started in the coach for town at eight. Party inside, an old Irish gentleman and his grand-daughter, a very pretty girl, just arrived by the Bristol packet. After sounding each other for some time in Irish politics, found that he was a violent Orangeman. Avowed myself of a different opinion; upon which, taking me for an Englishman, he lamented our ignorance in this country of Irish affairs; the girl, too, as violent an anti-Catholic as her grandpapa, which I liked her all the better for; argued playfully with them both. When we stopped to breakfast found Lord Arthur Hill among the outside passengers; whispered him not to betray me. In the course of the journey owned to them I was an Irishman, and told the girl that when she knew who I was, she would, perhaps, forgive me for being a

rebel; offered to put myself in her hands to convert me. Told them quantities of Irish stories, and kept them, and a good sort of Englishman, who formed our fourth, laughing the whole time. Lord A. Hill told me they inquired of him who I was, and he said, a Mr. Johnson. At last, after we changed horses at Hounslow, I gave the girl my card, and declared myself to be the veritable Captain Rock. The girl exclaimed aloud, and the old fellow, in spite of his Orangeism, taking me cordially by the hand, said he was most rejoiced to meet me, and that he had actually, for the two or three last hours, suspected who I was. He then got very adroitly over the difference in our opinions, by saying, "You, sir, take the poetical view of these matters." Proved to be Sir Henry Osborne, once high sheriff of the county of Waterford, and a member of the Irish Parliament; parted great friends. Found, at Albemarle Street, a note from Lord Lansdowne, asking me to dinner to-morrow. Went to the Athenæum, and dined. Weather dreadfully cold.

22nd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called on Burgess to make another effort to get the letter he promised me on the subject of the Prince's gift to Sheridan. Told me it was now in the possession of a gentleman high in the confidence of the King, but that he would write to him for it. Said I would delay going to press in the hope of getting it. Saw the picture by Sir Joshua of Mrs. Reynolds which he has, and which Lord L. wished to purchase of him: said that the sum Lord L. offered for it was a mere nothing; that he has been advised to ask 1000 guineas, but will take 800. Called upon Power, and went from thence to Longman's. Conversation on my agreement with Murray, which I told them I was resolved now to bring to a definite settlement, or else break it off entirely. Met Luttrell and walked with him some time. Mentioned what Grattan said of Provost Hutchinson, that he was always asking for something or another; "little things to be sure, but still they were things." Told me what I had already heard from Byng, of his having submitted his forthcoming poem (Crockford House) to Lord Sefton, Henry de Roos, and P. Greville, to see whether there was any thing wrong (*i. e.* unworthy of a man of the town) in publishing such an attack upon the high-priest of the gaming-table; a deference to society for which society will but little thank him. What is called *the world* knows its own worthlessness too well to respect him who fears it. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Abercromby, Baring and son, Brownlow, two Smiths, and Fazakerley. Abercromby praising Jones's book, expressed great admiration of Curran's public character, and wished not to hear any thing of his private blemishes. Talked of Erskine's speech in defence of Peter Pindar for a libel against Lord Lonsdale, in which he had compared Lord Lonsdale to the devil. Erskine dwelt on the grandeur of the devil as described by Milton, and insisted that it was rather he that should be displeased at being compared to Lord Lonsdale. The devil (Lord Lansdowne said) was always a favourite theme with Erskine, and he had once heard him say that he looked upon him as "great celestial statesman out of place!"

23rd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Talked of my business with Murray; said that Murray had told him a day or two since, that he was quite ready for me. I again mentioned (what I had before said to him in my letter) the intention I had, if possible, to discharge the debt to Longmans from my own resources, so as to render myself more independent in my negotiations with Murray. Expressed himself ready to assist me in any way I desired. Lord John Russell came in after breakfast. R. charged him with coming because he knew I was there: this not the case. Told Lord John of my intention to dedicate my Egyptian story to him; expressed himself much pleased. R. mentioned Lord Erskine saying of some man who died immensely rich, "A fine sum to begin the other world with." Fuseli one cold day, in standing at the fire at Rogers's, said, with his peculiar accent, "Hell fire, kept within proper bounds, is no bad thing." Went with Rogers and his brother to the Institution, and from thence to Power's. * * *

24th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Luttrell: his story of Lord Norbury,—when the Catholic Petition was rejected in the Irish Parliament in '92 or 3, Burke's son and one or two others who were behind the Speaker's chair, immediately on the decision being pronounced, withdrew; upon which Toler rose and said, "He had but one remark to make. What had just happened reminded him of a cross-reading he had lately met with

'Yesterday a petition was presented which luckily missed fire, and the villains made off.'" Called upon Lord Caernarvon and sat some time with him; asked me to dine on Wednesday, but engaged. Called upon Lady Cawdor; sang for her my glee, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" From thence to Lady Cowper, with whom I had a good deal of conversation about Lady Byron: said she would again look over Lord B.'s letters to Lady Melbourne, to see if there be any thing in them that would suit my purpose. Dined early with Rogers, and went to the pit of the Opera to hear Fanny Ayton in the "Gazza Ladra:" rather liked her. Called upon Sir J. Malcolm this morning: his story of an old Scotch officer making excuses for not singing, "D'ye think, if I kenu'd the words of any song in the world, I should be such a damned fool as to be particular about the *coddence?*"

25th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called at Barnes's but did not find him. Walked about with Luttrell. Called at Mrs. T. Hope's and met there Lord Cowper. A good deal of talk about politics. Luttrell full of praise of my verses in the "Times," but alarming me by saying with what *certainty* people set them down as mine: "Is there any thing of Moore's in the 'Times' to-day?" Pointed out Marquis de Salvo to him in the street, and mentioned his once having asked me "to allow him three hours' conversation with me some morning." "He is certainly not *salvo pudore*," said Luttrell. Called on Lord Auckland, who reminded me of my engagement to meet Lady Frances Leveson, and mentioned Friday next, if she should be disengaged. A note from Lady Holland to ask me to come to hear her to-night. Dined at Calvert's. Went to the Hollands' in the evening; my Lady very gracious; asked me to come and dine on Tuesday, and go to hear "Artaxerxes." * * * Brougham, who was at Lord H.'s, told me that in a letter he had just received from America (from Casey, of Liverpool), he was requested to communicate to me, as illustrative of the natural love of all animals for liberty, a circumstance which had just come within the writer's knowledge. Some young birds in a cage were from time to time visited by the old ones, their parents, from the thicket, who, it was observed, had endeavoured by every possible effort to widen the bars of the cage, so as to let the young ones out. At last, after various attempts, not being able to effect their object, they brought some poisonous berries, which they placed within the cage, and which the prisoners immediately eat of and died. A strange story to send all the way from America. Read to-day in the "Examiner" a curious extract relative to myself, from some late writer on phrenology. The author of the article in the "Westminster Review" on my life of Sheridan, has it seems taken the trouble of calculating that there are 2500 similes in that work, on which the phrenologist remarks that this is all the consequence of my possessing such a large organ of comparison; so large indeed, according to him, that it may be seen at many yards distance! What exquisite fooling, both in critic and phrenologist!

26th. Breakfasted with Rogers, for the purpose of arranging with him what he was to do with Murray; Luttrell at breakfast too. Agreed that they should both go to Murray's and come to me at Albemarle Street, to tell me the result. Called in the meantime at Burgess's about the letter on Sheridan's business, but did not see him. On my return to Albemarle Street, I found Davidson the printer, who had come to me at Murray's request, to show me the sheets of Luttrell's poem, and to request me to prevail upon him not to publish it. Rogers, by the bye, had already told me that Murray had applied to him for the same purpose, saying that Lockhart had read it, and thought that, though elegant, it would not be creditable to L. to have it published. To this criticism Davison now added that his "*Reader* thought it the damnedest stuff in the world." Expressed my surprise at all this, saying, that though I had not read that part about Crockford, I could not conceive Luttrell writing any thing that was not clever and creditable. Left the sheets with me, and I promised to look over them. Before I had read more than eighteen or twenty pages, R. came; the result of his negotiation with Murray as follows:—"By the advice of friends (again!) Murray has come to the resolution of not publishing the 'Byron Papers' in his possession *at all*, neither those of his own, nor those the family has given him. The opinion both of Mr Canning and Mr. Gifford, who looked over them, was, that being addressed confidentially to Murray, they could not be published by him, and it

was his intention therefore to leave them as a legacy to his children. For a 'Life,' however, written by me, on my own materials, and forming a quarto volume that 'would be considered cheap at two guineas,' he proposed by a written paper to give me the sum of 2,500*l.*, to be paid on the day of publication by bills at six, eight, twelve, and eighteen months." The opinion of Canning and Gifford, upon which he affects to found this resolution, having been, when we last talked upon the subject, made a reason for publishing the "Papers" separately and by wholesale, as conveniently as it is now made a reason for not publishing them at all! Decided at once to have nothing more to do with him. My only plea or motive for leaving the Longmans for him having been the power it gave me of combining the materials of all parties, and this object being now frustrated by the resolution he has taken, I naturally, and of course, resort to them as my publishers. Rogers appeared to be of opinion that I ought to accept of Murray's offer, and when I assured him that, even in a pecuniary point of view, I should be, if any thing, worse off by this arrangement than by continuing with the Longmans, he suggested that I should endeavour to make Murray give me 3000*l.* My mind, however, was made up to what I saw was my true and only line of conduct, in every point of view; and we proceeded immediately to Murray's for the purpose of acquainting him with my resolution. Retired with Murray into his backroom, and told him my decision; added that I could not blame him for the determination he had come to, with respect to the papers, but that I felt I had a right to complain of the suspense in which he had kept me, and for the disturbance he had produced in all my plans by his very uncertain conduct. He owned it was wrong, but that he had been unable to make up his mind. In the course of our conversation I said, "Well, I don't see how I shall be able to make out a 'Life,' and I think you had better take *any* materials off my hands, and let them go to your children with your *own*." At this hint he seemed eagerly to jump, and said he should be very happy to enter into such an arrangement with me, but I answered (what was true) that I had spoken without thought, and that, as to parting with a paper of Lord Byron's (except to put it in the fire) there was nothing more remote from my thoughts. He then asked me about Luttrell's sheets, and I told him that on the score of *talents*, he need have no doubt whatever of the work, for, as far as I had read, it was, like every thing Luttrell ever did, full of polish and point. This seemed to satisfy him completely and he said he would instantly proceed with the printing. Wrote to the Longmans to tell them the result of the negotiation. Luttrell this morning mentioned a good pun of Jekyll's. Being asked why he no longer spoke to a lawyer of the name of Peat, Jekyll said, "I choose to give up his acquaintance; I have common of Turbary, and have a right to *cut Peat*." Rogers told some anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington; of his saying to him (Rogers), speaking of Waterloo, "It was a battle of giants." His mentioning the effect that the intelligence of Buonaparte's escape from Elba had at Vienna. When told to all the personages there assembled in congress, they burst out a laughing. The Duke sent off a dispatch to the Emperor of Austria with the news, and the person who was the bearer of it said afterwards, "What could there have possibly been in that dispatch; for the moment the Emperor read it, he burst out a laughing." R. mentioned that, after the affair of Cintra, the Duke of Wellington said to Sir J. Moore, "There is now only you and I left, and if you are appointed chief, I will serve under you." Dined at Lord Harrington's, having called upon him on Saturday last, when he asked me: company, Duke and Duchess of Leinster, Lord Cathcart, Lincoln, Stanhope, &c. Very kind, good-natured people, and brought old times to my mind, as this was one of the first houses where I was well received in my boyish days. My cold very heavy in the evening. Went to the Athenæum. Saw Chantrey, and had a good deal of conversation with him. Asked me when I meant to sit for my bust: told him I thought he had given up all thoughts of it. "Not at all," he said; "I am only waiting for some wrinkles to come in your face." "Here they are, then," I said, "in plenty." Voted also for Lord Gosford's son, young Acheson: got home early. Forgot to mention that I called on Croker yesterday, and sat sometime with him. Mentioned that he had already received six volumes, printed, of Scott's "Napoleon." It must therefore, as he said, been, most of it, done at the time Scott affected to go for the purpose of research

to Paris. Gallois, indeed, says (as Lord John told me) that Scott did not seem to wish for any new lights on the subject, and, according to Croker's account, some anecdotes which he himself communicated to Scott seemed rather to annoy him than otherwise.

27th. Dreadfully wet day; expecting all the morning to receive a put-off from Lady Holland for the evening. On coming in to dress, found a note from her, saying she was too ill with cold to go to the play, but would be very happy to see me at seven to dinner; that I should not find them brilliant, as they would be "alone." Was glad to avail myself of this opening for freedom, so answered that, presuming upon being at the theatre this evening, I had fixed to meet Price the American manager at half-past seven, and therefore should not be able to dine with her. Put on my goloshes and paddled off to the Bedford Coffee House, where I dined, and went from thence to Drury Lane, behind the scenes. Some talk with Kean, who was playing Sir Giles Overreach. Asked Wallack the stage-manager to put me into a private box to see the pantomime, which he did. Home early.

28th. Breakfasted at Stevens's and called on Lord John, whom I found at home. Told me that, while at Geneva, he employed himself in translating the "Iliad" into the Spenser stanza, I believe.* Had dined with Lady Holland the day before, which she took care, with her usual *tactique*, not to tell me. People that wish to meet will never receive any help towards it through her. An excellent person in her way, however, and I should be ungrateful not to record it: full of good parts as well as of *sharp* ones. Walked with Lord John on his way to the House of Commons. Called upon Newton: his picture from "Gil Blas" for the Duke of Bedford nearly finished: remarked on the foreshortening of the elbow of the Prince as not correct. Went from him to Jones, the painter; made me a present of a drawing of his from my poem of the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp." Between five and six went with Luttrell (whom I got asked) to dinner at Longman's. Company: Barnes, Jordan, Britton, Dickinson, &c. &c. Some talk with Longman and Rees before dinner on the result of my late negotiation with Murray. Longman much pleased with my promptitude in breaking off and returning to them, when the sole condition on which I left them was frustrated: said that it was the very way in which he could have sworn I would behave. No time to be lost in bringing out the work. Offered me, if I pleased, the same terms as Murray, but I preferred taking my chance as we are. L. and I walked home together.

March 1st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Had a note from Lord Lansdowne to say that Lady L. was well enough to see me to-day; called upon her; sorry to find her looking very languid. Met Frankland Lewis going down to the House, and begged him to send my card to the Speaker for permission to go under the gallery this evening to hear Canning on the Corn Laws. Lunched at the Athenæum, and went to the House of Commons: overtook George Fortesque and walked with him. Met Phillips the barrister, who pointed out Cobbett to us: the first time I ever saw him. Found my permission from the Speaker with the door-keeper: was barely in time to get sitting room, the place being full of peers. Got between Lord Morley and Lord Clanricarde. After Canning's speech went to the Athenæum and dined at nine o'clock.

2nd. Lord John sent to know would I breakfast with him: went; a good deal of talk about Unitarianism. Dined at Lord Auckland's; company, Lord and Lady Francis Leveson and a Col. ——. Like Lord Francis and like her too. In the evening was made to sing in spite of my cold, and they seemed to enjoy it. Lady F. sang a song of Mrs. R. Arkwright's very prettily. Went from thence to Lady Jersey's; only a few there, the Duke of Devonshire, the Ellises, Brougham, &c. Went from thence to Lady Cowper's *ecarté* party: abominate to see nice women giving themselves up so eagerly to card-playing. A good deal of talk with Lord Cowper. On my return home met Rogers at the corner of Albemarle Street, coming from Lady Jersey's, and walked up and down St. James's Street with him for some time. Home about one. Received this morning a note from Lady Hol-

* There is an inaccuracy here. What I attempted was to translate a single book of the "Odyssey" in the *ottava rima* of Ariosto and Tasso. My reason for the attempt was, that it has always struck me that the "Odyssey" resembles rather the narrative poems of Italy, full of marvels and magic, than the sober dignity of the "Iliad" and "Æneid." The late Lord Northampton published some of my stanzas in a collection called "The Tribute."—J. R.

land, saying she was sorry that I could not dine with her to-day, but reminding me that I had promised, in that case, to give her Sunday next instead: have engaged myself, however, to Lord Lansdowne for that day.

3rd. Walking about with Luttrell. Called at the Agar Ellises; found them at luncheon, and joined. Saw Bessy's mother at Power's. Dinner at Rogers's: company, Luttrell, Barnes, Lord Cawdor, Lord John, and Adair. Talked of diaries; Wyndham's very curious. * * *

4th. Breakfasted at Athenæum. Called upon Barnes as I had promised. Told me that Galignani has made a volume of the verses that have appeared in the "Times," publishing them all as mine; among the rest, a long straggling thing about Marathon (*not* the "Ghost of Miltiades"), as little like me or mine as possible. This is too bad. Mentioned that the King the other day conveyed a message to them (the "Times") through Knighton, I think, saying that he always read the paper with great pleasure, &c. &c., but that he hoped they would refrain from giving any more details about his private life and habits. Said he wished much to become a member of the Athenæum: had heard that any one proposed by Lord Lansdowne would be sure to succeed, and asked whether I would have any objection to request Lord L. to propose him. Answered that I had no doubt, from Lord L.'s great good-nature, he would without hesitation comply with the request; but that I thought, situated as both he and Barnes were, such a public junction of their names would not be quite desirable for either. After a few more remarks (B. saying that it was not as editor of the "Times" that Lord L. might be supposed to set him up, but as Master of Arts of Cambridge and member of the Temple) the subject dropped. Gave him for insertion the verses I wrote to Corry about the Strainer two years since: put a note upon Ewart's name, "a vender of capital old port, Swallow Street." Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord Gwydir, Lord Minto, Lord Auckland, Lord Maitland, Vernon, Brownlow, Stuart, Montron, &c. &c. Home to pack for the morning.

5th. Set off between seven and eight. A very chatty lady my only companion, but there being nothing very attractive about her, preferred my French newspapers, fifteen of which I read through, the lady seeming most heartily to hate the sight of their coming, so endlessly, out of my pocket.

6th to 31st. During this whole month have not had time to *diarize*, so must record, by wholesale, what I remember. My time wholly taken up in transcribing the remainder of my "Epicurean" for the press, and correcting the proofs of what I gave the printers while in town, the whole concluding part of the book being still unwritten. Had a letter from Barnes soon after my return, repeating still more urgently his wish with respect to Lord Lansdowne's proposal of him at the Athenæum: has evidently set his heart upon it, but the thing cannot be.—13th. Went with Bowles to Bath to see Anastasia; found the dear child looking very well, though she had that morning suffered a little operation, the spot on her leg having opened yesterday, and the surgeon having found it necessary to enlarge the orifice with his lancet. Dined that day with Bowles at the White Hart, and called on Mr. Tudor, the surgeon, in the evening, but did not see him. Joined Bowles afterwards at a concert at Winsor's, and was much delighted with the music; never heard that delicious composition, "In sweetest Harmony," to greater advantage. Slept at the White Hart. Saw the surgeon next morning, and had the satisfaction to find that he thought the leg was likely to do well. Returned home with Bowles. Before I answered Barnes, thought it due both to him and to Lord L. to try the chance of the latter's seeing the matter in a different point of view from what I did; and, therefore, wrote to Lord L. to tell him how the case stood, and to say that, if he saw the same objection to such a step as I did, I would take the whole responsibility of the refusal on myself, and write just such a letter to Barnes as I would have done if Lord L. had known nothing of the matter. —25th. Received an answer from Lord L., agreeing with me that such an *affiche* of their names was a thing not very desirable, he thought, to either party; but adding, that if Barnes was proposed by any one else, he would be most happy to annex his signature among the recommenders of the proposal. Wrote accordingly to Barnes, repeating the reasons I had given him in town for not making the request of Lord L. Sent to the "Times" some verses, "I have found out a Gift for my

Erin." Received a letter from Lady Jersey, asking me for a copy of "The Slave," in my own handwriting. Answered her that I had merely seen these verses in the paper like other people, and as I always sent my papers to my mother, had no means of giving a copy. Corrected the songs of the 6th Number of "National Melodies" for Power, and sent them up according as I did them.

April 1. to 30. Must dispatch this month in the same way. Still busy at my "Epicurean." Received a letter from Barnes, telling me, in confidence, that the verses in the "Times" of yesterday ("Soliloquy of a pure and virtuous Statesman," a violent attack on Peel) were from the pen of ——. Rather annoyed at this, fearing that, written as they are in imitation of me, they might be taken for mine. Wrote to Croker, saying that, if he had an opportunity, I wish he would (without making too much of the matter) tell Peel that the verses were not mine; that though I by no means affected any good will to his public character, thinking him the greatest enemy, because the most respectable, that Ireland had, I yet respected him too much to make this sort of attack upon him. On the 5th received an answer from Crocker, saying he had made the communication I wished to Peel, and enclosing me Peel's letter in reply, which was as follows:—"Dear Croker, I believe I saw the verses in the 'Times' to which Moore has alluded, but I cannot say that they gave me much uneasiness. I never thought enough about them to guess at the author. They now certainly have caused me more pleasure than pain, since they have induced Moore, from a generous spirit quite consistent with hostility to me as a public man, to disclaim an attack which would have pained me, if it had been an evidence of his personal enmity and ill-will. I am, from long exposure, tolerably callous to abuse, but not to that abuse which would make me despair of improving my acquaintance with Moore. Very truly yours." There is here all the manliness and tact for which Peel is so distinguished. Forgot to mention that these verses contained also a violent attack on Croker, which (as I said in my letter) would be to him a sufficient proof that they were not mine. In his answer he said, that not only that circumstance, but the inferiority of their talent, would have convinced him of it. A letter from Lady Jersey to say she had certainly thought the verses to be mine, and "what other living poet could have written them?" Sent to the "Times" verses on the "Umbrella Question." Received a letter from Æneas M'Donnell, entreating me to write something about the "New Reformation;" answered, I would as soon as I could. Sent up, in about a week after, "Woe, woe!"—14th. Went to the Houlton's, John having brought the gig for me. Elwyn and Shirley at dinner. Spoke of Lisse (I think), some foreign poet or musician, who got great celebrity by a song called "Portrait Charmant;" and, one day, Houlton being in a coffee-room with him, a little squat Dutch-looking woman came in, leaning on the arm of a man, on which Lisse jogged H.'s elbow, and whispered "Portrait charmant;" this woman being the person he had, many years before, written the song upon.—Next day, 15th, walked into Bath alone to see my dear Anastasia; found her better than I expected; sat with her a great part of the day. News of the resignation of the Tory Ministry arrived; much consternation, in consequence, among the Bath parsons. Saw Dr. Crawford, who said Anastasia was going on very well. Returned with Elwyn to dinner at Houlton's; my time here always agreeable; the melancholy tones of E.'s voice (which resemble much those of Malanotte, a woman I heard at Venice) brought the tears into my eyes last night, and the "Calasero" of J. on the guitar made me feel as usual.—16th. Returned home, Houlton's gig bringing me as far as Melksham, from whence I walked home. Negotiations going on some days between Lord Lansdowne and Canning.—20th. Lord and Lady L. arrived at Bowood.—22nd. Walked over to Bowood; met the Duke of Devonshire in the hall; was shown to Lord L.'s room. "You find me," he said, "in the greatest worry and perplexity possible." He then proceeded to tell me the state of the negotiation when he left town; the great difficulty, the government of Ireland, which the King insists must be exclusively anti-Catholic, as a set-off to the preponderance of Catholicism in the cabinet. In this state of things Lord L.'s wish is to support Canning's government, without joining it; but, of course, his direct co-operation is what Canning wants. Had left town to escape from the conflicting counsels and opinions with which he was beset, having de-

clined taking office without some modification of the proposed government for Ireland. To his surprise saw the Duke of Devonshire at his bedside this morning, who had come for the double purpose of consulting him as to his own line of conduct; and, at Canning's request, of reopening the negotiation with Lord Lansdowne. The Duke very eager for the junction. "What an appearance it would have," said Lord L., "if, in a few weeks after my taking office, the first fruits of my accession would prove to be the appointment of an anti-Catholic government for Ireland." Agreed with him that this would never do, and that he ought to insist upon, at least, a Catholic secretary. Said he would make up his mind to this as a *sine quâ non*. Seemed by no means, however, to like the idea of joining at all, from the sacrifice of character which, he feared, might ultimately result from it; and said, two or three times, "Do you really then think that, if I were to take office (upon the condition of this concession respecting Ireland), and should, in a few months, see reason to retire again, I should not come out damaged?" Told him, that (acting as I knew he always *would*) the damage would be to those he left, not to himself. After a good deal of conversation I left him, and joined the Duke and Lady L. in the library. The Duke said, "Did you ever expect to see such changes as have just happened? One can hardly believe it." I said I hoped he would not let Lord L. decide against the junction too hastily. "I think he will hardly get me out of this house," he replied, "without a favourable answer." Lunched. Asked their opinion about a name for my heroine, and wrote out a list for them to choose from. Alethe, the one I had fixed on, but it does not look so well in print. *Theora* seemed the only one they both liked; Lady L., too, liked *Clea*. Told Lord L. I should come again on Tuesday.—24th. Went to Bowood: the Duke had started off at five o'clock on the 22nd. A letter from him this morning; had seen Canning, but nothing could be known till the latter had seen the King. After luncheon walked out with Lord L. Said he had received a letter that morning from a person I should little suspect as offering his counsel on such a subject; "one," he added, "more likely to counsel you than me." This was from Rogers, who is at present at Dropmore, and writes to say that, thinking it might be satisfactory to Lord L. to know the opinions of Lord Grenville on the subject of the negotiation, and those opinions being decidedly for the junction, he hastens to communicate them. Said I should come again to-morrow. "If you find me gone," said Lord L., "you may conclude all is settled."—25th. Went to Bowood at half-past one; Lord L. gone about half an hour, in consequence of the arrival of a King's messenger. Had left a note for me, to say that lest, from his departure, I might suppose all to be settled, he thought it right not to leave me under this impression; on the contrary, he had received a decided, though elaborately softened down, refusal to his proposal; but, as his friends thought he ought to be in town during the present situation of affairs, he had consented to go up. Bid me, if I should see William Lamb announced as the future secretary for Ireland, not to conclude any thing favourable from that circumstance, as the appointment would be only temporary.

May 1st to 31st. The whole of this month busily employed in seeing my "Epicurean" through the press, and finishing the last chapters: at it from morning to night. Had Anastasia home, and consulted Brabant about her, who alarmed me not a little by his opinion of her general health.

June 1st to 6th. Bessy's sister in Edinburgh very ill; a letter from Mrs. Siddons giving but little hope of her life: this letter succeeded by others of a more encouraging tendency: endeavoured, however, to prevent Bessy from being too sanguine in her expectations. Received a note from Corry, who is in London, and means to stay a week more.

7th. Having finished all but the correction of the last chapter and the notes, started for town. A good deal of conversation on the way. Proceeded in the coach to Ludgate Hill, having fixed to pass a few days with the Longmans, for the better dispatch of what remains of my printing. One of my fellow passengers, a lady, who went on with me, expressed her delight at having been "lucky enough to pass so many hours in my company," and introduced me to a young man who was in the inn-yard to meet her. Found a servant of the Longmans waiting for me, and a nice dinner ready on my arrival: nothing could be more kind or hospitable. Walked out with Rees.

Went to Power's about a coat I had ordered, having none fit to appear in: found it dreadful, and went to Nugee's, the tailor, who engaged to make me another immediately.

8th. Waked at five o'clock by the dreadful noise of the workmen in pulling down some houses opposite. Nugee called with the first *sketch* of my coat to try it on: said he would dress me better than ever I was dressed in my life: "There's not much of you, sir," he said, "and therefore my object must be to make the most I can of you." Quite a jewel of a man this Nugee: have gone to him in consequence of my former tailor being bankrupt. Worked all day at my notes, and did not stir out till after dinner. Went to the Athenæum; looked at lodgings, and fixed to go to 19, Bury Street. The Longmans anxious that I should stay with them, but finding that Rees had given up his own room to me, felt I should be more comfortable by changing my quarters.

9th. At work all the morning in reading various books of travels, &c. for my notes: added but little to the authorities I already had, which are far more multifarious than they need be. Left Paternoster Row late, and got to my lodgings time enough to dress for dinner at Lord Lansdowne's, who wrote down to me a few days ago to ask me for to-day and for Thursday next: company, the Lievens, Jerseys, Cowpers, Vernons, Wm. Russells, Duke of Devonshire, &c.: sat next to Lieven. Found a note at home from Barnes, asking me to dine with him to-morrow.

10th. Held communication early with Corry, who is my next door neighbour. After having worked some hours at my proofs, &c., walked out with Corry. Paid visits: among others called upon Lord Harrington, who asked me to dine with him. Not having yet answered Barnes, was half inclined to do so: tossed up a shilling in Corry's room to decide; "heads for Barnes;" it came heads, and off I set to Nelson Square, having tried to prevail on Corry to accompany me. On mentioning this to Barnes, we dispatched a note off to C. asking him to join us after dinner, which he did. * *

11th. At work all the morning. Dined with the Fieldings.

12th. A letter from Bessy's mother about poor Anne, who appears, by the last accounts, to be all but dead. Dined at the Athenæum alone, and went to see Pasta in "Marie Stuart;" much affected by it: went to the Fieldings' box afterwards, and found both the girls' eyes red with weeping. Great anxiety about the result of the struggle to-night between the Ministers and Opposition, on the Duke of Wellington's amendment. The intelligence brought to the Fieldings' box by Talbot, who had just heard it from Col. French: "We have beaten the Jacobins," exclaimed the wise colonel. Went from thence to Lady Lansdowne, who had a box for the children to-night; found there Lord Lansdowne, who looked fagged and worried. * * *

13th. A letter from Bessy expressing her intention to go to Edinburgh to her sister, in case Brabant thinks it right for Anastasia to travel. Dined with Lady Donegal, or rather with Mary and Barbara, poor Lady D. not being well enough to see me yet. Drove a little in the park afterwards, and they then set me down at the theatre, where I saw the "Hundred Pound Note" and "Peter Wilkins;" much pleased with both: Corry in the next box to me; joined and went, of course, to sup afterwards: this finishing of the night always necessary to him as it used to be to me, but it now disagrees with me much. Told me a good deal about Plunket, of his amiableness and even playfulness when one comes to know him, notwithstanding that repulsive look and manner of his. Described a merry day with him and the Chief Justice (Bushe) at the Pigeon House: their endeavours to out-pun each other, "Well, that's as bad as his, isn't it?" "No, no; mine was the worst, I appeal to all round." Con Lyne was one of the party, and, on his undertaking to recite something, Plunket said, "Come, come, Lyne, stand up while you do it; stand up, man, and nobody at least can say that you are *Con-seated* (conceited)." Mentioned Plunket's joke on some one saying, "Well, you see ——'s predictions have come true." "Indeed!" said Plunket, "I always knew he was a *bore*, but I didn't know he was an *augur*."

14th. At work most of the morning. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: Corry and I went together: company, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Miss Ricardo, Orde, Mackintosh, Newton, &c. Supper afterwards at Stevens's. Corry told me of his first interview with Lord Lansdowne on his arrival; Lord L. asked him, among a variety of other questions, how my "Life of

Sheridan" was liked in Ireland. Corry told him that Bushe and Plunket disapproved of the light in which I had represented Sheridan; I had sacrificed (they thought) my hero! Lord L. very truly replied, that I might more fairly be accused of the opposite fault, that of glossing him over too much. Did not get to bed till near two, which is hard work, having to be up, with all my wits about me, so early.

15th. Waked at a little before eight; worked at my notes for seven hours, and then went to dinner at Longman's with Corry and the Knight of Kerry, the latter of whom I begged them to invite: company, Kenny, Dickinson, Barnes, &c. One or two pleasant stories from Kenny. Corry, the Knight, and I, came away together, and after walking down to the House of Commons, turned into a coffee-house on our way back, and committed supper on lobster, salad, and brandy and water. * * *

16th. Not at all well after my double dose of eating and drinking yesterday, but obliged to rise early to work. Did not continue long at it, but treated myself to a walk, which did me good. Went to dine at Longman's, at Hampstead; took a hackney coach, which was to cost me 15*s.* for a day. A large party: Mr. and Mrs. Carr and daughter, Dr. Thomson, Miss Bentham, the Spottiswoodes, &c. Singing in the evening; Miss Carr, Miss Longman, and myself. Left at a quarter past eleven, and, having refreshed myself by a little change of toilette, got to the Duke of Devonshire's supper about twenty minutes past twelve. All the great world there, and every one full of kindness to me. Sat at supper between Lady Carlisle and Lady Clanricarde; a good deal of talk with the former about the new changes in the Ministry. Forgot my eye-glass at home; but Lady Cawdor lent me hers, charging me to take care of it, as it was a wedding present.

17th. Was to have dined (Corry and I) with Benett to-day; but my old friend Lady Bective having invited us also, preferred it. See the Benetts almost every day, as he receives my letters under his cover from Bessy, and I call there for them. The girls very pretty and lively; want me to take up my abode there, but distracted as I am even in my secluded back room in Bury Street, what should I be among them? Set off for Regent's Park with Corry towards seven; some difficulty in finding the Bectives' house. No one but ourselves and them. Sang with Lady Bective and her daughter in the evening some of the same songs she and I sung together before that daughter existed, I believe!

18th. Received last night a revise of my last sheet, and see many things to re-write in the death-scene. Notes pouring in on me, and visitors momentarily expected: found I could do nothing at home, and determind to fly off to Kensington Gardens with my sheets. Took a hackney-coach at Knightsbridge, and in a few minutes found myself in those quiet gardens, out of the reach of all intruders. Sauntered about and sat alternately, conning over my pages, and touching the style and thoughts into shape, and, after being employed there about three hours, returned with the death-scene much improved in its present form. Dispatched it to the printer. Dined (Corry and I) at Stirling's, one of the proprietors of, and writers for, the "Times;" rather an artificial and affected man, but (as I understand from Corry) full of good feeling and kindness. Found among the guests one of my pretty shuttlecock friends (the sister of Mr. Henry Napier), who is married to Captain Light; sat next her at dinner. Some talk with Stirling about Barnes, who, he says, is the "best good man, with the worst-natured tongue." Never heard him speak of any one otherwise than depreciatingly, but the next moment, after abusing a man, he would go any length to serve him. The day by no means agreeable; was off to Lady Lansdowne's; found the gallery lighted up, and Pasta and Toso singing. Sorry to see Lord L. looking thoughtful and worried. Had received a card from him to dine on Monday next, but cannot, being engaged to Spottiswoode's: said he was very sorry, as he wished me to meet Lord Grey. Lady L. not well, and unhappy about an old family nurse, who was seized with apoplexy in the morning; neither host nor hostess, indeed, wore a *visage de fête*, which I grieved to see, for my hearth warms to both. Lord Auckland asked me for next Thursday, but I am engaged; begged me to call and fix a day with his sisters. Not home till near two.

19th. Up at eight, and from that hour till five o'clock never stirred from my writing-table, being employed in collecting my references for the notes, and putting them into

shape. This part of my task done too hurriedly, as I shall not be able to compress one-tenth of my materials into proper form, and must therefore omit them. Between five and six shaved and dressed, and went to dine at the Athenæum; from thence to the opera, where I promised Sir F. Burdett last night I would join his daughter in her box. Pasta in "Semiramide," very fine. Power had eased my mind on the subject of my bill on him for 120*l.* which is just falling due, and which I was to take up. He will pay it himself, and I shall refund the sum when my book is launched.

20th. Sent my last copy to the printer. Walked about with Corry, who is off to-morrow: introduced him to the Benett girls, whom he thought very pretty and agreeable. Saw Lady D. for the first time: obliged to be carried down to the drawing-room; a good deal altered in every thing but cordiality and goodness; all raptures as usual about my little Tom. Drove out with Barbara and her aunt; got my ticket for Almack's. Dined at Lord Cowper's: company, Brougham, Creevey, William Lamb, &c. &c. Creevey very amusing, drawing out Broofam (as he calls him) on his late speech at Liverpool; reminding him of their former time there, when Brougham, he said, was pelted "with precious stones (a man having flung a ring into their carrriage), and he with real ones." Mentioned Brougham having exhausted every topic in his speeches, leaving him (Creevey) nothing to say; and on Creevey remonstrating with him, B. said, "Oh, well, I shall behave better to-morrow." Accordingly, on the morrow, he took particular pains not to leave a single topic connected with the subject untouched, and having fairly picked it to the bone, concluded by saying, "but I ought to apologise for having so long occupied your attention, and the more so as Mr. Creevey, who is to address you after me, has a great deal of new and interesting matter to submit to you." Went afterwards to Almack's, and was much amused; the prettiest person among those new to me, Lady Alice Peel. Was asked to-day to Lord Leveson Gower's.

21st. Went to Kentish Town to breakfast with Mrs. S. Mrs. S. disposed to give me every assistance in my "Life of Byron;" promised to write out her recollections of the Memoirs, which she had read (at least the first part) before he gave them to me; fixed to meet her next Monday at the Exhibition. Walked into town with Kenny, calling in my way at Heath's (the engraver), who has sent me several messages and letters, requesting an interview with me. His object is to get me to become editor of an annual volume he has undertaken, in the manner of the "Forget-me-not," but on a more splendid scale; proposes to give me £500 a-year, my editorship to commence with the second number, as the present editor is Mr. Ainsworth (I think), the son-in-law of Ebers. Showed me some of the sheets and plates of the first number. Told him that I must take some time to consider of it, and should mention the proposal only to one person. Have no serious idea, however, of accepting it; the £500 a-year would, of course, be welcome, but there are other considerations to be looked to, and the plan altogether is *not* eligible. Dined at Lord Caernarvon's, having been also asked to Lord King's. Company: the Jerseys, Rogers, Baring, the Duncannons, Puseys, &c. Seated the whole time of dinner (without knowing him) next Lord Porchester: at length Lord Jersey, who sat on the other side of me, telling me who he was, lost no time in making up leeway with by brother poet, whose modesty evidently prevented him from entering into conversation with me; a rare quality in a young lord, and imputable solely to his poetry. The dinner dreadfully long; and I felt it the more from my impatience to be off to the "Medea," which I had never seen. Left the table soon after the ladies (Lord Jersey promising to explain for me to Lord Caernarvon) and took coach for the Opera. First act just over; knew not where to find a seat (it being a benefit night) till at last, seeing on the plan that the Countess St. Antonio kept her box, flew thither, and found only the Countess, Miss Gent, and Uvedale Price. Never saw any thing so fine as Pasta's acting; the "miseri pargoletti" full of tenderness, and all the rest grand. Promised to meet Miss Gent (who is a firstrate singer and a very handsome person) at the Countess's on Tuesday next. Remained alone in the box to see the ballet, and then home. Called this morning on Agar Ellis, to ask him to join Rogers in proposing Barnes at the Athenæum, Rogers being of opinion that my name, as one of the proposers, would do Barnes more harm than good, by proclaiming him so decidedly as the "Times"

editor. Ellis fixed for me to meet him at Rogers's to-morrow.

22nd. Received the proofs of the "dedication," &c. Went to Rogers's: found Agar Ellis about to take R. and Uvedale Price to see Lord Londonderry's Correggios: promised to call on Agar Ellis after his return. Went to Lord John Russell; showed him the "dedication," and asked his opinion of it, whether there was any thing he would wish altered in it, &c.; said he liked it very much. Thence to Agar Ellis's; found that he and Rogers had been to the Athenæum, and written down Barnes; anxious that I should dine with him some day, and fixed the first I was disengaged for July 5th. Said he should get the Jerseys to meet me, and added, "Is there any one else you would like me to ask?" On my way from him to Power's, met Lord Lansdowne and Abercromby. Lord L. said, "I never see you now." "No," I answered, "I have *cut* you since you became minister." Went out to pay my first visit at Holland House; found Lord H. riding about the hayfield. Walked beside him for some time; full of mental activity as usual. Talked a good deal of the state of politics. * * * Said Lord Lansdowne was too mild and forbearing to the Opposition, and that he was himself meditating a *sortie* against them. Talked of Ireland, Lord Anglesey's intended appointment, &c. &c. Lady Holland, driving in her whiskey, joined us, and said to me, "At last welcome to these peaceful shades; I thought we were never to see you." Asked me to dine to-morrow; the very thing I wished, it being the only day I have open for a long time. Lord H. had already mentioned Wednesday next, which I was obliged to refuse. Sat for some time with them in one of the summer houses, Lady H. inquiring, with much kindness, about Bessy and the young ones. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, young Villiers and one or two more. In the evening the Francis Levesons, Mr. de Roos, and a few others; sung a good deal.

23rd. Sent the last of my corrections to the printer; the book may be out next Saturday. Received a ticket from Miss Burdett for the "Medea" to-night; also from the Countess St. Antonio, and from Lady Davy, and from somebody else, but am bound fast to Holland House. At two went to Lady Donegal's to meet some friends of Barbara, who are anxious to hear me sing; Mrs. Hall and her sister. Sung as well as I could, having tired myself with running about. The sister much affected by some of the songs and cried. The Benetts took me out to Holland House after a drive in the Park. Benett had in the morning told me, in confidence, of Lord C. Churchill having proposed for Ethell; the girls, too, let out a little of the same secret. Company at dinner, the Duke of Bedford, the Whitbreads, Lambton, &c. &c. Sat up till near two with Lord Holland, who took me to his room and read me over some researches of his upon the Dissenters' Bill; also his translation of the 25th canto of Ariosto for Mr. Rose's book, which he had got printed for himself in full, with all the stanzas about Fiordespina, which, of course, are to be omitted in publication. Had fixed with Lambton to dine out for me to-morrow.

24th. Talking of Gibbon after breakfast; whether one would have rather left such a history as that of Gibbon behind or that of Hume; more men to be found, I thought, to do the latter than the former; such a comprehensive subject, and so completely executed. Those verses on Gibbon which I have heard attributed to Mr. Fox, "Through all the religions of Europe he ran," &c., not his, Lord H says. Another mistake about Mr. Fox, his admiration of Barrow; Lord H. doubts whether he ever read a line of Barrow. At one Lambton arrived; my Lady, however, having fixed to take me in her whiskey to see Charles's house, Lambton accompanied us. Came into town with Lambton in his cabriolet. What an odd state of politics. I saw Lady Holland yesterday touching Lambton on the knee to keep him from speaking against the Duke of Wellington before the Duke of Bedford; the two Dukes being now, in conjunction with Lord Grey, *opposers* of the Ministry, while Lord Tavistock, Lord John, and Lambton are *with* them. Very little hopes now of poor Anne's life. Dined at Lord Carlisle's: company, the Ponsonbys, the Wilmot Hortons, C. Greville, Planta, Luttrell, &c.; the first time I have met W. Horton since the burning of the MS.; very courteous. Dinner not very bright; too many official jokes between Horton and Planta. After dinner some conversation with the former about Ireland, and found him agreeable and sensible.

25th. Have been sitting some days past to

Moore for a medallion. Went to Rogers; found there Lady Davy, Lord and Lady Ruthven, and Newton, who had been breakfasting with him. Told R. I had received a note from the Longmans to say that my book would come out (with Scott's "Napoleon") on Saturday: though it could be ready, I knew, on Wednesday. R. angry at this; every day, he said, now was precious, and I ought not to allow them to keep me back for that "great humbug, the "Napoleon." All urged me to hasten it, particularly Lady Ruthven. Went to the Exhibition to meet Mrs. Shelley; a good deal of talk about Lord B. and Shelley. Seems to have known Byron thoroughly, and always winds up her account of his bad traits with "but still he was very nice." From the Exhibition went with her to the Panorama of Geneva; pointed out to me the place where Lord B. lived. She and Shelley had a small house near him. At first they lived at Secheron, and she spoke of Byron's singing one of my Melodies, "When He who adores Thee," as he left them in his boat of an evening, and their standing at the wall at the bottom of their garden listening to his voice over the water. Said the three or four months she passed there were the happiest of her life. The story of Lord B.'s saying to Polidori that, though Shelley did not fight, *he* did, is true. Dined at Spottiswoode's, having been obliged to refuse Lord Lansdowne, and also a dinner at Byng's, where I was asked to meet Lord Tavistock. Dull enough at Spottiswoode's, except in the evening, when we had music. A brother of Jeremy Bentham's of the party; rather an odd, quaint person, who expressed himself much puzzled by the peculiar quality of my voice; asked had I any secret charm? &c. &c. Went to Lady Grey's assembly; left it with Luttrell, who proposed to me to go to Lady Cork's, but I was tired, and home.

26th. Went at two o'clock to the Countess St. Antonio; found her and Coccia at the pianoforte. The new tenor (Ravoglia, I think) came soon after, and sang several things of Coccia's. Told the Countess she must not expect me to sing this morning, as there were foreign professors by; not understanding the words, they never know what to make of my singing. "*Ah, que c'est drôle!*" as I overheard a Frenchman say, after I had been singing "Those Evening Bells." By degrees the room filled; Lord and Lady Worcester, Lady Mansfield and her daughters, the Miss Gents, &c. The Gents sang two duets beautifully, one of them Vaccai's. The Lady Murrays also sang very well, and with much more feeling than the others. Lady Mansfield invited me to come to Caen Wood in a week or two. Left them singing at near five o'clock. Dined at Lord Jersey's: company, Lady E. Vernon, M. and Madame Eynard, George Forteseue, &c. Took Madame Eynard down to dinner; a very agreeable person. Received a letter from Rees this morning, in consequence of my having said yesterday at dinner that "I feared my little cock-boat (the "Epicurean") would be run down by the launch of the great warship (Napoleon) on Saturday," informing me, that as I appeared not to like coming out with Scott, they meant to put off the publication of the "Epicurean" till Saturday week. Wrote to remonstrate agains this, and quoted what Rogers had said; got an answer back to say, I should be out on Friday.

27th. Dined at Baring's, having been also asked to Frankland Lewis's, and some other place. Company: Charles Fox and his wife, Lord Essex, Rogers, Brougham, &c. Francis Baring, whom I sat next, told me of his having met, during his travels in South America, some Mexican women who had learnt English for the express purpose of singing my Melodies. Corunna formerly called "the Groyne." Fox, in one of his speeches, calls it so. After dinner, in talking of Peter Coxe the auctioneer, F. Baring said, "Didn't he write some poem about 'Human Life?'" (Rogers was sitting beside him.) There was a dead silence. "No," answered Brougham at last, putting his finger up to his nose with a look of grave malice; "no, it was not *Peter Coxe* that was the author of 'Human Life.'" B.'s look and voice irresistible, and there was a burst of laughter over the table, in which Rogers himself joined.

28th. A note from Power to say that poor Anne is at last released from her suffering; a letter from Murray, too, with the same information. Wrote to Bessy as consolingly as I could on this subject; notwithstanding the long preparation, she will feel it deeply. Dined at Boddington's: company, the other Boddingtons, Mr. Crackenthorpe, &c. &c. Sat next Miss Boddington, who is pretty and amusing. Left them preparing to dance, and went to Lady

Cornwall's, where I heard some rather bad amateur music, with the exception of the Miss Gents. Much pressed to sing, but did not till most of the company had gone away.

29th. Taken by the two Benetts to Dulwich, where I have for some days been meditating a visit to Dr. Glennie, with whom Byron was at school. Glennie not at home, but we were shown into a good garden, where we amused ourselves among the strawberry beds. Saw young Glennie, who showed me the memorandums, as far as they are done, which his father is writing down for me relative to Byron. A good deal of laughing in our drive back. Dined at Ponsonby's: company, Lord and Lady Dunmore, Lord Dudley, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Rogers, and Miss Godfrey. Lord Dudley very silent; hardly opened his lips. Found a note on my return home from Lord Essex (who fixed to take me to Boyle Farm to-morrow), appointing the hour at which I am to be with him.

30th. Day rather threatening for the *fête*. Was with Lord Essex at two, and started about half an hour afterwards in his barouche and four. Nothing but carriages and four along the road to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos has lent for the occasion to Henry; the five givers of the *fête* being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, and Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. But few come when we arrived; the arrangements very tasteful and beautiful. The pavilion for quadrilles on the bank of the river, with steps descending to the water, quite oriental, like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the *élite* of the gay world was assembled, the women all looking their best, and scarce an ugly face among them. About half-past five sat down to dinner; four hundred and fifty under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the royal table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese musicians sung during dinner, and after dinner there were gondolas on the river, with Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, &c. singing barcarolles, and rowing off occasionally so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos: Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, &c., who rowed about in the same manner and sung "Oh come to me when daylight sets," &c. &c. The evening was most delicious, and as soon as it grew dark the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps in various devices. A little lake near a grotto looked particularly pretty, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six and twenty of the prettiest girls of the fashionable world, the Foresters, Brudenells, De Rooses, Mary Fox, Miss Russell, &c. &c., were dressed as *rosières*, and opened the quadrille in the pavilion. Walked about a good deal with Lord King's daughter and the Fieldings. Had agreed to go away with Lord Essex at ten, and as the time approached was rather sorry. The Fieldings offered to bring me home, if I would stay, but as they probably would stay till morning, did not like to run the risk of wearing the thing out, and resolved to go while the enjoyment of it was fresh in my mind, so started with Lord E. about half-past ten, the fireworks on the Thames being the only thing I lost. Yesterday my book came out, and there was a flaming eulogy on it in the "Literary Gazette" of to-day. They have given, however, the catastrophe of the story, which is letting the cat out of the bag most provokingly. Dawson (Lord P.'s brother) said to me at the *fête*, "I never read any thing so beautiful as the death of your heroine." "What!" said I, "have you got so far already?" "Oh, I read it in the 'Literary Gazette.'" This is too bad. The Marquis Palmella, too (the Portuguese ambassador), when he and I and Brougham were standing together, said to me, "This is like one of your *fêtes*." Brougham, thinking he alluded to "Lalla Rookh," said, "Oh yes, quite oriental." "*Non, non, je veux dire*," answered Palmella, "*cette fête d'Athenes dont j'ai lu la description dans le Gazette d'aujourdhui*." Sent Bessy a copy of the book to-day.

July 1st. To Kentish Town to breakfast with Mrs. Shelley. Gave me, written down, her recollections of the "Memoirs." Told me all the circumstances of poor Shelley's death. Showed me a very clever letter of Lord Byron's to her on the subject of Hunt, who had complained of some part of Lord B.'s conduct to him. She thought it a "hard and high" tone he takes with Hunt, and there may be a little too much of this in it, but it is the letter of a clever man of the world. In speaking of Hunt's claim on his friendship, he says he had always served him as far as lay in his power, but that friendship was out of the question, there being but one man (Lord Clare) for whom he en-

tertained that feeling, "and perhaps (he adds afterwards) Thomas Moore." Mrs. S. walked into town with me as far as the Strand, where I went to call on Raymond the great French bookseller. Sat some time with him talking French politics; thinks there is a *crise* coming. Said, speaking of Scott's work, that he feared "Napoleon would dethrone Sir W. Scott in France." Dined at Holland House: company, Lady Keith, the Websters, Sneyd, the Duke of Bedford, Lord J. Russell, &c. &c. Reminded Lady Holland of her saying to Lord Porchester, "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem; can't you suppress it?" "Well," she answered, "I have been reading a work this morning that I should certainly not be for suppressing." "See what you've got by your prose," said Lord Holland; "she was so delighted to find there were no rhymes in your book." Lord John, on the contrary, had told me before dinner that he liked the "Epicurean" very much, but "was sorry I had not made a poem of it." A very flattering article on my book in the "Examiner" of to-day; and it is even praised in that beastly paper the "Age," which calls it "this exquisite work." Allen remarked to-day on the contempt Scott shows for the Highlanders in his novels; always represents them as shabby fellows. "Quentin Durward," Allen said, is the most gentlemanlike of his heroes.

2nd. Have been in correspondence for some days past with Drury of Harrow (whom I rather think I met once at dinner at Murray's) about paying him a visit on the subject of Byron; have fixed to-morrow to come to him. Went to the Longmans, and drew 200*l.* on the account of the "Epicurean," this making altogether near 400*l.* I have anticipated out of its profits. Said to Longman, "I hope it will stand that;" and he replied, "Oh, more than that, I hope." Gave Power 130*l.* to cover the bill he has paid for me, and 20*l.* I have borrowed of him since I came to town. Sent my darling Bess ten of my remaining 50*l.* Dined at Lansdowne House: company, Lord Donoughmore, Abercrombys, Newton, Sharpe, Barings, &c. Sharpe full of praise of my book; said he was "downright in love with Alethe; and could hardly tell why, for she did little more than raise her beautiful eyes and let them fall again." This, as I told him, was what I aimed at; to make my heroine interesting with as little effort as possible, keeping her down to the gentle, simple tone which I myself like in women. Had once an idea of putting, as a motto to the book, two lines from Crashaw's verses on St. Theresa:

> "Yet, though she cannot tell you why,
> She can love and she can die."

But this would have been proclaiming my catastrophe. Spoke of Crashaw's verses; the dialogue between him and Cowley on Hope. Cowley's beautiful "Brother of Fear," &c., and the ingenious couplet,

> "The joys which we entire should wed;
> Come deflowered virgins to our bed;"

and Crashaw's

> "Fair Hope, our earlier heaven, by thee
> Young Time is faster to Eternity!"

Lord L. mentioned a letter he had from Ireland, speaking of the "claw of an act," evidently thinking that *clause* was plural. Lady Lansdowne told me she was too late to receive her guests, owing to the "Epicurean," which she had read to within twenty pages of the end. Went in the evening to the British Gallery; met Elwyn there; afterwards to Lady Grey's for a short time.

13th. Started for Harrow in the coach at three, Miss Godfrey and Barbara having taken me to the Green Man and Still in their carriage. Drury had desired me to ask Hobhouse to accompany me, but Hobhouse could not. Forgot to mention that I had some conversation with H. at the Dandy's dinner. * * * We had some talk there about Byron, and he not only readily complied with my wish to have my letters to Byron back, but seemed every way disposed to afford me every facility in my task. Said he thought that enough of original matter of Byron might be collected to make up a volume of such a size as would spare me the trouble of doing more than merely prefixing a light prefatory sketch to it. He also told me he had looked over the letters to Lady Melbourne, and found they were of so confidential and personal a nature that there could hardly, he thought, be any extracts from them for publication. In one of them B. says, "I am going to write a civil letter to such an one, a gallant letter to some one else, an ambitious one to another, and a sincere one to Tom Moore." Added, that he thought it was the duty of the executors to try and make good Lord Byron's intentions of serving me in every

way that lay in their power. Arrived at Harrow about half-past six: no one but Drury himself (who received me most hospitably) and his family at dinner. Dr. Butler joined us in the evening. A good deal of desultory talk about Byron; his quarrel with Butler; could not bear his succeeding Dr. Drury; organised a rebellion against him on his arrival; wrote up in all parts of the school, "To your tents, O Israel!" dragged the desk of the master into the middle of the school, and burnt it. Lived in Dr. Butler's house; pulled down the blinds of his study or drawing-room (?); when charged with it by Dr. B. and asked his reason, said, "They darkened the room." Afterwards, however, when Butler threatened him, cried and blubbered like a child. Always at the head of every mischief. His lameness, they both agreed, was from an accident, being let fall when at nurse; might have been removed if he had not been obstinate at school, and resisted all the precautions and remedies adopted. Was very idle; learnt nothing. His mother a coarse, vulgar woman. The Duke of Dorset a great friend of B.'s at school; did not know that Clare was such a friend of his. Remarked, very justly, the total contrast in every respect between him and Lord Clare. Spoke of the strong opposition in Harrow to the inscription Byron wished to have over the tomb of Allegra. * * * Drury had some dogs (two, I believe) sent him that had belonged to Lord Byron. One day he was told that two ladies wished to see him, and he found their business was to ask, as a great favour, some relic of Lord Byron. Expecting to be asked for some of his handwriting, or a bit of his hair, he was amused to find that it was a bit of the hair of one of the dogs they wanted. The dog being brought forward the ladies observed a *clot* on his back, which had evidently resisted any efforts at ablution that might have been exerted on the animal, and immediately selected this as the most precious part to cut off; "the probability," they said, "being that Lord B. might have patted that clot." Slept at Drury's.

4th. Started for town at nine o'clock. Met Mrs. Shelley, by appointment, at Power's; sung for her. Called for by the Benetts, and drove about with them a little. Dined at Lady Davy's: company, the Charlemonts, and one of the Lady Clements, the Frankland Lewises, Lord Dudley, Lady Lyndhurst, &c. Lord Dudley very agreeable. Spoke of Lady Ruthven; the singularity of her going direct from Scotland to Italy and Greece, and when Lord D. first met her she was acquainted with every hole and corner of Athens and Rome, but had never seen either London or Paris. During dinner Lady Lyndhurst said to me across the table, "A friend of mine nearly broke his neck over your book yesterday." It appeared that this friend was so anxious to finish the "Epicurean," that he was reading it in his curricle, and the horses were near running away with him. Some more people came in the evening; Lady Jersey, &c. Sung a little. Lord Dudley very comical about my complaint of the people in the other room: "Very good sort of people, I assure you. You calumniate them; but it is thus that inhabitants of remote regions are always calumniated; your own country, Ireland," &c., &c.

5th. Had a note some days ago from the Duchess of Bedford, hoping I was disengaged for to-day, as they were "particularly anxious" I should dine with them. Asked, also, to Lady Clanricarde's (I rather think to meet Canning), but have been engaged to Agar Ellis this fortnight past. Company at Ellis's: the Jerseys, the Carlisles, the Lascelles, Sneyd, Lord Clifden, &c., &c. Ellis told me before dinner that, while he was writing a letter this morning, he heard a violent sobbing behind him, and, on turning round, found it was Lady Georgiana over the "Epicurean." Sung in the evening. Lady Carlisle asked me to come to her on Monday, to meet the Cannings, but I am unluckily going to Harrow. At eleven left Ellis's for Barnes's, a musical party; found them at dancing; danced a quadrille myself (rather than do nothing) with a Miss Jones; very pretty. Playing on the pianoforte, in the bravura style, by a Miss ——, I forget who; and some singing to the guitar by a Russian. I sung also. After supper the mother of the bravura young lady sung "Alley Croker" at the table! and the Russian sung, pathetically, to the guitar, Goldsmith's "Good people all, of every sort." His "De dog it var dat died, heigh ho!" very ludicrous.

6th. Went out rather early to perform some commissions: returned to dress, and was called for by Lady Davy between one and two. Went to the Rutlivens', and proceeded with them in their open carriage and four to Tedding-

ton, to pass the day with the Charlemonts. The Charlemonts' place very pretty: they are but just recovering a little the loss of their daughter, who died, after a long illness, three or four months since. The other girl (a very lovely person) has felt it so much, that they have serious fears about her also. After luncheon went on the water; Lady Meath, with some of the girls in another boat: were to have seen a curious old house belonging to Lord ——(?), but did not get permission. Returned to dinner between seven and eight; a great mistake not to have dined at first, as we had had all the hot part of the day on the water. Had a pleasant drive home, getting to town between twelve and one.

7th. The Benetts took me out to Brompton, where I wanted to call on Lucy's late maid, Mrs. Winsor, whose husband had just set up as a miniature painter and drawing master. Dined with Colonel Bailly (Elwyn's friend), having been introduced to him by his pretty daughter at the Dandy fete: company, rather an odd assemblage; Lord Fife, Sir J. Beresford, D. Kinnaird, and my friend, Lord Strangford, whom I was very glad to meet, and who sat next me. Said he thought my "Epicurean" the most delicious piece of prose that had ever been written; had a good deal of conversation with him. In the evening some talk with D. Kinnaird about Byron; a great deal of the woman about Byron, in his tenderness, his temper, his caprice, his vanity. Chantrey's remark upon this; the soft voluptuous character of the lower part of his face, and the firmness of the upper part. Promised Miss Bailly to call upon her on Tuesday next.

8th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Shelley. Mentioned the Grand Duke of Tuscany and his family walking past Byron's house at Pisa to get a glimpse of him, Byron not having gone to court. B. gave Leigh (his brother-in-law) some thousands of pounds; I think she said eight thousand. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's at Wimbledon; Luttrell and I went together having clubbed for a job: found the party out in the grounds, which are very pretty: company, besides ourselves, Lord Alvanley, Montague, Dawson, Miss Fitzclarence, Gen. and Mrs. Macdonald and a very pretty daughter, Lady Clare and her daughter. Did not like the appearance of things at first, so many dandies being a portentous prospect: but got placed at dinner between Miss Macdonald and Miss Fitzclarence, both very pretty and amusing, and enjoyed the time exceedingly: the girls dating their ages and standing by their seasons at Almack's; Miss Macdonald considering herself an old woman from this being her second year at Almack's; Miss F.'s first. Talked of the *rosière* dress at the *fête;* the pattern given by the Miss de Rooses, who said it was to be pretty and cheap, but it turned out neither; cost twelve guineas and good for nothing afterwards: all these details very amusing. In the evening, after a moonlight ramble through the walks, I sung: the Chancellor much delighted, particularly courteous, and begged that if I returned to town during the summer, I would come and pass some days here. Dawson after dinner mentioned a dialogue he had heard in Paris between two Irish gentlemen. "Are you going back to Westmeath?" "No, indeed." "And why not?" "Sure the roof's in." The Rue de la Paix, from the number of English that are always parading it, called "Bullstrode Street."

9th. Started in the coach from Oxford Street about half-past nine, and arrived at Harrow at half past eleven. Drury busy in the school. Sat for some time in the garden, looking over "Bentley's Horace," with MS. notes here and there by Drury. * * * After luncheon Drury took me round to show me the school; Byron's name cut in various places around, but only one or two of them by his own hand. The present desk replaced that which Byron burnt in his rebellion. Showed me his favourite spot in the churchyard, where he used to sit, commanding an extensive view; was called "Byron's tomb" by the boys. It was near this he first wished Allegra to be buried, but afterwards he preferred having her laid under the sill of the church-door: his reason for this preference appears to be his recollection of an inscription over the door, which he used to have before his eyes as he sat in the gallery during church time, and read over and over. The inscription, tame enough, is as follows:

> "When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred bust,
> Our tears become us and our grief is just;
> Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
> This last, sad tribute of her love and praise."

Saw the books in the library which Byron bequeathed to it on leaving Harrow; Porson's edition of "Hecuba," and the following words

written in it by himself. "The bequest of Byron to the library, prior to his leaving Harrow, Dec. 4th, A. D. 1804." After paying a visit to Dr. Butler's returned to Drury's, and occupied myself in copying out some letters of Byron to Drury, and in collating the rough copy of the two first cantos of Childe Harold (which he gave to Drury) with the printed edition. Company at dinner, H. and his wife and her sister: music in the evening. Had some hopes of materials from H.. but he will evidently do nothing for me. H., when in love with his present wife, was in despair of being able to marry her, from the objection her mother had to giving her to a person so much in debt as he was. On his telling this to Lord Byron, "How much do you owe?" said B. "A thousand pounds," was the answer. "Make your mind easy, then," said Byron, and immediately waited on the mother, and informed her that H. was out of debt: he presented him then with 1400*l*. After Byron's death, there were some efforts made by the executors to constitute this a debt; but there is, I believe, but little doubt it was intended as a free gift: Drury is sure it was, and says he had a letter of Byron's that would prove it, but he has unluckily either lost or mislaid this letter. Mrs. H. must have been very pretty.

10th. Off in the morning at nine. After performing some commissions went to Longman's, to meet Dr. Glennie of Dulwich, on the subject of Byron; Mrs. Glennie with him. A good deal of talk about Byron; promised to resume his memoranda as soon as he should return home. A curious proof of the difficulty one finds in arriving at truth is, that while Drury and Butler both assure me that Byron's lameness was from an accident, Mr. and Mrs. Glennie, under whose care he was for near two years (I think), affirm positively that it was a club-foot, and that he was born with it. Sheldrake used to come to put on the iron; the leg, they say, was not wasted, and the iron went up only a short way. When I mentioned to them his saying to me that he was never altogether free from pain in it, they said he suffered no such pain at that time, and that it must be, perhaps, from his efforts to disguise the deformity that the inconvenience was felt, when I knew him. Byron's mother a vulgar, violent woman; it was she who instilled into him a dislike for Lord Carlisle, with whom she was continually at war on the subject of Byron's bringing up. Made a racket whenever she came to Glennie's; and the other boys used to say, "Byron, your mother's a fool." "I know it," was his answer. Mentioned a schoolfellow of B.'s (while with him), Lowes, I think, who was very clever, and whose example used to stimulate B. a good deal. B. was much attached to this young man, who died very young. B. always said that Lowes would distinguish himself in the world, and Lowes said the same of him. Must inquire more about this young man from Glennie. Glennie did not see much of Lord B. after he left him. Mrs. G. spoke with much feeling about the *good* that was in him, notwithstanding all his irregularities. When G. was at Geneva (it was after Lord B. had been there) people used jestingly to complain of his not having disciplined B. better, and made a better boy of him. Said he found the folks there highly indignant at Byron's conduct; his incivility in leaving a party to themselves whom he had asked to dine with him. This, I believe, is true. Said that B. wrote some English verses when he was with him; this not reconcilable with what B. says in his Journal. Called on Miss Bailly, according to promise. She is, it seems, the model the author of "Tremaine" took for his heroine; at least he said that he had never seen any one who approached his beau ideal but Miss Bailly. Mentioned that when Castlereagh was a boy, his mother, writing a letter one day to his father, asked him what she should say for him. "Send him this epitaph which I have written on you," said the boy, which she did, and before the letter had reached the father, she was dead. This same epitaph, it appears, is on her tomb. Where is she buried? Somebody, the other day, in talking of Castlereagh's ignorance (which appears to have been extensive to a degree hardly conceivable), said that he always mistook the phrase "joining issue" with a person to mean agreeing with him. This, however, I believe, is no uncommon vulgarism.

11th. Occupied in preparing for my departure, having taken my place in the mail for the evening. Went, either to-day or yesterday, to look at the books of Lord Byron's that are on sale at Evans's; nothing remarkable among them. There are some pencil marks of his on the "Prometheus of Æschylus" (Potter's

translation) about "dethroning Jove," which I must refer to. Forgot to mention that I had a conversation with Barnes respecting my agreement with the "Times:" asked him how much longer I must go on at my present rate of contribution before the proprietors should conceive that I had done enough for the 500*l.* advanced; and, in the next place, at the termination of this engagement, how much they could afford to offer me annually for renewing it. His answer was, that the proprietors, he was sure, would not require any thing further from me on the former account, but would consider that *closed;* and that for future contributions (at such intervals as would entirely suit my own fancy and convenience) they proposed to give me 200*l.* a-year. This, I said, was wholly out of the question; it was a task which, but for the convenience of the money it might bring, I would never undertake at all, and certainly should not think of for so small a sum as 200*l.* a-year. He then asked me to say what I should consider sufficient, and I answered that *if* I entered into a further engagement, which was still a doubtful point with me, I most assuredly could not name a sum less than double what he proposed. He then promptly agreed with me that it *was* as little as I ought to take, and said he would mention it to Walter. A few days after I had a note from him to say that the proprietors were very willing to enter into my views, and repeating what he had before stated, that they required nothing further on the former account. Thus the matter ended when I left town. After having packed up my things, dined at the Athenæum, and started in the mail about eight.

13th to 26th. Employed myself in sorting Lord Byron's letters: looked also over all my other letters and arranged them. Wrote words to an air for the sixth Number of "National Melodies," suggested by some Spanish verses Mrs. Shelley gave me, "Hope comes again." Dined with Lord Kerry and Guthrie at Bowood to meet Bowles: the following week had Kerry and Guthrie to dine with us, to meet the Napiers and Phippses: the same week met the same party at Phipps's. Wrote a squib for the "Times," "Dog-day Reflections."

August 1st to 6th. Transcribing most of the time.

7th. Went to Bowood to dinner, and (my paper not having arrived before I started) learned for the first time the hopeless state of Canning; felt more affected by it than by any event of a public nature that has occurred in my time. Bowles to dinner; his ill disguised complacency at the news very provoking.

8th. Walked to Devizes to dine with the Hughes's, Bessy having gone there yesterday. Scott and old Crowe at dinner. The evening coaches brought an account of Canning's death at four this morning.

14th. Went to a great *fête* (Bessy and I) at Watson Taylor's, Erlstoke Park; more than 500 people there; the grounds very beautiful, and the arrangements very good. A drench-rain came on just as we were coming away, and the delay and the confusion were beyond any thing I ever saw. Bessy and I, after having been an hour under the shelter of some trees, got to a small room in a cottage, where we remained another hour, and had a dark and rather dangerous drive home. Her fine crape hat, bought for the occasion, put completely *hors-de-combat.*

16th. Bessy and I set off on our visit to Pyt House. Changed horses at Warminster, and arrived between five and six. No company here but the husband elect, Lord Charles, and a young Mr. Jeffries.

17th. Set off early to see Stourhead, in Benett's coach and four; the lovers on the box. Stourhead well worth seeing; some of the pictures good, particularly a Wilson or two, and some Gainsboroughs: the grounds beautiful. Lunched at the inn, and got home between nine and ten at night, when we dined immediately, *sans toilette.*

18th. Went to see Wardour: all new to Bessy; for whom, however, the fatigue was too much. Dear girl! she did not look *herself* at all.

19th. Took Bessy to hear mass at Wardour: the first time she ever saw Catholic service performed. The music as usual (when it is so good) raised me to the skies, but the gaudy ceremonies and the gesticulations of the mass shocked my simple-minded Bessy, and even the music, much as she feels it, could not reconcile her to the gold garments of the priest. Went afterwards to Fonthill and saw the ruins of the Abbey. Beckford evidently never meant it to last, but wanted only a wonder of the day, of which engravings and descriptions might

be made and then—to vanish. Lord Charles took his pretty *future* to church this morning to receive the sacrament, and thought it not decorous to go sight-seeing afterwards. Benett drove Bessy round the grounds of Fonthill, while I took my solitary walk. Endeavoured to cogitate something during my visit here, but could not. Much pressed to prolong our stay till the wedding (next Friday) but cannot spare the time. Bessy a good deal amused with the wedding raiment and trinkets: all splendid.

20th. Having ordered horses yesterday, started for home between one and two, and arrived about six. Received while at Benett's, two packets of Mrs. Shelley's communications relative to Lord Byron, which promise to be most useful to me: had to pay 8*s.* 6*d.* for their over-weight.

27th to 31st. Busy transcribing, seeing Lord Kerry and Guthrie occasionally, being all of us anxious about the present struggle between the principles of light and darkness in the Ministry. Sent Power some more things; besides the "Hope comes again" (already mentioned) have sent him, since I came home, words to an air of Massamino, "Why let them come," three or four translations from the Latin and French for our "Miscellany," and part of an Eastern tale (one of my beginnings for "Lalla Rookh") for the same purpose: also "Ah! why that Tear?" to a French air, and "Smoothly flowing," to another French air. Have received within this period two or three letters from Lord John. Received also a letter from Mr. Barry, of Genoa, in answer to one which I wrote to him after my conversation with Hobhouse at Boyle Farm. * * * Have been pestered ever since Lord L. came into power by people sending me memorials for him to present, and applying for places which they think he can give. A late treasurer of the ordnance wants his pension raised; Mr. —— wants indemnity for his losses in the rebellion of '98. A friend of Mary Dalby's wants a commissionership of bankruptcy; and —— wants his Whig services in the borough of Ipswich remunerated; besides various other wanting applicants, to all of whom I have given the same answer, viz., that I have made a resolution not to apply to Lord Lansdowne on any such matters. God help their wise heads! If Lord L. ever gives a thought to *myself*, it is the utmost I expect, and that but very faintly. Poor Bessy's health far from good; the loss of her sister has sunk deep into her heart, and she is sleepless, nervous, and low-spirited. Dear, excellent Bessy. Received 100*l.* from the Longmans on account of the "Epicurean," making in all 500*l.*

Sept. 1st. Have been over to Bowood two or three times this week, to talk over with Kerry (who is most eager about politics) the present state of affairs, there being every prospect that Lord Lansdowne and his friends will resign. My own wish is most decidedly that they may, if they can make out any good case to justify it; as, with the present constitution of the government, and the feeling of the King on Irish subjects, they will never, I fear, be able to effect the grand objects of their policy. Lord L. was to have come down three or four days ago, and the servants have staid up for him every night, but this negotiation about Herries' appointment (the cause of the present struggle) still detains him. Have employed myself during these visits to Bowood, in collecting some notices for a review. Mean to write on private theatricals, partly with a view of pleasing Corry, and partly to give Jeffrey the worth of his 100*l.*, though he wrote to me to say that the three articles already contributed had completely settled that account, and that whatever I did in future for him should not be "for money" but "for love."

2nd. Between one and two this morning the Lansdownes arrived. Received a note in the evening from Lady L. to ask me to come on Tuesday for two or three days, adding that Lord L. will stay but a short time, and that I must, therefore, "make the most of him." This looks as if he were still in.

3rd. Walked over to Laycock, and saw Lady Elizabeth: knows no more than myself of the state of affairs, but concludes with me, from what Lady L. says of his stay, that he is still in office, and regrets it for the same reason that I do.

4th. An article in the "Times," stating that Lord Lansdowne was summoned by the King to Windsor on Saturday; that he then tendered his resignation, which the King would not accept; and that Lord L. accordingly consented to remain in office, on condition that he might have the royal authority for stating that it was solely in submission to the express de-

sire of his Majesty he did so. Col. Houlton called, loaded with fruit, partridges, &c. for us. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Saw Lord L., who seemed anxious to explain to me all his reasons for continuing in office. His account of his interview with the King corresponded in substance with that in the "Times." On the King's requesting him to remain in office, rather than dissolve the administration, Lord L. begged that he might have his Majesty's authority for stating that it was expressly at the royal desire he continued to hold the seals, and the King said, "Certainly; and you may add, that it is in the name of the country I ask it." Lord L. then told me, in confidence, that he had at this interview (as I understood him) stipulated for and secured (what had never before been conceded) an *Emancipationist* secretary for Ireland, in case of William Lamb being called away. I agreed with him that, considering all circumstances, he could not do otherwise than remain in for the present, as the concession made by the King in offering the chancellorship of the Exchequer to Huskisson and S. Bourne (the persons preferred by the Whigs), and the sincere desire he had shown for the continuance of the administration, left no other alternative, but obeying his command; there was, in fact, no sufficient ground on which a resignation could be justified. Was a little surprised, I own, to find that the great point of a liberal secretary, at least, for Ireland had not been secured before now. Company at dinner, Fielding and his two daughters (Lady Elizabeth having been kept at home by Talbot's accident), and Mr. and Mrs. Barton. In talking of Scott's corrected edition of his "Napoleon," now announced, Lord L. said he hoped he would find his facts as tractable as Benjamin Constant did, who, on some one asking him (with reference to his book on religion), how he managed to reconcile the statements of his latter volumes with those of his first, published so long ago, answered, "*Il n'y a rien qui s'arrange aussi facilement que les faits.*" Music in the evening. Mrs. Barton sang some things of Ariole's and of my own with me very prettily, being, to boot, a very pretty woman. The Fieldings full of delight and enjoyment at music, and we continued playing and trying over various things till near two o'clock.

Collected some notes, after breakfast, from different books, relative to private theatres. After luncheon drove out with Lady Lansdowne, the Fieldings, and Mrs. Barton; set me down at Sandy Lane, from whence I walked home to see Bess. Returned to Bowood to dinner; the same party, with the addition of the Bowleses. Bowles all rapture about an article in his dearly beloved "Blackwood" on my "Epicurean," of which he had already written me an account, and which he says is the perfection of eloquence, cordiality, fun, and God knows what! Suspect the cause of all this admiration to be, the said "Blackwood" having quoted him (Bowles) as one of the living examples in support of their position—that poets always write the best prose. Bowles very amusing and odd at dinner; his account of his shillings' worth of sailing at Southampton, and then *two* shillings' worth, and then three, as his courage rose. One of the boatmen who rowed him had been with Clapperton in Africa, and told Bowles of their having one day caught a porpoise, and, on opening it, finding a black man, perfect and undissolved, in its belly, the black man having been thrown overboard from some slave ship. After for some time gravely defending this story against our laughter, he at last explained that it was a shark he meant, not a porpoise. In talking of quick transmission of intelligence, Lord L. said the most remarkable instance, perhaps, ever known was that of the news of Buonaparte's coronation being known at Rome twenty-six or eight hours after it occurred. A number of balloons, containing bulletins of the event, were sent up at Paris to take their chance of where they might light, and one of them, falling in with a fair wind for Rome, performed this rapid flight. It lighted, I think he said, at Bolsena, and was from thence dispatched to Rome. Palmella told him the story, and vouched for its truth. Music again in the evening.

5th. After breakfast made extracts from books. The Fieldings went away. Both Lord and Lady L. made such a point of my staying, that I consented, Lady L. offering to call for Bessy and Anastasia, and take them to Mrs. Hughes's. Lord L. fixed to walk with me after luncheon. Looked over "Ginguéné," "Suard's Mélanges, "Amaury Duval's Naples," &c., and made extracts. Found the Houltons when I came to luncheon; had been at Sloperton; gave me a note from the

Houltons of Grittleton, wanting me to pass some days there this next week. After luncheon took a long walk with Lord Lansdowne; found him as frank and communicative on the subject of politics as ever, which was rather more than I expected. Has a high opinion of Huskisson, and looks to him now as the chief stay of the Ministry: a straightforward man, with not a tinge of humbug. Is evidently *bored* by being in office. In mentioning the plague it was to him to be the responsible person, at whom all who thought they had claims upon the Whigs aimed, said, "And, what makes it worse, I have literally nothing whatever to give away except a little Scotch patronage, which must all go in the old channel, and which I am obliged to take the trouble of distributing among the right objects, without ever expecting the slightest thanks for my pains." This (if I had not already been aware of the hopeless state of the case) was a sufficient hint to me of the little prospect *I* have of any thing being done for me. In returning from our walk, met Bessy on her way to Buckhill. Left Lord L. and accompanied her. Company at dinner, the Bartons, and Heneages, and Fieldings. Singing in the evening. * * *

7th to 9th. Transcribing Byron's letters, and writing a little of the article for Jeffrey. Sent Power also some verses, "No and Yes," and a prose thing about the Père la Chaise for the "Miscellany."

10th. * * * Another application for my interest with Lord L. from ——, who wants some good "legal situation." I dare say he does.

11th. Lady L. called for Anastasia, and, as the day was wet, took me too. Company at dinner, Sir C. Lemon, Oakden, Newton, and Lady L.'s brother, Strangeways. Received this morning an answer from Lord Holland to a letter I wrote him, by the advice of Bowles, to ask his interest with the Warden of Winchester to have my little Tom put on the foundation. Says he has wholly exhausted his interest in that quarter, and that it would be working a willing horse to death to try any further. This is a disappointment to me. I seldom, God knows! ask favours, and such is my luck when I do. Showed this answer to Lord L., who had known of my writing, and promised to keep the subject in Lord Holland's recollection. Lord H. thus alludes to the late events in the Ministry: "The appointment of Herries will, in some senses, be a disappointment of many, and a bad appointment for all. But yet I think it could not have been avoided, and am satisfied that our friend and your neighbour Lansdowne, harassed and beset as he was with difficulties, has decided for the best in point of prudence and policy. That he has done so with the most honourable views and best intentions even our enemies admit." Received a letter also to-day from Barnes, which has crossed my letter of yesterday on the road. Is going on a tour to the North of France. Tells me of some Frenchman who proposes to translate the "Epicurean." In speaking of the late Ministerial bustle, and remarking upon the absurd nature of it, he adds, "Lord Lansdowne has, indeed, come out with increased reputation; but, in the name of common sense, why was the occasion furnished for such a display of honour and integrity?" Showed this to Lord L. Had a good deal of conversation with him on the hopelessness of the prospect before him; the difficulties he has encountered in effecting the great public objects he has at heart. Am convinced that there never existed in any mind a more disinterested, unostentatious, or sincere desire to serve the cause of good and liberal policy, in all its bearings.

12th. A good deal of talk at breakfast about Lord Dudley; his two voices; squeak and bass; seems, as some one said, "like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward;" his manner of rehearsing in an under voice what he is going to say, so that people who sit near can overhear what he is about to utter to the company. Somebody who proposed to walk a little way with him heard him mutter, in this sort of consultation with himself, "I think I may endure him for ten minutes." Oakden told me not a bad joke of the old Chancellor's. Old Bond (the clergyman, whom I met in Dorsetshire) having said, in conversing with Lord E., "You are now then, my Lord, one of the Ex's." "Yes, Mr. Bond," answered Lord E., "and, in this last instance, I must confess the X's were not Y's" (wise). Oakden heard of me from the Bonds, and of my enjoyment of their magnificent coast. Mentioned that at the little watering place, Swanage, which used annually to be the great resort of *parsons* coming to put themselves in the way of Lord Eldon, there is now but a

single shovel-hat to be seen. The Fieldings to dinner. Talked of Porson; one of his *scherzi*, the translation of "Three blue beans in a blue bladder:" τρεις κυανοι κυαμοι, &c. The coolness with which he received the intelligence (which Raine trembled to communicate to him) of the destruction by fire of his long laboured "Photius;" he merely quoted "To each his sufferings, all are men," adding, "let us speak no more on the subject," and next day patiently began his work all again. At some college dinner, where, in giving toasts, the name was spoken from one end of the table, and a quotation applicable to it was to be supplied from the other, on the name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out, Porson, who hated him, roared forth, "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" Said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in an argument, "Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I'll be damned if I'll argue with you now that I'm drunk." Mentioned his translation into Greek of the "Children sliding on the ice." Sung in the evening.

13th. Conversation after breakfast about Molière; his putting his most keen satire into the mouth of simple, ordinary persons, like Toinette in the "Malade Imaginaire." In talking of the "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," Sir C. Lemon said that this was verified by a man he met at Nice, in whom it was found, after he died, that the heart and liver had changed places. Mentioned the indignation of the *valets de chambre* of Louis XIV. at having Molière made one of their august fraternity. The Duke of Grafton (Junius's) was a great *malade imaginaire;* used to have mutton every day for dinner, and for a long series of years used every day to call up the cook a quarter of an hour before dinner to give the same directions as to the dressing it. It is told that on some brother statesman coming to consult with him on some public business, the Duke kept balancing back and forwards all the time of the consultation, which he apologised for, and explained by saying a certain degree of motion was necessary to him. Odd fancies for a fox-hunter. Potiers playing Apollo, and threatening some one with the *point* (*poing*) *du jour*. Newton, as being fresh from Saltram, full of conundrums, my Lady Morley being much given thereto. Looked over a few more books. After luncheon Napier came to pay a visit, and I "did the state some service" by relieving Lord Lansdowne of him. He walked to Sloperton with me and Newton. N. tried to make a sketch of Anastasia, but did not succeed. Dined at home.

14th and 15th. A letter from one of the editors of the "Foreign Review," requesting me to undertake an article for it. Suggests as subject the "Life of Molière," and offers 100*l*., requiring only two sheets. This very liberal, and the subject a delightful one, but have not time for it.

16th and 17th. Working at the article for the "Edinburgh," and transcribing a little.

18th. Finding myself at a loss for books of reference, walked to Bowood. The Bishop of Sodor and Man there; waited till he was gone. Lady L. then pointed out to me the places of the different books I wanted, and left me to myself. Lord L. saying that when I was ready to go home he would walk part of the way with me. Did so. Had brought him Barnes's answer to my communication of his (Lord L.'s) message of thanks.

19th. Houlton's gig came to take me to Farley, but I have already more distractions this week than I can manage with my conscience or comfort, so sent the gig back without me. Surprised by a visit from Edward Moore, who occupied the rest of my day till dinner. After dinner left us for Bath.

20th. Bessy and I and Anastasia dined at Locke's: company, Mr. and Mrs. Powell and daughter, the Scotts, and Collingses. Powell mentioned a truly Irish circumstance of T. (who lately rented a house of his); when he was leaving home for some time the servants mentioned that there was small beer wanted for the kitchen. "Oh, never mind," says T., "there is a pipe of port you know in the hall; you can tap that and mix it with water; only take care to make it weak enough." The servants, of course, obeyed all but the last part of the direction, and there was little of the pipe left on his return.

21st. Transcribing. Walked to Laycock to dinner, and got wet. Company, only the Lansdownes and Montgomery. On my telling Lord L. of the proposal of the "Foreign Review," he mentioned the agreement per sheet of the Abbé Prevost (the author of "Manon

d'Escaut") who never wrote a syllable further than the exact quantity for which he was to receive his louis d'or (viz. a sheet), nor ever took up his pen again till the louis d'or was spent. A good deal of music in the evening, the girls and their governess playing very charmingly on the pianoforte and guitar, and I (for a rarity) allowed to act the part of a listener. Slept there.

22nd. Passed the morning in music. Went with Lady Elizabeth to Money's, her first visit. Money anxious that I should come on Monday to meet his sister-in-law (a French woman), of whose beauty and agreeableness Lady Elizabeth speaks wonders. Got home to dinner.

24th. Bessy transcribing. Sent an excuse to Money's. The day before yesterday there was in the "Times" a versification of Lord Eldon's joke (X.'s and Y.'s) which I sent up last week; better in the telling than the writing.

25th. Bessy took Anastasia to Bath. Walked over to Bowood: pressed me to stay or to return to dinner; promised the latter, though almost sure I could not do it. Lord L. and Kerry walked a good part of the way home with me. Asked Lord L. whether I might venture to tell Corry the exact terms in which Lord Anglesey had expressed his refusal to put Verner on his staff, as the Orangemen of Dublin are, I find, insisting that Verner has not been refused. Lord L. said he should see Lord A. in town next week, and would then ascertain whether he had any objection to the exact words being mentioned. On my return home found so much of my article yet to be transcribed as would make it impossible for me to dine at Bowood. Despatched off a messenger to Bowood to say so, and received an answer insisting upon my coming, by way of amends, to-morrow. Worked till near twelve at night transcribing.

26th. Packing up for our journey to town. At between four and five (having transcribed to the last minute) set off to walk with Bessy, she for Buckhill, and I for Bowood. A desperate thunder-shower overtook us on the way, and drenched us completely; my sweet Bess laughing at it with more philosophy than I could. Overtook our man with some of my luggage, which enabled me to change at Bowood, while Bessy proceeded with Mr. Hughes (who came to meet us) to Buckhill. Nobody at dinner but Miss Ricardo. Sat a good while after dinner *tête à tête* with Lord L. talking politics. Offered to send the carriage with me to Buckhill, but, the rain having ceased, walked with a man and lantern, through the pleasure grounds. Slept at Buckhill.

27th. Started with Bessy at eight in the York House coach: got to Power's at seven: Bessy went immediately to her mother, and I to look after my tailor, &c. &c. Slept at Power's.

28th. Went to the Longmans'; Rees not at home. The fourth edition of the "Epicurean" going off steadily. Called at the "Times" office; Barnes still absent. Called for Bessy at her mother's, where she dined, and went shopping with her. Dined alone at the Athenæum.

29th. Ellis (the Irish Ellis) at breakfast. Corrected some proofs of the sixth Number of "National Melodies," and had some talk with Power about our proposed "Miscellany." Went to Longmans'. Rees says he thinks the "Epicurean" rather gaining ground. Went to the Bazaar (Soho Square) to look for Bessy; was lucky enough to find her, and took her shopping.

30th. After breakfast called upon Lord Lansdowne, and sat some time. Lord Anglesey does not wish the exact words of his letter to be mentioned. Lord Lansdowne going to-day to Cashiobury, and offered to take me if I would go with him. Back with Bessy at one to go to Hornsey to our poor Barbara's grave. Had written from Sloperton to the Longmans to beg they would send some one to have all made clean and in good order there, lest the dear girl should be shocked by any appearance of neglect, and found yesterday they *had* done so. Young Longman kindly rode over twice to Hornsey for the purpose. Walked as far as Holborn, and took a hackney coach from thence. Got to the churchyard about three; and the sight of the grave (in spite of ten years that have since elapsed) brought back feelings to the mother that could only be relieved by a burst of tears. Home again to the Strand before five. Bessy's mother again at dinner.

October 1st. Up at half-past five to accompany Bessy to the coach, which took her up at the top of Buckingham Street. Went with her to the Gloucester Coffee House, and saw her off. Meant to have left town myself to-day, but the Longmans having expressed a wish that I should stay to dine with the Sheriffs (Spottis-

woode being one of them), I consented to defer my departure till to-morrow. After breakfast called at the Spanish ambassador's to inquire after the Villamils, whom we rather expected from France, and found, to my no small mortification, that they have been in London these three weeks. So provoking that Bessy should not have known it, one of her chief objects in town being to see them, and it never occurred to me to inquire at the Spanish ambassador's till this morning. Saw Mrs. V. and some of the children, but not V. Thought he might like to dine with the Sheriffs, and accordingly posted off to Paternoster Row, and procured a card of invitation for him. At five went to the dinner; introduced to several of the civic personages, Sir C. Domville, Alderman Venables, &c. &c. Denman took me by the arm walking in to dinner, and wanted me to sit next to him, but could not, my place being already "written." Sat next to Longman. Got away between ten and eleven. Villamil did not make his appearance.

2nd. Started in the Northampton coach at twelve; a wretchedly slow coach. Did not arrive at Northampton till near half-past nine. The George an excellent inn.

3rd. Walked about Northampton, and wrote letters till about three, when I started in the Nottingham coach, and arrived at Loughborough between eight and nine. Dined, not having eaten any thing since nine in the morning. Slept there (the Bull's Head).

4th. Called upon Mary Dalby's sister, Mrs. Blunt, before I started for Donington. Had a chaise; passed through Kegworth; saw our wretched old barn of a house, and stopped at Dr. Parkinson's; out walking; left word I would come over to-morrow. Got to Castle Donington between one and two. Dalby looking aged and rigid, and his two daughters grown into nice young women; near twelve years since I saw them before. Walked about the village; called on the Miss Matchetts. In the evening had music (the Miss Matchetts being of the party), and my old friend Mary did not spare me.

5th. Set off with Dalby after breakfast to the Park. Walked over the house and felt deeply interested by it; every thing looked so familiar, so redolent of old times. The breakfast-room, the old clock, and the letter boxes on each side of it, all remaining the same as they were near thirty years ago, when I felt myself so grand at being the inmate of such a great house. It seemed as if it was but yesterday I had left it, and I almost expected at every turn to see the same people meeting me with the same looks. But, alas! what surprised me was to find that I had all the *pictures* so thoroughly by heart, for I certainly did not much care about painting when I was young, and knew still less of it than I do now. Yet there was not a figure in any of the landscapes that did not seem to me as familiar as my own face. The portrait of Galileo with his head leaning so thoughtfully on his hand, and seeming to say, with a sort of mournful resolution, *et tamen movet;* the pretty Nell Gwynne, the brawny Venus, professing to be a Titian, &c. &c. Walked round the pond, that hopeless pond! in endeavouring to fill which Lord Moira expended so much trouble and money without success; the water still escaping like his own wealth, through some invisible and unaccountable outlets, and leaving it dry. If any thing was wanting to show the uselessness of experience to mankind, it would be found in what I now witnessed. From 1799 to 1812 I had seen workmen incessantly employed in puddling and endeavouring to staunch this unfortunate pond, and now, in 1827, I found about a dozen or fifteen robust fellows up to their knees in the mud, at the same wise employment. *Oh curas hominum!* Poor Lord Hastings! I remember Rogers once saying (as he read the inscription on the dial in the yard here), *Eheu fugaces!* "He means his *estates*, I suppose." Joined by Mary Dalby, and walked back to Donington with her; lunched, and set off with Dalby to walk to Kegworth. Dined with Dr. Parkinson at three; a remarkable man of his age; walks as erect as a boy, and is in his eighty-third year. Talked of Anastasia as "his little girl;" he is her godfather; gave us some good claret, and was very cheerful. Dalby said that I had inspired him, and that he had not for years seen him so lively. Walked back to Donington, and drank tea with the Matchetts; had music; after which the girls acted charades very amusingly. A Miss Clayton and young Haydon of Derby sang some old glees with me.

6th. Sauntered about with Mary and Dalby. Mentioned a good cockneyism of some one, who

said that the Duchess of St. Alban's, during her late stay at Ashby, "visited all her old aunts" (haunts). Music and charades in the evening.

7th. Walked to Kegworth at eleven, having sent my portmanteau on yesterday. Called and took leave of Dr. Parkinson; went to see the old house we lived in in 1812; sat also some time with Mrs. Ingram. At three, Lord Rancliffe's gig came for me. Arrived at Bunny * between four and five. Had called on the Holcombs on my way. No one at dinner but Rancliffe, Mr. Fellowes of Nottingham, and myself. Fixed to see Newstead to-morrow.

8th. Set off at ten in a gig, driven by one of Lord Rancliffe's postilions: stopped at Fellowes's, at Nottingham, and another horse having been sent on in the morning, proceeded with Fellowes in the gig to Newstead: went by a road which took us past Papplewick: must see the history of this place: Ben Jonson, &c. &c. The road bad and sandy. Much struck by the first appearance of the Abbey: would have given worlds to be alone: the faithfulness of the description in "Don Juan;" the ruined arch, the Virgin and Child, the fountain, &c. &c. Col. Wildman out shooting, but was sent for; introduced to Mrs. W. and the ladies in the drawing-room; the ceiling, which is restored, very rich; supposed to be Italian work: Col. Wildman arrived; showed me all over the house; the dining-room which Byron used when he first took possession, the small apartment he afterwards occupied, dinner, sitting, and bedroom; some furniture of his in Wildman's study brought from Cambridge; the monument to the dog; his own intention was that he should be buried in a vault at Newstead, with his dog and old Murray (?); the little oak before the house planted by himself; a plantation at a distance (beyond the lake?) also planted by himself; picture of "little Sir John with the great beard;" the panels with the heads new painted and gilt by Wildman: imagines that there was some story connected with them, as in all of them there is the head of a female, with the Moor on one side, and sometimes a Christian on the other, gazing at her. Some of Byron's ancestors served in the Holy wars, and W. thinks these figures may allude to their adventures. Found that Wildman's face was quite familiar to me, and reminded by him that we met at Kilkenny and elsewhere: full of the kindest civility, and evidently most anxious that I should come and pass some time at Newstead, which would be a great object to me, as from his zeal in every thing relating to Byron, he could be of essential service to me, having studied the history of the family, of the place, &c. But an unlucky quarrel, which has occurred between him and Rancliffe, still subsists in full vigour, and I can see that R. would be annoyed if I accepted the invitation: must come some other time. Made an excuse to Wildman, that I was in a hurry to get home, but would certainly return before long to pay him a visit. Told me he has just received a letter from the Duke of Sussex, who says, "I see by the papers that our Anacreon is on his way to you; give him my kind remembrances, and say I hope he will be with you when I come." He expects the Duke at the beginning of November. Returned by the turnpike road. Found Lord Rancliffe at Nottingham, who drove me to Bunny; the evening dark, and his horse most formidably skittish; near running away with us twice; was right glad when I found myself safe housed.

10th. Still wretchedly wet. Employed myself, as yesterday, in correcting some sheets of "Lalla Rookh" for the new edition that is preparing, the first time I have read it since it was published; accordingly, it came quite fresh to me, and more than one passage in the story of Zelica filled my eyes with tears. Company to dinner * * * Rancliffe had tried to get the Chaworths, Mrs. Chaworth having, to my great gratification, expressed a wish to know me; but she is unluckily confined to her bed with illness. Mrs. John Fellowes and Mrs. Pennington all in raptures about the singing of yesterday: told me that, on my shaking hands with Miss ——, she instantly wrapped up the hand in her shawl, saying no one should touch it that night. Sung in the evening.

11th. Left Bunny at twelve, in the gig: and having secured my place in the coach for Derby, lunched at Mrs. Fellowes's. Mrs. F.'s account of Byron's coming down to his mother when dying, and about her son's leg and Byron's; comparing notes with Mrs. Byron; their being afterwards under Sheldrake together. Set off at three o'clock; the John Fellowses had offered to take me in their carriage to Der-

* Lord Rancliffe's country-house.

by, but they went too early for me. An intelligent man joined me in the coach when within a few miles of Derby; had travelled a good deal; rather think he found me out in the course of conversation, as, on my saying I meant to put up at the King's Head, he invited me very civilly to take tea with him. Sent a porter immediately on my arrival at the King's Head to inquire if Mr. Strutt was at home; the answer, "that he was, and would be glad to see me immediately." Went and found sixteen people just seated down to a splendid dinner: joined them as I was, *sans toilette*, and as soon as the dazzle of the lights went off, discovered a set of well-known faces around me,—Wm. Strutt and one of his daughters, Hugginson, old Hadley, Dr. Bent, &c. &c. In the evening Strutt's new picture gallery lighted up. Sung a little to the old well-remembered pianoforte, while Anne Strutt, with her eyes sparkling, said it made her eleven years younger to hear me. Slept there.

12th. A good deal of conversation after breakfast with Strutt's daughter Caroline (now Mrs. Hart), a very nice person. At one started with Mr. Strutt in his carriage for Ashbourne. Got to John Cooper's about four; all most happy to see me; none but ourselves at dinner.

13th. After I had written some letters, all went, in Mr. Strutt's carriage, to see Ham.* The valley beautiful; the house furnished richly, but in good taste: Mrs. Watts Russell showed us the picture gallery. Talked of Chantrey's "contempt" (as she expressed it) for the old masters, when he hung the pictures there, putting all the modern ones in the best lights. a beautiful Wilson. Went with Watts Russell to look at Chantrey's monument to old Watts in the mausoleum. On our return home found Mrs. Robert Arkwright arrived with a friend of hers, a Miss Holon or Heron. Sat next Mrs. Arkwright at dinner, and was as much pleased with her as ever. In the evening she sang several things of her own I had never heard before, and all charming: "Far from my own bright land," the words by Mrs. Hemans; "The Address to the Sea," too, by Mrs. Hemans, which is too fine for any music to do it justice: sung also her music to my words, "Then bring me showers of roses, bring," beautifully.

14th. While the rest of the party were at church, walked to visit my old cottage at Mayfield, which is inhabited now by the son of the landlord (Shaw) and another farmer; nothing poetical about it but the situation. Went up the walk in the orchard which I had so often paced along in writing "Lalla Rookh:" looked through all the rooms and thought of old times. Went afterwards to Mayfield churchyard, to visit the grave of our poor little Olivia Byron; the tombstone still stands almost alone. Called afterwards on Dan Smith: the grounds much altered and improved since old Cooper had it, but the house very much the same: remembered our gay suppers, our play-readings, and Selina, &c. &c. After luncheon set off, the whole party (Mrs. Arkwright, &c.) to see a cottage of John Cooper's at Digden, a beautiful, secluded spot, with a fine wooded valley under it. Mrs. R. Arkwright full of praises of my "Epicurean;" said it was the most beautiful book she had ever read. Took an opportunity, as we walked, of asking her to give me some of her songs for my projected "Miscellany:" said I might have any or all with the greatest pleasure. The Dan Smiths at dinner, young Webster, &c. Singing in the evening: began with sacred, but slid gradually into the profane; a fine sacred song by Mrs. Arkwright to the Bishop of Calcutta's words, "Who follows in their train?"

16th. A long conversation after breakfast: talked much of Hodgson, of whom Mrs. R. A. thinks most highly: says he is "a blessing" in the neighbourhood. Talked of Lord Byron's gift to him on his marriage, which the executors have claimed as a debt: Lord B. evidently meant it as a gift, but Hodgson having (she says, merely to ease his own mind of the sense of obligation, without having the least idea or intention of ever paying the sum) insisted on giving his bond in return, Lord B., from heedlessness perhaps, omitted to destroy this bond, and the executors, in pursuance of the duty imposed upon them, claim the payment of it. She says the sum claimed is 2000*l*. Find that Mrs. Cooper has a collection of old pens of mine, on which there is written, "Pens with which Mr. Moore wrote Lalla Rookh;" preserves also a bit of one of my old torn gloves. Mrs. R. A. mentioned a good *bon mot* of a friend of hers, a lady, who was at a fancy ball, dressed with a band round her forehead, and a veil hanging from it; "Is that a *veal?*" said

* Ham Hall, near Dovedale, Mr. Watts Russell's.

a vulgar man, addressing her, and mincing the word as I have spelt it. "Yes," she answered, pointing to the band, "a *fillet*." Sung for me several songs of hers I had never heard before: "What is Love, kind Shepherd, tell?" in which the repetition of the word "repentance" has a very striking effect. Forgot to mention that there arrived yesterday a man and horse from the Duke of Devonshire, with a note for me, inviting me over to Chatsworth, telling me I shall meet "John Russell," and saying how glad he should be to show me the alterations he has made since I was at Chatsworth before. Cannot spare the time, though I should like it. Mrs. Arkwright, who is going there herself, offers to take me, and presses most urgently that I should accompany her; but cannot. Having left several copies of my autograph, and impressions of my seals for various ladies, at about three o'clock started in the coach for Birmingham. Read my Hudibras, and arrived at Birmingham between eight and nine. Dined and slept, contrary to my expectation, very comfortably. N. B. Castle Inn.

Arrived at Cheltenham between two and three. One of the first persons I met, Col. O'Neil: asked me to dine with him to-day at the Imperial: answered conditionally. After dressing, called at Williams's, the bookseller, to inquire after Mr. Malpin, who was to be my introducer to some persons likely to be useful to me, he said, on the subject of Byron: not in Cheltenham, but expected to-morrow. Called upon Lord Ashtown, who wanted me to dine with him, to meet Col. French. Dined with O'Neil; a *table d'hôte;* excellent dinner; more than twenty of the party, and almost all Irish; among others, Mr. Trevor, the son of Lord Dungannon, and young Plunket, *the Plunket's* son. Mr. Trevor mentioned Lord ——— going to a fancy ball at Florence as the hero of his own novel, Sir Something Maltravers, and, as nobody had read the novel, nobody, of course, could make out his character, so that he was obliged to inform them, "*Voyez, regardez, je suis mon livre.*" Plunket told some things of Scott, when he was at his father's; his painful exhibition in scrambling into St. Kevin's bed. Somebody said to one of the guides who attended him, "Well, how do you like that gentleman: that's Sir Walter Scott, the great poet." "A poet," answered the fellow, "No, no, the divil a poet he is, but a real gentleman, for he gave me half-a-crown." Went for a short time in the evening to Miss Crump.

18th. Mr. Malpin not yet arrived. O'Neil anxious that I should stop over Saturday to dine with his brother-in-law, Prescott: promised to do so. Found that Mr. Scott, one of the persons I came to see at Cheltenham, had gone to London: unlucky this: he is the brother of the Scott I saw with Lord Byron at Venice, and has, they say, a box of letters from B. to him. Dined again at the Imperial with an old college acquaintance of mine, Peacock; not so agreeable as yesterday. Went with Peacock afterwards to a Mr. Stewart's, where some people were to assemble for the ball. Found the Miss Strutts and a Miss R., a pretty, *piquante* little girl, who mixed French and English in her talk rather amusingly. Went from thence to the ball, Miss R. my companion. The Master of the Ceremonies had arranged that the band should strike up an Irish Melody on my entering the room: about 400 people, through whom I had to run the gauntlet as chief lion of the night. Met some very old acquaintances, among others the Belchers, at whose house I slept four-and-twenty years ago at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and have not seen since.

19th. Find that no coach leaves Cheltenham for Bath on Sunday, so resolved to excuse myself to Mr. Prescott, and be off on Saturday. Got hold of Mr. Millet, another of the persons I came to look after; walked with him to his house: his wife, who is dead, was intimate with Miss Chaworth, and saw a good deal of Byron when he was a boy: said that Miss C. did not like Byron, nor did his wife, nor any of the girls. Showed me a poem in Byron's handwriting, written apparently soon after he left Harrow: doubted at first whether it was really Byron's handwriting, but on further examination, concluded that it was: took a copy of it, preserving all its bad spelling. Called with him at Mr. Scott's, in order, if possible, to see Mrs. Scott, but she was ill and could not receive us: sent in an inquiry as to where Mr. Alexander Scott, the brother, was at present; answered that she believed he was still at Venice. A note at my hotel directed "To the immortal Thomas Moore, Esq.;" only think of an immortal *esquire;* expected to hear the

chambermaids cry out "Some hot water for the immortal gentleman in No. 18." Dined with Mr. Benson, the member for Stafford, to whom I had been introduced by O'Neil; an Irish party, Lady Stamer, her daughter Lady Smith, and husband, O'Neil, &c. &c.

20th. Started in the coach for Bath a little before nine: arrived, I think, between three and four. Went immediately to see Anastasia, having had some misgivings that she was not very well. Told by Miss Fisher (whom I first saw) that she had suffered a good deal. When the dear girl herself came, was shocked and alarmed by her looks, which seemed to me full of ill omen; so languid and pale. Wrote off instantly to Bessy to come over to morrow, and see whether we ought not to have her home again. Called upon Dr. Crawford, who was not at home; on Elwyn, who was not in Bath; and on Lord Ashtown, who asked me to dine with him; did so; no one but Lady Ashton, Miss Armstrong, and himself. In the evening went to Crawford, who told me I had taken a false alarm about Anastasia, as he looked upon her general health to be better than he had ever known it, and her thinness, considering all things, was just as it ought to be. Found Martin and Lady Charlotte Martin (daughter of Lord St. Germain's) there. Slept at the York House.

21st. Went after breakfast to Anastasia; saw her now with rather different eyes, and felt that I had given way to my apprehensive imagination somewhat too easily. Between ten and eleven Bessy arrived with Mary Hughes. On my letter to her yesterday (forgetting that it would reach Devizes at night) I wrote, "Mr. Smith is requested to send a messenger with this immediately to Sloperton." Accordingly he dispatched a man and horse, by whom poor Bess was roused out of her first sleep (the man having brought a horn with him for the purpose), and to her consternation received this unseasonable dispatch. Luckily Anastasia had written at the same time with me, and gave a good account of herself, otherwise Bessy would have come off in the middle of the night. After laughing a good deal at her comical account of her fright (for the dear girl mingles cheerfulness with every thing), we resolved that Anastasia should not be disappointed of her hope of a visit home, and that we would take her back with us for Tom's birthday. Took Bessy to call on Mrs. Crawford, who pressed us to stay dinner, and, at last, I agreed to stay. Saw Bessy off about three, and then walked a little about Bath. Met Elwyn in the Crescent, where we sauntered together. Company at Crawford's, the Martins and Elwyn. Sung a little after dinner. Went afterwards to Winsor's, and took Elwyn with me. Some very good singing from Miss Winsor, particularly Bishop's "Songs of the Angels:" sang also, with much spirit, his setting of "Here's a Health to thee, Tom Moore!"

22nd. Started for home in the coach at ten: got down at Buckhill, and called at Bowood on my way. Found Rogers and Mr. Grenville: saw also Lord and Lady L., who welcomed me very kindly, and said they had been in great want of me. Lord L. had written to me at Cheltenham, but I did not get his letter. Promised to come over and dine to-morrow. Rogers walked part of the way home with me. Found quantities of letters waiting for answers at home. One from a young lady at Bristol to ask my opinion of a volume of poems of her own, which she sends me: another from Madame ——, full of surprise at my want of politeness in never having acknowledged the receipt of her translation of the "Corsair;" a third, from a gentleman in Wexford, begging me to decide a wager, as to whether I was born in Wexford or Dublin, and so on. All this stuff, too, I have to answer. Communications from my friend the schoolmaster at Aberdeen, and from a Dr. Ewing of the same place, relative to Lord Byron, rather interesting.

23rd. A desperately wet day; cleared up a little towards dinner time, when I set out. Met the carriage coming for me, and got into it. Company, the Fazakerleys, the Cunliffes, Rogers, Mr Grenville, O'Driscol, and young Romilly. Sung with Mrs. Fazakerley.

24th. Wished me to stay over to-day, but, being little Tom's birthday, was in duty bound to be at home. Rogers walked home with me; very delightful for two-thirds of the way, but then suddenly turned off (as the day did). Found Hughes at the cottage. His account of Bowles's lecture to his curate, on his use of hard words in preaching, very amusing. Summoning up all his servants before the curate, to ask them, one by one, whether they understood the meaning of the word "final." First the cook; then, Thomas. "Do you, Thomas

know what 'final' means?" "No, sir." Then turning to the curate, "You see, now," &c. &c. Walked a little way back with Sam, and then returned to my little Tom, who had his two friends, the young Hugheses, to pass the day with him.

26th. Towards five started for Bowood: met by John Murray, who had sallied out with Napier (the latter having been paying a visit to Bowood) for the purpose of meeting me. Murray read me a waggish letter he had just received from Sydney Smith. Company, the same as before, with the addition of Murray, Bailey, and Crabbe, whom I was rejoiced to meet. Fazakerley told me after dinner two or three puns of Lord Wellesley's; one addressed by him to *Gally Knight*, when they were on shipboard together, and Knight was looking very rueful with sickness and uncomfort: "Come, come, cheer up; *you*, of all people can't expect to be exempt from annoyances; you know what Horace says,

'——neque
Decedit ærata *triremi*, et
Post *equitem* sedet atra cura.'"

Lord Lansdowne referred to a passage in Hallam's new work ("Constitutional History," &c.) which he said had puzzled him considerably, chiefly on account of the word "imped," which, it is singular enough, neither he, nor Fazakerley, nor any of the *prose* part of the company ever remembered to have met before. Rogers and I were, of course, familiar with it. On turning to the passage, found that Hallam had prepared for the use of this verb by employing before it the word "soar." He is talking, if I recollect right, of the ambition of the leaders (?), and says, "it would not have soared so high, if it had not been imped by the perfidious hand of parliament." The book however, it seems, is a very able one. Recollecting what Mackintosh once said to me, that it would be a shame for me, an Irishman, to let Crabbe go out of the world without leaving on record some particulars of his intercourse with Burke, I took this opportunity of questioning him, and am so far glad I did so, as it satisfied me he has nothing to tell. Having kept no notes of Burke's conversation, he has only a vague and general impression of its variety and power, and the recollection uppermost in his mind is that of Burke's great kindness to him. It was in consequence of his having written to B. (without any previous introduction) that he was first noticed by him. B. then asked him whether he was known to any one in London, and, on Crabbe mentioning Dudley North, inquired about him from this gentleman, and then asked him to Beaconsfield, where he passed, he says, three months at a time. Crabbe not liking his profession, which was the medical (apothecary?), Burke recommended him to the Duke of Rutland, who brought him into the Church. Burke criticised some of the thoughts of his poem, but did not (as has been sometimes said) suggest any lines or changes of lines. It was Johnson did this, and Boswell has preserved them (?). Another passage of Hallam produced, exhibiting the same ambition of style. "Silent and sluggish in its fields, like the animal which it has chosen for its type, the deep-rooted loyalty of the English people," &c. &c. The animal here, it is to be supposed, is the bull, but, by the construction of the sentence, it is the loyalty that is represented as "silent and sluggish in its fields," and, in addition to these two unintelligible qualities, "deep-rooted" into the bargain. They talk of the metaphors of poets, but from the metaphors of *prose*-men, defend us! Sung in the evening, and made Lady Louisa's governess (as I afterwards heard) cry most profusely. Two gentlemen, however, playing at chess, and Mr. Grenville's long dark back turned towards me (as he stood looking at them), formed no very encouraging ingredients of an audience.

27th. Talking at breakfast of Gilbert Wakefield; while in Dorchester gaol he wrote a letter to Lord Holland complaining of his various grievances, one of which was his being asked to dine with the gaoler, a circumstance not only humiliating, but embarrassing to him, as the gaoler's "hour of dining *oscillated* between two and five." This sort of oscillatory dinner is a match for Jeremy Bentham's "post-prandial vibration." In Wakefield's defence of himself on his trial (it was, I believe, for his answer to the Bishop of Llandaff) he said, that being chiefly conversant with the *vituperative* authors, he had naturally fallen into," &c. &c. Lord Maynard was the person who said about the House of Commons, "Is that going on still?" Talleyrand on the Thames (?) with —— and ——; the former exceedingly jealous of his attentions to Madame, and at last

asking him, "If the boat was to be upset, which of the two he would try to save?" Talleyrand looking courteously at her, answered "*Mais vous, Madame, vous savez nager.*" Anecdote of the King of Prussia (Frederick) asking, "Who is this Hyder Ali?" and Elliot (I think it was) answering pointedly, "*Un vieux despote militaire, qui a pillé tous ses voisins et qui commence à radoter.*" Frederick saying to some English general (?), "Could any regiment of yours of the same number of men perform such a feat?" "I don't know, Sire (was the answer), but half the number would try." Went with Crabbe into Rogers's room, and had a long conversation. Tried again to get something out of Crabbe relative to Burke, but he evidently remembers nothing of him. Crabbe never saw Lord Byron; they were both in the Sun Inn at Cambridge once together for a couple of days, without knowing it at the time.

After luncheon walked out with Rogers; a good deal of talk about Byron; took the following memorandums, of which some are intelligible only to myself. His capability of making others feel upon subjects on which he did not seem to feel much himself; such as scenery, the arts, &c. Was nine months at Pisa without ever seeing either the belfry or the baptistery (see Forsyth). The same peculiarity (R. says) existed in Madame de Stael. Though living so long at Côpet, she never saw the glaciers, nor any more of the scenery than what lay on the road between Côpet and Paris. In talking of B.'s being in love so early, R. said that Canova once told him that he (Canova) was in love at five years old. R.'s account of the old hag of a woman that was servant at Byron's lodgings in Benett Street. "When he moved to Albany, the first day I called upon him, the door was opened by the same old woman. "Why (said I to him), I thought she belonged to Benett Street, and that in getting rid of those lodgings you also got rid of the hag." "Why, yes," said Byron, "but the poor old devil took such an interest in me, that I did not like to leave her behind me." Well, in two or three years afterwards Byron was married, had a fine house in Piccadilly, two carriages, &c. &c. I called one day and (the two carriages and all the servants being out) the same old woman appeared at the door, dressed out very smart, with a new gown and a new wig. Was once going out of the Opera or some Assembly with Byron, and a link boy lighted them along, saying, "This way, my Lord, this way." "Why, how does he know you are a Lord?" said Rogers. "How does he know!" answered Byron, "every one knows it; I am deformed." His great shyness of women. * * * The day Lord B. read the "Edinburgh Review" on his early poems, drank three bottles of claret. Some friend coming in said, "Have you received a challenge?" After writing twenty lines of the satire, got better; after a few more lines, better still. Must not forget the dinner at Lord Holland's in Pall Mall. * * * Rogers mentioned being with Byron at the church of the Santa Croce, and though there were Machiavel, Michael Angelo, and others to engage his attention, B. continued to stand before the tomb of Galileo, saying, "I have a pleasure in looking upon that monument; he was *one of us*," meaning noble. Talked of the first day R. had him to dine to meet me. R.'s consternation when he found that he would not eat or drink any of the things that were at the table; asked for biscuits, there were none; soda water, there was none; finished by dining on potatoes and vinegar. It was upon receiving a letter from Miss Millbank (in answer to one in which he said, that though her father and mother had often asked him to their house, she never had), containing the words, "I invite you," that he sent in his second proposal for her. Used not to dine with Lady B.; had a horror of seeing women eat; his habit of offering presents; giving Rogers the picture; had given it, in the same nominal way, to two or three other people. Mentioned the letter he wrote to Murray in consigning to him the remains of little Allegra: sent the invoice, "Received two packages; contents unknown," &c. &c. Directions about the place of burial; said *first*, under the tree, and then, "on second thoughts," in the doorway of the church. Must inquire of all this again from Drury. The objection to the original inscription being put was that the date proclaimed it to be a child born in adultery. (Is there any inscription now?) Took it into his head before he went abroad, that he had *not* sold the copyright of his works to Murray; reference made to Rogers, when it appeared that he *had* regularly sold them to him and his heirs for ever.

Same party at dinner with the exception of Crabbe. What the Prince de Ligne said to a person, who had been trying unsuccessfully to make a piece of water in his grounds, and who told him there had been a man drowned in it, *C'était un flatteur*. In talking of dogs a case mentioned, where a man going to bathe, left his clothes in care of his dog, but on his returning out of the water, the dog, not knowing him, would not give them up again. Spoke of "Boswell's Johnson:" Boswell asking him about some passage in Pope, "What does he mean by it?" "I don't know, sir; I suppose he meant to vex some one." * Boswell complaining of the noise of the company, the day before, making his head ache. "No, sir; it was not the noise that made your head ache, it was the sense we put into it." "Has sense that effect on the head?" "Yes, sir, on heads not used to it." Boswell mentions Johnson saying to him one night when they were sleeping in the same room and conversing, "If you don't stop talking, sir, I will get up and tie you to the bedpost." "I mention this (adds Boswell) to show the faculty he had of placing his adversary in a ridiculous position." Dunning once being asked how he contrived to get through his business, answered, "I do a little; a little does itself; and the rest is undone." Fazakerley mentioned that he was in company with Talleyrand and Pozzo di Borgo the evening the account of Buonaparte's death arrived (I, myself, dined in company with Pozzo di Borgo that day). Talleyrand frequently said, in speaking of him, *Homme prodigieux*. Pozzo and Napoleon were brought up together, but afterwards quarrelled; they belonged to the two opposite factions by which Corsica has always been agitated, and in which, it is said, the old Madame Mere took, to the last, more interest than in all the grandest affairs of Europe. Forgot to mention, as an instance of the treacherousness of the memory, that Rogers mentioned to me, among the remarkable things he remembered of Lord Byron, that it was he who came to him the evening of Percival's assassination to inform him of the event, whereas (as I soon brought to his recollection) it was *I* that called upon him that evening with the intelligence, and found him sitting with Wordsworth and Sir George Beaumont, who had dined with him. I rather think both our stories are true. Lord L. pressed me either to stay over to-morrow, or to come on Monday; engaged for the latter day to the Heneages, but he prevailed upon me to sit down and write them an excuse, Rogers and Mr. Grenville (he said) meaning also to stay over Monday.

28th. Found that Rogers and Mr. Grenville are to be off to-morrow morning; resolved to recall my apology to the Heneages, and, though pressed with much *douce violence* to stay over to-day, got away, and walked through a most desperate storm home. A very civil letter from Lord Shrewsbury (whom I never saw in my life) regretting that he was not apprised of my late visit to Derbyshire, as he should have been happy to "pay his homage to genius and patriotism," and expressing a hope to see me at Alton when I should next be in that neighbourhood.

29th. Lady Elizabeth called for me to take me to Heneage's; found that the Heneages had been puzzled by my two notes, and thought the apology had been written last. Slept there.

30th. Found Miss Scott employed in copying out for me an air of Spohr's, which I admired; a pretty girl. Left, with the Fieldings, between eleven and twelve. Found that Hobhouse is at Methuen's. Wrote to him a few days ago about the papers he promised me, and expressed a wish for the very sort of opportunity of conversing with him which his visit now so near me supplies. Lady E. offered, if I would come to her to-morrow, to take me over to call at Methuen's.

Nov. 1st. Walked over to Laycock, intending to proceed with either Lady E. or Fielding to Methuen's, but found they had gone to Bath, and the girls told me they had understood Hobhouse was gone. Returned home to dinner, found —— in much anxiety and fuss, having posted off to me, on hearing of Lord L.'s appointment to the lieutenancy of the county, to beg I would put in a word for his being made clerk to the lieutenancy. Promised that I would see Lord L. on the subject in the morning.

2nd. Went to Bowood immediately after breakfast. Saw Lady L.; mentioned —— to her. Lord L. afterwards came in, and when I expressed sorrow for interrupting him from business, said, "It is rather a pleasanter inter-

* The passage was, I think,

"Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well."

ruption than one which I have just had." "What is that?" "A man coming post from Salisbury to ask to be made clerk of the lieutenancy." "Why, that's the very business I'm come upon." Not able to decide any thing yet upon the subject, being himself totally unacquainted with the nature of the office. On my expressing my pleasure at his appointment to the lord lieutenancy, he said, "Why, it is an addition of trouble, and I think I have accepted it, as I did the other office, more to please other people's opinions and wishes than my own." Said, if I would wait a quarter of an hour for him, he would walk part of the way home with me; did so. Talked of the difficulties before him with respect to Ireland; a requisition for the Insurrection Act already from the magistrates of Tipperary; but, unless the disturbance seems likely to spread, is quite against acceding to the demand. The Roman Catholics, if they should ask him to present their petition this session, will readily do it, but neither wishes to do it, nor to avoid it. I said it often occurred to me that he might, at no distant period, make a good ground for resigning, by taking some strong and decisive step on this question. "I must do nothing (he answered) for my own convenience, that is likely to injure the question itself, which that might do." I said, however, that I thought more good might be done to the cause by breaking off thus with *éclat*, than by remaining in, perhaps, inefficiently. Told me the manner Canning was thwarted by his colleagues at the time of the invasion of Spain by the French, that messages were sent underhand, "and from the highest authority," to the French court, telling them to persevere, and that the English nation would not oppose them. When he had walked with me nearly home, I turned back and accompanied him beyond Cuff's Corner. Begged me to come and dine with them before they go to town; fixed Sunday.

4th. Went to church at Bessy's particular request; would go oftener but for the singing. Towards dinner walked over to Bowood; met the Fieldings coming from it; told me that Hobhouse did not leave the Methuens till yesterday, and Fielding dined there to meet him the day before. No one at dinner, but us three, Lord and Lady L., and myself. Sat a good while with him in conversation after dinner, the evening altogether very agreeable. On my asking him whether he thought Lord Althorpe, Milton, &c. were continuing staunch to the present state of things, he said, "Yes, he believed, as far as they *ought*; that it was *right* they should keep, to a certain degree, a distrustful watch on the government." Such is the fair and candid tone of his mind on every subject, and there is nothing more to be admired, because there is nothing so rare. Pointed out to me (as just and well put) the remarks of Hallam on the situation of William after his accession to the throne, and the sort of reaction which always takes place against new governments from the over expectation that had been beforehand attached to them. Seemed to feel how applicable these remarks were to the present order of things. In talking of the close *rapprochement* which long-lived individuals establish between distant periods of history, he said, as an instance, that he himself had been acquainted with Sir Edward Baynton, who knew Sir Stephen Fox, who had been on the scaffold with Charles I. I mentioned, as another instance, William Spencer having, when a boy, played on the sofa with his grandfather Lord Vere, who had done the same thing (played on a sofa), when a boy, with Charles II. Lord L. remarked how curious it was to think that, by this sort of *links*, the number of *persons* necessary to carry tradition down from the time of Adam to the present day might all be contained with ease in the room we sat in, calculating them at a rough guess, about seventy persons. As an instance of confusion between history and romance, he mentioned some old lady, who always used to be talking of Sir Charles Grandison, having persuaded herself that she had known him and danced with him when a young girl. In talking of the probable line that Lords Althorpe, &c. might take, I hinted that it would be still more desirable to anticipate, by a well managed break-off from the Ministry, such a state of things as would leave him unsupported by those who formerly acted with him. "This must depend (he answered) upon whether I think them right or wrong in their reasons for withdrawing their support." "Very true," I replied, "but I own I should be sorry to see such a schism take place. Slept at Bowood.

5th. Lord L. proposed to walk with me,

and came as far as the lodge of Spye Park, where I wanted to pay a visit to Starkey. Soon after my arrival at home, Methuen came. * * * brought me a poem of his own "To the Sea;" wonderful from him, and good from any body; it tells, however, but little for the art itself. Made me promise to arrange with Bowles for a dinner soon at Corsham.

6th to 8th. At home, and at work. Have sent to Power this last week, a sketch of a trio, "Steal gently, my dear," from an air given me by the Fieldings. A note from Lady Elizabeth to claim my promise of meeting Lord Auckland and his sister, who come on Friday (the 9th), and go away next day.

9th. Walked over to Laycock; met the carriage on its way to fetch me. No one at dinner but Lord A. and his sister. Delighted with their tour in Ireland, and full of commiseration for the ill-used Paddies. Said that W. Scott did not seem to have left any very favourable impression behind him in Ireland; but there is no trusting some of my Whig friends about Scott; they have such a horror of his politics. Lord A. renewed his promise of communicating to me during the next parliamentary campaign any anecdotes he might pick up that could be turned to account in the way of squibs.

10th. The Aucklands started after breakfast for Lady Ilchester's. Lady Elizabeth proposed that I should go with her to make a visit to the Lockes: did so. On the way a good deal of talk about ——, whom Lady E. saw a good deal of at one time. Lord Byron *did* endeavour to make her think that he had murdered some one: never would give her his right hand; wore a glove on it, &c. &c. This at first alarmed ——, but when she came to know him better she saw through his acting. * * * Must inquire more about this. The Lockes not at home. Set me down on my way back. Dined at home. Lady E. described to me Byron's house at Genoa, the Albaro, which she visited, and brought away a sprig of arbor vitæ out of the garden as a souvenir. Lady Westmoreland lived in it after Byron. *Crede Byron* on all the beds.

27th. Went to Bath to hear Pasta, Bessy with the Napiers and I with Bowles. Bowles spoke (for the first time I ever heard him acknowledge it) of his famous song; wrote it when he was about twenty. Said how odd it appeared to him many years afterwards to met with L., one of his boon companions of that time, as Vice-Chancellor of Oxford; become a grave and staid personage, never making the slightest allusion to their early doings, but seeming to have forgotten even the possibility of them. Found Anastasia with a little cold, and thought it prudent not to take her to the concert as we intended. Dined with Bowles at the White Hart; paid my share of the dinner and a pint of Madeira, but allowed the rich poet to treat me to a bottle of claret. Called for Bessy and Elizabeth Starkey at Miss Fisher's in the evening, and proceeded to the concert. Pasta very charming, as usual, but "shorn of her beams" when not acting.

28th. Bessy set off home, having refused to dine with the Fieldings, whither Bowles and I proceeded. Met Lord Duncan in Bath, who was all kindness, and expressed a great wish that I should come and dine with him some day. Called for Mrs. Bowles at Hartham, and arrived at Laycock about five. No one but ourselves; very agreeable. Music with the girls in the evening. Slept there.

29th. Fielding and the girls walked part of the way home with me. Found a letter from Hobhouse, accounting for the long delay of his answer by the circumstance of *my* letter having lain at his lodgings all the time he was absent.

30th. Wrote to Hobhouse, saying that if I had been (which I feared very much) unfortunate or troublesome to him on the subject of Byron, I begged he would forgive me, and I would plague him no further; that it was possible some expressions of mine relative to his kindness, &c., might have been construed by Barry and others into a boast of his sanction and co-operation, but that it was by no means my intention to produce such an impression, and that I would do my utmost to remove it; that, indeed, the simple fact of my work being likely to appear without a single contribution of either paper or anecdote from any one of Lord B.'s immediate friends or relatives, would, of itself, sufficiently absolve them from any share of the responsibility attached to it. The only favour, I said, which I had now to ask of him was, that he would endeavour to procure for me the letters of mine addressed to Lord Byron in Italy. This I should consider a real service, and with many thanks for all his kind intentions toward me, wishes, &c. &c.

December 2nd. At work. Sent off to Power lately words to an air of Spohr's "Rose of the Desert."

3rd. To Bath, having promised Anastasia (who was disappointed of it the other evening) that she should hear Pasta to-night; had also promised to dine with Crawford. Walked to Buckhill, where the Bowleses took me up. The people at the York House told me that Pasta had begged them to inform her when I should arrive, but it was now too late. Took Anastasia to dinner at Crawford's: company, Capt. A'Court and a Miss Broderick. Performance at the theatre, a scene out of "Tancredi," and the last act of the "Romeo." My little girl delighted with Pasta.

4th. Between twelve and one started with the Bowleses, who set me down at Buckhill, from whence I walked home.

5th. At home. Sent off to Power words to an air of Carelli, "Come, list, while I tell of the Heart-wounded Stranger." Forgot to mention that I also sent him lately words to a Spanish air, "Tell me, kind Seer, I pray Thee."

6th. Walked over to Laycock to dinner: company, Lord Caernarvon and Lady Harriet. Music in the evening. Slept there.

7th. A good deal of conversation with Lord Caernarvon after breakfast on the present appearance of politics. Is not at all pleased with the state of the Ministry; the supremacy of Lord Goderich, the powerless position of Lord Lansdowne, and the hostility of Lord Grey, all appear to him full of distrust and discouragement. Nothing, he said, but his attachment to Lord Lansdowne, and the conviction he felt of the honesty of his motives, could induce him to continue his adhesion to such a government. Spoke of the impolicy of their not trying to conciliate Lord Grey, on the first appearance of his discontent, when it would have been easy, he thinks, if not to win him over, at least to neutralise him. Lord Holland, he said, told him that he himself had gone twice to Lord Grey's house at that time for this purpose, but unluckily did not find him, and, immediately after, Lord Grey left town. What was wanted now, among other things, was somebody that could manage and (when necessary) *bully* the King. Lord Liverpool, with all his kingly propensities, could do this upon occasion; but it could not be expected from Lord Goderich. The King, in fact, has it all his own way. Lady Elizabeth very anxious that Mrs. Moore should come and dine here on Monday. Said I should make her, if I could. Passed the whole day in conversation and music, and very reluctantly came away between three and four to dine at Dr. Starkey's; Bessy, who went yesterday to Buckhill, having come from thence also to dinner. * * *

9th. A note from Anastasia to say that the measles had appeared in the school. Alarmed not a little by this intelligence from the unfavourable time of the year, and the still delicate state of our dear girl's health. Decided to bring her home immediately, and having sent for a chaise, Bessy set off with little Buss for Bath between twelve and one. Between three and four had a visit from Fielding and Lord Auckland, bringing a note from Lady Elizabeth begging that I would return with them to dinner; could not however. Sat some time with me; talked of politics. Lord A. thinks it not unlikely that we may see Lord Lansdowne in his proper place of Premier yet. Forgot to mention, by the bye, a good anecdote which Lord A. wrote down to the Fieldings some weeks since. Lord Dudley, it is well known, has a trick of rehearsing over to himself, in an under tone, the good things he is about to *debiter* to the company, so that the person who sits next to him has generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. The other day, having a number of the foreign ministers and their wives to dine with him, he was debating with himself whether he ought not to follow the continental fashion of leaving the room with the ladies after dinner. Having settled the matter he muttered forth in his usual soliloquizing tone, "I think we must *go out* all together." "Good God! you don't say so! exclaimed Lady——, who was sitting next him, and who is well known to be the most anxious and sensitive of the Lady Whigs with respect to the continuance of the present Ministry in power. "Going out all together" might well alarm her. [A man once (not very remarkable for agreeableness) proposed to walk from the House of Commons to the Travellers' Club with Lord Dudley, who discussing the proposal mentally (as he thought) with himself, said audibly, "I don't think it will bore me *very* much to let him walk with me that distance."] On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his

carriage from some country house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself, "Now, shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town?" It is said that the fellow-traveller, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in the same sort of tone, "Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation?" Bessy arrived with Anastasia, who seemed pretty well, except for a cold in the head.

10th. Bessy doubtful whether she should go to Laycock to-day, but Anastasia showing no appearance of measles, thought she might as well. At three the Fieldings' carriage came for us, and Bessy, Mrs. Napier, and myself set off in it. No one at dinner but ourselves. Lady E. more than usually agreeable, and full of the most marked kindness to Bessy, which, with me, goes further than ages of kindness to myself. A good deal of music in the evening. Slept there.

11th. Music again after breakfast; came away in their carriage about two. Found, on arriving at home, thirteen covers of Hobhouse's, inclosing the letters which I had asked him for, and which he had, contrary to his expectation, he says, found among some papers deposited at Kinnaird's. Returns to the subject of my unlucky remark upon him in one of my letters to Byron. "However," he says, "I forgive you; but, in the true spirit of the Gospel, I will heap coals of fire on your laurelled head by telling you an anecdote. Gamba's memoir of Lord B.'s last residence in Genoa was put into my hand, and therein I found it recorded that when Lord B. was in Cephalonia, he received a letter from you, in which you said something that incensed him very much; so much that, after various threats, he said he would write a satire against you. I struck my pen across this story, and requested Gamba not to let it appear." * * *

13th and 14th. Anastasia in the measles, full of anxiety about the dear child, but they appear as yet of a very mild sort. * * *

16th. My dearest girl going on as favourably as we could desire. Dr. Brabant thinks she is over the worst of it. Sent Power this last week the legend of "The Hunter," "The Hunter once in this Shade reclined."

17th to 19th. Employed in reading and collecting notices for my "Life of B." Have resolved not to attempt a regular biography, but to call it "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Biographical Illustrations (or Notices of his Life), by T. M." Received a letter from Corry, inclosing one he had just got from the Chief Justice Bushe, on the subject of my article in the "Edinburgh," "Private Theatricals." The following is an extract: "I have already read, with much gratification, the entire article you refer me to. So much curious information, conveyed in a manner so fascinating, leaves little doubt as to that hand which *nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, at least, only as much as Erasmus felt when, after reading a work of his times, he exclaimed something to this effect, *Aut Morus, aut Diabolus*. As to you, I must congratulate you upon that high pedigree by which private theatricals have been traced from a remote antiquity through kings, queens, popes, bishops, nuns, beauties, &c. &c. to my Kilkenny friends. Certainly you may say of the profession (if you will now submit to so humble a name for your high calling) what, in an old ballad, was formerly sung of something else, which I now forget —

> "If it wasn't dainty,
> The ladies wouldn't have it;
> If it wasn't saintly,
> The clergy wouldn't crave it."

20th. Sent Power a "Legend," "The Indian Boat." Received an answer from Barnes to a proposal I sent him last week, that his brother proprietors should give me 200*l.* for *half* the number of things I furnished them with last year. Most readily accepted. Answered an application from the Secretary of the Royal Institution, communicating the wish of the directors that I should lecture there this year; said that my present occupations would prevent my from complying with their request.

21st and 22nd. At home, reading, &c. &c.

23rd. Walked over to Bowood. Lord L. arrived last night; asked me to come and dine to-morrow. The Foxes there. Met Fielding on my way back, full of *doléances* on the state of the Ministry.

24th. Walked to Bowood late. Company at dinner, Charles and Mrs. Fox, Misses Vernon and Fox, and Major Keppel, Lord Albemarle's son. A good deal of talk with Lord L. in the evening. On my remarking that Barnes, I believed (as well as other of his (Lord L.'s) friends) wished him well out of his

present connexion, he said. "Yes, yes, but it would never do to give up at a moment like this when there are such difficulties to be faced. So far from it, that were I even to be left alone in office, I would sooner hold all the seals of all the departments, if that were possible, than resign at a juncture so full of difficulty as the present." Mentioned, with surprise, the extraordinary information the "Times" contrives to get; thinks there must be somebody else besides —— to give it them, as they sometimes show a knowledge of things that —— himself could not have been acquainted with. They do incalculable mischief by these disclosures, and *have* done so very lately. Slept there. Danced to the Chippenham band in the hall after dinner.

25th. * * * Lord L. proposed to walk part of the way home with me; and, between twelve and one, he and I and Keppel started together.

26th. Walked into Devizes to get some money. Called upon Brabant. Found, when I returned, that Lord John Russell, Kerry, and Keppel had been while I was out.

27th. An invitation from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy to dine at Bowood on Monday and go with her to Mrs. Heneage's ball. After a long discussion with the dear girl, in which I in vain endeavoured to persuade her to get a new gown for the occasion, she consented to go if I would allow her to go in the old one, which, she assured me, was quite good enough for a poor poet's wife. Took her answer (accepting the invitation) to Bowood, where I dined. Same party as before.

28th. Lord John and Keppel walked home with me, and sat some time with Bessy. Saw them back again a great part of the way. Met Lady L., who wished me to come to dinner on Sunday next, but I offered to-morrow instead. Lord L. off to town this morning. Dined at home. Lord John, in speaking of the unambitious spirit Lord L. has shown, said, "After all, it is a fine thing for a man to have taken such a plain, honest, and disinterested course as leaves him, so far as he himself is concerned, no fear or anxiety with respect to the result. If Lord L. was occupied, like others, in little efforts and intrigues of ambition, we should not see him so unembarrassed, and in such cheerful spirits." This is all most true and just.

29th. Dined at Bowood. The Macdonalds added to the party. Told some Irish stories after dinner that made them laugh. Heard Lady Macdonald sing in the evening for the first time, some German things; very pretty. Sang a good deal myself.

30th. After breakfast Lord John and C. Fox walked with me; the former left us half-way to go back to prayers, and Fox came on with me. Staid some time with me at the cottage.

31st. Bessy decided to go: carriage came for us between three and four to take us to Bowood; Abercromby added to the party at dinner. Set out for the ball a little after nine; Bessy with Lady Lansdowne, &c. &c., and I with I forget whom. The whole thing very splendid, and my sweet Bess (though sadly under-dressed for the occasion) looking very handsome, and enjoying it all as much as if she were covered with diamonds. By a change in the arrangements for returning, Lord Kerry was to be taken home by us; waited for him till near four. Bessy danced a country-dance with Lord Kerry. Did not get to our beds at Bowood till just six.

1828.

January 1st, 1828. Down to breakfast between ten and eleven. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Elizabeth all kindness to Bessy. Left Bowood for home in the carriage before one.

3rd. Russell in the measles. A note from Lady Lansdowne expressing her hopes that Bessy, Anastasia, and Tom, would be able to come to her dance to-night; offering beds to all. Lord Kerry also called with a message to the same purport: but Bessy unable to leave Russell, and Anastasia forbid by Brabant. In the evening, half-past seven, the carriage came for me and Tom, who was as happy as a prince. Rather a small ball, but very agreeable. Caroline Fielding looking very pretty, dressed in the costume of a Roman peasant-girl, and her sister as a Swiss *paysanne*. Danced with the former: danced also with Mrs. Fox, Miss Ricardo, &c. Had received a note from Lady Elizabeth in the morning, asking me to dine to-morrow, but Lady L. insisted that I must come to Bowood, as it was to be the last day of their company. After a good deal of playful contest on the subject, agreed to dine at

Bowood. At half-past one the carriage was ready to take Tom and me home; Tom not at all understanding why we should go before the dancing was over.

4th. Walked to Bowood to dinner: company, Lord Duncan, Elwyn, the Macdonalds, &c. Miss Fox, in speaking to me of the extracts she had seen from Hunt's book, said she quite agreed with him as to my cordial, "Yes." Sang a good deal in the evening.

5th. After breakfast Lord L. walked home with me: much conversation about his position and prospects in the Ministry. On my mentioning the opinions of some persons, who regretted that he did not assert his own claims to the station he ought to hold, he said with earnestness, "I cannot be ambitious." Talked of the early information the "Times" had of the first resignation of Lord Goderich; thinking where they could have got it.

10th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that Lord L. had started for town in the morning, and bid her tell me ("what he knew would give me pleasure"), that the administration was virtually broken up, in consequence of a difference about the Finance Committee, and that the Duke of Wellington had been sent for to Windsor. Walked over to Laycock. Found they knew nothing about the matter, and therefore attributed the hopes I expressed as to the breaking up of the administration to some hints which I said had been sent me from town. Went to dine at Joy's; Fielding, Talbot, Montgomery, and myself. Company besides, the Poulett Scropes, the Bowleses, &c. Returned to sleep at Laycock.

11th. My pretended speculations confirmed by the arrival of the "Times." Fielding gave me a letter to his housemaid in town to have his bedroom and study ready for me, in case I go to London first. Walked home, and with much difficulty, from the extreme slipperiness of the snow; took near twenty minutes getting up Bowden Hill, and was as tired on my arrival home as if I had walked twenty miles.

14th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that Lord L. was expecting a letter of congratulation from me. Wrote to him. Preparing for my departure to-morrow.

15th. Left home in a chaise for Bath between two and three; Prowse went with me: a starting horse in our chaise that was once or twice near upsetting us; some delay from this. The snow falling rapidly. Dined at Lord Duncan's: company, Elwyn, Sir W. K. Grant and his wife, the Kays, Sir Hutton Cooper, &c. A good deal of talk with Lady Grant about Lord and Lady Hastings. Music in the evening; two young ladies sang, and *anche Io*. Grant asked me for to-morrow, but Elwyn had already engaged me to—I don't know who. Slept at the York House.

16th. Desperate day. Called on a second-hand bookseller, with whom Bessy has some negotiation for exchange of wares, being about to barter some bran-new poetry which I have given her (all presentation copies, and most of them, alas! uncut) for some second-hand literature of a better quality. Fancied myself unknown, but was wofully undeceived when the poor man asked me, with much humility, to hear and pass sentence on a singing daughter he had got, and on whom he had laid out much more money than he could well afford, to accomplish her for a public performer. Took me up to a small wretched room, where in two seconds the young lady was at the pianoforte. Praised her playing, which I could with a clear conscience. Called upon the Crawfords, who expressed themselves disappointed at my not having taken up my quarters with them. Walked about with Elwyn and then with Lord Ashtown. Dined at a Mr. Watson's (I believe) a friend of Elwyn's, with whom and Dr. Crawford I went. Company, Ellis, Col. Page, &c. &c. Went afterwards to the theatre; joined Lord and Lady Duncan in their box, and was rather amused.

17th. Off in the coach for Birmingham; a naval captain, one of my companions, amused me with an account of the *saintly* part of his profession, and of the mischief they do in the navy. On my arrival at Birmingham found a letter from Wildman, to whom I had written to know whether he was at Newstead, and disposed to receive me for a day or two. His answer most hospitably in the affirmative. Slept at the Albion.

18th. Set off at nine for Nottingham; found my old neighbour Flack, of Cavendish Bridge, and Phipps (the husband of Dr. Parkinson's niece) to be my fellow travellers; our journey agreeable. From the late thaw and rain the waters everywhere out: Tewkesbury like a seaport town, and at Tamworth the water up to the body of the coach. Anecdote of New-

ton, showing his extreme absence: inviting a friend to dinner and forgetting it: the friend arriving, and finding the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner brought up for *one:* the friend (without disturbing Newton) sitting down and dispatching it, and Newton, after recovering from his reverie, looking at the empty dishes and saying, "Well, really, if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined." In passing through Donington sent up to Dalby's, and he and Mary came down to the inn. Arrived at the White Lion at Nottingham a little after five, and finding no note or message from Alfred Fellowes, to whom I had announced my coming, dined at the inn. Dressed after dinner and went to the Circus, but found it, from the dirt and darkness, intolerable, and betook myself to the Fellowses, whom I found in most good-natured consternation at my having taken up my abode at the inn, a bed being ready for me at their house these two days past. Slept at the White Lion.

19th. Walked about the town with Alfred Fellowes: Lord Ranelliffe engaged at home with a shooting party. Visited the reading-room and library, &c. Told me that when Gally Knight was first introduced to old Dr. Denman, the Doctor said, "I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Knight before." "I do not remember (rejoined Gally) having ever had the honour of meeting you." "The truth is, young gentleman," said Denman, "I was the first person that *ever* saw you." Received a most sweet and touching letter from my affectionate Bessy, in which, alluding to a sort of will I had written in the last page of this journal before I left home, she says it has haunted her uncomfortably ever since we parted, and that she regrets having asked to see it. Between three and four started in a chaise for Newstead; very kindly received by the Wildmans. No one at dinner with them but her sister and his cousin Richard. Gave me some port which, he said, had been put in the cellar (as he understood) the day Lord Byron came of age. Mentioned many curious particulars of his school days with Byron, which I have noted down elsewhere.

20th. After prayers had some conversation with Nanny Smith (an old woman long employed about Byron's family), of which I took notes. Mrs. Byron's death hastened by a fit of passion, into which she was thrown by read-Brothers's (the upholsterer's) bills. Company at dinner: General Need and his wife, and the Fellowses. Singing in the evening.

21st. Had some conversation, after breakfast, with Rushton (the Robin of "Childe Harold"), who now is master of a free-school some miles off. Gave me two letters of B.'s, confirming what Nanny had told me of Lord B. having sparred with him (Rushton) during the time of his mother's funeral. Set out, the whole party, to see the church at Hucknall, the Wildmans riding, and I in an open carriage with the sister and Mrs. Fellowes. Told me of the immense concourse of people there were at the funeral; the man who joined it near Hucknall having the appearance of a half-pay officer who had served much abroad; his profound grief; nobody seemed to know who he was. Fletcher also loud in his sobs during the whole time. Hardly any person of respectability attended, except Ranelliffe and a few of the corporation. When we arrived at Hucknall the clerk could not be found, nor the key of the church. At Mrs. Wildman's suggestion took a pane out of one of the windows, and by this means opening it, put a little boy in, who opened the door for us. During all this time I felt but little affected by our visit, but suddenly, as I stood over the vault where he lies, the picture of what he *had* been, and what he was *now*, presented itself to me, and at once a sort of flood of melancholy feeling came over my heart, which it was with difficulty I could conceal from those around me. Wrote our names in the book of the visitors, where it was curious to observe how many signatures there were of persons in humble station, weavers, &c. Walked back with Richard Wildman by Annesley, an interesting old place; the terrace; the hall thought to be the "Oratory" of the "Dream." The Pearsons from Nottingham to dinner. Music in the evening.

22nd. Set out for Southwell in Wildman's carriage, accompanied by Pearson, who was to be my introducer. Drove to the Rev. J. Beacher's (Byron's old friend), and found him at home. Asked us to dinner, which was what I speculated upon. Told me some anecdotes of B.'s early days, of which I have taken notes. Showed me a few letters, the others in his possession not being, he said, producible. Took me to call on Mrs. and Miss Pigot, who

were equally friends of Byron in his youth. Their reception of me most cordial and flattering; made me sit in the chair which Byron used to sit in, and remarked as a singularity that this was the poor fellow's birthday; he would to-day have been forty. Produced a number of his early letters and poems, and without the least reserve offered any or all for my use, offering to copy out for me such as I should select. Deferred the reading of them till we should meet in the evening at Mr. Beacher's. On parting with Mrs. Pigot, a fine intelligent old lady, who has been bedridden for years, she kissed my hand most affectionately, and said that, much as she had always admired me as a poet, it was as the friend of Byron that she valued and loved me. Her affection, indeed, to his memory is unbounded, and she seems unwilling to allow that he had a single fault. No one at dinner but Mr. B., his daughter, Pearson, and myself. Miss Pigot in the evening with his letters, which interested me exceedingly; some written when he was quite a boy, and the bad spelling and scrambling handwriting delightful; spelling, indeed, was a very late accomplishment with him. After reading the letters we had music, and as there was no lack of enthusiasm in my audience, I sung my best. Slept at the inn.

23rd. Took an opportunity, before starting, of seeing the cathedral and its brass eagle, which was found at Newstead Abbey, and is now converted into a reading-desk. Some time after it had been found, an opening in the breast of the bird was discovered, and a number of papers found hid within, which proved to be the original writings of the various grants made to the abbey. Wildman has some of these in his possession, and one of them contains a full pardon granted to the monks for every possible crime (and the whole catalogue of crimes is gone through) that had ever been committed, or was likely in future to be committed by them. Started at nine in the coach for Nottingham. On my arrival Mrs. Fellowes lent me her carriage to go to Colwich. Shown into the drawing-room, and told that Mrs. Musters would be with me presently. Felt (though I had never seen her) that I should like to take her by the hand as an old friend; and while I was debating whether it would be quite decorous to do so, she entered and did exactly so herself, giving me her hand as if we had known each other for years. Her countenance, in spite of time and ill-health, still interesting, and took me more than that of her daughter, youthful as it is. But this was more the effect of imagination, which brought back the former face as it looked when Byron gazed at it. Had not time for much conversation before Musters himself joined us. Fixed to dine with them on Sunday the 4th. Dined at Mrs. Fellowes's; no company but the John Fellowseses and Mrs. Burnside. Slept at the White Lion.

24th. Set off at half-past six in the coach for Stoke. At the first stage obliged to go outside in consequence of some mistake in the booking of passengers; a most blowing drive over the Derbyshire hills. Found Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. J. Cooper, and Hodgson waiting for me at the mill, and walked up with them to the house. Before luncheon Mrs. A. whispered to me that there was a lady in her house as governess, who met me many, many years ago, and as she knew it would annoy her, if I did not recognise her, she thought it right to prepare me. This was a Mrs. ——, whom I saw for one evening (and about half an hour next morning) near five-and-twenty years ago; whom I danced with, sung to, and made love to in that short space of time, and who has been a sort of dream to me ever since. Was sorry to see her again; her beauty was gone; her dress was even prematurely old and mob-cappish, and, in short, I'm sorry we have met again, for she will never be a dream to me any more. The only company at dinner the Hodgsons, Mrs. J. Cooper, and her son and daughter. In the evening, singing, and the best and most touching of all singing, Mrs. R. Arkwright's.

25th. Mrs. Arkwright, who has been full of anxiety as to my finding Hodgson in a mood to give me the assistance I want from him, put us, after breakfast, in a little room together; where he, with the utmost readiness and kindness, placed a number of Byron's letters in my hand, as well as extracts from others of a more confidential nature; and left me alone to look over them, and select such as might suit my purpose. After I had done so, had some conversation with him relative to Byron's loan or gift to himself, of which I did not conceal from him that I already knew most of the particulars. Detailed to me the whole transaction; Byron's having long promised to do something

for him; his taking him to Hammersley's one day, without H. having the slightest idea of what he was going about, and then telling Hammersley to place to his (Hodgson's) credit 1000*l.*: had already had from him 400*l.*, part of which though was for another friend. He then described Byron's going with him to the mother of the girl he wished to marry (his present wife), in order to do away the objections that lady had to the marriage; their travelling all night. B.'s tractableness to criticism, but his horror of retaining any thing that had been suggested by others. "If you don't like it, say so, and I'll alter it; but don't suggest any thing of your own." Affixed a note to one of the extracts he gave me containing an acknowledgment of his gratitude to Lord B.; but on my seeming to think it too vague and insufficient (particularly as the nature of the service Lord B. had performed towards him was pretty generally known), he expressed himself most anxious to make the acknowledgment, not only "sufficient" but abundant. Left this matter for further consideration. Mrs. Arkwright, when I last saw her, mentioned a letter Lord B. had written to somebody on the subject of religion, and which Mrs. —— had a copy of. Promised at that time to ask her for it; told me how she had learned from Mrs. —— that it was already published. * * * Birch and a Mr. Middleton added to our company at dinner; the Miss Birches in the evening, and singing (both from Mrs. A. and myself) without end.

26th. After breakfast closeted with Hodgson for two or three hours on the subject of Byron; found none of the reserve in him that Mrs A. apprehended, but the fullest cordiality and confidence. Walked with him afterwards to Middleton Dale; fine rock scenery; the Delf very grand. Mrs. J. Cooper and Eliza gone this morning, which was a sad loss to our party. Hodgson very agreeable at dinner; Mrs. A. said she had never before seen him so happy. He had determined upon going home before dinner (thinking it right that a clergyman should pass his Saturday evening at home), but was prevailed on to stay till night. Some amusing stories of Scrope Davies. His epitaph on Lord L——,

> "Here's L.'s body, from his soul asunder,
> He once was on the turf, and now is *under*."

His verses on the Swallow, a boat or yacht they used to sail in. Two of them as follows:—

> "If ever in the Swallow, I to sea
> Shall go again, may the sea swallow me."

Forgot to mention that Montgomery the poet was asked to come (from Sheffield) yesterday to dinner with a Dr. ——, who dined here, but refused, from rather an over-delicate scruple with respect to me. It appears he once wrote a very violent attack either on myself or my poetry, which, though he is quite sure I knew nothing about it (as is really the case) makes him feel not altogether justified in meeting me till I am apprised of the circumstance. Anxious as I had been before to make his acquaintance, this, of course, increased my desire, and we were in great hopes, from the messages sent, that he would have come to day, but he did not. It seems he writes all those imaginative (and, some of them beautiful) things of his in one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all dirty Sheffield. Has, lately, they say, issued some rather absurd speech or writing, in which he upholds this said Sheffield as little less than the Athens of England. This is what it is to be, the *Coryphée* of a set of provincial blues! After singing and singing over and over again, we saw Hodgson and his wife off in their chaise for Bakewell. My song, "And doth not a meeting like this!" brought tears from both singer and hearers.

27th. After breakfast set off to church (Bakewell) with Mrs. Arkwright. A good deal of conversation about the Duke of Devonshire; the great disposition he had to like me, though he did not, she says, at first; his having felt, as I did, the barrier there is between us, from his tallness and deafness combined. "Besides (he added), Moore is not the sort of man to stand on tip-toes to a duke." Hodgson's sermon very good. We again conquered his resolution, which was decidedly *not* to dine from home; but he yielded. Mrs. A., indeed, said that he seemed quite another person since I came. The dinner again very agreeable.

28th. When I was packing for my departure, Mrs. A., who had promised to let me have copies of some of her songs, sent me up her whole precious book, and said I might do what I pleased with it. Hodgson went down with me in the gig to the place where I was to meet the coach (his wife having put into my hands before I came away a paper, which she said I

might read at my leisure), and, after a most cordial parting, I started about twelve o'clock on my way for Newstead, Wildman (who is in town) having given me leave to return there for a few more inquiries among the old servants. Had written to the butler to apprise him of my coming, but arrived before my letter, and found every thing in a most monastery-like state of bloom and cheerlessness. The servants, however, partaking of the hospitable spirit of their master, soon lighted up good fires both in drawing-room and bed-room. Cold meat, cutlets, and good Madeira were my fare; and the quiet, thoughtful pleasure I enjoyed in passing an evening *alone* within those walls, was exactly what I anticipated it would be. I felt as if on a visit to Byron's spirit, and remembering his frequent threat, poor fellow, of appearing to me after his death, thought that I could hardly have given him a better opportunity. Found that the paper Mrs. Hodgson gave me contained some kind and flattering verses Hodgson had written on my visit and departure. Slept well, the repose of the whole evening being a relief to me after the state of excitement in which I had been keeping myself and—every body about me.

29th. Set off for Nottingham in the coach. Found letters, and before I had opened those from Bessy, was just boasting that every thing went on with me exactly as I could wish, when on reading their contents I found that our poor Anastasia's lameness had got so much worse, that Dr. Brabant advised her being taken instantly to town for surgical advice, and she was perhaps now on her way there. It is impossible to describe the sweetness, the considerateness, the fortitude that breathed through every line of my dearest Bessy's letter. Resolved to give up my dinner with the Mussers, and set out on Friday for town, the public dinner at Derby being an engagement I could not well get over. Received a letter too from Murray (sent on to me from the cottage), in which he says that the late book of Leigh Hunt has induced him to change his mind with respect to the publication of Lord Byron's papers, and that he has submitted a proposition to Mr. Rogers, which, he is authorised by him to say, meets with his entire approbation. Offers to come down to me in case I should not be immediately coming to town. Answered to say I should be in London in a few days. Called upon R——, who had been sometime tutor to Lord Byron; have taken notes of what he told me. Went out with Fellowes to dine at Lord Ranclife's: company, Dr. Holcombe and his son George, and an attorney, whose name I forget. Returned to Mrs. Fellowes's at night.

30th. Walked to Colwich to make my excuses to Mrs. Musters; away from home. Called with Pearson on various persons, who knew something of Byron. Set off in the coach at three for Derby: found a large party at Strutt's waiting dinner for me, had to dress in a hurry: company, the John Coopers, &c. &c. Music in the evening; sung a good deal. Got from Higginson the list of the toasts for my office of chairman to-morrow. Slept at Mr. Strutt's.

31st. Breakfasted in my bed-room, and took a few hours to myself to think over what I should say in my speeches to the Lancastrians. Walked about with the Coopers afterwards. The company at the dinner larger than ever they have had at any public dinner in Derby before; at least so they told me. About a hundred sat down, all good Whigs, I took for granted; good materials for Whigs, certainly, being chiefly dissenters, unitarians, Nottingham editors, &c. &c. Three long tables, and my chair at the top of the centre one placed with the back close to a large fire: should have melted away, had I remained in it, but abdicated, and joined Strutt at the head of one of the other tables, leaving my chair like Banquo's during dinner. All went off famously: made them about ten or twelve speeches, and was cheered most heartily throughout. My brother orators *not* such as it was difficult to eclipse; one of the "gentlemen of the press" talked of the duty of "heditors lifting up their voices." A party of amateurs sung glees occasionally between the speeches, and one of their performances being "The last Rose of Summer," the mayor, who sat on my right hand, confided to me in a whisper his regret that they should choose such *dull* things for such an occasion: told him I heartily agreed with him. Retired from the chair between ten and eleven, and adjourned (tired as I was, and covered not only with applauses but with fish-sauce) to a party at William Strutt's, where I found duets on the harp and pianoforte going on; and, in spite of my dozen and one

speeches, was obliged to muster up voice enough for the same number of songs. Slept at Joseph Strutt's. Had written an excuse to Mrs. Musters before I left Derby, but from letters received to-day from Bessy, thought it perhaps better to finish *all* I had to do in this neighbourhood before I joined her in town, the accounts of Anastasia being much more comfortable.

February 1st. Forgot to mention that I wrote to Hobhouse to Newstead, and being touched with a kindly spirit at the time towards everything connected with poor Byron, showed it in my letter. Have received an answer from him full of the same friendly feeling, which I rejoice at. Teased by Strutt and Higginson to give some sort of report of the speeches I made yesterday for the newspapers. Endeavoured in vain to convince them that *praise* (as much as they pleased) of the general effect, and silence as to the details, was always the sort of report that did most service to such speeches: they *would* have more: promised to sent it to them, if possible, from Nottingham. Set off before two in a chaise for Castle Donington, having written yesterday to tell the Dalbys I was coming. Wrote also to-day to Mrs. Musters to say, that if she was still disposed to have me on Sunday I would stay. Slept at Dalby's.

2nd. After breakfast walked over to Kegworth to see Dr. Parkinson; walked with him in his garden; will be eighty-three his next birthday. Saw me out of the town and called upon Mrs. Ingram in our way. She and her daughters accompanied me through the fields till we met the Dalby girls. Dinner at two; my company consisting of seven damsels (five of them young and pretty), Dalby being out on business. A very merry party: when I went upstairs to pack for departure, heard them in loud chorus below, and when I came down, found the seven nymphs standing, with bumpers in their hands round the table, and singing my own glee, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" to my health. Escorted by them all to the coach, in which I started at three for Nottingham. Found a note from Mrs. Musters, saying she should be most happy to see me on Sunday, and trusted I would stay at least over Monday. Dinner at Mrs. Fellowes's: Lord Rancliffe, Dr. Pennington, and the John Fellowses. Sung in the evening. A poem sent me by Mrs. Musters (written by a young friend of hers whom I am to meet to-morrow) with a request that I would read it before I come; subject, "Martin Luther." Slept at Mrs. Fellowes's.

3rd. Scribbled out, after breakfast, a few recollections of some of my Derby speeches, and dispatched them to Higginson. Walked to Colwich to dinner; a short conversation with Mrs. M. before we dined; Musters luckily from town. Evening rather dull; music (the usual resource) beeing *tabooed* of a Sunday.

4th. Some conversation with Mrs. M. after breakfast about Byron, most of which I have taken notes of. Sung a few songs, at some of which Mrs. M. cried.

5th. After breakfast some conversation with Mrs. M. Said it was certainly her wish, and she even thought it better for any little romance there might be in the story of her and Lord Byron, to let it end at the last time she ever saw him, which was when he dined at Annesley on his return from abroad, and wrote the poem that everybody knows, about the little girl. Promised her it should be so. Ordered her carriage and took me into Nottingham. On my mentioning Chalmers's "Devotional Exercises," and my wish to see it, she begged me not to buy it myself, but let her have the pleasure of sending me a copy. Got to Nottingham and parted with her at twelve. Called upon two or three people, and having lunched at Fellowes's started in the Hope coach between two and three. Arrived at Northampton at eleven at night and slept there,

6th. Off in the Sovereign coach, two young Irishmen my fellow-travellers; one of them rather an intelligent young man, a son of Col. Rochford. Begun to have a vague idea who I was, and talked to me about the "Epicurean," without (as he said afterwards) having any definite thought or expectation that I should turn out to be the person he suspected. This I could not, with a grave face, stand, and accordingly told him who I was, to his evident astonishment and pleasure. Arrived at Power's between six and seven, with a heart beating anxiously as I got nearer, lest I should find my dear Anastasia worse than Bessy had reported her. Found her lying on the sofa in the drawing-room, and looking better than when I left her. My darling Bessy, as usual, full of energy and cheerful hope, and has never left her side for a minute, except yesterday to

pay a short visit to the Villamils and the Donegals. Though the Powers had a bed for me, thought it better not to trespass too much on their kindness (which has been most cordial and useful on this occasion), but went off to Sandon's in Bury Street, and secured a bedroom there. Returned to supper at Power's.

7th. After breakfast walked out with Bessy. Called at Murray's, and heard in a few words (while Bessy waited for me in the street) his proposition, which was to place all the publishable parts of his Byron papers in my hands, and to give me 4000 guineas for the "Life." Told him that I considered this offer perfectly liberal, but that he knew how I was situated with the Longmans, and that I certainly could not again propose to take my work out of their hands without having it in my power to pay down the sum that I owe them. "They would, I suppose (he said) be inclined to give some accommodation in the payment?" "I cannot at all answer for that, Mr. Murray (I replied). I must have it in my power to offer them the payment of the debt." "Very well, sir (he said) you *may* do so." Went with Bessy to the jeweller's to buy a present for Dr. Brabant's daughter: bought a locket; four guineas and a half. As Brabant will not take any fees, I must, at least, try to show that we are grateful. Dined at Power's. Went with Bessy in the evening to her mother and sat some time.

8th. With Bessy after breakfast. Went on to the Longmans; told them of Murray's proposition, and of my conversation with him: on which Longman said, that, through the whole of the affair, my interest and advantage was what they chiefly regarded; that it certainly would be a subject of regret to them not being themselves the publishers of the "Life," and they felt that the public would be apt to think, that, in this new transfer of the work, they (the Longmans) were rather slightingly treated; but still, notwithstanding all this, they were ready to own that with Murray was my natural position (on account of the materials he possessed) for bringing out a Life of Lord Byron, and that they not only acceded to the arrangement, but congratulated me on the prospect it afforded of getting me comfortably over all my difficulties; that as to the discharge of my debt to them, their impression was that, as they had paid the money down to *me*, Murray, in stepping into their shoes, ought to do the same by them. Joined Bessy at the bazaar and drove about with her in a hackney coach, the rain making it impossible to walk. Settled every thing about beds for her and Anastasia at the Gloucester Coffee House. Dined at Power's: the Villamils came in the evening to take leave, and between eight and nine I had them off to the Gloucester Coffee House, Anastasia being safely lifted in and out of the hackney coach. Their bed-room very conveniently on the ground floor, and I slept on a sofa in the sitting-room adjoining. Mr. B. called upon Lord Lansdowne this morning, and had a good deal of conversation with him on the subject of the late break-up, and Huskisson's explanation at Liverpool.

9th. Up before six, had coffee, and saw my dear treasures safely off in the coach at seven, there being no other inside passengers. On my return home got to bed again for a little rest and warmth. Employed the day in making calls. Went to Murray's, and reported my conversation with the Longmans, with which he was quite pleased, and said the money should be ready for them in a few days. Dined at Lansdowne House.

10th. Went with Lady E. Fielding to make visits: left cards at several places; let in by Lady Grey, with whom I sat some time. Called upon the Hollands: she wanted me to stay and dine with Lord Holland, who is not at all well: met Brougham there: he and I came away together: said he had received a copy of the Derby paper with my speech about himself, for which he was very thankful.

11th. Went to the Longmans': told them what Murray had said about the payment of the money, which they said was quite right; and that point being conceded, they now would not press him for the money till quite convenient to him: nothing, indeed, could be more frank, gentlemanlike, and satisfactory, than the manner in which this affair had been settled on all sides. Dined at Lansdowne House. Young —— and —— remarking on Brougham's late speech (on the reform of the law) that there was no enlarged or original view in it, &c. &c. What will people not carp at in this age?

12th. Told Murray what the Longmans had said as to not pressing him for the money, which he remarked was very handsome, but

that still he felt it would be right of him to pay it, and he had already taken measures to that effect. Walked for some time with Lord Lansdowne: told me he had heard that the Duke of Wellington in writing to Mr. Fitzgerald to dispense with his services (Lord of the Treasury), said that he the more regretted being obliged to make this announcement, as he had some reason to think that he (Fitzgerald) would not have been unwilling still to continue in the office. I much fear the poor knight *did* "cast a longing, ling'ring look behind;" but he is a fine fellow notwithstanding, and his only fault is having ever become Whig, as nature has written "Tory" on his chivalrous brow. Burdett's has been another mistake of the same kind.

13th. Dined at Lord Holland's; sent for by him before dinner to go to his bed-room; sat some time with him: company at dinner, only Lady H. herself, Falck, the Dutch ambassador, Allen, and Lord William Russell. My lady in rather a *bravura* mood; asked me how I could write "those vulgar verses" the other day about Hunt. Asked her, in turn, why she should take for granted, if they were so vulgar, that it was I who wrote them? Said she feared it was; that Lord Lansdowne had first mentioned them to her, and that he (to her surprise) thought them very good, Lord H. joined us in the evening: Rogers, too, came. Home early. Promised Charles Fox to dine with him on Saturday, 23rd: am literally engaged three or four deep every day till then.

14th. A kind note from Lady Holland inquiring after my cold, and asking me to dine quietly with her to-morrow, and go and see the new play: cannot. Dined early with the Donegals, having some business to do in the evening. Have not seen poor Lady D. since I came to town; fear she is seriously ill. Alas, that such creatures should suffer! Received a note from Barnes, saying that he had heard of my having spoken with disapprobation of the present tone of "The Times" newspaper; and cautioning me, in a friendly way, against the repetition of such language. Speaks of his "secret information" in the same pompous and mysterious style as he does in his newspaper. This is too ridiculous. There was but one man out of my own set, to whom I spoke on the subject (a clever, chattering man, who sometimes forces me into conversation at the Athenæum) and this was his "mysterious informant." Told him so in my answer, and said that, as to my free speaking, he must learn to bear it as all my other friends do, and must take the bad with the good; that I had been equally open-mouthed to-day in praise of the spirited article he had given us, &c. &c.

15th. Dined at Longman's: company, Barnes, Dr. Paris, &c. &c.; Barnes speaking with contempt of Brougham's last speech. Dr. Paris gave us the history of Sir Humphry Davy. His father, a carver of wooden chimney-pieces: Davy put apprentice to an apothecary; sent away because he blew the apothecary's garret window out with a clyster pipe that he had charged with gas. Davy's discovery of the decomposition of alkalis ought, he said, to immortalise him. Had broached the theory a year before, and people cavilled at it; but, at last, he applied it to this great discovery. Went after the Longmans' to the theatre, but Lady H. was gone. Went up to the Duchess of Bedford's box, where I found the Duchess and Miss Russell, and saw the farce. A pun upon me in the farce which amused her Grace: Madame Vestris sings behind the scenes a few notes of "Young Love lived once," on which Wrench says, "Charming ballad—Moore," and a fool of a fellow replies, "No, there is no more."

16th. Joy called on me according to agreement, to go and call on the Duke of Sussex. Having said yesterday that he was going there about some books, thought I might as well take the opportunity of paying my visit also. Sent in our names, and the Duke returned word that he would see *me*. When he found, however, that we had come together, had in Joy also. Talked about politics, Ireland, &c., and what was my consternation (having engaged myself to be in town at two o'clock) when he produced an unpublished pamphlet by some reverend or other, and offered to read it to me. Was obliged to give a most cheerful assent; luckily it was a short one. Showed us then over his library, which is curious and extensive. When I remarked what a treasure such a library of reference would be to me, he said very good-naturedly, "Well, come and plant yourself here in my neighbourhood, and you may use it as if it were your own." On

Lord Fitzwilliam being announced to him, we got away. It is impossible for a royal personage to be more naturally and *unpretendingly* unaffected than is this same Duke of Sussex. Drove with Lady E. Fielding to make some calls. Met Lady Dacre at Mrs. ——; talked about her private theatricals; said I should be very happy to join in them next year, which seemed to give her great delight; vowed she would keep me to my engagement. Left a note from Bessy with Lady Lansdowne, thanking her for a letter she had written to Sloperton, most kindly and thoughtfully offering the use of various articles of furniture, &c. &c. from Bowood, which she thought might be comfortable for Anastasia. Dined at Lord King's: company, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Carlisles, Lord Clifden, Lord Howard de Walden, &c. &c.

19th. Called upon Rogers after breakfast; found Keppel with him; came away together. Introduced him to Murray; went afterwards to Colburn, where he made me a present of his book. From thence to his grandmother, Lady de Clifford, who is now, I think, eighty-seven,—a fine old woman. Called upon Lord Sligo, and had some conversation about Lord B. Spoke of the story which Byron always said was the foundation of the "Giaour." Sligo says, they were both riding together near Athens, when they met people bringing a girl along to be drowned; she was sitting wrapped up on a horse. Byron, by his interference, saved her. Lord Sligo did not seem very accurate in his memory of the transaction; is sure he never saw or knew anything of her before that encounter. She was afterwards sent to Thebes. One day when he was talking with Byron on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, Byron (who had before said that he would tell him some time why he hated his mother so much) pointed to his naked leg and foot, and said, "There's the reason; it was her false delicacy at my birth that was the cause of that deformity; and yet afterwards she reproached me with it, and not long before we parted for the last time, uttered a sort of imprecation on me, praying that I might be as ill-formed in mind as I was in body." S. said that Byron that day bathed without trowsers. * * * * Byron's offer to Lord Sligo to go and dig for him (in the neighbourhood of Elis, I think) for antiquities. Said, "*Dilettanti*, you know, are all thieves, but you may depend upon my not stealing, because I would not give three half-pence for all the antiquities in Greece." Described Byron after his illness at Patras looking in the glass and saying, "I look pale; I should like to die of a consumption." "Why?" "Because the ladies would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying.'" At Athens he used to take the bath three times a week to thin himself, and drink vinegar and water, eating only a little rice. Lord S.'s time with him at Athens was after Hobhouse left him. Called at Ebers's in consequence of a note, requesting "the honour of a few minutes' conversation:" found it was to get me on the committee of a new club he and his son-in-law were setting up. Said that, as the club was to be chiefly literary, it would give an *éclat* to its commencement, and that it should be no expense to me, as they would be most happy to receive me as an honorary member; that Mr. Campbell was already an honorary member, &c. &c. Answered, that if I belonged to the club I should belong to it as other people did, by paying my subscription. I, however, feared it would not be in my power, as *one* club was more than enough for me, and I already belonged to the Athenæum; if anything, however, should lead me to quit the Athenæum, I should join them. Went with Keppel to his lodgings, 28 Bury St. (formerly 27.) for the purpose of seeing the rooms where he lives (second floor), which were my abode off and on for ten or twelve years. The sight brought back old times; it was there I wrote my "Odes and Epistles from America," and in the parlour Strangford wrote most of his "Camoens." In that second floor I had an illness of eight weeks, of which I was near dying, and in that shabby little second floor, when I was slowly recovering, the beautiful Duchess of St. Alban's (Miss Mellon) to my surprise one day paid me a visit.

20th. Went early to Power's to play over my new Legends with Bishop. Then to Mrs. S., the Fielding's, Lady Donegal's. Dined with the Hollands; Lord H. sent for me to his bedroom. Talked of Lord Anglesey; his late interview with the King, when his Majesty flew in a passion at his expressing his intention to treat the Catholics with kindness: but when Lord A. firmly answered that such was his resolution, and that if it was found displeasing,

his Majesty might instantly recall him, the King changed his tone, and said he could not possibly have a better Lord-lieutenant. Talked of the Dissenters; their great objection to the Catholics is the surrender which the latter make of their right of private opinion into the hands of their priests. Lord H.'s argument in answer is, that the acknowledgment of the right of private opinion, which the Dissenters so properly hold, ought to be extended even to the right of surrendering that private opinion, if people are so inclined, into the hands of others; for though in consistency with religious liberty we cannot compel people to give up their right of private judgment, it is equally inconsistent with religious liberty to prevent them from giving it up if they were so disposed. As to the difference of opinion between Protestants and Catholics on the subject of tradition, the latter (I remarked) in maintaining that the Word of God existed before the Scriptures were written, are, according to the German notion of the gradual compilation of the Gospels, *right*. * * * Company at dinner, Lord and Lady Cowper, William Lamb, and Sir J. Mackintosh. Talked of the ignorance in the article on "Hallam" in the "Quarterly," about the affair of Glencoe; *this part* of the article is, it seems, not Southey's. Received this morning the draft of the agreement between me and Murray, and sent it to Clark, the solicitor, to look over it.

21st. Met Clark on the subject of the draft of the agreement. Went to call on Fletcher, Lord Byron's servant; some talk with him: but one can seldom get anything out of the fellow but blustering; *that* tribute to the memory of his master he is always ready with. Says he does not believe Lord Sligo, "nor any other Lord," that would say they had ever seen Byron's foot, no one ever having been allowed to see it, since the surgeons who attended him when a boy, except himself—Fletcher. Did not seem to like to talk about it, but told me, what was very striking, that even in dying Lord B. shrunk away when those about him put their hands near his foot, as if fearing that they should uncover it. Said, however, that there was nothing wrong in the shape of the foot, except being smaller than the other, and the leg and thigh on that side a little emaciated. Always wore trowsers (nankeen) in bathing. Latterly led a very quiet life in Italy, but while at Venice was as profligate as need be. Great plausibility in his temper, and used always to make amends for any momentary burst of passion by his kindness afterwards. When he was dying told Fletcher there was a box of 8000 dollars, of which Tita was to have 2000, and he, Fletcher, the remainder. Dined at Lansdowne House; a large assembly afterwards.

22nd. Called upon Colonel Leake with Capell; never saw anything of Byron, but at the time he was at Tepellene: seemed to him to have some weight on his mind. At three to Murray's to sign and seal our agreement. Present the two solicitors, young Turner and Clark, and Lockhart the witness. Dined with Murray in celebration of the event; company, Sir F. Freeling, Tooke, T. Campbell, James Smith, and some women. Mentioned Jekyll's saying quietly to himself, when some one mentioned that —— was gone to Greece, "to the Greeks foolishness." Said that Johnson, from his hatred to Mallet, had defined a mallet in his dictionary as "a thing with a wooden head" (this is not the case): his definition of "windward" and "leeward" both the same (true). Mentioned somebody's criticism on the passage in "Henry V.,"—

> "And their executors, the knavish crows,
> Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour."
> [Act iv. sc. 2.]

that Shakspeare must have meant *legatees*, as executors get nothing by it. The judge answering to a barrister, who quoted "A deed without a name," "Void on the face of it." Went with Newton afterwards to sup at Mrs. Shelley's. Robinson and his daughters there; did not get home till near three.

23rd. Called upon Jackson, the pugilist. Showed me two or three letters of Lord B.'s, which I copied out. Said he had often seen B.'s foot, which had been turned round with instruments; the limb altogether a little wasted; could run very fast. In talking of his courage, said that nobody could be more fearless; showed great spirit always "in coming up to the blows." In Jackson's visits to him to Brighton used always to pay the chaise for him up and down. Very liberal of his money. Dined out at Charles Fox's, taken by Francis Baring. Company, besides Baring and myself, Labouchere, Trefusis, and Miss Fitzclarence. * * * Sung a good deal in the evening.

Miss Fitzclarence played and lent me two MS. music books.

24th. Had apprised Drury that I meant to come to Harrow to-day, and meant to have sported a chaise (the coach being too early), but at six in the morning was roused by the arrival of a man and horse with a note from Mrs. Drury, saying that her husband was in bed with the gout all yesterday, and would be too ill to receive me. Went off to the Charter House to make inquiries of Barbour concerning the proper age for boys entering on the foundation, in consequence of Mrs. Baring having told me that Gen. Bathurst (the Bishop's son) wishes to exchange a nomination to the C. H., which he has for this next month, for the *promise* of a nomination to either Charter House or Winchester in six or seven years hence. Mrs. B., knowing of my desire to place Tom somewhere, thought I might be able to manage this exchange. By the by, after she mentioned the matter to me yesterday I met Lord Grey, and told him of it. Said he did not well know how soon his turn would come, but should inquire. Learned from Barbour that Tom, being only nine, was not yet admissible, the suitable age being ten. Said he would let me know how soon Lord Grey's turn of nomination was to take place. Returned to my lodgings for the purpose of meeting Lord Sligo, who called upon me between one and two. Took me to call upon Bruce (Lavalette), whom I wanted to talk with on the subject of Lord Byron, he having seen him in Greece at the same time Sligo did. Bruce was then travelling with Lady H. Stanhope; described the conversation between Lady Hester and Byron, in which she regularly attacked him on the low opinion he professed of female intellect. B. (Bruce said) had no chance with her, but took refuge in gentlemanlike assent and silence. Lady H. a most eloquent person; were afterwards very good friends.

Bruce said, that nothing could be more gentlemanlike than Byron's manners were then; seemed in very bad spirits. Mentioned his being told by Douglas Kinnaird of Byron's receiving on one day two letters very creditable to female disinterestedness; one of them from his sister, protesting against his leaving her so much of his property as he intended to do, and the other from the Guiccioli, refusing peremptorily to receive any at all. Went from thence to call on Bailey, and found him at home. Some talk about Byron, who was a schoolfellow of Bailey's at Aberdeen, and when they many years afterwards met at Cambridge, Byron (who was enormously fat) recognised and addressed him. Told a scene between him and B. at Bellingham's execution, which I have taken a note of elsewhere. When they met at Cambridge, Bailey said to him, "I should never have known you." "No! (answered Byron) I wonder at that; for I thought Nature had set such a mark on me that I could never be forgot." Bailey remembers having seen him without trowsers; saw that his feet were naked, and that he made no effort to conceal them. Called upon Mrs. Shelley, who walked with me to Dr. Mann's, where I was admitted. Had heard he was in possession of some letters that had passed between Lord and Lady B., whom he attended at the time of their separation, and was, according to his own account, a negociator between them. Went to the Donegals between five and six on the speculation of finding them about to sit down to dinner; did so, and enjoyed the quietness and friendship of the repast exceedingly. Left them early to go to Barnes for the purpose of getting him to insert a correct statement of my late agreement with Murray, a false account of which has appeared in some papers. Found him sitting after dinner with Narishkin the Russian, and one or two more, all busy at guessing conundrums, &c. Barnes made Narishkin read to me a translation he has made into English verse from the German, showing a mastery over our language which no foreigner but a Russian could have acquired. Went afterwards with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph while he wrote part of an article for next day. Says that he writes himself as little as possible; finding that he is much more useful as a superintendent of the writings of others. The great deficiency he finds among his people is not a want of cleverness but of common sense. There is not one of them (and he included himself in the number) that can be trusted with writing often or long on the same subject; they are sure to get bewildered on it.

25th. Called upon the Longmans; showed me my account on the "Epicurean," by which it appears that from the four editions there is placed to my credit 700 and some odd pounds. Of this I have had 500*l.*, but the balance over

is much more than I expected. Saw young Reynolds. Forgot, by the by, to mention, that when in Nottinghamshire, I received a letter from Heath, raising the sum of 500*l.* a year, which he had offered me to become editor of the "Keepsake," to 700*l.*, and begging for an immediate answer, as, if refused, it was his intention to set off to Scotland to Sir Walter Scott. Did refuse; in consequence of which, I find, he set off to Sir W. Scott, who also refused, though 100*l.* more per annum was added to tempt him. Sir Walter, however, contributes largely, and Reynolds (to whom the editorship has now fallen) has been after me day and night to prevail on me to do the same. Am resolved not, however. Forced a hundred pound cheque into my pocket to-day, as the price of a hundred lines; but (though the money would have been convenient and the task but light) forced it back on him again. The fact is, it is my *name* brings these offers, and my name would suffer by accepting them. Dined with Rogers *à grand couvert;* Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lady Holland, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Normanby, Mackintosh, Luttrell, Brougham, and myself! With all these great guns, there was but little firing; all quiet and smooth, but very agreeable, particularly Brougham, in whose easy, natural, buoyant manner there is a never-ending charm. Called upon Mackintosh, by the by, this morning, in consequence of a note I had from him, proposing that we should go together to dinner at Croker's on Wednesday. Talked of the "Memoires de Brienne" just published, and mentioned the curious story of the Cardinal Richelieu appearing before Anne of Austria dressed as a Spanish dancer. * * * Mentioned that Canning once said the only objection to making Charles Wynne speaker was that one would be sometimes tempted to say "Mr. Squeaker."

26th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Proposed to me to come and dine with him to-day (I had refused all engagements on account of my approaching departure) at an early hour for the Opera, and he would get Lord Essex to join us. Agreed. Went about various commissions; dined between five and six: company, Lord Essex and Mr. Grenville; very amusing. These veterans told some good anecdotes of the bygone times, and Mr. G. in particular made himself very agreeable. * * * Told of Lord Coleraine's coolness one night in coming into his bedroom at an inn, which he found had been occupied, after he had bespoke it, by some one else. On his coming to the side of the bed, an angry Irishman put his head out, and said, "What the devil do you want here, Sir? I shall have satisfaction for this affront; my name is Johnson." At the same moment a little wizened-faced woman popped her head from under the clothes. "Mrs. Johnson, I presume?" said Lord Coleraine drily, pointing to the lady. Went to the Opera, Lord E., Rogers, and I; got in a stall next them, where we were soon after joined by Lord Spencer. Pasta admirable in "Tancredi:" never saw or heard her before to such advantage.

27th. In a bustle all day. Murray did not send me his Byron papers till almost the last moment. Packed before dinner, and took my portmanteau to the Gloucester Coffee-house; dined at Lady Donegal's; slept at the Gloucester Coffee-house.

28th. Off in the coach before eight; alone most of the way. Found my dear Anastasia installed in my library, and the parlour prepared as a study for me, all going on as comfortably as I could expect.

Feb. 29th to March 28th. From this time have not thought it worth while to journalize, being busy at home. Made my first regular start in "Lord Byron's Life."

29th. Bessy and I took our dear Tom to school at Marlborough. Mr. Lawes, the master, appears a plain, good sort of man. The dear little fellow looked at first rather shy and serious, but the feeling seemed to go off before we left him.

April 2nd. Walked to Methuen's, taking the Fieldings in my way. Have induced Caroline Fielding to undertake some designs for a volume of Legends I am about to publish with Power. Those she has already done promise very well. The Fieldings accompanied me as far as John Awdrey's, where we all paid a visit. Got to Methuen's just in time to dress for dinner: company, Bowles and Mrs. Bowles, Poulett Scrope, and Short of Chippenham. The day rather agreeable. Slept there.

3rd. Mrs. M. after breakfast drove me to see a cottage that Joy wants us to take; thence to the Fieldings. Got home to dinner.

10th. Went with Rogers to Devizes to attend the meeting on the Friendly Societies. Met there Methuen and Hobhouse. M. proposed that I should go back with him to Corsham, which I agreed to. Bowles (between whom, by the by, and Hobhouse there was a peace-making to-day, both shaking hands) told me that the house near Devizes with the ridiculous image of Apollo in the garden, naked and as large as life, is always pointed out by the stage coachmen as mine, the passengers exclaiming, "And an Apollo in the garden; how very appropriate!" This is too good. Company at Methuen's, Hobhouse, Joy and Scott (Lord Eldon's son); the day very agreeable, laughing *with* some, and *at* others; the latter falling to the lot of Joy and his friend. He mentioned the French lady accusing a fair neighbour of waylaying her beaux, "*Quoi, Madame, vous* volez *mes* attentifs!" Scott told of a Jew in some small theatre, saying at the very moment when the whole audience was in still and breathless attention to the sorrows of Mrs. Beverley, "I should like mosh to know who dat was dat spat in my eye." In the evening told ghost stories (one of which, related to Hobhouse and Lord Byron by Captain Kidd, I have elsewhere noted down) and afterwards sung a little.

11th. Conversation with Hobhouse about Byron after breakfast; have taken some notes of it elsewhere. * * * In speaking of Sir Walter Scott, H. said that he had been told by an old and intimate friend of Sir Walter's that he had never in the course of their long intercourse heard him give utterance to a single generous sentiment. I asked whether the reporter of this fact was a Whig, as I had seldom met with a thorough Whig partisan who did not mean by "generosity of sentiment" good Whig politics, as if it were impossible out of that pale to have a heart worth thinking of. He answered that his reporter *was* a Whig, which leaves Scott, I must own, exactly where he was before, in my esteem. Called at the Fieldings in my way back, having had a note from Lady E. yesterday, to say that if I did not come to luncheon to-day I should not see them, as they were to be off to-morrow. On my arrival at home, found that Bessy had been summoned to Starkey's on account of the dangerous state of the Doctor.

12th to 30th. At work with but little interruption. Went to Barnes to express my surprise at a side-wind attack upon Lord L., which had appeared in a leading article in the "Times." In his answer expressed his regret at the circumstance, which had taken place during an illness which prevented him from attending to the paper himself, and promised that he would take care no such thing should occur again. Received a letter from a gentleman just arrived from Bermuda, who tells me he has brought me part of a calabash tree, which is as much an object of veneration there, he says (from my having written of it), as the mulberry of Shakspeare in England!! A Mr. D. of Glasgow writes to invoke my aid in furtherance of a pamphlet of his, on the subject of the Irish Poor, and proposes to me the story of Lazarus and Dives as a good subject to write a sort of "Tam o'Shanter" poem upon. Received a letter also from a Paternoster Row bookseller, in consequence of a foolish story that has appeared in all the papers, headed "Illustrious bonfire," telling of a work of mine having been lately consigned to the flames (5000 copies) from having been pronounced by Brougham "a libel in every line of it." This worthy bibliopolist, in the true spirit of the trade, offers to enter into negotiation with me for the burnt book, and to bear me harmless through any legal consequences that may ensue. Another letter from a young lady, signed "Amelia Liptrap, Jubilee Terrace," full of literature and sentiment, but which (fearing from the name it might be a hoax) I have not answered. As a set-off against these, have received some useful communications on the subject of Byron, particularly from Miss Pigot of Southwell, and the Guiccioli; the latter of whom has sent me part of the promised *Storia*, and promises the rest. Mrs. Shelley, too, has procured for me from Bowring (who has been more complying on the subject than I expected) copies of some of Byron's letters to him from Greece, with a promise of the remainder. During this time, in addition to my chief occupation, I have written six songs for the volume of "Legends" that Power is about to publish (which complete the set), and seven or eight squibs for the "Times." Sent to this paper also a puff for Napier's book, of which Barnes made a leading article. On the 23rd, dined at Collings's, and on the 30th at Money's, having

gone that morning to Devizes with Bowles, and being asked by Money to join them at dinner. In talking of the different modes of pronouncing Latin in different countries, Money told of some party, consisting of several foreigners, where the word *causas* was proposed to try the variety of their pronunciations. One called it *cavsas* (sounding it *calves-as*), another *cows-as*, &c. Talking of Crowe, the poet and orator, Money described him in his walks to Oxford sitting at the door of a little wretched inn, within some miles of that place (an inn where he used to sleep, in order to break his walk), with an old stump of a pen scrawling down part of the sermon he was to preach that day in the presence of the first nobles and scholars of the land. Did not know before that Crowe was the author of the sweet ballad, "To thy cliffs, rocky Seaton, adieu," which I remember since I was a child.

May 1st to 16th. Still at home, busy. Received a kind note from Sir Walter Scott, pressing me to hasten my visit to town before he leaves. Another from Lord Lansdowne, in which, complaining of the dulness of "The Times" lately, he says, "Not a single leading article has for a long time appeared in it worth 'The Cherries.'" This was a squib of mine that had just appeared. Our dear Anastasia, about the 12th or 13th, took a turn for the worse in her complaint, and made us very unhappy by the uncomfortable state she seemed getting into; violent spasms and pains in the afflicted limb, restless nights, &c. However, thank God! she is now (16th) much better. Off to-morrow for town.

17th. The York House coach full, though I had written to take a place in it; took a chaise on for the purpose of seeing Tom at Marlborough; found him quite well. Started from Marlborough in the coach at twelve; a pretty little girl inside, who turned out to be a saint. She found out who I was by a man in the coach asking me point blank whether I was not *the* Mr. *Moore*. Her zeal about me very amusing; anxious to know whether I really felt all that I had written in the Sacred Melodies, which she had every word by heart. A carriage came to meet her (and her maid, who accompanied her) at Kew Bridge, where we parted with most cordial hand-shaking. Took up my quarters at Power's, till my bedroom in Bury Street should be vacant.

18th. Called upon Fielding, with whom I had engaged to dine; found that his ladies were at Lord Lansdowne's villa at Richmond, which had been lent to them. Proposed that I should go with him there to dinner; but, as I was anxious to find Sir W. Scott as soon as possible, I agreed to go to-morrow instead. Called at Scott's, Sussex Place, Regent's Park; found that he was not to leave town for some days; left a message for him. Called at Methuen's; at Lady Donegal's. Walked with Byng, who told me that Sir G. Warrender was to have music in the evening; resolved to go there. Dined at the Donegal's; in the evening to Warrender's. A large party: Prince Leopold, the Esterhazys, &c. Pasta sung.

20th. Breakfasted with Rogers and his sister. Mentioned the pretty thought, in some eastern story, of a girl saying, "I have been so happy at this fountain that I am resolved somebody else shall be so too," and then throwing down a diamond that the next comer might find it. Called upon Murray and had some conversation about our work; urged him to apply to Hausou. Dined at Longman's; company, an odd collection, Col. Torrens (whom I afterwards found out to be the political economist, though never could have suspected it), Professor Napier from Edinburgh, Capt. Sherer, the author of "Recollections in the Peninsula," and M'Culloch.

21st. Called at Holland House; found Lord Holland and Allen; a good deal of talk with them about Strangford's answer to Napier's note, which most people, I find, think satisfactory. Not so Lord H. and Allen. Dined at Bailey's; a very pretty party: Miss Bailey, Miss Pinney, Mrs. Wilson, &c., and went in the evening to Lady Davy's, where I saw many I wished to see, among others Sydney Smith. In talking of the Irish Church and pronouncing it a nuisance, he said, "I have always compared it to setting up butchers' shops in Hindostan, where they don't eat meat: 'We don't want this,' they say. 'Aye, aye, true enough, but you must *support our shop*.'" Frankland Lewis asked me to dine with him on the 28th to meet Sydney Smith, and on my answering that unluckily I was engaged, Smith said, "Fix him for that day in the year 1849; he will dine with you then, that is, if it be leap year; to your regular diner-out the bissextile

makes a vast difference." Received a note from Sir Walter Scott yesterday to say he should be at Brighton these two days, and asking me to breakfast with him on Saturday next.

22nd. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Luttrell and Lady Sarah Lyttleton the party. Luttrell told of an Irish fellow saying (in speaking of the dulness of the town of Derry on the Sabbath) "Well, to the devil I pitch a Protestant town of a Sunday." L.'s idea of the English climate; "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it." Sydney Smith saying to Rogers when R. praised the gentleness of his (S.'s) horse, "Yes, a cross of the rocking-horse." After breakfast Sydney came in; sent a message by me to Rogers last night to say that he must ask him to meet me some morning at breakfast, which R. now did for Tuesday next. Smith spoke of Cooper, the American writer, whom he had been lately visiting. Cooper's touchiness; his indignation against Lord Nugent for having asked him to walk to some street with him, and on being admitted where he went to visit, leaving the republican to return alone; his rage with the Duke of Devonshire for not returning his visit, &c. &c.; said that "the world should hear of these things!" Sydney joking with me as to the way I should proceed with Cooper, which was, as he advised, to call him out the first thing I did, for, as it must come to that, I might as well begin with it. Went to the Longman's: drew bills upon Power for 500*l.* at six and eight months; saw my account with the Ls.; not quite made out, but they think the balance, if any, will be in my favour. Called upon Bowring in St. Mary Axe, but did not find him. Had intended to dine with the Fieldings to-day, but on calling there, found they had dined at three o'clock. Went to the Athenæum, and afterwards to the play.

23rd. Rogers having told me he was to meet Scott this morning at breakfast with Chantrey, went there early. Found Scott sitting to Chantrey, with Rogers, Coke of Norfolk, and Allen; Cunningham assisting. Talked of Sir Alexander M —— (I think) and his son, on whom the following conundrum was made: "Why is Sir A. like a Lapland winter?" "Because he is a long night (Knight) and his sun (son) never *shines*." When Sir W. went away Chantrey begged of R. and me to stay and keep Coke in talk during his sitting to him. Got him upon old times; told a strange story (which I find Rogers more inclined to swallow than I am) of a dinner given by Lord Petre to Fox and Burke after their great quarrel, and of a contrivance prepared by Lord Petre to introduce the subject of their difference, and afford an opportunity of making it up. This was no less than a piece of confectionery in the middle of the table representing the Bastille! "Come, Burke," said Lord Petre, at the dessert, "attack that Bastille." Burke declined. "Well, Fox," continued his Lordship, "do *you* do it." "That I will, by G ——," said Fox, and instantly dashed at it. *Credat Judæus.* I doubt much whether they *ever* met again after that quarrel.* Came away with Rogers. A letter from Bowring, informing me that he was preparing copies for me of Lord Byron's correspondence with him; and, strange to say, opening up at once, without any reserve, the subject of my attack upon him in "The Ghost of Miltiades;" "you have written better things of me," he says. He then expresses a strong desire for a few moments' conversation with me, adding that he thinks he could, in a few words, remove the impression I had of his conduct. Went to Col. Bailey's, having promised his daughter on Wednesday evening (in order to get off singing then) to come and sing for her this morning. Found Mrs. Wilson, &c. &c. Was in good voice, and with "The Song of the Olden Time" drew tears from the young beauties around me. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, and finished with the second act of Sontag's "Donna Anna," in the Countess St. Antonio's box. Not a bad day altogether. Walter Scott, Rogers, and Chantrey, at breakfast; music and Miss Bailey at luncheon time: dinner at Lansdowne House, with the Venus of Canova before my eyes, and Sontag in the evening. Taking it with all its et ceteras of genius, beauty, feeling, and magnificence, no other country but England could furnish out such a day.

24th. Breakfasted with Sir W. Scott. Company, Newton and Mrs. Lockhart, and Scott's second son. Story of Mr. Rose applying to some Scotch laird (Sir A. M——, I believe)

* I have often heard of this dinner, but believe it happened before the quarrel.—Ed

for permission to shoot on his grounds. The answer thus:—"Sir A. M—— regrets that he cannot comply with Mr. Nose's request;" and then in a posteript, "Finding that your name is *not* Nose, shall have great pleasure in allowing you, &c. &c." * * * In speaking of the shoals of applications he is pestered with, said that not long since he had a letter from a Danish captain, stating that he (the captain) had *dreamt* that Scott had lent him two hundred pounds, and hoping that (for the honour of dreams, I suppose) he would be kind enough to realise the vision. After breakfast called at Longman's, &c. &c. Dined at Holland House (having been asked by Lord Essex to dine with him and go to the French play). Company, Lord Spencer, Lord Ilchester, young Tierney, Hallett, &c. Talked of the Literary (Johnson's) Club, which consists of forty members; often not well attended. Lord Holland and a friend going there one day found themselves *tête-à-tête*, and Lord Liverpool actually dined there *solus*. A rule of the club that any of its members on being appointed to the Governorship of India should present it with a pipe of Madeira. When Canning was appointed, he had proceeded so far in this ceremony as to ask the members whether he should send the wine from Madeira, or take it on with him for the advantage of the voyage, and they decided for the latter. On his giving up the appointment, a question arose whether the Madeira should not still be claimed of him, but of course was scouted. Told Lady Holland I had inquired of Scott, according to her wish, who was the *second person* he meant when he said he had been assured by two people of their having themselves seen ghosts, and that both of those people afterwards put an end to themselves. This introduced ghost stories, and Tierney told one, rather good, about the two rival lovers of a young lady being seen going into a wood, in some dreary part of England, accompanied by the servant of one of them; the favoured lover found dead, professedly in a duel; the survivor (Mr. Baker) ingratiating himself afterwards with the young lady, and (the surprise being that he, who was no swordsman, should have gained the battle of the other, who was an expert one) confessing to her that he had murdered his rival; that he had gone to a fencing-master, who in a few lessons had taught him a trick, by which he might seize his antagonist's arm and dispatch him. The girl marrying Mr. Baker; his being haunted by some phantom unseen to all but himself, and wasting away: had told her of the dreadful look of his antagonist in grasping the arm that was about to dispatch him, and now for ever complained of a deadly pain in that arm. At last, as if something irresistible urged him, going alone into the wood where the deed had been committed, and never being seen afterwards. I ought to have mentioned that, during the whole of this time, he was visited occasionally by a person muffled up, whose coming he seemed to dread, and who always left him agitated when he departed. It was supposed that this was the servant who accompanied him into the wood at the time of the pretended duel, and that they had both overpowered and murdered the other. Lady H. calling me to look at the fine cedar tree agitated by the gust of wind in the moonlight. Slept at Holland House. Sat up some time talking with Lord H.

25th. Nobody at breakfast but Lord and Lady H. and myself. Lord H. wheeled in his gouty chair, but with a face as gay and shining as that of a schoolboy, holding in his hand an epigram, which he charged me with having written and sent to his room.* In speaking of the passage from one of Lord Byron's papers, in which he says that he himself and I were the only authors of the day who had an opportunity of seeing high life thoroughly, "he from birth, and I from circumstances," Lord Holland said it was not so; it was *not* from his birth that Lord Byron had taken the station he held in society, for till his talents became known, he was, in spite of his birth, in any thing but good society, and *but* for his talents would never, perhaps, have been in any better. In talking of the feeling he had towards the men he lived with, Lord H. said, "*you* were the only literary person he formed an intimacy with who was 'hail fellow, well met' with him; the others he was rather inclined to insult." The anecdote about Lord H.'s expostulation with him on his attack upon Lord Carlisle's paralysis; his horror on finding that Lord C. was really paralytic, and saying, (while he pointed to his foot,) "Me, good God! *me*, of all men, to attack personal in-

* This epigram is not worth giving.

firmities!" It was in the preface to the "Corsair" that he intended to make the explanation on this subject, but gave it up in consequence of the attack upon him in the "Courier." Thinks Lord B. "had a twist;" his sister always told him he resembled Lord Carlisle. Asked Lord H. about the story Napier tells of Sir W. Scott having written a song for the "Pitt Club," while Fox was dying, the burden of which was "Tally-ho to the Fox." Not a word of truth in it, as I told Napier when he mentioned the wretched calumny. Scott *did*, rather unjustifiably, write a squib against the "Talents" not long after they gave him (when they might have withheld it) the place he now holds, and there *was* some fellow (Lord H. believes) who at the "Pitt Club" yelled out "Tally-ho to the Fox;" out of these two circumstances it was not difficult to trump up the story Napier tells. Lord H. mentioned, as curious, the constant opportunities Dryden takes, in his "Virgil," of abusing the Dutch, and alluding to King William. Forget his instance of the former, but among those of the latter were the translations of *Pulsatusve parens*, which Dryden renders "Expel their parents and *usurp the throne;*" and another (not much to the purpose) *dominumque potentem imposuit*, "Imposing foreign kings for foreign gold." Left Holland House in time to get to Rogers's, where Sir W. Scott was to call for us. Called at three to take us to dine with his son, Major Scott, at Hampton. Scott very agreeable on the way; told him our conversation at H. House about ghosts, which brought on the same topic. His own strong persuasion, one night, that he saw the figure of Lord Byron; had been either talking of or reading him, and on going into the next room was startled to see through the dusk what he could have sworn was Byron, standing as he used to do when alive. On returning into the drawing-room, he said to his daughter, "If you wish to see Lord Byron, go into that room." It was the effect of either the moonlight or twilight upon some drapery that was hanging up, which, to his imagination, just then full of Byron, presented this appearance. Rogers's story of the young couple at Berlin in their opera-box, between whom, at a distance, there always appeared to be a person sitting, though on going into their box, it was found that there was no one there but themselves. From all parts of the house this supernatural intruder could be seen; but people differed as to its appearance, some saying it was a fair man, others a dark; some maintaining that he was old, and others that he was young. It should be mentioned that there was some guilty mystery hanging over the connection between these young people; and as, at last, no one ventured to visit their box, they disappeared from Berlin. This anecdote Lord Wriothesley Russell brought with him from abroad. Scott (who evidently did not like the circumstances being left unexplained) proceeded to tell a story of Mrs. Hook, the wife of Dr. Hook, who wrote the "Roman History," "it being as well," he said, "to have some real person to fix one's story on." Mrs. Hook becoming acquainted and intimate with a foreign lady, a widow, at Bath; their resolving to live together on their return to London. Mrs. Hook, on coming down stairs one day at this lady's lodgings, meeting a foreign officer on the stairs, saying to her friend next day, "You had a visitor yesterday?" the other answering "No; she had seen no one since Mrs. Hook left her." Mrs. H. thinking this odd; going another day into her friend's dressing-room by mistake, and seeing the same officer there alone, stretched on the sofa. Being now sure there was something not right, determined to mention it to the lady, who, at first, said it was impossible, but on hearing a description of how the officer was dressed, fainted. Mrs. Hook convinced that it was some improper *liaison* she was carrying on, determined gradually to give up her acquaintance. The foreign lady soon after was preparing to go to London, and Mrs. Hook being in the room when her maid was packing (the lady herself not being present), saw a miniature case fall out of the portmanteau, and taking it up and opening it, saw the portrait of the very person whom she had met on the stairs. "That," said the maid, "is the picture of my mistress's husband." "Her husband!" "Yes," answered the maid, "he died a short time before we left Germany." In a few weeks afterwards there arrived an order in England to have this foreign lady arrested on a charge of murdering her husband. On our arrival at Hampton (where we found the Wordsworths) walked about, the whole party, in the gay walk where the band plays, to the infinite delight of the Hampton *blues* who

were all *eyes* after Scott, the other scribblers not coming in for a glance. The dinner odd, but being near Scott I found it agreeable, and was delighted to see him so happy with his tall son, the major, whom he evidently looks upon as a chevalier of romance. Told me of a tournament or joust which this son maintained once (and came off victorious) against a *Montmorency* when in barracks in —— Dublin! Forgot to mention that he spoke with great delight of Mrs. R. Arkwright (whom he had met at Devonshire House) and her singing. The song, "One hour with thee," he did not at first remember to be his own words, and said to her "how pretty the words were." The Duke of Wellington, on his journey to Petersburg, took notes all the way upon the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, having Segur's book and some others with him.

26th. Called upon Bowles, and went with him and young Montgomery (author of the "Omnipresence," &c.) to Newton's; afterwards to the Fieldings. Dined at A. Ellis's: company, Prince Leopold, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lord and Lady Tavistock, Lords Normanby and Essex, the Lascalles and Barings. Many of the party in full dress, on account of the King's ball in the evening. Sat between Lord Carlisle and Baring at dinner, and had some agreeable conversation. In the evening Lord Essex wanted me to go to the French play with him; but I had promised to join the Fieldings, in the Duke of Devonshire's box, at the theatre.

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Cooper, the American: Littleton and Lady Sarah, and Luttrell, also of the party. Cooper very agreeable. Anecdote of the disputatious man: "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny *that* too; for 2 and 2 make twenty-two." Cooper said one thing which, more from his manner than any thing else, produced a great effect: mentioning some friend of his who had been well acquainted with Lady H. Stanhope abroad, and who told him of his having, on some particular occasion, stood beside her on Mount Lebanon, when Cooper came to the word "Mount," he hesitated, and, his eyes being fixed on me, added, "I was going to say Mount Parnassus, looking at *you*." When Rogers, too, in talking of Washington Irving's "Columbus," said, in his dry significant way, "It's rather *long*;" Cooper turned round on him, and said sharply, "That's a *short* criticism." Remained some time afterwards with Rogers.

28th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; called on Hanson; went to Longman's; thence to the West End. Called on Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, and met there Lady Stafford and Lady Cawdor. Lady S. very gracious: the first time, I think, we have met since a memorable night at her house when the Regent was there. Wishing to have a peep at him, I got in the third tier of the circle around him, and found myself placed next to Brummel. Presently the persons before us cleared away, and left him and me exposed to the Regent and his party, consisting of Lady Hertford, Duchess of R., &c. Brummel being rather comical, I could not help laughing with him a little, which I felt at the moment was unlucky, both of us being such *marked* men, though in different ways, with his R. H.; and, accordingly, I found afterwards that the Duchess of R. represented us everywhere as having stood impudently together, quizzing the Regent. Brummel himself confirmed this to me, and added, in his own way, "But she shall suffer for it; I'll chase her from society; she shall not be another fortnight in existence." All this, however, my Lady seemed to have forgot now, and was all graciousness. Talked of the resignations; mentioned that her son, Lord Francis, had just sent in his. Dined at the Longmans at Hampstead; Mrs. Purvis, who offered to drive me out there, called for me, and left me at Hampstead. Large party at dinner; among others, the Solicitor-General. Sung in the evening. Was asked to countless places to-day (among others, to dine at Prince Polignac's), but the Longmans had secured me before I came up.

29th. Breakfasted with Newton: was to have met Harness (Lord Byron's friend), but he could not come. Went with Newton to the exhibition, and showed me this morning a proof of the print of me from his picture; did not think it like me; said I thought it more like my partner in the Row, *Rees;* upon which he burst out a-laughing, and begged me not to put that in other people's heads, as it really *was* like Rees. Early dinner with the Countess St. Antonio, in order to go to Sontag's benefit: had given up all other engagements for this: and among them, one to meet Sydney Smith at Sir G. Phillips's. No one at

dinner at the Countess's but her brother and Mercer. Opera, Otello; Pasta the Moor, and Sontag Desdemona. Altogether admirable, except for the *déplacement* of the male part to a woman's voice, which a good deal spoiled the effect. The Countess, a most useful ally on such occasions, insisted on my taking the front place, for the purpose of seeing Sontag properly. Amazed by the partizanship on the subject of Pasta and Sontag; the Countess all for the latter, Lady C. M. (whom we talked with in the room afterwards) as violently for Pasta; and when I mentioned that Sontag (whom, by-the-bye, the Countess had up to our box after the opera, despatching the gallant Prince of Schwartzenberg to bring her) had complained of Pasta's having hurt her by seizing her hair in the scene of the murder, Lady C. exclaimed eagerly, "Oh no! I assure you that *couldn't* have hurt her at all! Pasta did the same last time, and it is beautiful." Wrote to Hanson to fix a day for me to see him.

30th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Purvis. Met Villamil, and went with him first to the British Gallery, and afterwards to see pictures in Bond Street. The new ministerial arrangements completed: told the list by Lord Francis Gower, who ended it by saying, "And in my place Horace Twiss." Held up my hands in astonishment, and left him. Went with the Fieldings to some manufactory beyond Westminster Abbey, to see a great Burmese bell which has been brought over since the war with Burmah. The workmanship beautiful, and, though supposed to be (as the man told us) 1500 years old, is better constructed for sound than any bell-founder could make it now: covered all over with inscriptions, which have not yet been translated; 'tis open at top, and never had any clapper. Dined with the Fieldings, and went with them to a public concert afterwards. Had been asked by Mercer to dine with him, and go to the French play. Met D'Israeli this morning at the Athenæum: he has invited me to meet Southey at dinner on the 6th; but I hesitate. He said, "Byron was studious when a boy, but concealed it, thinking it more dashing to appear an idle fellow." In trying a new coat on me this morning, Nugee, that pink of tailors, said, turning me out of his hands, "There's the coat that will immortalise me." The accounts of my dear Anastasia rather alarming; fear that Bessy does not tell me *really* how ill she is.

31st. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; immediately afterwards to meet Bishop at Power's; looked over with him his arrangements of my volume of "Legends." Met Lord Strangford; walked out with him. Met Jordan of the "Literary Gazette," and introduced him to Lord S. Jordan said, laughingly, that he would not suffer me to make free with the first syllable of his name as I had done; did not know at first what he alluded to, till he reminded me that in writing to the Longmans about the story he had inserted of me relative to the letters of Captain Rock, I called his paper the "*Lie*terary Gazette." Went together to call on Lady Donegal, who is able to receive visitors, and was to-day in good spirits; had a good deal of laughing. After parting with Strangford, took a drive with the Fieldings. Dined at Wilbraham's, and was late at dinner: company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Lord and Lady Graves, George Forteseue, Cholmondeley, &c. &c. Sat next young Villiers, and had a good deal of conversation about literature, &c. In the evening at the Opera, Miss Pinney having sent me a ticket. First to her box; then to the Countess St. Antonio's, &c. &c. Bessy's letter to-day confirms me in my fears that Anastasia is worse than she will tell me.

June 1st. Breakfasted with Rogers, the Wordsworths, and Luttrell. A quatrain quoted by Wordsworth about the Shelleys:—

> "Twas not my wish
> To be Sir Bysshe,
> But 'twas the whim
> Of my son Tim."

All assailed me about some American lady, Miss Douglas, who, it seemed, was dying to see me, and had called once or twice at my lodgings with Sydney Smith. Agreed to send for her, and she came, carrying in her hand a little well-printed American edition of my Melodies and Sacred Songs. Told me a long story about it: that it was a clergyman made her a present of it, &c. Mentioned also a beautiful friend of hers, who had been "very gay," and a great admirer of my poetry; when she was dying she wished to hear some sacred music; and this Miss Douglas brought a person to her to sing one of my Sacred Songs, "Were not the sinful Mary's tears," but did

not think it right to tell her that the words were by the same poet she had so delighted in in her days of pleasure. Wordsworth produced an album for us all to write in, Rogers, Luttrell, and myself. Miss Douglas, by-the-bye, also told me of Miss Emmett, the daughter of him who went to America; her abstaining at all times, from speaking of Ireland, as a subject she could not trust herself with; but one night, having been prevailed on to sing my song, "Weep on, weep on, your hour is past," she burst into tears before she was half-way through it; and starting up from the piano-forte gave at once full vent to all her feelings about Ireland, execrating England in the most passionate manner, and wishing that America and the other nations of the earth would join to avenge Ireland's cause on her. Called upon Barnes; talking of the aristocracy, he abused them for their gross ignorance of the feelings and wants of the classes below them, their selfishness, their stupidity, &c. &c. I said (and might have given himself as an instance) that the same ignorance prevailed among the inferior classes with respect to the aristocracy, who were *not* selfish, nor deficient in sympathy with the people to anything like the degree which the latter supposed. Owned, however, that there was a want of *rapprochement* between the two classes, which was but too likely to increase every day, and which might end at last in disruption. Told me Stirling was the author of the admirable article on Ireland a week or two since. Driven out by Lady E. Fielding and her daughter Caroline, to leave my card with the Duke of Sussex. Read to them a curious letter I have received from an American, proposing to me to join him in a revolution, *my* part being to prepare men's minds for the event, and his to execute it. Says that there are many persons who profess to love liberty, but few who have the strength of mind to love her "in her ragged attire;" that he "looks, however, to Thomas Moore for this degree of virtue," &c. &c. If this gentleman could but see my tailor's bill, he would know that I am, unluckily, not at all given to "ragged attire." Dined with the Fieldings (was asked also to Lord Bath's): company, Lord —— (a young Irish Lord whose name I forget), Mr. and Lady Mary Stanley, F. Baring, &c. &c. Went in the evening to the Countess St. Antonio, who had also asked me to dine, to meet Sontag. Found there Sontag, Velluti, Torri, Mercer, and the Mitfords. Sontag trying over things she had never seen before, and making little excursions with her voice as she sat alone on the sofa, very interesting. The accounts of my dear Anastasia rather better.

2nd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; met Bowrig by appointment. His manner of speaking of my attack upon him rather interested me, but his defence of his conduct seemed to rest wholly on the circumstance of his having had four persons (whom he consulted) to bear him out in the line of conduct he pursued. These were Hume, Ellis, John Smith, and somebody else, whose opinions he had asked before he took the step he did (relative to his Greek bonds), and who all thought that, under the circumstances of the case, there could be nothing blameable in his conduct. *Valeat quantum*, &c. Met Lord Normanby, and walked with him towards the House. Conversation as to whether there would be now a strong opposition. Lord N. thought there *ought* to be. Called on Mrs. Purvis; on the Donegals. Went down to the House of Commons to try and get under the gallery; but all full. Met Ellice there (Coventry Ellis), who told me he had the letter Lord Byron wrote to him to ask for *renseignements* with respect to South America at the time he meditated going there, and would give it me. Dined at Baring's: company, the Cawdors, Lady Normanby, Sir Francis Burdett, &c. &c. Sung a little in the evening for Lady Normanby, who sung in turn for me; then went down with Baring and Burdett to the House, where we found the East Retford nearly coming to a division. Met Maurice Fitzgerald coming out of the House, evidently to *shirk* the division; looked shy and awkward when we questioned him about it. Waited for a few divisions on clauses; had some conversation in the smoking-room with Lord B. (who also fought shy of the division), and then came away.

3rd. Breakfasted with Luttrel, who sets out to-morrow on a tour upon the Rhine with his son. Dined at Holland House: company, David Bailey, Scarlett, Sir — Peelell, and one or two more.

4th. Breakfasted with Harness; Newton and I went together; the rain desperate. Harness mentioned that he saw once a collection

of all the reviews that had appeared upon Byron's early poems, noted in the margin by his mother, Mrs. Byron (who had got them all bound up together), and the remarks not such as gave Harness the idea of a very ignorant or incapable woman. Some discussion with respect to Byron's *chanting* method of repeating poetry, which I professed my strong dislike of. Observe, in general, that it is the men who have the worst ears for music that *sing* out poetry in this manner, having no nice perception of the difference there ought to be between animated reading and *chant.** This very much the Harrow style of reading. Hodgson has it; Lord Holland, too (though not, I believe, a Harrow man), gives into it considerably. Harness himself, I perceived, had it strongly; and, by his own avowal, he is without a musical ear, as is Lord Holland to a remarkable degree. Lord Byron, though he loved simple music, had no great organization that way. Lunched at Fielding's; found Pasta there, looking handsomer and younger than I expected her off the stage. Met Wilson on the subject of Napier and Strangford; agreed that he should write me a note expressive of his opinion, which I should inclose, backed by my own sentiments, to Napier.

5th. Set off after breakfast for Harrow, with Corry and Latham; Drury having wished me to make my promised visit to him on the Speech Day. Was asked to dine at Prince Polignac's. Corry not very well: he and Latham dined at the inn, while I was doomed to the cold repast at Drury's. Nothing was ever so dull; speeches, dinner, company, and all. Walked with Drury's daughters in the evening. Was introduced by him to Lord Delawarr, from whom I expected to get something about Byron; but when Drury applied to him on the subject, found he had nothing to communicate. Introduced also to Dr. Maltby at Butler's, and promised to breakfast with him (as Sir W. Scott, he told me, had done) next Sunday morning. Visited the churchyard, before the speeches began, to look at Byron's seat and the place where Allegra is laid; she came over in three coffins. Supped and slept at Drury's.

6th. Set off for town in the coach at nine. Called on the Villamils; Mrs. V. sung to the guitar for me. Sent an answer to an invitation which I have had to dine with Prince Leopold on the 24th; alleged the necessity of leaving town next week as my excuse. Philip Crampton just arrived; saw him but for a short time. Dined at Rogers's: company, Lord Clifden, Lord and Lady Gage, the Lubbocks, C. Fox, Lady Davy, Jekyll, &c. &c. Sat next to Jekyll, and was, as usual, amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. "My Lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London; my Lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My Lord, it is written in the book of nature ——" "What book?" says Lord E. "The book of nature." "Name the page," says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down. An addition to our party in the evening, among whom was Mrs. Siddons; had a good deal of conversation with her, and was, for the first time in my life, interested by her off the stage. She talked of the loss of friends, and mentioned herself as having lost twenty-six friends in the course of the last six years. It is something to *have had* so many. Among other reasons for her regret at leaving the stage was, that she always found in it a vent for her private sorrows, which enabled her to bear them better; and often she has got credit for the truth and feeling of her acting when she was doing nothing more than relieving her own heart of its grief. This, I have no doubt, is true, and there is something particularly touching in it. Rogers has told me that she often complained to him of the great *ennui* she has felt since she quitted her profession, particularly of an evening. When sitting drearily alone, she has remembered what a moment of excitement it used to be when she was in all the preparation of her toilette to meet a crowded house and exercise all the sovereignty of her talents over them. *Apropos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time, upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking into it, said, "So you ought, sir, and *three more*."

7th. Breakfasted at Holland House; themselves and Mackintosh. Mackintosh produced

* This was very much the style of reciting of the admirers of Pope in the last century.—Ed.

a letter of Scarlett's, in answer to a circular of Wilmot Horton's, requesting opinions on his new plan of securities against the Catholics; viz. preventing them from voting on any subjects connected with the Church. Scarlett's answer was approving, and Mackintosh expressed his intention of giving the same sort of opinion, but both Lord Holland and Allen cried out against it, in which I most heartily joined them, there being nothing more unconstitutional or absurd than such a plan. Poor Mackintosh very meekly gave up his intention (being evidently under the thumb of Holland House), and after breakfast read us his answer, which was merely civil and evasive. Lord Holland's mimicry of Morris, the tutor of the late Duke of Bedford, admirable, and made me laugh more than Liston could. His saying "I have been very much blamed for not going to Ireland with the Duke of Bedford (the present one); but the truth is, I wasn't asked." Said once to the late Duke of Bedford, after a great speech he had made, "Have read your speech; monstrous good: can't think where you got it all: where did you find it?" Went at three to the meeting at Murray's for the monument to Lord Byron. Hobhouse's exceeding nervousness; his anxiety to assure me that I was left out of the sub-committee *solely* from the circumstance of my not living in town; said I thought it quite right. Lord Clare, with whom I never before exchanged a word (he having always, as I understood, declined knowing me from some mention made of his father in one of my early political squibs), came up of himself, and addressed me. Lamented he had been so unlucky as to have destroyed all Byron's letters to him, except one or two of very little consequence, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the task of writing the Life having fallen into my hands. Dined at Lady Davy's. Story of the man asking another, whom he was about to help to chicken, whether he wished the leg or wing? "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the other; "and infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork and resuming his own dinner. An assembly in the evening. Went afterwards to Mrs. Pinney's, where I found music; stayed but a short time. Still kept in a state of anxiety about my Anastasia.

8th. Up very early, in order to be down at Lincoln's Inn Fields to breakfast with Dr. Maltby at half-past nine; was in time; went after breakfast with him to the chapel, where he preached. Walked about a good deal with Crampton and the Duke of Leinster; the latter took us to show us his new house. Fixed all to dine with Edward Moore on Wednesday, I having refused about six fine dinners for that day, under the idea that I should be leaving town. Called with Crampton and the Duke at Lord Leitrim's; sat some time with Lady Leitrim. Dined at Colonel Bailey's; taken by Lord Duncan and Elwyn: company, the Belhavens, the Cummins, Lord Strangford, &c. &c. Sung in the evening. Forgot to mention that after the morning I last sung here, I received some verses, full of praise, from one of the ladies present, alluding particularly to the "Song of the Olden Time."

9th. Breakfasted with Corry; a party of Irishmen: P. Crampton, Doherty, Knight of Kerry, and Tom Hume. P. Crampton's salutation of Doherty, on coming in, by throwing his leg over his head. Odd fellows, to be sure, my countrymen are. On Doherty (who is our Irish Solicitor-General) hearing that John Crampton was arrived, he exclaimed immediately, "Then I'll go and buy two squirts." He then explained this by telling how Crampton and he used to go, armed with squirts, of a winter's evening, when the coaches were starting from the White Horse Cellar; then filling the squirts, and keeping them ready behind their backs. Crampton saying, "Now don't you be *young about it*, but reserve your fire till the coachman says 'All's right,' and then I'll take the front outside passengers and you the hind ones." Their letting fly, &c. &c. Took a lunch with Power at four, and got to the House of Lords a little after five, Lord King (whom I called on this morning) having asked the Chancellor's leave to put me behind the throne. Found it very crowded; several ladies; had Lady Charlemont and Mrs. Cunliffe beside me most of the time. Lady Harrowby and some of her daughters there too. Lord Lansdowne's speech in moving the question very good and animated in some parts. My extreme anxiety, perhaps, both for him and for the cause, made me hypercritical. The other speeches very dull; all except the Archbishop of Tuam's, which kept the House in most irreverent laughter: even the bishops not

refraining. Every new prophet and commandment he cited produced a new burst of laughter. Got tired, and came away at nine o'clock. Had dinner at the Athenæum. Spoke with Crampton to-day about our dear girl, and he promises to have some consultation with Lawrence on the subject.

10th. Breakfasted at Villamil's, to meet a Spanish musician, Gomis. Found also there a young Spaniard, the author of a novel in English, called "Gomez Arias." Some very charming things sang both by Mrs. V. and Gomis, who is about an opera, with all Spanish music. Called with fear and trembling at Benett's for my letter from Bess; found it far more comfortable than I expected; the leeches have removed the spasms. Went to Longmans, and Rees accompanied me to the Royal Exchange to call upon a person connected with Cephalonia (Mr. Hancock), on the subject of Lord Byron. Rees mentioned Sir W. Scott having said of me that I was (in manners and habits) a truly *Gentleman* poet. In something of the same feeling, Scott said of Wordsworth (as we were going down to Hampton), that he was, in society, *too much of the poet.* Saw Mr. Hancock, who promised to procure all he could from Cephalonia for me. Lunched at a coffee-house in Fleet Street, and got to the House of Lords at half past four; taken in by Lord King, and found already three tiers of persons occupying the steps of the throne. Knew most of them, however, and they made room for me in the very front of them all; an excellent place; sat with my legs in the House. Those round me were Fazakerley, Lyttleton, Lord Morpeth, Wortley, &c., &c. Some conversation with Lord Plunkett, who arrived early. While he was speaking to us, Lord Eldon came and shook hands with him as he passed, on which Lyttleton said to Lord Plunkett, "That reminds me of Gregson and Gully shaking hands together before they *set to*," it being the general expectation that Lord Plunkett reserved himself to speak after Eldon, and some attempts being made last night to unkennel Eldon for the purpose. Among the persons who came to speak to me were Lord Grey, Lord Dudley, Limerick, Thomond, &c., &c., and the Duke of Sussex. The Duke, pointing to the Archbishop of Tuam, who sat quite near me, said, in his high squeaking voice, "Did you hear that—— —— speak last night? I think we might have brought him up with another prophet: 'And he said, saddle me the ass, and they saddled *him*.'" Lord Plunkett's speech, in one or two of its bursts, magnificent. "Is it for me to set my back against that door and shoulder the Duke of Norfolk from it?" After the immense cheering that followed this, his exclamation of "Shame, shame, shame on the perverse ingenuity, &c. &c.," was the most effective thing I can conceive. "Excellent tyranny! if it was but practicable." "They are the spawn of your own wrong" (speaking of the Catholic agitators). These and a few other points told most grandly; but the dryness of his legal arguments afterwards, and the want of any thing like a peroration to wind up with effect, made the remainder of his speech appear tame and *manqué*. By far the most comprehensive and useful speech of the whole debate was Lord Haddington's, and surprise was not among the least ingredients of its success. Came away at twelve, and had something to eat at the Athenæum. Sent an excuse to Dr. Holland, with whom I was to have breakfasted to-morrow morning to meet Spurzheim.

11th. Called upon Rogers after breakfast, and found with him Keppel and Madame d'Arblay's son. Had some rather interesting conversation. Dined at Edward Moore's: party, the two Cramptons, the Duke of Leinster, Doherty, Corry, and myself.

12th. Breakfasted with Mr. Cowell, having made his acquaintance for the purpose of gaining information about Lord Byron. Knew Byron for the first time when he himself was a little boy, from being in the habit of playing with B.'s dogs. Byron wrote to him to school to bid him mind his prosody. Gave me two or three of his letters to him. Saw a good deal of B. at Hastings; mentioned the anecdote about the ink-bottle striking one of the lead Muses. These muses had been brought from Holland; and there were, I think, only eight of them arrived safe. Fletcher had brought B. a large jar of ink, and, not thinking it was full, B. had thrust his pen down to the very bottom; his anger at finding it come out all besmeared with ink made him chuck the jar out of the window, when it knocked down one of the Muses in the garden, and deluged her with ink. In 1813, when B. was at Salt Hill he had Cowell over from Eton and *pouched* him no less than ten pounds. Cowell has ever

since kept one of the notes. Told me a curious anecdote of Byron's mentioning to him, as if it had made a great impression on him, their seeing Shelley (as they thought) walking into a little wood at Lirici, when it was discovered afterwards, that Shelley was at that time in quite another direction. "This," said Byron, in a sort of awe-struck voice, "was about ten days before his death." Cowell's imitation of his look and manner very striking. Thinks that in Byron's speech to Fletcher, when he was dying, threatening to appear to him, there was a touch of that humour and fun which he was accustomed to mix up with everything. Dined with the Fieldings, and went with them early to the Opera. Sat in Miss Stevens's box. Pasta divine in *Medea*. Visited Mrs. Purvis in her box, and agreed that Corry and I would dine with her to-morrow. Alluding to a note I had from Sydney Smith, asking me to dine with Hebbert (his daughter's father-in-law), in which he had said that I should have a capital dinner, "the West India reptile cooked in a way of which no other house was capable," Mrs. P. promised we should have "the reptile" to-morrow.

13th. Walking about with Corry. Called on the Donegals; promised to go and see Barbara in the evening. Dressed for the Duchess of Clarence's quadrille at the grand ball. Dinner at Mrs. P.'s very snug; went in the evening to Lady D.'s, but just missed Barbara. Called upon Douglas Kinnaird this morning: showed me the portrait of Byron in his possession, remarking how much of the *female* character there is about the mouth, chin, &c.

16th. Off in the coach for home; my companion a young man who turned out to be a son of Sir C. Ogles. Had a copy of Galignani's edition of Byron with him, and turned to me, while he was reading, to ask me which I liked, Byron's, Moore's, or Scott's poems the best! "Said I thought that each in their different ways were ——" "That's exactly what I think," he replied; "one finds it difficult to say which is the most beautiful." Did not find me out. Found my dearest Anastasia relieved from her spasms, and better than I expected.

17th to 30th. From this date being chiefly at home, with much business and but little events, have neither time nor matter for journalising in detail. Occupied (as much as my anxiety for our dear girl would let me) with my Byron work.

July 8th. Dined at Scott's, and slept there.

18th. Corry came to us from London; he and I walked to Bowood. Lady L. out. Dined with us, and went on to Bath in the evening; brought Anastasia a very pretty workbox.

26th. Saw Lord Lansdowne. Told me a good mistake of his porter in town. Meaning soon to set off to the continent, Lord L. had made some inquiries about an old courier of his, in answer to which a message was left with his porter, that "the courier was disengaged." The old porter, with his head full of recent changes, repaired immediately to Lord L.'s valet, with a face of mystery and importance, and said he didn't know what was in the wind now, but that a message was come to say that the "Courier newspaper was disengaged, and at my Lord's disposal." Dined at Collings's.

28th. Took Tom to Bowood on the pretty donkey Lady L. has given him, with a very nice saddle to boot; the dear fellow quite happy with it. Dined there; none but Guthrie, Lord Kerry, and themselves. Talked of the use of particular words; "tasteful," for instance, which the Hollands will not hear of; yet surely nothing can be more pursuant to analogy: beautiful, joyful, graceful, &c., being all formed in the same manner, and seeming, indeed, to require it to be of their company. Lord L., owning all this, was still of opinion that there was something defective about the word, possibly from the confusion produced by its also being applicable to objects of the *palate*. Mentioned a coinage I had made in my "Anacreon" of a diminutive "winglets," also according to analogy, but not very much to be approved; in which, however, I was followed by Campbell in some of his poems. Talked of the use of an English dictionary; Lord John Russell (as he has often told me) never, by any chance, refers to one, while he is writing, and *I* am always referring to it. *Quære*, Whether this is from my being an Irishman, and not so at home in the language? The Scotch, certainly, are seldom so much at their ease in it as to venture upon that best charm of style, a vigorous and graceful familiarity. Scott an exception; his English almost always delightful. Talked of Fox's style in his "History." I pronounced it bad, but had no recol-

lection how *very* bad it was, till I took down the book and read over some of the passages. All agreed that nothing could be more constrained and ungraceful.' Lord and Lady L. and Louisa walked part of the way home with us.

August 11th. Dined at Locke's; Edmonstone and his brother, Phipps, &c. Edmonstone far more agreeable than usual; repeated some amusing *jeux d'esprit* of Mansell's (the Master of Trinity). * * * * Anecdote of the rival shoemakers; one of them putting up over his shop *Mens conscià recti*, and the other instantly mounting "Men's and women's conscia recti."

12th. Dined at Bowood; only Mr. Thomas Grenville and Oakden. Day very agreeable. Strange and barbarous task at Westminster, that of turning Horace into other language. The late Lord Warwick's habit of tying knots in his pocket handkerchief in order to recollect the various episodical allusions with which his conversation abounded. Oakden has seen no less than five knots on the handkerchief, all which he most duly and tediously returned to. A character in one of Murphy's plays does the same, or rather a person is mentioned by one of the characters who *did* so. Slept there.

16th. Dined at Bowood: company, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Douglas, and Lord John Russell. In the evening the Duchess of H. sang; the first time I have heard her for twenty-two years! Still a fine creature both in voice and face. Slept there.

17th. Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell walked part of the way home with me. The Duke of Clarence lately, in talking over the division on the Catholic Question, said to some one, "Well, it was not bad, considering, too, how many of the opponents voted like *me* against their own opinion." This Lord L. heard from the Noble Lord to whom the Duke said it. In talking of the probability of Lord Grey joining the Duke of Wellington, Lord L. said that, "to gain the Catholic cause, any one ought to come in at any time." Lord John Russell proposed to me to join him in a trip to Ireland this summer: he would wait for me at Lord Cawdor's, and after passing a day or two there I should proceed with him to Ireland. Very tempting, but not much chance of my being able to effect it, as I must reserve myself for the chance of my dearest Anastasia being ordered somewhere for change of air.

18th. Lord John called to see Bessy; staid some time. Walked back with him: conversation about Ireland. Said I felt that it was now time for me to do what many circumstances had hitherto indisposed me to, viz., take an active part in the affairs of the Catholics, and that if I went to Ireland I would attend the associations. Said he thought I had better not; that one could best serve the Catholics by keeping out of their ranks, and joining their cause, not themselves.

24th. Walked over to Bowood, and a little after one set off with Lord Lansdowne for Highclere, Lord Carnarvon's place. Called to see little Tom in passing through Marlborough, and left him some fruit Lady L. had given me for him; a delightful day and most agreeable journey. Our conversation on the degrees of happiness possessed by different people; "few plead guilty to happiness," &c. &c. Company at Lord C.'s the Puseys, an old clergyman, and ourselves.

25th. After breakfast Lord L. left us to join Lady Lansdowne at Newbury, and proceed on their way to the Continent. Walked and drove about for several hours with Lord Carnarvon, through his grounds. The conversation on politics and his own personal share in them, which he laid open and discussed unreservedly—his views of the coalition with Canning, &c. &c. Some neighbours to dinner: sung a little in the evening. Have looked, during to-day, through a book published by Lord C.'s brother, "Nimrod," full of odd notions and multifarious learning. A good deal of laughing with Lord C. about two or three strange things I pointed out to him in it; the derivation of Old *Nick* from Νεικος, &c. &c.

26th. After breakfast (having stood a good deal of pressing to make me stay) set off in Lord C.'s carriage for Newbury, and, taking the first coach that arrived, got home in the evening. Forgot, by-the-bye, to mention that on the day I dined at Bowles's with the Lansdownes (August 2nd), I said to them on our way thither, "I wish you had an old farm house you could put us in, for I fear we shall be obliged to leave Sloperton, it is so small for us, now that Anastasia lives at home." I then mentioned to them some thoughts I had of building on a spot near us (of about three acres' extent) if I could get possession of it;

and, in talking of the expense of building a cottage, Lord L. said, "I think, as far as wood and stone go, we could help you out a little." They then both inquired particularly with respect to the position of the ground I mentioned; and Lady L. said, "As you don't set up much for a man of business, you had better leave the whole thing to Lord Lansdowne, and he'll see what can be done in it." The very next morning we saw a man on horseback visiting the aforesaid spot of ground, who proved to be (as I learned afterwards from Lord L.) his agent, Atherton, whom he had sent for the purpose. On our way now to Highelere, he told me that though the title to the ground (as I had already informed him) was a complicated one, yet there *could* be a title made, and he had left directions with Atherton to follow up the matter during his absence. It would be right, however, he said, that I should, in the meantime, refrain from either acting or talking upon the subject, as the idea of *competition* would be sure to tell against us in the negociation. Another circumstance which I omitted to mention during this time relates to my transactions with the "Times." The tone taken by them on the Clare election, and on a trifling *row* at Ballinamore (which they very mischievously magnified into a rebellion), induced me at last, after some expostulations, to send in my *demission* as contributor; explaining that I could not conscientiously remain connected with a paper holding the tone upon Irish affairs that the "Times" did at present. Received a very friendly letter from Barnes, saying how much they regretted the loss of my aid; that I had been "of the highest service" to the paper, and that they only hoped the separation would not be final; feeling, no doubt, that our views upon Ireland would, ere long, again coincide. Gave Barnes some letters of introduction to Ireland, together with one from Lord Lansdowne (whom I made acquainted with all the above circumstances) to his agent at Kenmare. During Barnes's absence in Ireland, the tone of the paper came right again, in consequence of which I resumed my communications, beginning with "Lord Belzebub presents," &c.; and on Barnes's return, he wrote to me to say that his tour had wholly converted him, and that it would be henceforth no task to him to support the Irish cause with all his might.

September 1st to 6th. Several tempting invitations, viz., to the York House music meeting (having had a letter from Mr. York to remind me of my conditional promise); to the Eisteddvôd (the meeting of the Bardic Society in Wales, of which I have been made an honorary member), Colonel Hughes having asked me to meet the Duke of Sussex at his house during the meeting; to Ireland, with Lord John, &c. &c.; but can accept of none, our Anastasia having sufficiently recovered the use of the limb to admit of her being soon removed to the sea. Received a long letter from Lord Francis Gower, in answer to one I wrote recommending Corry to his notice; expresses his regret at my having given up my intention of coming to Ireland, and enters very frankly and fully into the *present state* of Irish politics.*

7th. Dr. Brabant having pronounced Anastasia (who has begun for some days to move about on crutches) sufficiently recovered to be taken to Southampton, despatched Hannah off to that place to procure lodgings, and bespoke an open carriage at Parsons's to take us there.

12th. Arrived at Salisbury before five, very comfortably. Slept there.

13th. Started after breakfast, and got to Southampton about four; 'Statia but little fatigued by her journey, and only feeling the roughness of the pavement in entering Southampton.

14th, 15th. Went on the 15th to Cowes, in the steam-packet; found that the Listowels were still there. A most lovely evening. Took a walk up the hill by Mr. Ward's, and was in a state of enchantment all the time: the sunset on the sea, the ships,—all beautiful. The Listowels had been out in their yacht, and I received them at their landing. Dined with them; only Lord Ennismore and his mother of the party; in the evening, Lady Ashbrooke, who played and sung. Slept there.

16th. After breakfast, the water being still beautiful, Lady L. proposed that, as I must leave them, they would take me back in their yacht. Did so; the sail delightful. Introduced Bessy to Lady L. at Southampton.

18th. Off in the coach for Salisbury at eight.

19th. Found proofs of my "Cash, Corn,

* Lord Francis Gower (now Lord Ellesmere) had succeeded the Hon. H. Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne) as Irish Secretary.

&c." to correct. Called at Locke's. Pressed to stay dinner, but, on account of my engagement to W. Taylor, could not. Promised to come on Sunday.

20th. A copy of "Nimrod," very nicely bound, from Lord Carnarvon, with a kind letter.

22nd to 25th. At work, but found solitude far less favourable to study than I expected. Anxious, too, about Anastasia, and often, when sitting alone in my study of an evening, fancying that I heard her cries of pain in the parlour.

27th. A note from Brabant, to say that Lawes (Tom's schoolmaster), as well as his usher and three of the boys, were ill with fever, and that he had, in consequence, brought his own boy and my Tom away. Walked in to Devizes, and found dear Tom looking quite well, and lodged at Brabant's. Dined with Brabant, and walked home in the evening.

29th. Walked in to Devizes, to the mayor's (Hughes's) dinner. My health drunk with great applause; much more, indeed, than that of any of their dignitaries. Made a speech which seemed to amuse them. Slept at Hughes's.

30th. Up before seven, to see Tom off in the mail for Salisbury; giving him a note to the mistress of the Antelope, to have him forwarded safely to Southampton. Walked home to breakfast, and, after working a few hours, returned to Devizes, to dine with Scott. Company, Watson, Taylor, &c.

October 1st and 2nd. Dined at Methuen's; taken by Brabant, whom I had requested them to ask. Dr. Franklin's idea of the soul that, on the principle of Nature doing nothing in vain, it is difficult to believe that minds, brought to perfection by time and culture, should be let to go out, like the snuff of a candle, without being turned to any account afterwards. Company, Joy, the Paulet Mildmays, and Lord Falmouth (who, by-the-bye, had called at Sloperton with the Methuens in the morning). Sang in the evening, and slept there, Brabant having gone home.

3rd. Pressed to stay and accompany the party to Bath, to see the young Queen of Portugal, but determined on going home. Taken by Methuen in his curricle.

7th. Went over with Mrs. Scrope in her carriage to see their place, Castle-Combe, which is beautiful. Walked back with Joy and Scott; Joy repeating by heart the whole of my squib, "Lord Belzebub." Off in Joy's carriage for Houlton's, but, being very late, took a chaise at Bradford, and did not arrive till the Houltons were half done dinner. Found there Locke and his two daughters, Bertha Ricardo, and Miss Grenfell, the girls (including the Houltons themselves) forming a group of beauty rarely seen together. Music in the evening; duets, guitar, harp, &c. &c.

8th. Received a letter from Bessy to say that Tom had shown symptoms of fever on Saturday, but, at the time she wrote, the doctor thought nothing bad would come of it. This news filled me with anxiety; the idea of his having typhus, and communicating it to the other two children, dreadful. Read the letter over and over again, to try and extract comfort from it; read it also to Mrs. Houlton, who thought I had no reason to be alarmed. In the evening had all sorts of gaieties, in which I joined, I think, with the more *abandon* from the excited state of my mind during the day. Played at magical music, and then blindman's buff, in which my activity made Mrs. Houlton declare that people knew but half my talents who never saw me play blindman's buff. The young beauties, though having only two elderly beaux (Locke and myself) to play the agreeable with them, seemed as sparkling as if surrounded by dandies. Clutterbuck, who called to-day, promised to send over for my leters to Sloperton on Friday next, and bring them to Bath for me.

9th. No more accounts from Southampton, which, I persuaded myself, augured good. Went to look at the girls practising archery, but did not like it; the exertion unfeminine, and distorts both their figures and faces. Another gay evening, for which the younger part of the family was kept up, and music, blindman's buff, &c., sent us all tired to bed.

10th. Set off to Bath with John Houlton, to attend the mayor's dinner, the mayor being Tudors, who was Anastasia's surgeon at the beginning of her complaint. Met Lady Davy, and promised to drink tea with her after the dinner. Two hundred and seventy people sat down to table; several grandees, Lords Camden, Bath, Brecknock, Cork, Thynnes, &c. &c. Had some talk with the Bishop of Bath and

Wells before dinner. Sat next to Watson Taylor, who tried to convince me that I was wrong in my views of Lord Castlereagh's political character. Could not easily grant him this, but owned that I had mixed up Lord Camden with the bloody transactions of '98 more than his conduct since inclined me to think he deserved. Went to Lady Davy's; joined there, soon after, by Watson Taylor.

11th. Set off for Devizes at one o'clock, with Watson Taylor and Salmon, in W. S.'s carriage. Our conversation on the way interesting, as being about the events of '98 in Ireland, when W. Taylor was secretary to Lord Camden, and I was a young sucking rebel at college; his companions being the Cookes, Castlereaghs, &c. of that period; and mine, Emmett, Lawless, and *hoc genus omne*. Compared notes as to our respective recollections, and felt, both of us, how strange it was that he and I who, thirty years ago, were placed in a position where either might have been called upon to hang or shoot the other, were now chatting over the whole matter amicably in his barouche. William Salmon not a little edified by our conversation. Found now, for the first time, that Watson Taylor was the author of the words of the celebrated "Croppies lie down,"—a song to the tune of which more blood has been shed than often falls to the lot of lyrical productions. Dined with Dr. Brabant, and walked home to Sloperton afterwards.

12th to 14th. Forget whether I have mentioned that the editor of the "Keepsake" had this year renewed his proposals for me to contribute something to that work. His first wish was that I should write a hundred lines of poetry for him at a guinea a line; and when I was in town in June he actually thrust a check for 100*l.* into my pocket (when it would have been exceedingly convenient to me), but I threw it back to him again, and declined having anything to do with the work. In a month or two after he came down to me at Sloperton, with the following proposal: that I should write a hundred pages for the work, in either prose or poetry (three or four of said pages to be for this year's "Keepsake," and the remainder for next,) and receive for such contributions 500*l.*, half to be paid down immediately. This also I declined; and he then still further proposed the sum of 600*l.* for one hundred and twenty pages. After taking some time to deliberate (as the offer was certainly a magnificent one), I declined this likewise; explaining to him all my reasons, or rather feelings, on the subject, unreservedly.

23rd. Set off for Southampton, to-morrow being Tom's birthday, and it being their wish that we should all dine together.

24th. Took them all (our dear Anastasia included) to the play, and she sat it out remarkably well. The young Hardmans, and their French governess, of the party.

26th. Walked out to breakfast at Lord Ashtown's [Chessel House]; a most lovely place, combining all the beautiful features of Southampton in their best form. Went with the A.'s to church. At two, Bessy and the young ones came, Tom superlatively happy on a donkey. After luncheon, returned with them to Southampton, and hired another donkey for a little way for Russell. Called on Mrs. Prevost and Miss Hamilton, two Irish ladies who were introduced by Lady Listowel to Bessy, and have been unceasing in their kindness to her and the children.

27th. Driven into Southampton after breakfast by Trench, who is an agreeable and gentlemanlike person. Dined at Fleming's: the hostess is not only pretty but "most musical." Has Moschelles sometimes down for weeks, and goes to Paris to take lessons of Kalkbrenner. In talking to Rossini, mentioned the horror with which these learned harmonists regard the tricks he plays in composition; the way he *hints* chords, and is then off again without the trouble of resolutions or transitions, and, in short, enraptures people contrary to all the rules of the art. Played a good deal for me in the evening, and with feeling as well as power.

30th. Breakfasted with Mr. Madison, whose house and garden stand on part of the ground that the late Lord Lansdowne's foolish structure occupied. Between one and two, having settled everything, started in Mrs. J. Hamilton's chariot, with horses from the Dolphin, and arrived at Salisbury about dusk; our dear girl bearing the journey perfectly well. Slept at the Antelope: found the landau waiting.

31st. Arrived at the cottage; calculate the whole trip to Southampton to have cost me about 100 guineas. Forgot to mention that some weeks since, I had a letter from Lord John Russell from Woburn, sending me some

verses he had written about the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon; very good, at least for the first twenty lines, but after that, from his usual laziness, falling into doggrel, and spoiling a good thought and lively commencement by a most unworthy ending. Wrote to him to this effect, and begged that he would work the idea out more carefully. Told him, too, that I had myself just finished and dispatched a squib to "The Times," before I received his, of which the ground-work was, oddly enough, very much the same, "Brunswick Echoes." In his answer said how much surprised he had been himself, on seeing my verses in the paper, at the coincidence between us.

November 1st to 12th. Chiefly at home working, and but little variety of events. Our dear girl going out occasionally in the landau, and improving in the use of the limb. A letter from Lady Jersey, asking me to meet the Cowpers at Middleton.

19th. Started in the coach at ten o'clock for town; arrived before eight. Went to my usual lodging at Sandon's, in Bury Street.

20th. Went to Power's; called on Rogers and found Luttrell there. Rogers wanting me to go to Brighton with him instead of to Middleton; would give me a bed. Talk about Dr. Muir, the person from Cephalonia, whom I want to see about Byron. R., who has seen him, says he has one letter of B.'s of importance. Promised to return to dinner with Rogers, and went with Luttrell to take my place in the coach for Middleton. He had been invited there, but refused; said he would not have done so had he known I was going, and on our finding at the office that there was plenty of room in the coach, determined, to my great delight, to change his mind and go too. Set off to the Charter House to see Lucy Drew; found her with F. Montgomery and some young French marquis, looking much altered. Gave me, on parting with her, a letter from Lady Virginia, which I read in the hackney coach on my way back. Such a letter! Dined at Rogers's; his brother and sister and Kenny our company, with Luttrell sitting by as spectator most of the dinner, being engaged somewhere else. Had agreed, Luttrell and I, not to tell Rogers of his change of mind with respect to Middleton. Stayed till ten o'clock. Kenny amusing; quoting from Charles Lamb; a eulogy of his on some dashing, dissipated fellow. "His contempt of money, especially yours or mine; his greatness at the midnight hour," &c. &c. Saw poor Lady Donegal this morning; still more broken, alas! than when I last left her.

21st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Went to Murray; all good humour and courtesy. I had some little fears that as my insurance expires this month, he might be inclined to demand other security; but not a word was mentioned of it. Told me of a translation of my "Epicurean" into German, which Hallam has brought from Innspruck with him. Spoke of the division among the managers of King's College; some ultras not wishing to budge beyond the standard of the old universities, and others, more liberal (among whom is Blomfield), desirous to take advantage of such an opportunity for improvement. But to some people improvement is wormwood. Went to Power's and then to Longmans'. Gave me some more letters from Mr. Hancock relative to Byron. Dined at Lady Donegal's, but she herself not well enough to see me.

22nd. With Luttrell to breakfast at seven, and started at eight to the coach for Middleton. Arrived at six. Found the party assembled in the drawing-room; the Cowpers, the Worcesters, Madame de Lieven (Lieven himself having gone), the Faleks, Lord Castlereagh, and Henry de Roos; Lord Castlereagh the only one I was not acquainted with. The Duke of Devonshire gone, which I was sorry for. Dinner very agreeable; singing in the evening. Lady Emily Cowper sang, and Lord Worcester and Lord Castlereagh, and of course I sang a good deal.

23rd. Walked for some time after church hours with Lady Cowper: talked of her brother William as not unlikely to take a strong part on the Irish question in the House of Lords, and expressed her own wish that he would. In speaking of the Duke of Wellington's mode of receiving Lord Lansdowne's interpretation of his speech last session, she said that Lord Cowper had distinctly heard the Duke say, "Yes," to Lord L.'s statements. This, however, as I told her, was not Lord L.'s own impression. I heard that the Duke had cried, "Hear," and questioned Lord L. as to the circumstance; but he said, "No, there was nothing so strong as that; I watched him

closely while I spoke, for it was a great point to pin him down as much as possible without going so far as to produce any counter declaration from him; and though he certainly did not give any decisive sign of *assent*, he as certainly did not give any of *dissent*." Lord Cowper, on Lady C. appealing to him, confirmed what she said of his having distinctly heard the word "Hear" from the Duke. Such weight have a great man's monosyllables in the affairs of nations, and so much on the nod of a noble soldier may the fate of millions depend! Dinner still more agreeable than yesterday: begin to like Lord Castlereagh. Singing again: Falck (a fine, sensible Dutchman) sung very good-humouredly, without accompaniment, one or two French drinking songs; and his wife (who looks like one of Rubens's women just descended from her frame), sang, also, in the same way, some French vaudevilles. Falck much amused with some Irish and other stories that Luttrell and I told. Madame Lieven went this morning, and, unluckily, without my hearing her on the pianoforte. She appeared last night much pleased with my singing; and Lord Jersey said it was the greater triumph, as she had been the evening before expressing her dislike of all English singers.

24th. After dinner walked for some time with Luttrell: mentioned his version of the joke about Lord Dudley's speaking by heart:

"In vain my affections the ladies are seeking:
If I give up my heart, there's an end to my speaking."

The Falcks went off this morning. Had at dinner Lord Villiers, with two young companions, Lords Ossulston and Grimston, come over from Oxford, for the evening. Ossulston a handsome and natural mannered young fellow, with a good singing voice, which he let us hear at the pianoforte in the evening; when my songs, too, were put in requisition as usual. Wished to have started for town to-morrow; but not only the Jerseys themselves, but Luttrell wished the contrary, and so I have yielded.

25th. After breakfast the Cowpers took their leave, repeating to me very cordially their often expressed wish that I should visit them at Panshanger: said I might come whenever I knew they were there. No one left but Luttrell and myself. Walked with Lady Jersey through the grounds to the village, &c. &c. No one at dinner, but Lord and Lady Jersey, Luttrell and myself. Passed the evening in trying over some old music with her. Gave me two letters of Byron's to her; and wrote this morning for me to Lord Grey, to remind him of his conditional promise on the subject of the Charter House to my little Tom.

26th. Luttrell and I started in a chaise at nine o'clock from Oxford, where we arrived just in time to catch a coach to town, and got in between six and seven. Dined with Luttrell; saw some reason to suspect that he has at last *married*.

27th. Called at different places. Sat with C. some time, and had a good deal of talk about my Bermuda place—thinks I cannot take any steps as to a deputy (at least a deputy with *security*) till there is something to give security *for*, which can only occur with a war. Called at Longman's and drew my bills upon Power. Went to Mr. Hancock on the subject of Byron. Dined at Chantrey's, taken by Murray; company, besides, Joy, Stokes, and a Mr. Walker. Chantrey fixed that I should sit for him the next time I came to town. Talking of the late interview he and Wilkie had with the King, which lasted some hours. Wilkie saying afterwards to Chantrey, "I am glad I went to Windsor to-day, for it will *inure* me to the King." C. took me into his own room in the evening, and showed me all the late correspondence between him and the committee for Canning's statue, on which he is evidently sore. Nothing, however, can be more respectful or more complimentary to him as an artist than their appointment of a deputation to wait upon him, and the language which this deputation addressed him. Endeavoured to impress this upon him.

28th. Had Davidson the printer with me to look over the MS. I have brought up. Thinks it will make about 200 pages. Dined at Murray's: company, Sotheby, Chantrey, and the Lockharts. Day agreeable; had been most of the morning with Mrs. Shelley driving about to various places. Some one mentioned to-day that a discovery had been made in the State Paper Office of a collection of letters by Cardinal Wolsey, and also papers of Milton.

December 2nd. Off at half-past eight for home.

PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH VOLUME OF THE ENGLISH EDITION.

To the close of the present volume I have given from Moore's own diary, fully and minutely, the story of his life. Having reached a period only twenty years from the present time, I propose to employ with more reserve the remaining portion of my materials. The constant repetition of daily engagements becomes at length wearisome; and as we approach nearer the present day, the duty of omission becomes at once difficult and indispensable.

But before I quit these volumes, it may be well to take a retrospect of that portion of the course which has been run, to throw a light on some passages that may seem obscure, and to obviate some inferences which have been rashly made from imperfect knowledge or malignant conjecture.

It must be obvious, to any one who has read these pages, that the character of Moore was not difficult to understand, although, like that of most men, it was not without inconsistencies and contradictions. With a keen sense of enjoyment, he loved music and poetry, the world and the playhouse, the large circle of society, and the narrow precincts of his home. His heart was thrilled by deep feelings of devotion, and his mind expatiated over the wide field of philosophy. In all that he did, and wrote, and spoke, there was a freedom and a frankness which alarmed and delighted:—frightened old men of the world, and charmed young men and young women who were something better than the world. With a love and affection ready to burst out on all sides, he felt as he sang:

"They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

"Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me."

I have not endeavoured to conceal his weaknesses. I have allowed it to be seen that he was dazzled by the first aspect of London society; that, in making confessions to his mother which he would not make to any one else, he avowed his delight at being noticed by the Prince of Wales, and chronicled all the praises which his poems received. Sagacious persons have thence argued that he had a great deal of vanity. A few words on this topic may not be amiss.

There is much truth in the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, that "what most offends us in the vanity of others is that it jars with our own." Every one says to himself, "There is a man so absorbed with his own merits that he does not perceive mine." Still there are different kinds of vanity, and each partakes of the character of the person in whom it resides. Of these kinds the worst is that which makes little display, but is continually at work in depreciating others that our own superiority may become conspicuous. A vanity of this kind is largely mixed with envy. It is an envy too the more odious, as it is not content with hating some single person, or aiming at some single advantage, but hates every person who is admired and loved, and every quality for which a person is admired and loved. This kind of vanity cannot bear that a girl of eighteen should be admired for her beauty, or a child of three for its prattle. Any thing that attracts and absorbs attention is gall and wormwood to it. But above all, when that particular merit which competes with its own supposed eminence is admired, nothing is spared to injure, to depreciate, to depress the person thus endowed. The most sacred bonds of friendship, the strongest ties of affection, are broken to indulge its boundless passion. Truly did Mr. Sheridan say, that ambition and avarice are not so destructive in their rage or so furious in their career as vanity. He must have meant vanity of this kind. There is another kind of vanity, which is in many respects the opposite of that which I have described. It is open and ingenuous, taking for granted that all the world adopts its own estimate of its own excellence, and therefore in excellent hu-

mour with all the world. If the world sneers and depreciates, a person of this character ascribes the sarcasm to the malignity of some one, or some few, and goes on satisfied and happy as before. Vanity of this kind is often joined with much kindness, and even with simplicity and candour. It is compatible with a high appreciation of the works and acts of others. It often overflows in benevolence towards family, friends, neighbours, and mankind in general.

I own it appears to me that an open confession of this kind is preferable to a humility which is often nothing better than hypocrisy. It is difficult to believe that a poet, an orator, or an historian, whose fame is an echo to every effort of his genius, can be ignorant of his own merit. When Horace says—

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"

and when Ovid, in the same spirit exclaims—

"Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nequo edax abolere vetustas."

I applaud their manly candour, and acknowledge the truth of their prophecies. It is the same with Dante, Milton, Ariosto, and many others. They knew their powers and were too honest to affect ignorance of them. But when Mr. Burke, who must have been conscious that his eloquence was stamped with genius and fraught with the treasures of a rich imagination, represents himself as nothing more than an industrious plodding member of Parliament, I cannot fail to perceive that he is mocking his hearers, and that he pretends to a humility he does not feel.

Now it would be folly to deny that Moore had a good opinion of his own powers, and that he was delighted with every tribute, oral, written, and printed, to his talents. But his love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others. He relished the works of Byron and of Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them. Another man, in his position, upon seeing the hospitable mansion of Abbotsford, might have felt some envy at the largeness of the possession acquired by the pen of a rival. But Moore only felt that it was a position due to genius; and, when the frail fabric of Scott's fortune tumbled to the ground, lamented with genuine sympathy the downfall of a prosperity to which he himself had never aspired, but which he considered the right of the "Author of Waverley."

The Journal or Diary of Moore occupies the chief part of these volumes. He has recorded in it the conversations which took place at the dinners and parties where he was a guest. Some persons are of opinion that such conversations ought not to be written, and if written, ought not to be printed. Yet it will hardly be denied that there is an interest in the talk of men of talent which is hardly to be found in their most laboured works. One poet has recorded of Addison that he was

"Form'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease."

Another poet, remembering the groves he loved, says—

"'Twas here of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song."

There is no one, I imagine, who would not be glad to have before him a journal of these conversations, and to see rescued from oblivion the discourse which Pope and Swift and Tickell celebrated for its thought and loved for its amiability.

The defect of Moore's Journal, in my opinion, is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion or notices the instructive portion of the conversations in which he bore a part. It may be of some interest to recall, however, the character and type of the conversations which were carried on by the eminent men now lost to us with whom Moore habitually lived. Lord Bacon has said that "reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and conversation a ready man." It may be added that in this, as in other arts, "practice makes perfect." Those who have been renowned for their powers of conversation were constantly engaged in that pleasant task. Addison would pass seven or eight hours a-day in coffee-houses and taverns. Johnson told Boswell that his habit was to go out at four o'clock in the afternoon and not to return till two o'clock in the morning. A vast time for these learned men to spend in talk! Yet, having armed themselves at all points by study, it was no doubt a great delight to these knights of the library to try the temper of their weapons, to run full tilt against an adversary with pointed epigram, and to win the prize in a tournament of wits.

But beyond the mere pleasure of the encounter, it cannot be disputed that much is to be learnt from the conversation of men of reading and observation. Mr. Fox declared that he learnt more from Mr. Burke's conversation than from all the books he had ever read. It often happens, indeed, that a short remark in conversation contains the essence of a quarto volume.

Of all those whose conversation is referred to by Moore, Sir James Mackintosh was the ablest, the most brilliant, and the best informed. A most competent judge in this matter, Sydney Smith, has said, "Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with." * His stores of learning were vast, and of those kinds which, both in serious and in light conversation, are most available. He was profoundly acquainted with the doctrines of the ancient sects of philosophy and the modern churches of Christianity, and he so tempered, assisted, and controlled his memory by his judgment, that if he were referred to on any disputed point, his answer would give, not merely the fact, but a condensed argument on the controversy. So that not only was the hearer correctly informed of the exact nature of the tenet which he inquired about, but such light was thrown upon it that he could account for its rise, its prevalence, and its tendency, without further investigation. This information, too, which no book or number of books of reference would have given, was conveyed in the easy language of conversation, and with the unassuming tone of an equal and a companion. Indeed, his mind seemed to comprehend in distinct but harmonious method the whole history of human thought, from the earliest speculations of the friends of Job to the latest subtleties of the disciples of Kant. With rare impartiality of mind, and a charity of disposition still more rare, he gave its full weight to every opinion, and made the fairest allowance for every error. Not less copious and instructive was his knowledge of civil and political history; the conduct of Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary, the projects of the Crusaders, the views of the leaders of the party during the French Revolution,—all found in him a searching inquirer and an impartial judge. On lighter subjects he was equally at home; epigrams, farces, and novels were not less familiar to him than the treatises of Grotius or the annals of Thuanus. Possessing a good share of wit and humour, he took his part in political warfare, armed no less with the "tart reply" than with the "eloquent harangue." I remember sitting by him when a great lawyer, disclaiming, from the Treasury Bench, all participation in the opinions of the Liberal party, said, "I could see nothing to tempt me in the views of the gentleman opposite." "For views read prospects," whispered Mackintosh to me. Thus endowed, conversation was his favourite employment and his chief seduction. His style in writing was far from being clear and idiomatic; his manner of speaking in Parliament was too elaborate, perhaps too didactic, and his voice harsh and hoarse; but in society his gentle bearing and his vigorous tone made him powerful and pleasing, victorious and delightful.

It is difficult to convey any notion of the conversation of Sir James Mackintosh, it is hardly possible to describe that of Sydney Smith. There are two kinds of colloquial wit which equally contribute to fame, though not equally to agreeable conversation. The one is like a rocket in a dark air which shoots at once into the sky, and is the more surprising from the previous silence and gloom; the other is like that kind of firework which blazes and bursts out in every direction, exploding at one moment, and shining brightly at another, eccentric in its course, and changing its shapes and colour to many forms and many hues. Or, as a dinner is set out with two kinds of champagne, so these two kinds of wit, the still and the sparkling, are to be found in good company. Sheridan and Talleyrand were among the best examples of the first. Hare (as I have heard) and Sydney Smith were brilliant instances of the second. Hare I knew only by tradition; but with Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images: these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. Anything

* Life of Mackintosh, vol. ii. p. 500.

would give occasion to it. For instance, having seen in the newspapers that Sir Æneas Mackintosh was come to town, he drew such a ludierous caricature of Sir Æneas and Lady Dido, for the amusement of their namesake, that Sir James Mackintosh rolled on the floor in fits of laughter, and Sydney Smith, striding across him, exclaimed, "Ruat Justitia!" His powers of fun were at the same time united with the strongest, and most practical common sense. So that while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudice which had braved for a thousand years the battle of reason, and the breeze of ridicule. The letters of Peter Plymley bear the greatest likeness to his conversation; the description of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown dancing at the court of Naples in a volcano coat with lava buttons, and the comparison of Mr. Canning to a large blue-bottle fly with its parasites, most resemble the pictures he raised up in social conversation. It may be averred for certain, that in this style he has never been equalled, and I do not suppose he will ever be surpassed.

It has been said that Moore was a cordial admirer of Scott. Nor was personal intimacy likely to diminish their mutual attraction. For Scott had, like Moore, a frankness and a freedom in his conversation which soared far above the small jealousies, snarling criticisms, and faint praise, which are but too often exhibited among authors when speaking of each other. Scott, with a good, sound understanding, had an open, hearty manner, and, where his politics did not interfere, a cordial warmth towards his fellow-men. His chief merits in society were a cheerful tone, an inexhaustible memory, and a fund of anecdotes and stories which he told with strong Scottish humour, aided by a strong Scottish accent. But, in order to see Walter Scott at his ease, it was necessary to see him at the head of his own table, or, at least, in his own country. When he came to London, he was stiff and constrained, and seemed always apprehensive of remarks which he should feel bound to resent. The consequence was, that his London acquaintance were equally constrained with him. But put him in his own house, surround him with friends, and there could not be a more jovial, a more agreeable, or a more unaffected member of society. Like Samuel Johnson, he pretended to no fine sentiment, or divine inspiration, which made him an author. He did his work as a workman; knew the merits and the defects of his writings, and was contented to reap the reward of a very popular talent without overrating the intrinsic value of the article he produced. This wholesome, genial, kind, and manly disposition is as visible in his letters as it was in his intercourse with his neighbours. Byron has said,—

> "I hate an author who's all author: fellows
> In foolscap uniform turn'd up with ink."

Scott was the reverse of this, and enjoyed his pony and his dogs as if he had been the homeliest squire on Tweed-side.

Among the houses where Moore was most in the habit of dining when in London, was Holland House. The conversation of that house has been commemorated with no more than just praise in an article in the "Edinburgh Review," written by Mr. Macaulay. Yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of adding my tribute to the name of Lord Holland.

Lord Holland early in life sate at the feet of his celebrated uncle. From Mr. Fox he learnt an ardent hatred of oppression, an attachment to the leading principles of the British Constitution, indignant detestation of religious persecution, and a sympathy for all nations endeavouring to shake off the yoke of tyranny. With a taste also fostered by, if not derived from, Mr. Fox, he had a great love of classical literature, both ancient and modern. With these strong affections and decided tastes, he united a love of society, which absorbed much of his time, and dissipated much of his energy; so that instead of being like Mr. Fox a great leader of party, he was rather a faithful adherent to generous principles, and a warm friend to all who suffered from the fury of an Anti-Jacobin ascendency. But the same love of agreeable society which somewhat blunted the weapons of Parliamentary warfare, added to the grace and liveliness of his conversation. The extreme cheerfulness of his disposition, his kindness to all around him, his toleration for all opinions, his keen sense of the ridiculous, his anecdotes of political debates, enlivened by his admirable mimicry of the chief speakers, made him the pleasantest host who ever presided over a hospitable feast. Lady Holland took care to collect around him nearly every man of eminence in the political, literary, scientific and social world: each received a genial

welcome, and shared in a refined and friendly intercourse, no less remarkable for its absence of formality or exclusiveness, than for its wit and intelligence. Such was Lord Holland in the position where he was most admired, and could best be appreciated. From want of practice, and it must be said for want of that animated kind of debate which was best suited to his powers, he never rose to great eminence as a speaker; from want of leisure and time to concentrate his thoughts and polish his style, he never attained to much distinction as a writer: in conversation, however, if he had neither the extensive learning of Mackintosh, nor the broad humour of Sydney Smith, he had a quickness of observation and practical experience in the stirring conflicts of the age, which made him the equal of any man of his time in the charm of conversation. He won without seeming to court, he instructed without seeming to teach, and he amused without labouring to be witty. But of the charm which belonged to Lord Holland's conversation future times can form no adequate conception:—

"The pliant muscles of the various face,
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind."

Such were some of the class which Moore loved to frequent. Scott, indeed, did not properly belong to it, but the others are a sample of men belonging to the higher society of England in the first half of the present century.

The character of Moore was much influenced, however, by conversation of a very different kind from that of philosophers, or poets. It is impossible to read many pages of his "Journal" without perceiving that the conversation of women had for him a very great attraction, and that among women he always preferred the natural, the simple, and the amiable, to the learned, the brilliant, and the wise. Or rather, perhaps I should say, he considered that the women who had the truest hearts had likewise the best minds, and that the authoress who shines as a wit too frequently loses that quick perception of the just and the unjust, the truth and the pretence, which seems to belong as an instinct to the less celebrated of her sex. If Moore's taste in this respect may have misled him in his youth, he was saved from final error by his marriage to one of the noblest of women. Mrs. Moore brought him no fortune; indeed it was intended that she should earn her living by the stage, and Moore, afraid that so unworldly a match might displease his parents, at first concealed from them the fact of his marriage. But the excellence of his wife's moral character; her energy and courage; her abhorrence of all meanness; her disinterested abstinence from amusement; her persevering economy; made her a better, and even a richer partner to Moore, than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct.

There was another person whose society Moore frequented with a growing admiration of its excellence, and an increasing appreciation of the benefits he derived from it. I cannot properly expatiate upon the character of one whose virtues loved to retire even from the praise of loving retirement; who sought in works of charity and beneficence among her poorer neighbours, a compensation for the worldly advantages which excited the envy of others; but among the good influences which surrounded Moore, and led him to revere a woman "unspotted from the world," I could not omit to allude to his intercourse with her who diffused an air of holiness, and peace, and purity over the house of Bowood, which neither rich nor poor can ever forget.

In the former volumes some errors have been pointed out to me, which, in future editions, will be corrected. Mr. Leeves was not the author of the words of "Auld Robin Gray," but of the music. Dr. Croly was mentioned as one who had attacked Moore anonymously; there was no truth in this report; and I have to regret that, misled by a different spelling of the name, I allowed a passage to stand injurious to the reputation of a man of Dr. Croly's talents and character.

I hope to complete the work in eight volumes.

DIARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

1829.

[The year 1829 opened with a very general speculation and anxiety as to the course about to be pursued by the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues in the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation. Since the time when Mr. Pitt resigned his undisputed power because he was not allowed to bring this question forward, the plan of relieving the Roman Catholics from their civil disabilities had from time to time been a subject of Parliamentary discussion. Mr. Fox, in 1805, had introduced a motion in the House of Commons for this purpose. From that period the Whigs, with undeviating consistency, had declared that the claims of the Catholics were founded in justice, and ought to be conceded. The more able of the Tory party generally adopted the same view. Lord Wellesley, Mr. Canning, Lord Castlereagh, agreed with Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Windham upon this question. Lord Liverpool had made it an open question in his cabinet. Hence upon this vital question of internal government, Mr. Canning was seen consulting with Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Brougham, while he answered his colleague Mr. Peel. The great schism among the Tory party, in 1827, rose from this diversity of opinion. Lord Eldon and Mr. Peel would not consent to serve under a Prime Minister who favoured the Roman Catholic claims.

The Duke of Wellington had taken little part in these discussions. He supported Lord Liverpool in the cabinet, but would have supported him equally had he declared at any time that the claims of Roman Catholics could no longer be resisted.

When he became himself Prime Minister, he took a calm view of the situation of the country. In the summer and autumn of 1828, Ireland was organised for agitation and almost for civil war. The Duke determined to yield. By his great authority, by his firmness, by his patience, he gained over his colleagues. He then obtained the reluctant assent of the King to announce the proposed concession in the speech from the throne.

The following extract alludes to the subject. —Ed.]

January 1st, 1829. Left Bowood before breakfast, in order to have more of the day to myself. Intended, at first, to return to dinner, but fixed for Saturday next instead. Found a letter from Barnes, saying that the verses I had sent him (in ridicule of the Duke of Wellington) had been actually set up in type, but that, on maturer deliberation, he had decided not to print them. He then gives his reasons at length, being, in substance, that he has great hopes from the Duke for the Catholic question; that it would be, therefore, wrong to make a laughing-stock of him, &c. &c., but that they will watch him well, and should they see reason to attack him, will then be glad of the aid of my "formidable artillery."

3rd. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. The only addition to the company a Russian, whose name nobody could pronounce for me. Lady L. begged me to take Miss Fox out in going to dinner, and sit next Lord Lansdowne. After the ladies went followed him to the other end of the table, and got next the Russian; a very intelligent man, and much versed in the literature of England, as well as of every other part of Europe. Told me that there were two translations of my "Irish Melodies" into Russian, and that he had with him the translation of my "Peri," made by the Russian poet who accompanied the present Empress when she was at Berlin. In the evening sung a good deal. The Russian showed me the translation of my "Peri" in a collection of Russian poems which he had bound together to read in travelling. My name in the Russian was made *Murosou*, the *ou* at the end being, as in Greek, the sign of the genitive case "of Moore." Walter Scott not at all to be recognised in its Russian shape. Said that there are two different schools of style in Russia; the one being advocates for a mixture of the old Sclavonic words with their diction, and the other

all for a new and purer phraseology. Petersburg and Moscow have each their distinct literary circles,—that of Moscow he thinks the best. Generally two translations of any celebrated foreign work,—a Moscow and a Petersburg one. Read aloud to us a good part of the Russian "Peri," which sounded very musically.

4th. News of Lord Anglesey's recall from Ireland. A great sensation at breakfast, every one producing their letters of private intelligence, with rumours of his successor, &c. &c. Lord L., when asked how he was this morning, answered, "All the better for reading Anglesey's admirable letter."

8th. Bessy took Anastasia to Devizes, to consult Dr. Brabant about her knee, which has been more than usually tender these some days past: her cries this morning dreadful. Little Henry Fitzmaurice called with a message about to-morrow from Lady L. Sent off the verses, "Rival Topics," to "The Times." Find it a hard task now to write *anything* with a mind so harassed as mine is by the prolonged illness of the child, and the evident effect it begins to have upon the (even far more precious) health of the mother, who looks every day more and more worn with it.

9th. The Lansdownes' carriage came for us at half-past seven, and Bessy, Tom, Russell, and I set off in it; my dearest Bess looking remarkably well, and danced four country dances.

16th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Lord L. showed me after dinner a letter he had received from Lord Anglesey, explaining the circumstances that led to his recall and to the publication of his letter to Curtis; was very well written, and both the style and the feeling showing him to have been fully capable of the letter to the Archbishop. One word in it rather an odd coinage: "*upholdatory* of his government." Set off at nine for the ball. The Houltons there, looking very handsome. Kerry all happiness, and I *tant soit peu ennuyé*. Got to Bowood between two and three. My intention was to return home, but Lady L. persuaded me to stay and sleep.

19th. Walked into Devizes, to see Dr. Brabant about Anastasia. Had a long consultation with him; the state of inaction into which she has fallen lately having given us great uneasiness, and the limb making no progress whatever.

20th. A letter from my sister Ellen, to say that my mother is very ill, and Crampton attending her. This, at her age, is alarming, and affected me deeply, my darling Bessy doing all in her power to strengthen and prepare my mind for the worst. A note from Lord Kerry, proposing to take Bessy and me to the Devizes ball to-night, but declined.

21st, 22nd. A letter to say that my mother is better.

26th. Some conversation with Lord L., Elwyn, &c., after breakfast. Lord Peterborough, being once surrounded by a mob, who took him for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular, looked out of the carriage window, and said, "I assure you, my good friends, you are mistaken in your man; I have rather a large sum of money in my carriage, and, to convince you I am not the Duke of Marlborough, here it is, very much at your service." Elwyn mentioned to me an anecdote of Lord Byron having once taken a challenge from —— to Chief Justice Best, on account of the latter having said that —— was a great rascal. "I confess, my Lord, I did say that —— was a great rascal, and I now repeat the assertion to your Lordship; but are you aware, Lord Byron," (he added, laughing,) "of the consequences you expose yourself to, by bringing a challenge to a Chief Justice?" Lord Byron was soon made to feel the ridicule of the step, and they parted very good friends, leaving ——'s honour to shift for itself. Fielding and Lord Lansdowne walked a part of the way home with me.

27th. Busy revising my MS. of Byron's Life, in order to send some of it up by Lord Lansdowne.

[The beginning of this year was clouded by the illness and death of Anastasia, the remaining daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moore. She was of a gentle and affectionate nature, with a sensibility and modesty of character which deeply engaged the tenderness of her parents. Moore seems to have been afraid of disturbing her mind with religious preparation; but Mrs. Moore had long before inculcated in her daughter's mind those lessons of piety she was so well qualified to give.—Ed.]

February 1st. Walked over to Bowood, with my two copybooks; found the Fieldings

there to luncheon. Lord L. asked me to stay and dine with them as I was. Went in to prayers with them; a passage in the sermon Guthrie preached, "scenes of great distress await us all," struck mournfully on my heart, which has long had sad misgivings about our poor Anastasia. Staid to dinner. Walked home at night.

2nd. Bessy called with the Hugheses and Anastasia; asked me to go in and dine at Devizes, which I did. Our dear child not looking at all as I could wish. Though Dr. Brabant and I were left alone together after dinner, dreaded asking him about her.

3rd. Breakfasted at Hughes's; our darling child looking, as she lay in bed, like one dying. Walked home to Sloperton with a heavy heart.

4th and 5th. At home at work. On the 5th, Bessy came with the Hugheses and Anastasia; a sad scene with my poor Bessy, who evidently fears the worst. On the evening of the 5th received a letter of Luttrell's to Scott (which my kind Bess despatched to me), announcing the *certainty* that Emancipation is to be recommended in the King's forthcoming speech. Could I ever have thought that this event would, under any circumstances, find me indifferent to it? yet such is almost the case at present. Did not see Bessy's writing on the cover (congratulating me on the news, and saying, "let me have one line") till I had sent off the servant; and fearing she might be disappointed, wrote a little note, and went out to get some one to take it, though past eight o'clock and pitch dark. The blacksmith's boy, however, undertook it readily.

6th. Obliged to go to Locke's to dinner, having promised a fortnight since to meet the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who made it a particular request that I should be of the party. Were I in a state to be amused, would have been abundantly so by the consternation of my Lord the bishop and five parsons (who proved our company) at the announcement in the King's speech. Discussed the subject after dinner, and (notwithstanding our *toto cœlo* difference of opinion) got on very smoothly with them. Slept at Locke's. The Bishop expressed great compunction at having been one of those who gave way on the Corporation and Test Acts.

7th. Locke at breakfast said that the Bishop (who had started early) was quite delighted with me and with the way I spoke my mind! After breakfast set out to walk to Devizes, but met Bessy and Anastasia coming for me; got in with them and went on to Devizes. The dreadful truth at last forced upon me, that there were but little hopes for our poor girl. Bessy herself has known (and been wasting away on the knowledge of) it these three weeks, but feared to distress me by telling it. Has sent for Dr. Fowler of Salisbury, and expects him to-day. Walked home.

8th. Bessy arrived with Anastasia between three and four. Fowler has twice seen her, and says there are *some* favourable symptoms, but those of an opposite kind, by what I can collect, predominate. Never was there any thing in this world equal to the feeling, the firmness, the total sacrifice of self, the perfection, in short, of all womanly virtue that exists in my beloved Bessy. Resolved, for *her* sake, to rally all my fortitude, and prepare for the worst.

9th to 12th. A melancholy week, but lucky for me that I am *obliged* to work, as it, in some degree, distracts my thoughts. The dreadful moment is that interval at night, when I have done working and am preparing for bed. It is then every thing most dreadful crowds upon me, and the loss not only of this dear child, but of all that I love in the world, seems impending over me. Have sent up to Murray, since Lord L. went, two more books of copy. Shall be obliged to go up myself to arrange about printing. Sent an apology to the Fieldings for both the 10th and the 12th, when I was to have dined with them, telling them the hopeless state of our poor child. Nothing could surpass the kindness of them and everybody else. A letter from Lady Lansdowne, offering Bessy and me rooms at Bowood whenever we might wish to go there. Our poor girl sometimes cheerful, and the night before last not only made me play some waltzes to her, but hummed one or two herself.

13th to 15th. Some signs of amendment in our dear girl; so much so, as to give us a gleam of hope—Bessy, particularly, beginning to think more cheerfully of it.

16th. All our hopes dashed; the darling child's weakness evidently increasing. Doubtful whether I shall leave home, but Bessy thinks it better now than later.

17th. Walked to Devizes, and started in the

Emerald a little before eleven o'clock; only one companion. Read Penrose's Journal, on account of Lord Byron's mention of it; found it tiresome. Got to town between nine and ten; found my room at Sandon's ready for me. Had something to eat at the Athenæum.

18th. A note from Murray, to come and breakfast with him; found Davidson there. Called upon Rogers; walked with me on my way to Power's. In speaking of Young the poet, as being a very merry fellow in conversation, he said, "I dare say that people who *act* melancholy as he did, must have a vent in some way or other. Now, mutes at funerals, I can imagine them when they throw off their cloaks, playing leapfrog together." From Power's went to Lansdowne House; saw her; full of kindness and feeling about our dear child; neither herself nor Lord Lansdowne well. Went to the Donegals; saw poor Lady D. Thence to call on O'Connell at Batt's. The waiter told me that there came about forty or fifty poor devils of Irish there every day with petitions to the great Dan. Found with O'Connell Mr. Bellew, Sir. T. Esmonde, O'Gorman, and a priest. O'Connell, showing me a packet just arrived from Charleston with contributions, said, "It is these things have done it." Mentioned a curious judgment he once heard Curran deliver as Master of the Rolls, on a case connected with the theatre, about free admissions, which the renters wished to restrain; in which he drew an illustration from Lundy Foot, and said that this tobacconist might as well bring an action for damages against a man, who, in passing by his shop, "caught an eleemosynary pinch of snuff on the breeze." He then proceeded to say that the case reminded him of his youthful days, when he was a great visitor of the theatre, and when, being always of an aspiring disposition, he used to choose the loftiest situation in the house; that there he used to observe that the *gratuitous* part of the audience were the most clamorous and applausive; and accordingly came to the conclusion, that "if free admissions were not allowed, not only would the theatre be proportionately thinner, but (what would be a serious grievance) *bad acting would go without applause.*" Told me a story of himself having, one morning, at the inn at Killarney, got up early for the purpose of setting off by the coach, and as he walked up and down the passage repeating to himself my lines:

"The friends we've tried
Are by our side,"

just as he came to "the foe we hate before us," a bedroom door opened, and out walked Goulburn. On my saying that from the wretched state of my mind at this moment I could not bring myself up to the feeling they all had at this moment, O'Gorman answered, "'Faith, and you were *up* to it as early as any man I know." I then reminded him of a conversation we had one night in the year 1797 (I think) when he and I were in college together, he rather my senior.

19th. A note from Murray to come and breakfast; did so. Had been reading my MS. of Byron, and expressed himself highly delighted with it, which gave me pleasure. Publishers, like picture-dealers, are sharpened into taste by their interest, and acquire a knack of *knowing* what is good without understanding it. Called upon Rogers; he had yesterday, at my request, written to William Bankes to know whether I might call upon him on the subject of Byron, and his answer was, certainly. Set off to Bankes's; found him at home. Was very civil; said he had but few letters of B.'s he thought free enough from personal matters to suit my purpose, but those that were fit to be published should be at my service. Mentioned a key to the persons alluded to in "Hours of Idleness," which Byron had given him, and which I should have if he could find it. Talked with much affection of B.; his sensitiveness to criticism. When Bankes was with him at Venice, he told Byron of some Mr. S—— (then also at Venice, and, as Byron said, "a salt fish seller"), who declared that Don Juan was all "Grub Street." The effect of this on Byron was so great, that Bankes is of opinion (as, indeed, Byron himself told him) that it stopped Don Juan for some time. "That damned Mr. S. ——," he used to say, speaking the first syllable (as was his custom sometimes) broadly. He also showed Bankes one day a drawer containing the MS. of Don Juan, saying, "Look, here is Mr. S——'s Grub Street." As an instance of his good nature, said that when he arrived at Venice he found Byron had marked down the pages of different books he had been reading in which Bankes was favourably mentioned; particu-

larly what Napoleon says of him in his Memoirs. Found Byron, he said, greatly altered in Italy; had got coarse. Gave me seven or eight letters, but could not find the "Key;" promised, however, to look for it. From thence went to call on Mrs. Speaker, and was not a little amused to see her enshrined in her magnificent establishment. Showed great feeling and kindness about my poor girl. On my mentioning that I had some idea of going to the House of Lords in the evening, asked me to dine quietly with herself and daughters, and I should be put in there when I liked. Left my card at Secretary Peel's; thence to Croker's, and sat with him some time.

20th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Wrote a note to Peel, saying that he must be rather surprised at seeing my card yesterday, but that I had two motives for leaving it at his door; the first and chief, to pay my humble homage to what I considered the finest example of moral courage and high-mindedness in our times; and the other (which but for the first I should not have troubled him with) was to ask whether he recollected a circumstance which Byron mentions of him in one of his letters, and which I then stated. I added that (as it might give him less trouble to speak with me on the subject for two minutes than to write) I would, myself, leave this note at his house on my way to William Bankes's, and call as I returned. Did so. William Bankes had not been able to find the Key to the "Childish Recollections," but gave me another letter of Byron's. Was admitted at Mr. Peel's; received me very kindly, and said how much obliged he was by my note. The circumstance mentioned by Byron was, that Peel, in the year 1810, I think, had met (as he thought) Lord Byron in the streets of London at a time when the latter was actually lying ill of a fever at Patras. The fact was, Peel said (though he did not like his name to be quoted seriously as an authority for a ghost story), he was really under the impression, and still continued so, that he had not only seen, but talked with Lord Byron at the time. He then talked a good deal of Byron; mentioned his fondness for low company; the influence that the example of his grand-uncle, the old Lord, had over his mind, and particularly on the subject of duelling, which he accustomed himself to connect with the name of Byron, and to look to as a resource and a revenge in his manhood, when under any mortifications from being bullied by stronger boys at school. This last remark, I owned to him, had not occurred to me before, but I felt its truth and should make use of it: the former observation (respecting the general effect of the old Lord's example on his mind) I had anticipated. On shaking hands at parting, he assured me that nothing had been said on the late occurrences that gave him so much pleasure as my note. Called upon Lord John Russell and found him at home. A good deal of conversation; find there is a drawback (in the mind of him and others) on the merit of Peel's conduct, from the consideration that he must have had pretty nearly the same views of the necessity of yielding the question at the time he separated from and opposed Canning on it. Lord J. walked out with me. Dined at the Athenæum between seven and eight, and went afterwards to Power's, and thence to Printing House Square to see Barnes. Had written to him before I left home, to say how impossible it was that I could do any thing to assist him now, from the state of mind I was in, and proposing to give him a draft on the Longmans for the money the proprietors had advanced me. Had sent me an answer, as he now told me, to say that I need not make myself uneasy on this point, as the proprietors were well satisfied to wait till my mind was more at ease. Added now, too, that Walter (who was the only one of the proprietors he ever consulted) felt the value of my co-operation so much that he would be most unwilling to do any thing to risk or disturb it. Met Lord Grey this morning, as joyous as a boy about these events (as, indeed, I find every body except myself). Told me he counts on near sixty in the Lords.

21st. A little after nine Mrs. Shelley (on whom I called yesterday) came in a hackney coach, as she had announced by a note last night. Went afterwards to Rogers's: Carey (Dante), and Danby the painter, with him. Forth thence to the Athenæum, where I had promised to meet Truganoff, the Russian, who was to bring me an account of the names of the Russian translators and imitators of Byron; brought me also a publication he had just received from Petersburg, containing several translations from myself, and made me a present of it. Went to Longman's. Forget

whether I mentioned their proposal to me when I was last in town respecting a sort of Cyclopædia publication they meditate, and which it was their wish to commence with histories of Scotland and Ireland (one small volume each) by Sir Walter Scott and myself. What they proposed to offer me then was 500*l.*, but, by a letter written after my return home, I declined the proposal, giving my reasons at full length. They now returned to the charge on new and certainly more tempting grounds, their plan being to have a history of England by Mackintosh in three small volumes, and those of Scotland and Ireland (as before) by Scott and me, but the price raised to 1000*l.* for each volume; 3000*l.* to Sir James, and 1000*l.* each to Scott and me. The difficulty they apprehended (I having said that under such circumstances I saw no objection to the undertaking) is on the part of Scott, who has given for answer that in his "Tales of a Grandfather" he has already performed the task they demand of him. Begged that I would join Mackintosh in a request to Sir Walter to be our *collaborateur*, which I promised to do. Went home for my letter; our darling, in driving out the day before yesterday, was so exhausted that Bessy says she can attempt it no more. Had asked Dr. Brabant whether she should hurry me down, but he said Sunday would be time enough, adding at the same time, that we should have very little warning of what must soon come. Went to Rogers's to look over the letters he has of Byron's. * * * Slept at the Gloucester.

[The plan which is here mentioned, of combining Mr. Moore with Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott in historical works, was carried into effect. Had Mr. Moore been able to keep to the restriction of one volume, which seems to have been originally in contemplation, the result might have been an easy, agreeable, and readable work. But, unfortunately, he extended his labours, and spread the work over several volumes. For this task he was not originally very well qualified. No man knew better how to turn his researches in libraries to account, and to pick out the jewels from the stone and rubbish of the mine in which he was employed. But a critical examination of obscure authorities on an obscure subject was not a pursuit well suited to his genius. His time was absorbed by it, his health worn, and his faculties dragged down to a wearisome and uncongenial task.

I had long urged him to undertake the life of Grattan; and when the documents for that purpose were not confided to him, I advised him to pass lightly over the earlier periods of Irish history in order to narrate at length the events which took place from the first formation of the Volunteers to the conclusion of the Legislative Union. There is much that is bright, as well as much that is sad, in the history of that period. The characters of Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan deserve to be drawn with a "pencil of light." Purer and more upright statesmen have never adorned the annals of any country. The story of the Rebellion of 1798, and the devotion to their mistaken cause of Lord Edward and his associates, is of melancholy interest.

Had Moore undertaken this task, materials would have poured at his feet in abundance. His country would have found in his brilliant and touching narrative the highest examples of virtue to imitate, the sad memorials of misdirected patriotism to lament, the foul stains of corruption to loathe, and the dreadful records of cruelty to abhor. It is much to be regretted that such a task has not been performed; to a friend of Moore's, it is matter of deep concern that he should not have performed it.—Ed.]

22nd. Off at seven; an intelligent man in the coach, who knew the history of all the seats along the road and of their inhabitants, and strewed the whole way with anecdotes. Arrived at Calne before five, and set off on foot for home. Felt most anxious as I approached the cottage, not knowing what might have happened since the day before yesterday. Could not bring myself to enter at the hall-door, but tapped at the back kitchen window in order to know what I was to expect. Our poor child much the same; found her up stairs in the room she was never again to leave *alive*.

23rd to 28th. The next fortnight furnishes but a melancholy detail of the last hours of our darling child, the only consolation of which was that she passed them without suffering, and even in calm and cheerful enjoyment. She had no idea of her danger, nor did Bessy, nor

I, nor any of those about her, ever show the least sign of alarm or sorrow in her presence. There are some pious persons who would think this wrong, and who would have disturbed and embittered the last moments of this innocent child with religious exhortations and *preparations* (as they would call it) for another world, as if the whole of her short and stainless life was not a far better preparation than any that their officiousness could afford her. We passed every evening together (she, and I, and her mamma) in some amusement or other, and as it had seldom been in my power to spare so much of my company in this way, it was a treat to her which she enjoyed most thoroughly. "What nice evenings we have!" she would say to her mamma continually. Sometimes we used to look over together a child's book in which there were pictures from history, and talk of the events and persons they alluded to; at another time, Caroline Fielding's sketch-book and the engravings of Pinelli were an amusement to her; but, in general, what gave her pleasure was either playing a game or two at draughts with me herself, or looking on while her mamma and I played draughts or cribbage, and betting with me as to which should win. However difficult it was to go on cheerfully in such circumstances, I am convinced that the effort did both Bessy and me much service, by accustoming us to control our feelings, and, in a certain degree, *hardening* us for the worst. I have already mentioned her having attempted to sing through a quadrille one evening, a little before my departure for town, and at the same time she gave an imitation of a foreigner whom she had heard counterfeiting the tones of different musical instruments with his voice at Devizes. A few nights after my return (on the 27th, I think) she said to her mamma, when she was putting her to bed (having been all the evening in the most cheerful spirits), "Shall I try and sing?" "Do, love," said her mamma, and she immediately sung the line "When in death I shall calmly recline," without, however, (as Bessy is persuaded) having the least idea of applying it to her own situation. In the meantime, the poor child grew weaker every day, and the swelling in the legs increased. She continued, however, to eat very well and to sleep comfortably, and sat up every day, employing herself a great part of the time (for, notwithstanding her years, she was still perfectly a child) in dressing and undressing a little doll in which she took great delight.

March 1st to 12th. Towards the end of this week she began to have *accesses* of extra weakness in the mornings, so much so as to make me think, each time, that her last moment was come; but she revived from them after taking some refreshment, and the strong cheerful tone of her voice on recovering from what had appeared to be death seemed wonderful, and even startling. On Thursday evening (5th) I looked over with her Pinelli's prints, and she was much amused with and made remarks on most of the subjects. When she used to close her eyes from weakness, she would say, "I can't talk, but do you and mamma go on talking, for I like to hear you." On Friday, she was again alarmingly weak in the morning, and her sweet face still more sadly altered. That evening she played a game of draughts with me; but her exhaustion was so great on getting to bed, that Bessy (who for the last month has slept, or rather lain down on a sofa in her room) sat up the greater part of the night. The dear child, indeed, had often said, "It is odd, mamma, I never wake in the night, but there I see you and Hannah with your eyes fixed on me, and looking so cheerful and nice." Poor child, she little knew what those cheerful looks cost. On Saturday morning she was so weak that we thought it better not to move her from her bed, and she dozed away most of the day, occasionally teazed by her cough, but without any other suffering. That evening she expressed a wish that mamma and I should play a game at cribbage together, and she would listen to us; but she remained in a drowsy state the whole of the time. As she did not appear to me much weaker than last night, I entreated Bessy to take a little sleep that she might be better able to go through what was yet before her; but though she did not say so, I saw she would sit up. Next morning (Sunday, 8th) I rose early, and on approaching the room, heard the dear child's voice as strong, I thought, as usual; but, on entering, I saw death plainly in her face. When I asked her how she had slept, she said, "Pretty well," in her usual courteous manner; but her voice had a sort of hollow and distant softness not to be described. When I took her hand on leaving her, she said (I thought

significantly), "Good bye, papa." I will not attempt to tell what I felt at all this. I went occasionally to listen at the door of the room, but did not go in, as Bessy, knowing what an effect (through my whole future life) such a scene would have upon me, implored me not to be present at it. Thus passed the first of the morning. About eleven o'clock (as Bessy told me afterwards) the poor child, with an appearance rather of wandering in her mind, said somewhat wildly, "I shall die; I shall die;" to which her mamma answered, "We pray to God continually for you, my dear Anastasia, and I am sure God must love you, for you have been always a good girl." "Have I?" she said; "I thought I was a very naughty girl; but I am glad to hear *you* say that I have been good; for others would perhaps say it out of compliment, but you know me, and must therefore think so, or you would not say it." "But every body thinks the same, my love. All your young friends love you. Lady Lansdowne thinks you a very good girl." "Does she, mummy?" said the dear child; and then added, "Do you think I shall go to Lady Lansdowne's party this year?" I don't know what poor Bessy answered to this. In about three quarters of an hour or less she called for me, and I came and took her hand for a few seconds, during which Bessy leaned down her head between the poor dying child and me, that I might not see her countenance. As I left the room, too, agonised as her own mind was, my sweet, thoughtful Bessy ran anxiously after me, and giving me a smelling-bottle, exclaimed, "For God's sake don't *you* get ill." In about a quarter of an hour afterwards she came to me, and I saw that all was over. I could no longer restrain myself; the feelings I had been so long suppressing found a vent, and a fit of loud violent sobbing seized me, in which I felt as if my chest was coming asunder. The last words of my dear child were "Papa, papa." Her mother had said, "My dear, I think I could place you more comfortably; shall I?" to which she answered, "Yes," and Bessy placing her hand under her back, gently raised her. That moment was her last. She exclaimed suddenly, "I am dying, I am dying, Papa! papa!" and expired.

On the 12th our darling child was conveyed to Bromham churchyard, poor Bessy having gone the night before to see where she was to be laid. Almost all those offices towards the dead which are usually left to others to perform, the mother on this occasion would perform herself, and the last thing she did before the coffin was closed on Wednesday night, was to pull some snowdrops herself and place them within it. She had already, indeed, laid on her dead darling's bosom a bunch of cowslips, which she had smelled to (and with such eagerness) the day before her death, and it was singular enough, and seemed to give Bessy pleasure, that though lying there three days they were scarcely at all faded. I had ordered a chaise on the morning of the funeral to take us out of the way of this most dreadful ceremony, (well remembering how it harrowed up all our feelings in the following my poor father to the grave,) and a most melancholy drive we had of it for two long hours, each bearing up for the sake of the other, but all the worse, in reality, for the effort.

And such is the end of so many years of fondness and hope; and nothing is now left us but the dream (which may God in his mercy realise) that we shall see our pure child again in a world more worthy of her.

April 1st, &c. It has been most lucky for me that I have had compulsory work to do; work which I *could* not put off, and which is of a nature to *force* my mind to it. This, with Bessy's calm, wasted looks, which tell me hourly what an effort she is making for *my* sake, has enabled me to rally far beyond what I expected, and I have accordingly worked, and am now working, almost as if —— but I must have done with the subject.

Received, since I left town, the most flattering letters from Murray respecting my work, which, as far as it has gone, he is delighted with. The first time I touched the pianoforte for months (excepting the evening when I played over a waltz or two to our dying child) was about the beginning of this month, when I sat down to sing over by myself some words which I had written for Power to a melancholy Spanish air. The thought uppermost in my mind had shadowed itself out in the words, and on my attempting to sing them over, I burst out into the same violent fit of sobbing which had seized me on the fatal day. Moved from Sloperton to Bowood on the 10th, Bessy remaining at the cottage to pack up everything.

Went to dine with the Hugheses on the 15th to meet dear Tom, who came home for a few days. Had a chaise in the evening, and took him immediately to Spye Park to Bessy; she having moved there from Sloperton, after finishing her operations of packing. Should have mentioned how truly kind Lady Lansdowne has been about my going to Bowood. She had already, before our dear child's death, written to offer Bessy and mo rooms there, and when I proposed lately to accept the offer for myself, nothing could be more *comfortable* and cordial than her answer. On the 21st went with Dr. Starkey to Devizes to consult William Salmon with respect to the arrangement we have in contemplation respecting Sloperton. Towards the latter end of last month, having made up my mind to leave the cottage, unless some plan could be hit upon to give me such an interest in it as would justify me in rebuilding and making it comfortably habitable, I communicated this resolution both to my landlord and to Dr. Starkey, on which the latter expressed himself willing (for the purpose of retaining us still in the neighbourhood) to consent to the sort of agreement which was thought of once before, but relinquished; namely, the taking into his own hands, as tenant of Mrs. Goddard, both the house of Sloperton and the property around it, and giving me such a lease of it as would enable me to lay out money on building, or if I liked it better, letting *him* build, and giving him a rent accordingly. I lost no time in making a proposal to this effect to Mr. Goddard, and his consent being as promptly accorded, everything appeared in a fair train for the accomplishment of our object. The view in consulting Salmon was to ascertain what rent it would be right that I should pay (in the event of my building myself) so as not to be, on the whole, a loser by the transaction; a lease of fourteen years being all that Starkey has in his power to give me. It now appeared, however, that it was doubtful whether Starkey could give a valid title to property held by such a tenure as he would hold Sloperton by from Mrs. Goddard; his settlement giving him such power only over property in *possession*, not over that in *reversion*. This set us all adrift again. Dined at Hughes's. In the evening Starkey went for a short time to the ball, and we returned at night to Spye Park, where I slept, as I have indeed done frequently during this time.

22nd. Bessy set out (the morning being most dreadful) to take Tom to Salisbury. Had a note from her at Bowood in the evening, to say that she had been obliged to turn back. Neither her spirits nor health are at all good; and have got worse, I think, since she has lost the occupation which Sloperton gave her.

During this whole time I have been as hard at work as cares and some sad thoughts would let me be. Have heard from various quarters of Murray's delight with my work, as far as it has gone. He has sent me many interesting communications, and among others, Dr. Kennedy's conversations with Lord B. (which by my advice he means to publish), and Hoppner's "Recollections." Dined one day with the Fieldings, and slept there. Attempted in the evening to sing the new song I have written, "Bring thy lute hither, love;" but just at the last line, when I had with difficulty restrained myself throughout, the violent burst came; and for near ten minutes (to the great alarm of the girls, who fled out of the room) I continued to sob as if my chest was coming asunder. Was to have dined with Elwyn at Bath on the 25th, but as I felt a strong wish to be up in town time enough for the meeting on the subject of a statute to the Duke of Wellington, and the interval would barely allow of my doing so, sent him an apology. Received a letter on the 29th from the Duke of Leinster to say that the meeting was put off to the 6th, telling me at the same time that my name was added to the committee, and begging me to draw up a set of resolutions for them. This, however, I had not time for. Angell has signified to me that he will be most ready and willing to build a cottage for me on the site of old Romsey House, after whatever plan I may suggest. Strong, by the by, has drawn a plan for us, which we mean to follow, *if* we build. His estimate for the labour is 400*l.*, and with the materials, he calculates that the house when built would be worth ten or eleven hundred pounds. Had no idea that Lord L.'s contribution formed so large a portion of the expense.

May 5th. Started for town in the York House; Tom Bailey in the coach. Mentioned that he heard Sir W. Scott say once, of the

imitators of Johnson's style, "Many can make Johnson's *report*, but few can carry his bullet." Found on my arrival a long note from Lord Lansdowne on the subject of the meeting, which he says, "you seem so anxious to attend;" stating his objections to it. Rather puzzled by this note. Had already thought it odd that so few of the names of the great Irish Whig proprietors appeared on the list of the committee. Called upon the Fieldings; found them at dinner; told me that there was a very general dislike to this meeting among our Whig friends, Lord Auckland, Lord Holland, &c.

6th. Went in search of Corry, who had come up from Cheltenham to the meeting, solely because I was to be there.. Found Mr. Mahony, the projector of the whole affair, at the same coffee-house with Corry. The resolutions (which had been one of the chief grounds of objections among the Whigs) were now altered. Told me they counted upon me to move one of them; this not at all fair, as I had written to offer myself as "a mouthpiece" to the Duke of Leinster, and on his not noticing my offer in his answer had dismissed the whole thing from my mind, so that I had not sufficiently prepared myself to address a meeting of so much importance. Went to call upon Lord Lansdowne. Corry walking part of the way with me. C. very anxious that I should consent to move the resolution. Lord L. not at home. Went to Lord J. Russell's; found him at home. Said he did not mean to attend, but quite agreed with me, that as I had come up, I ought to go. Have no time to give details of the meeting. In the course of my walks, I had thought over something to say, and communicated to the secretary that I was now willing to move the resolution. The other resolutions were moved by the Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Devonshire, Lord Darnley, Lord Clifford, &c. &c. Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of my reception; huzzas, hats and handkerchiefs waving, the whole audience standing up; it was several minutes before I was able to utter a word; my speech too, though so hastily got up, produced a great effect. Came away with Agar Ellis, who regretted extremely the view that so many of our Whig friends took of the matter, and thought it would do them harm with the public.

7th. Staid at home in the morning, correcting. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: the Cowpers, the Hopes, Lord W. Russell, Lord Villiers, Caroline Fielding, the George Lambs, &c. A good deal of conversation with Lord W. Russell in the evening about Byron; his dissipation at Venice; doing it very much out of bravado, and not really liking it. Used often to fly away from home and row all night upon the water. Mentioned what he had heard of Byron's not feeling any admiration of Rome; saying to Hobhouse "what shall I write about?" and H. giving him the heads of what he afterwards described so powerfully. Some talk with Lady L. (who is not at all well) about the cottage, the lease, &c. Promised to come and breakfast with them some morning and talk over it.

8th. Had been invited to dine to-day with Mackintosh, to meet Dr. Lardner, our joint employer in the historical line; but Clapham is a deadly distance to dine at: besides, I wanted to see Malibran and Sontag. Breakfasted with the Lansdownes; nothing could exceed their kind anxiety about our cottage affairs. On my telling Lord L. of the alarm we were in at the meeting lest some one should propose to substitute Lord Anglesey for the statue instead of the Duke (a proposition not unlikely to have been carried), he mentioned a parallel case in Dublin at a meeting for some sort of testimonial to Isaac Corry, when just as the whole thing seemed to be settled, an amendment was moved that the two words "Isaac Corry" should be omitted, and the words "John Foster" substituted, and without much difficulty carried. Went with Corry at one o'clock to call on Lord Anglesey, a fine gallant fellow. Told us of the King's wish (as far back as his visit to Ireland) to make him Lord-Lieutenant. I mentioned to him our alarm at the meeting lest the Duke should be ousted and he put in his saddle, which amused him a good deal. Asked me if I could meet Lord Lansdowne at dinner with him some day soon; most happy, of course. Told him of the scene at the Bowood breakfast-table the morning that the newspapers with his letter to Curtis arrived.

9th. A kind note from Lord Grey, to say that his turn of nomination for the Charter House being come, he had very great pleasure in offering it to me for Tom.

10th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum, and set off to the Charter House to look for Barber. Found him at his office in Fetter-Lane; told me various particulars that I wished to know, and said he would write that day to Dr. Russell, the master, for further information on the subject. Dined at Lord Listowel's: Corry and I in the evening to Lady Jersey's. Some talk with the Duke of Sussex about the settlement of the great question. Thence to the ball at Devonshire House: very fine and very hot. Interesting conversation with Lord Clare; his confessing what wrong he had done me for a great part of his life from what he had thought due to his father's memory (whom I had attacked in an early poem, "Corruption"); his having refused to be introduced to me by Rogers, &c. I told him I had never in the least blamed him for this feeling, as it was one I should most probably have had myself. He then said, "But I *do* feel that I have been guilty of *tort* towards you, and you cannot conceive with what zeal Byron took your part against me when we met in Italy, and when I stated the reasons of my feeling, he said laughingly, 'Well, you are both Irishmen, and therefore, perhaps, both in the wrong.'" Lord Clare then added, "Byron was strongly attached to you, and I feel quite sure that you and I were the persons he liked best in the world." Got home to bed at two o'clock.

11th. Called upon Lord Grey, and received the warrant of our dear Tom's nomination; some talk about the ball. Called upon Lady Lansdowne, read her a letter I had had from Bessy, full of sadness and sweetness. Could hardly refrain from giving way while I read it. Again discussed with much kind anxiety all the various plans for our residence in their neighbourhood. Lord L. joined us, and said that he had been casting about in his mind whether there was any thing on his own grounds he could give me; but there was no building any where. There was, however, a situation, and a very pretty one, at Cassan, which I should have to build upon if nothing better offered. Dined at Lord Auckland's, having been asked to various other places. Thence to the Opera to Rogers's stall, he and I having changed tickets in the morning; odd enough that the Duke of Wellington should have taken one of these stalls. Rogers told him that he had tried to get the one next; "I wish you had," he said, "I don't know either of my neighbours;" and there he sits, between John à Nokes and John à Styles, subject to have all who want to reach their seats, pushing past him and treading on his toes. No doubt he is glad to be placed between strangers, as it gives him time to think, and he has thus both the credit of idleness and the opportunity for thought. Did not stay out the ballet, being tired.

13th. Dined with C.; called and left my name at the Duke of Sussex's in my way. Party at dinner, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lowther, Sir G. Clerk, and Spencer Perceval. The conversation agreeable. The King, it appears, did not ask Scott (as I have always understood) whether he was the author of the novels; he only alluded pointedly to some character in them, upon which Scott said, "Sir, it is impossible to mistake the meaning, &c. &c., and I beg to say, &c. &c.," disclaiming in the most decided manner his being the author. This was going out of his way to deny; had the Prince *asked* him, he might have been justified in doing so; but volunteering an untruth in this way is unintelligible; always taking it for granted that the story is true, which it may not be. C., however, said he was by when it happened.* Speaking of Canning's excessive fastidiousness in the style of his papers, C. said that, after all his pains-takings, he would suffer any body to make alterations in them with the utmost good humour and readiness. This seems unaccountable, but Lord Palmerston seemed to confirm the assertion. In talking of my "Byron," said he hoped my printer was a good critic, as he had told him wonders of its merit; that the printers could not get on with their work from admiration of it, &c. &c. This is all that chattering fellow Davidson. Came away with Spencer Perceval and Sir G. Clerk. Packed up and went to sleep at the Gloucester Coffee-house, where I had ordered beds for myself and Corry. Did not get to bed till past one.

14th. Up at five, and off at six. An old

* It is very strange that Mr. Moore, who was constantly denying his authorship of the squibs in the "Times" and "Morning Chronicle," should be so severe upon Scott. The person to be blamed in these instances is the asker of impertinent and unjustifiable questions. Nor does it much signify whether the question is by a point-blank shot, or by the mode of sapping or mining. Either mode is hostile and aggressive.—Ed.

acquaintance of mine, Miss Addison (now the widow Macpherson) in the coach with us; a good deal of talk on the way. On our arrival at Cheltenham learned that my darling Bess had got there half an hour before. Found her in lodgings (which I had written to Williams's of the circulating library to procure her) in High Street, looking languid and a good deal tired, but rather better than I expected.

15th. Walked out with Bessy and Corry, looking at different houses, Corry being in search of one. Walked a little in the evening, and Bessy bought some books for my birthday present. Offered to stay with her a day or two more if she wished it, but as my time is precious just now she thought it better I should return to town. Fixed all our plans about dear Tom, &c. &c.

16th. Off at eight for town; had the coach to myself most of the way, and got through J. Cooper Walker's "Memoirs of Tassoni." Had dinner at the Athenæum.

17th. Went out to breakfast at Holland, House, having written to my Lady at Cheltenham to offer myself for dinner either on Wednesday (20) or Friday, 22nd; but my letter not yet arrived, and it was too late for the post on Tuesday. Found that Lord and Lady Holland had slept in town last night; but learning that Lord John Russell and Lord Clanwilliam were in the house, joined them at breakfast. When I mentioned what had been said at C.'s of Canning's dispatches, Lord C. said that it was true Canning allowed (what, indeed, he could not help,) the alterations and manglings of his papers in council: but that this was merely directed against their sense and purport, and that Canning had them back again to correct the style before they left his hands.

18th. Called at Murray's; found the subcommittee for Byron's monument sitting; a hearty shake of the hands from Hobhouse. Went to the House of Commons early, having begged Mr. Speaker yesterday to put me on the list for under the gallery. An immense crowd in the lobby, Irish agitators, &c.: got impatient and went round to Mr. Speaker, who sent the train-bearer to accompany me to the lobby, and, after some little difficulty I got in. The House enormously full. O'Connell's speech good and judicious. Sent for by Mrs. Manners Sutton at seven o'clock to have some dinner; none but herself and daughters, Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Sutton. Amused to see her, in all her state, the same hearty, lively Irishwoman still. Walked with her in the garden; the moonlight on the river, the boats gliding along it, the towers of Lambeth rising on the opposite bank, the lights of Westminster Bridge gleaming on the left; and then, when one turned round to the House, that beautiful Gothic structure, illuminated from within, and at that moment containing within it the council of the nation,—all was most picturesque and striking. Did not return to the House, but went home to dress; then to Sir G. Warrender's music, where I for the first time heard Pesaroni. Left it with Lord Lansdowne to go to Lady Jersey's, and after staying there a short time returned to Warrender's to hear the duet in "Semiramide" between Pesaroni and Sontag.

19th. Called upon O'Connell to wish him joy of the success of his speech; told him how much Lord Lansdowne was delighted with it. Asked him did he feel at all the novelty of his station. Said he felt that he was not on an equality with those he was addressing. Invited to-day to Lord King's, Lord Leitrim's, George Dawson's, Poodle Byng's, Alexander Baring's, and one or two other places, but bound to refuse all in favour of my partners at Hampstead. Cost me seven shillings to reach them in a hackney-coach. The company numerous, and among them Miss Lucy Aikin, M'Culloch the political economist, and old Whishaw.

20th. Dined at the Speaker's, himself being (as this was Wednesday) of the party. No one else but the two Messieurs that we had on Monday. The Speaker very agreeable. Told me a good deal about the manuscripts found in the State Paper office: those of Wolsey very curious: show the skill with which he ruled the King. Mentioned a curious proclamation (I know not whether among the new State papers) issued in Queen Elizabeth's time, forbidding people, under pain of punishment, to talk of the Queen's person or features, or to describe them in writing or otherwise. In a conversation with him after dinner dwelt much on the advantages of humbug; of a man knowing how to take care of his reputation, and to keep from being *found out*, so as always to pass for cleverer than he is: the wisdom, particularly, of looking to the *position* of those who offer

to promote him; whether it is in order to bolster themselves up or not. The *position* of a Government makes all the difference, and in *one* state of affairs the same man will disgrace himself as Secretary of State who, in another, will fill that office with honour and success. As it was not civil to differ with him on his imputation of humbug to himself, I insisted that the policy that he had been describing was that of a wise man, not of a humbug; that to know what one was fit for, and manage skilfully one's resources and opportunities, was the part of prudence and wisdom, not of imposture; that even if, by this line of conduct, a man induced his fellow men to give him credit for being cleverer than he really was, the fault could not be his, as long as he did not himself advance any claims to this credit; the moment he *pretended* to what he did not possess, then began humbug, but not sooner. He still pushed his point, playfully, but pertinaciously; and in illustration of what he meant, put the following case:—"Suppose a Speaker, rather new to his office, and a question brought into discussion before him which parties are equally divided upon, and which he sees will run to very inconvenient lengths, if not instantly decided. Well, though entirely ignorant on the subject, he assumes an air of authority, and gives his decision, which sets the matter at rest. On going home, he finds that he has decided quite wrongly; and then, without making any further fuss about the business, he quietly goes and *alters* the *entry* on the journals." To this *supposed* case, all I had to answer was, that I still thought the man a wise one, and no humbug; by his resolution, in a moment of difficulty, he prevented a *present* mischief; and by his withdrawal of a wrong precedent, averted a *future* one. Got home early.

21st. Breakfasted with Sharp (having first sat some time with the Lansdownes), to consult with him about my projected flight to the little inn in the neighbourhood of his estate near Dorking. It is totally impossible for me to do anything in town; and the consequence is, though a good deal a-head of the printers' devils when I came up, they have now caught me, and are "crying aloud for copy." Not a minute in the day am I left without cards to answer, visits to return, authors and authoresses, musicians and musicianesses (not to mention peers and peeresses), to attend to; and, in short, such a ceaseless whirl, that if I do not fly I am ruined. Sharp, aided by his ward, gave me, most good-naturedly, all the *renseignements;* and on Sunday I shall be off. Dined at Lord Anglesey's: company, Lords Harrowby, Lansdowne, Carlisle, Darnley, Holland, Wellesley, and the Duke of Sussex. Dinner agreeable as well as splendid. The avowal of some of the noble Lords of their having assisted at some of the Jacobin Clubs at the beginning of the Revolution rather amusing. When Lord Anglesey smiled at it, Lord Harrowby said, "Why, it was something like attending the Catholic Association." Lord Harrowby gave a detailed account of Thistlewood's conspiracy, and of the share he himself had had in detecting it: all seemed to consider Thistlewood as a very extraordinary man. After dinner made a third (being *listener* for the most part) in an agreeable conversation with Lords Wellesley and Holland, chiefly about Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, who (they agreed) had a kindly and generous feeling towards each other. Mentioned several curious prognostics of Pitt in his young days; Lord Mansfield saying, "He has twice his father's parts, and half his sagacity;" old Lady Holland saying to Charles Fox, "That boy will be a thorn in your side one day or other." A good deal of humbug about Lord Chatham; used to mutter pompously over a great portion of his speech till he came to the fine parts; and, in his latter days, used to go on with a sort of gabble, as if he was speaking, saying nothing whatever all the time.

22nd. Breakfasted with Lord John Russell; Lord William joined us afterwards. Forgot to mention that I was yesterday for some time with Lord Clare, looking over his own early letters to Byron (those of Byron all, except one, which he gave me, unluckily lost), and felt much interested by them: from one of them it appeared that Byron was violently jealous of some regret Clare had expressed at the loss of Lord John Russell, who was then going abroad. Told this to Lord John, who said it was the first time he ever heard of it. Mrs. S., between four and five, took me out in her job to Holland House, where I was nearly too late for dinner: company, Duke of Grafton, Lords John and William Russell, Marsh, Leslie the painter, Rogers and Miss Rogers, Luttrell, Woolriche, &c. &c. Table too full. In the even-

ing the Duke of Bedford and two of his younger sons; the latter offered to take me to town. Walked with the Duke to Camden Hill (his grounds joining with those of Holland House), lighted by a servant with a lantern; very kind and civil; hoped he should soon see me here.

23rd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum for the purpose of meeting Mr. Matthews, with whom I had lately been corresponding so much about his brother, &c. &c. A good deal of conversation on the same subject and about his father, whose remains he has some notion of publishing. The parody on Eloisa to Abelard, so generally attributed to Porson, was, it seems, really written by Mr. Matthews's father. Dined at Lansdowne House, having been asked to Lord Darnley's to meet O'Connell and his brother agitators: company, Baring and Lady Harriet, the Carlisles, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, Lord Dudley, &c. Sat next to the Chancellor and found him very agreeable. A good deal of talk with Lord Dudley after dinner; came away pretty early. Had rather a painful scene this morning. While I was knocking at Lord Ilchester's door, Lord Anglesey, with his daughters, drove up to his own; and calling me over, seized me by the arm, and said, "Now that I have caught you, I will not let you go till you hear my daughter sing, and sing something in return for her." In vain did I protest that I was in a hurry somewhere upon business; he would hear of nothing, but forced me up stairs, where I was introduced, for the first time, to his lady. The girl was set down instantly in a bustle to the pianoforte, and sung my "Common Sense and Genius," which Lord A. declared to be his especial favourite. I was then obliged (in spite of various protestations about want of voice, long time since I sung, &c. &c.) to take my seat at the pianoforte; and the moment I sat down, felt that I should make a fool of myself. With difficulty I got through "When he who adores thee;" but when I came to "Keep your tears for me," the melancholy sound of my own voice quite overpowered me; and had I not started up instantly, I should have burst into one of my violent sobbing fits, which, before strangers, would have been dreadful. I never was better pleased than to find myself in the street once more. When shall I be able to sing again? The thought of my dear child comes across me at these moments with a gush of bitterness which is indescribable. Called upon Lady Jersey, who was full of tenderness; thence to Lord Auckland's, for the purpose of going with him to the distribution of prizes at the London University. The ceremony very interesting; Lord Lansdowne in the chair. All went from thence to the Zoological Gardens, where I met, among others, the Fazakerleys; and Mrs. Fazakerley having offered to bring me home in her open carriage, I enjoyed the drive exceedingly, being languid and exhausted with the sad struggle I had undergone, and the fresh air seeming to bring comfort to me. All this should have been mentioned before my account of my dinner; also, that on coming in to dress, I found an invitation (*i. e.* command) to dine with the Duke of Sussex to-morrow, which rather puzzled me, as likely to disconcert my project of going to take "mine ease in mine inn" for a few days, not quite liking to refuse him, as being always so unroyally good-humoured and good-natured. On consulting Lady Lansdowne, however, plucked up spirit enough to send an excuse.

24th. Busy all the morning getting together my papers, &c., and at two set off in a chaise for my inn at Burford Bridge. Found the house full of company, and even the rooms I had bespoke invaded by intruders. After a little time, however, got settled in a sitting-room, and worked a little.

25th, 26th. Working and walking; delightful out of doors, but the devil within; noise and eyes in all directions. Contrived, however, to do a little.

27th. After a busy morning set off in the coach for town at four. Dined at the Athenæum between eight and nine; found my table literally heaped with letters, notes, &c. One among them from Agar Ellis, with whom I was to have dined to-morrow to meet the Duke of Orleans, saying, "Here's a pretty business; the best of kings has taken away the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Chartres from me," &c. &c.; in short, his dinner was given up in consequence of the King's dinner and juvenile ball, to the latter of which the Duke of Orleans and son were invited. Another note from Lady Lyndhurst, with whom I was to have lunched, saying that from the same cause her luncheon was given up. Had refused Mr. Thomas Grenville for the 28th, and others.

28th. My birthday. "What, *old* Thomas?" as the catch has it. Yes, alas! *old* Thomas. Staid at home working. Called upon Rogers; found him in a most amusing state of causticity. His saying, when I made some remark about the Duke of Wellington's good sense, "Yes; I once thought Chantrey the most sensible man going, but now that he has been spoilt by vanity and presumption, the Duke is the man that takes that place in my estimation." In speaking of Mackintosh, and the difficulty of getting him to work at his "History," though he has been always ready to fire off articles in reviews or periodicals, Rogers quoted what Allen said of him, that he was like your profligate fellows, who will go after any one but their wives, being always ready and willing to write any thing but his book.

29th. Worked in the morning. Took to Power the money (raised by a bill I drew on him yesterday for 300*l.* at six months) to meet some payment he has to make for me. Confessed he had been in some little alarm, lest from some accident or other I should, for the first time since our intercourse, be unpunctual to my engagement, and added, with tears in his eyes, "I assure you I never yet have had any dealings with but one truly honest man, and you are he." Met Livius, the opera manufacturer, and wishing to see his "Massaniello," at Drury Lane, asked whether there was any chance of a place in a private box. Said, if I would dine with him to meet Charles Kemble and Moreton the dramatist, we could go together. This I did not accept, but promised to call upon him after dinner. Meant to have dined with the Fieldings, but having sat down to correct a sheet at six o'clock, continued at it till near eight. Dressed, and dined at the Athenæum. Called at Livius's; found them hardly done dinner; staid a short time, and giving up the plan of Drury Lane went to pay a visit to Lady Grey. Found only her and Lady Durham; talked of the King's ball last night; the gentlemen got no supper, there being some difficulty in seating the Duke of Orleans with the foreign ambassadors, who, it seems, could not yield the point of precedence to him. It was, therefore, only the ladies that supped, the King saying to the Duke of Orleans, "*Vous vous passerez de souper ce soir.*" The little Queen of Portugal fell down in the dance, and cut her nose with one of her diamonds, which made her blubber most unroyally. Talked of Lord Holland, the most *aged* man of his *years* that one knows: has been, almost as long as I can remember him, called "the venerable Lord Holland," though now no more than fifty-five, just ten years younger (as Lady Grey said) than Lord Grey. She mentioned also, that when Lord Holland was thirty, having told his age to some Frenchman, the Frenchman remarked, with the air of a compliment, *Vous representez bien quarante, milord.*

30th. Received an invitation yesterday from Peel to dine with him on the 14th. Rather amused, as I sat at breakfast, on looking up at my card-rack and seeing there not only this invitation from Peel, but the names of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons among my visitors. Called upon Miss Crump, and found Lord Dillon with her. His description of the way in which he lives at Ditchley; reading aloud of an evening all "the good old coarse novels," Peregrine Pickle particularly, because Commodore Trunnion was his (Lord Dillon's) uncle. Told of the manner in which this uncle died. His old rough tar of a servant came to his room to say the carriage was ready, and then looking at his master, exclaimed, "Why, you're dead on one side." "I *am*, Tim," he answered; "turn me on the other," which Tim did; and he died. Called upon Lady Bath, and sat some time; Murray's. Murray full of ultra-Tory predictions about Peel; that he is a ruined man; will be obliged to give up; to go to the continent, &c. &c. Dined at Holland House: company, the Lady Fitzpatricks, Captain Spencer, Lord Melbourne, &c. &c. Allen said that Jeffrey is about to give up the "Edinburgh Review;" question whether they can get another editor; the "Edinburgh Review" and the Catholic question ceasing together. Brougham, he said, would like to keep it still alive, for the purpose of forwarding his education plans. Talked of Campbell as an over-rated man, and as now afraid of his own reputation. Talk with my lady in the evening; her attacking my "Life of Sheridan;" "quite a romance"—"want of taste and judgment"—and "from *you* whom the world always expects so much from;" then stopping herself suddenly, "What am I saying to you?" Told her she might

go on; that I took every thing and any thing in good part from her, &c. &c.

31st. Staid at home in the morning to work: called at various places; Murray's. Sadler told him that Lord Eldon in referring to Peel's change, said that Mr. Pitt once consulted him with respect to some change in his opinions, and that he (Eldon) advised him not to declare it, there being nothing, according to his view, more fatal to a public man, than any alteration of his course on any great question. Dined at Lord Essex's: the Fords, Bruce, &c. &c. In the evening Lord G. went to Warrender's music, where I left him, taking his carriage on to Twiss's, where I found a strange mixture of company; his dinner party having consisted of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Bathurst and Lady Georgiana, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble, and Theodore Hook! Theodore Hook told me of Mrs. Nash saying that I had been to see her husband's gallery; described me as a little gentleman ("so far," says Hook, "I could not deny"), with high brass heels to my boots ("here," he said, "I ventured to doubt her accuracy"), and that I was in a hurry, going away to church ("this, of course," he added, "I did not dare to question"). A gentleman standing by said, that Mrs. Nash had shown him the person she took for me, and that he then saw she was quite mistaken.

June 1st. Finished some more copy for the printer. My spirits sadly depressed; a barrel-organ passing while I was at work, played an air which set me crying like a child. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, F. Baring, Villiers, and Caroline Fielding * * * * Went to Prince Leopold's. Ronald Ferguson advising me about Brookes's club, and pressing me to let him and Lord Duncannon put me up for it; said I would consider of it. Said he always observed that I never talked to any but the very prettiest women in the room (I had just been speaking to Miss Bailey and Lady Graham). The view of the music room from the gallery, at Prince Leopold's, quite a picture. Some admirable singing, particularly the duet from "Didone," between Sontag and Malibran.

2nd. Breakfasted with Rogers: the Lady Harleys. Talking of the sort of mountain and mouse results of the great measure of emancipation, R. said, "all our ancient bulwarks are removed; the barriers of law are broken down, the gates of the constitution are burst open, and—in enter P—— and Lord ——!" Went out to Kensington, to call upon the Duke of Sussex; shown into his waiting-room, where I found one unfortunate man, and we were soon joined by a third. After a pretty long interval, the servant summoned the last comer, a captain, and for more than half an hour the first gentleman and I were left silent in opposite corners of the room. At last was called in, in preference to the poor first gentleman, who, I dare say, is waiting there still. "Ah, Tommy! (said the Duke, when I entered his room) had I known it was *you*, you should not have been kept waiting a minute." Gave me his two speeches on the Catholic Question. Told him of my "Irish History," and he very civilly said, I might command his library for the purpose. Took me up to it and made his librarian produce two or three Irish manuscripts; one of them an account of the family of O'Connor, which, if it has never been published, may be of some interest. Said I should have a room all to myself whenever I chose to come and read there. Servant announced the Duke of Orleans, and he left me, begging I would wait there till he returned, and he would most likely bring the Duke of Orleans up with him, but he no sooner turned his back than I left my excuse with his librarian and fled. If waiting for *one* Royal Highness had taken so much of my morning, what would waiting for *two* do? * * * * Went to the Catch Club at five, but found dinner nearly over, their regular hour being half past four. Had my dinner at a side table. Found in their book my words of "Maid of Marlevale" attributed to C. Fox. Off to Drury Lane, where I found the Lockes.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers: company, Sharp, Lord Lansdowne, and Hallam. R. very amusing; his account of a club to which Sharp and he belonged, called "Keep the Line." Their motto, written up in large characters, the composition of Reynolds—

> "Here we eat and drink and dine—
> Equinoctial—keep the line."

Most of them being dramatists, the effect of a joke upon them, instead of producing laughter, was to make them immediately look grave (this being their business) and the tablets were out in an instant. Went to the London University,

in consequence of an invitation from Dr. Lardner to meet Lord and Lady Stafford, &c. &c.; to whom he was to display his sections in machinery. As I was fearful of not being back in time to dress for Lord Essex's early dinner, Lady Carlisle very good-naturedly hurried away and took me home. Company at Lord Essex's: Warrender, Miss Stephens, her brother and niece, Rogers, Mr. York, and Archdeacon Macdonnell. Dinner agreeable. Taken to the Ancient Music by Lord Essex (Lord Cawdor having given me a ticket) and sat in the *preserve*, as the director's box is called. The Archbishop of York very civil to me. Sat with Lords Lansdowne and Essex and Lady Mary Fortescue (that *was*). Remarked to Lord L. that some of the Handelian part of the selections might be called the ultra-Toryism of music. When we came to the duet of Malibran and Sontag, he said, "We are now getting into the New Light a little."

4th. Staid at home till one; working. Called upon the Fieldings; Lady E. anxious that I should go with her to Holland House, Sunday evening next. Dined at Lord Bath's; dinner very late, on account of the Epsom races. Company: Lord and Lady Harewood, the Carlisles, Mr. Lister (the novelist), Lord Cawdor, &c. &c. Day rather agreeable: conversation with Lord Harewood after dinner about Political Economy. "The first thing (he said) I always take for granted in any position of a political economist is, that he has a sinister object in it." Gave us an instance of their theory about absenteeism, which was all for the purpose of drawing off the interest of the aristocracy from their respective neigbourhoods, and undermining their moral station in the community. His lordship a thorough-paced Tory. Went to Lady Grey's; taken by the Carlisles; a small and choice assembly; did not stay long. Was to have gone to-day to the Exhibition with Lady Lyndhurst, but received a note from her saying, that her Lord and master required her to dine at Wimbledon, and "in her quality of a good wife" she was about to do so. Proposed to me Saturday morning at eleven instead. Called upon the Donegals before dinner.

5th. At home, working in a sort of way. Murray came and introduced me to my fellow lodger, Mrs. Knox, wife of the President of Ithaca during Lord Byron's visit there.

6th. At home, working, till between two and three. A visit from Murray: mentioned that he heard yesterday Dr. Hume describe some circumstances connected with the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo: his going to bed, covered with dust as he was, having stripped himself, and lying there on his back, talking to Hume of the friends he had lost that day. There is such a one gone, and such a one; and then, "There is poor Ponsonby: I have some hopes that his body will be found, and have despatched an orderly to search for it." He then, Hume said, burst into tears as he lay, and said, "I have never lost a battle, but to win one thus is paying hard for it" (or something to that effect). Called for by Denman to take me to dinner with Mackintosh, at Clapham: company, Charles Grant, Falck, Elphinstone (the writer on Cabul), and Lady Mackintosh herself. The conversation very delightful, at least Mackintosh's part of it. In speaking of the advocates of religious liberty said, "that among the earliest in England were to be accounted Jeremy Taylor and Sir Harry Vane; the latter particularly, whose book upon the subject called forth Milton's fine sonnet to him. Neither this sonnet nor that to Cromwell published till after the Revolution. Discussed the difficulties of French poetry; the faults that grammarians find with Boileau and Racine. M. quoted the lines of Boileau (the beginning of his epistle to Molière), where the *vein* is clumsily made the agent in writing,—"*Dont la fertile veine ignore, en écrivant*," &c. &c. Talking of College reputations, quoted a remark of Lord Plunket, "That a distinction ought to be drawn between the reputation a young man has among his *teachers* and that which he enjoys among his associates; tho former may be fallacious, but tho latter not." A very striking objection of Warburton's to mathematical studies, "That in making a man conversant only with matters in which *certainty* is the result, they unfit him (or, at least, do not prepare him) for sifting and balancing (what alone he will have to do in the world) *probabilities;* there being no worse practical men than those who require more evidence than is necessary." Thanked Mr. Elphinstone for the aid I had received from his work in "Lalla Rookh." Brought into town by Mr. Falck; told me as a proof of the cir-

culation of my poetry in Holland, that a friend and countryman of his, who had never been in England, wrote to him at the time of the passing of the Catholic Question, to direct his attention to the prediction, in my Irish Melodies, of this achievement of the Duke of Wellington. Denman mentioned Lord Byron's affidavit about Lord Portsmouth as a proof of the influence of Hanson over him; Lord B. swearing that Lord P. had "rather a *superior* mind than otherwise." Must inquire into this.

6th. At home till latish. Dined at Holland House; had been asked for the two days. Was to have slept to-night, but finding that the man with whom I am in treaty for the three acres at Sloperton had fixed to-morrow morning to meet me at Power's, wrote to tell my lady I could not sleep. Company: Mr. Grenville, the Vernon Smiths, Mackintosh, Lord St. Asaph, &c. Lord H.'s story of the man in Spain with a basket of vipers proclaiming their freshness and liveliness to a large party of travellers who slept in the same room with him. At night somebody awaked by feeling something cold passing over his face; and at the same moment the viper merchant exclaiming aloud in the dark, "My vipers have got loose, but lie still, all of you; they will not hurt you, if you don't move," &c. &c. In the evening Lord H. showed me, according to promise, Byron's poem of the "Devil's Drive" (which he had, I must say, made a good deal of fuss about showing, nor should I have seen it at all but for my lady). A good deal disappointed by it. Lady H. asked me to come some morning, and mark what I wished extracted from it. Came away with Mr. Grenville; made me the offer of his library, to make use of whatever it contained relative to Ireland. In speaking of Mackintosh, remarked (as characteristic of that distrust of himself which prevents his great acquirements from telling in society as they ought) his habit of advancing three or four steps forward while he is conversing, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, retiring again. Left me at Lord Beetive's: Lady Beetive's daughter, Adelaide, sung some Italian things with the true hereditary taste and feeling.

8th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Went to meet my old man about the acres, at Power's; better appearances with respect to the validity of the title; little doubt that the son, whose claim we apprehended, has been dead a year or two. Two letters from my sweet Bessy within these few days, of which I cannot help transcribing some passages. I had told her in one of mine how much deeper every day the memory of our sad loss sunk into my heart. "How exactly (she says) your feeling about our sweet girl resembles mine. All last night I was with her, and had hopes of her recovery; but the light of the morning again told the same sad truth, that she was gone, and, in this world, we should never meet, but in dreams." In another part of the same letter she says: "There are three sisters here (Cheltenham), that always remind me of what our dear girls might have been. It is not that they are at all like any of our dears, but they are three in number, and about a year or so between them, dressed alike, and full of the life and happiness so beautiful at that age. There are, indeed, many other children here, that often make me sigh; and there are times when the sweet music and their happy faces and firm step make me feel most sad and lonely in the midst of all the gaiety; but I do not indulge more than is quite necessary to me, and I trust I shall meet you, improved and strengthened, both in mind and body."

In the second letter, announcing her coming, she says: "I am already, thank God, better; but it is my mind that prevents me from going on as well as you could wish. Every day only adds to the loneliness of the future, and the happy face of that sweet child is for ever before me, as she used to sit at the other side of the table. But I will try and only think of her as I trust she *is*,—happy, and often looking down on those she so tenderly loved. How she thought of and loved *you!* Her dear eyes were always full of light if you but went up stairs, and she thought there was a chance of you coming into the parlour. Though my thoughts are melancholy, and my heart sad, still I have great, very great blessings; and if God but allows me to live for and with the three beings that are still left, I must be happy." Bless her admirable heart! At a quarter past four was at the coach-office to receive little Tom from Southampton; deposited him at Power's; dined at the Athenæum; and, between seven

and eight, went to receive Bessy also, who came last from Buckhill. Found she had left Hannah and Russell behind, and means only to stay till Friday. Took her to Power's. Letter from Tom's schoolmaster, confessing that he had given our poor little fellow an over-severe beating one day, for a supposed offence of which he afterwards found the child to be innocent. The fellow's confessing it is something, though the marks all over the child's body sufficiently tell the tale. Little Tom very manly and sensible about it. Supped at Power's, where Bessy and Tom were to sleep, and home to my lodgings.

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went off (Bessy and I with little Tom) to the Charter House, to inquire into particulars. Saw the old matron; much pleased with her; everything looking highly comfortable and regular. To Somerset House Exhibition on our way back; then to Lady Donegal's. Dinner at Power's, and Astley's (to Tom's great delight) in the evening.

10th. To breakfast (Bessy and Tom and I) with Rogers; Philippa Godfrey and Barbara, Colonel Napier and Luttrell. In talking of Tom's schoolmaster, R. seemed to think that his frankness in telling me what he had done was some little palliation of it. "On the principle," says Luttrell, "of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation." Rogers very comical about Bessy's denying herself to visitors. "We know," he said, "how hard it was to get admitted at Hornsey when she was there. Curran got in once, and he had a stroke of the palsy" (alluding to poor Curran having had the first attack of the complaint that carried him off at our house at Hornsey). Mentioned what La Place had said of Mrs. Somerville, "that he never knew but one woman before so deeply versed in mathematics, &c., and that was a Mrs. Gregg;" being evidently the same Mrs. Somerville whom he had met before under the name of Gregg.

11th. Breakfasted at home. Bessy with me between eleven and twelve. Went out with Tom and her; took them to see the statues of Tom O'Shanter, &c. Then to the Solar Microscope, in Regent Street, which is truly curious. From thence to the Charter House, to see Dr. Russell, the master, on the subject of Tom. Found that Russell was (as I had suspected) an old acquaintance of mine, having met him, ages ago, at William Spencer's, said, however, that he had seen me some time before that at a masquerade at Mrs. Egerton's, with Tom Sheridan. Remarked to him how odd it was that, with another grave Doctor, whom I waited on upon business (Lushington), without being in the least aware that we were acquainted with each other, and expecting to see a pompous big-wigged civilian, it turned out in the same way, that we were old masquerading acquaintances. Russell begged to be understood that the masquerade where he met me was the only one he had ever been at, and I promised, laughingly, not *to commit* him. He entered my little Tom's name, and talked to him very kindly and civilly. Came down, too, to be introduced to Bessy, who left the place quite delighted with our good luck in being able to place our dear boy so comfortably. Went to the Bazaar with him to buy some little articles he wanted. Dined at Power's, and off again to the Charter House in the evening, to deliver up our young Carthusian into the hands of the old matron. Sent for Sydney Smith's son, the only boy whose father I thought I knew, to introduce Tom to him. Brought with him a son of Sir James Montgomery, who is also on the foundation, while the matron sent for the boy that was to be Tom's monitor. After talking to them a little, gave Smith a sovereign and a-half to divide between the three. While I was doing this, Bessy took Tom aside (on whom we have always impressed the propriety of not taking money from any one but ourselves) and endeavoured to explain away the inconsistency of my doing with these boys what I did not choose should be done with him; telling him that some people did not mind their sons taking money, but that he knew *our* feeling on the subject was quite different. Back to Power's, and thence to Duke Street, where Bessy, for the convenience of starting in the morning, slept.

12th. Up early, and saw Bessy off early in the coach for Salisbury (on her way to Weymouth) at nine. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; went with the secretary to look over the new building; 40,000*l.* the expenditure on it. At the Charter House, too, 50,000*l.* is laying out on building; and all this, while the country is avowedly in a state of distress!

Went to Murray, and found Hobhouse and him still in discussion about those works of Byron's which are still in the hands of the executors. Hanson's opinion (confirmed by that of Denman, to whom he submitted the case) is, that the executors cannot be a party to any such arrangement as Murray proposes for the works, and that their duty is to set them up to auction, and let them go to the best bidder. Hobhouse seemed, very properly, to disapprove of this mode of proceeding. Murray told me he had just received a note from the widow K——, in which she quotes Greek to him: "There's an end to our acquaintance," he added. Called upon Pusey, who has been good enough while at Florence to procure a cast from Bartolini's bust of me, and is having it brought over with some things of his own. Dined at Fielding's; no one but Lord Auckland. In telling Lady Elizabeth about the scene at the Charter House last night, mentioned a conversation I had once, on the subject of *tipping*, with Lord Holland, who, like most men brought up at public schools, is an advocate of this as well as for any other abomination connected with them. "I remember once (said Lord Holland) refusing a pound which a man, whom I used sometimes to go to see at Windsor, offered me; but the man, thinking that I had only refused it because the sum was so small, offered me five pounds, and, egad, that I *couldn't* withstand." Went with the party to Prince Leopold's box at Covent Garden. Left them for half an hour to look in at Phillips's lecture *on singing*, and after waiting through part of the farce, got home early.

13th. After breakfast set off to Richmond to call upon the Lansdownes, who (I know not whether I before mentioned it) have had the great kindness to offer us this beautiful villa for the summer. Meant to have accompanied Lord L. to lunch with Lady Lyndhurst at Wimbledon, but find he had slept in town last night, and was to go from thence. Nothing could look more beautiful than the view from this place, nor anything more friendly than its admirable mistress. Showed me the rooms she thought would be most comfortable for Bessy and me, and pointed out in the corner of the drawing-room a provision of wooden rakes, wheel-barrows, &c., she had made for little Russell. After lunching set off for town, she having pressed me much to stay to dinner. A man in the coach so delighted with the beauty of the women we met flocking out in barouches, &c. to Lady Ravensworth's breakfast; "Gad, how gracefully they loll!" Dined at Barnes's. In talking of the Apollo (the statue), Barnes said that to him it always "gave the idea of a barber." The last time I dined with him he abused Grattan, and said his oratory was all humbug. Grattan a humbug, and the Apollo a barber! Twiss quoted a joke of his own, saying, of the man who remained so long swung from the dome of St. Paul's, while taking a Panorama of London, "It was a *domy*-silly-airy visit;" a domiciliary visit. Came away with Twiss in his cabriolet. On my return found the following note from Lord Essex, who had promised to let me know the result of my ballot at Brookes's:—

"My dear Moore—Though the Knight of Kerry is gone to your house to tell you that Brookes's Club has shown its good taste this evening in electing you, I cannot help writing this to say how happy I am, as it will, I trust, make us meet oftener, which is so agreeable to

"Yours, very faithfully, ESSEX.

"Brookes's, half-past 11 o'clock."

14th. Breakfasted at home. Went to Brookes's to pay twenty-one guineas; a costly honour. Thence to Power's; to Lady Donegal's; to Holland House, where I marked out the passages of the "Devil's Drive" I wished to extract, and my lady undertook to have them copied out for me. Found Rogers and Luttrell there: and all walked out in the grounds with Lady H., who set off in her whiskey with Lord Ashburnham, while we remained with Lord Holland stock-still on horseback, and flattering himself that he was taking exercise. Lord R. Fitzgerald, who had been there some time, offered to take me into town in his pony chaise, which I accepted. Before I went to Holland House, called upon Lord King, and sat some time with him looking over the proofs of his "Life of Locke." Pointed out to me the strong passages against the Church; and when I was coming away said, "Then, you *don't* think I shall be in good odour with the Church?" Called upon Mr. Thomas Grenville; very amiable in his offers of the use of his library to me. Spoke of Lord King; his agreeableness in a country

house; his readiness to take a part in everything, drawing, architecture, &c.; regretted his embroiling himself still further with the Church. Gave me an account of the manner in which the King bestowed the Ribbon on Lord Ashburnham lately, the Duke of W. wanting to give it to some one else. Dinner at Peel's; went with Rogers and Luttrell. Party very large, Lords Carlisle and Farnborough, the Attorney-General, Watson Taylor, Lyttleton, Wilkie, Smirke, Wyatville, and God knows how many artists besides. Sat between the Attorney-General and Watson Taylor. Mentioned to the former Elwyn's story of —— having once sent a message to Judge Best through Byron. Seemed to doubt it. Advised me to write to Best about it, and said that I should find him very good-humoured and willing to give me an answer. Had some conversation with Mrs. Peel; the evening most lovely, and the effect of the water and St. Paul's, &c. &c., from Peel's balcony beautiful. Went to Lady Grey's; some movements towards asking me to sing, but a few words to Lady Grey put an end to them, and nothing could be nicer than she was about it. A good deal of talk with Lord Grey about the King; his manner of receiving different people; cutting Lord and Lady Lyndhurst; saying nothing to Lord Rosslyn on his official presentation, but "There's another oath you must take." On my way home went into Brookes's, and was received with *hurras* by those there: George Ponsonby, General Ferguson, &c. &c. Ferguson assured me that if the whole club could have been collected at my ballot, they would have admitted me by acclamation.

15th. In some anxiety for the receipt of Bessy's letter, as the day after she left town a letter arrived from the Starkeys, whom she was going to at Weymouth, to say that they were on the point of leaving that place. Her letter arrived; she found them there still. Called at Murray's to settle about the size of page, portrait, &c. &c.

16th. Breakfasted at home. A message from Rogers to say he was waiting breakfast for me with a party of beauties, Miss Wynnes and Miss Brook; could not go. Off to Davidson's, carrying with me in a hackney coach all the remaining materials of my Byron in order to have their quantity estimated in pages by the printer. Find that, together with what is already printed, and not allowing for what my text will occupy, they will make 1260 pages; two volumes, therefore, are inevitable, which I regret. Called at Longman's, and thence to my darling Tom at the Charter House. Found him quite well and happy; everybody, he says, kind to him. By great good luck, too, his monitor (to whom young Smith had given his share of the *tip* the other night) had set Tom the very example I could have wished, by returning it to me through his hands, and bidding him say how much obliged to me he was, but his father did not allow him to take money.

17th. Breakfasted with Rogers; the Fielding girls and F. himself: Lady E. came afterwards. Thence to Mrs. Baring's (who was to have taken me out to Wimbledon to Lady Lyndhurst's luncheon) to beg her to make my excuse. Showed me some new pictures Baring had just bought. On my mentioning that Holwell Carr pronounces Lord Lansdowne's beautiful little Claude (for which he gave 1500*l.*) to be "a good *Patel;*" (?) she told me of a picture by Rembrandt that Baring once bought at a very large price, which used to make Sir T. Lawrence unhappy from its being a finer Rembrandt than that of Angerstein. After contemplating it, however, for several hours one day, he came to the conclusion that it was too highly finished to be a genuine Rembrandt, and, in consequence of this opinion of his, the picture fell in value instantly. Went to Printing House Square to look for Barnes, in consequence of a troublesome agency imposed upon me by Sir A. F——, who wishes to be employed as a correspondent to some of the newspapers while on his projected tour through Italy. Did not find Barnes. Called upon Mr. Bell, editor of the "Atlas," and mentioned the subject to him. Went to Brookes's: found Lords Carnarvon and King. Lord C. very anxious for me to join him in a visit to Baring's this summer, as was also Mrs. Baring this morning. Brougham came in and said, in shaking hands with me, "This is the first time I have seen you since you took your seat." Dined at Lord Lansdowne's (meant to have established myself at Richmond yesterday, but Lady L. made it a point I should stop for this dinner): company, the Clanricardes, the Sandons, Lord Gosford, Empson, &c. &c. * * * My neighbour on the other side, Lady Sandon,

whom I made laugh a good deal by my account of Varley's book on Astrology, his portrait of the "Ghost of a Flea," &c. &c. Mentioning, in the evening, to Lord L., Mrs. Baring's story of the Rembrandt, he said that Lawrence had in the same manner destroyed the credit of a Correggio of Angerstein's by declaring his opinion that the one in the Duke of Wellington's possession was the original.* Lord L. aware that his own Claude is questioned. Mentioned to him what some one said of a portrait of Holwell Carr, that it looked as in the act of saying, "The original is in the Borghese Gallery." Cautioned me against the hospitable assaults of the Richmond people, who, he thought, would be very apt to pounce upon me for their parties.

18th. Busy preparing for my flight to Richmond. Our cook arrived from Wiltshire yesterday, and was despatched off by Power to have every thing ready for me. A housemaid of Lord L.'s also in the house. Dined at the Athenæum. Not able to get either chaise or place in the stage on account of the races, and obliged to take a hackney coach. Got to Richmond between nine and ten. Forgot to mention that I sent Peel since I dined with him an autograph of Lord Byron (being a leaf relating to Peel himself out of B.'s memorandum-book), and received from him the following answer.—

"My dear Sir,—I shall prize very highly the autograph which you have sent me, and for which I return both you and Mr. Murray my best thanks.

"I think I have the most curious and characteristic autograph of Buonaparte that is in existence, and this of Byron will not be an unworthy companion of it. Ever, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"Robert Peel.

"My autograph of Buonaparte was given by Talleyrand to the Duke of Wellington. The channels through which it has come into my possession add an interest and value to it, of which this of Byron sent to me by your hand partakes in the highest degree."

19th to 22nd. At Richmond, busy; the place delicious and quiet.

* The Correggio in the National Gallery, formerly in Mr. Angerstein's collection, was bought by him on Sir Thomas Lawrence's express and urgent recommendation.

23rd. Went into town for the Lansdowne ball. Dined at Spottiswoode's. The ball beautiful, and the fine statue room looking to great advantage with such a profusion of lights, flowers, and pretty girls.

24th. Called upon Lady Cowper, having fixed to do so last night. A good deal of talk about Byron; wished to know from her the date of B.'s proposal for Miss Milbanke, but found her (as every one is) all adrift about dates. Said she was sorry at Middleton to see that Lady Jersey wished the verses about the picture and the king to be inserted, as it would revive all the sore feeling on that subject at Windsor. Spoke of the King with great liking; his being so agreeable, and so full of fun and good nature. Out early to Richmond; Bessy, who had taken Buckhill on her way from Weymouth, having fixed to turn off the Rath road at Brentford and come across to Richmond. Arrived safe, she, and Hannah, and Russell.

25th to July 4th. Domesticated comfortably at Richmond, and working at the "Life."

5th. Had a fly, and went into town with Bessy. My lodgings occupied; no room either at Sandon's. Went to Rogers's (he having often asked me to take a bed at his house) and fixed to sleep there; Bessy going as usual to Power's. Dined at Lord Durham's; Rogers, Luttrell, and I going together. The Duke of Sussex, on my entering, started up, "Ah! Tommy, I am so glad to see you." Company, besides his R. H., Lord and Lady Cleveland, Lord Grey, Lady Cecilia Buggins, Duke of Somerset, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, &c. A good deal of talk with his R. H. after dinner, about his library, &c. Told him I heard he had 60,000 volumes. "Not quite so much," he answered, "but about 50,000." Asked me when I had been to Holland House, and when I said not for some time, but that I meant some morning soon to put myself in a Richmond coach and go there to breakfast, he said, very good-naturedly, "A much better thing for you to do would be to come and sleep at my house the night before: I can give you a very comfortable room, can't I, Stephenson?" Party separated at twelve, the Durhams going to Lady Grey's, and asked us to accompany them, but we thought it too late. Home with Rogers. Mentioned a clever thing said by Lord Dudley, on some Vienna lady remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad

French you all speak in London!" It is true, Madame (he answered), we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

6th. The Henry Grattans, Mrs. Blackford, and her sister Harriet to breakfast; Luttrell too. Rogers calling on Wilkie the other morning; when he entered the room, Wilkie exclaimed, "and your goat;" on which R. turning round saw that a goat had followed him out of the street, and came upstairs with him. Luttrell said it was not an uncommon thing for goats to follow people in this manner, and to *affect* to belong to them. Went to Power's for Bessy, and took her shopping. Called upon Lady ——, who gave me another letter. Mentioned a little trait of Byron's egotism at a party in London, where they appointed to meet each other at a certain part of the room, in order, I believe, to go down to supper together. Her going there at the moment fixed, and waiting for him in vain; his saying to her afterwards, when she reproached him with disappointing her, "What, do you think I would run the risk of being disappointed myself? I did not expect you would come, and so did not expose myself to the slight. I was, however, watching you whether you came or not, and if you had not, I never would have spoken to you again." Met Lord Strangford by appointment (he having written to me to fix a time) at the Athenæum. Showed me a note from Canning, which he had lately found, and which, oddly enough (notwithstanding his own admission to Napier, that the despatch was written in Bruton Street) proved that, after all, it was written in Stanhope Street, Canning, at the time, not having got to his house in Bruton Street. This, though of no consequence otherwise, shows at least how little memory is to be depended upon. Repeated me some rather comical verses he wrote on his way home, about his own mission to Don Pedro. Said that Gordon (the minister before Lord Ponsonby) having made Pedro very angry about something. Pedro exclaimed, "The House of Braganza never was before so insulted," on which Gordon, who had also felt himself insulted by Pedro, answered, "Give me leave to tell your Majesty that the House of Gordon is as ancient, if not more so, than the House of Braganza." Pedro was of course dumb-foundered at such audacity, and afterwards, when Lord Ponsonby was coming to succeed Gordon, in making inquiries of some one respecting Lord Ponsonby his Majesty asked, "Do you know whether he belongs to the Royal family of Scotland, because, if so, he shan't stay here." Went to Brookes's, where I found Luttrell and Lord Sefton, and the latter offered to take us all to dinner. Called for us at Rogers's at half past seven, and proceeded to Prince Leopold's. Party numerous: Hollands, Carlisles, Durhams, Seftons, Lords Grey, Clifden, Gower, Essex, &c. &c., to the amount of about twenty-eight. Got well placed with Lords Grey, Clifden, and Holland, and found the dinner agreeable. On my telling Lord Clifden the first anecdote about Gordon and Don Pedro, he mentioned as something parallel what Elliot said to Frederick of Prussia, on his sending a *roué* of a fellow as minister to England, merely to spite the English Cabinet. "Well, what do you think (asked Frederick tauntingly) of Monsieur ——?" "*Digne représentant de votre Majesté*," answered Elliot, bowing very low. From Prince Leopold's went to Lady Grey's, taken by Lord Grey. Some of Lady G.'s children (as well as two of Lord Durham's) had gone with Lady Jersey to Astley's; she having made a party of more than thirty children, and taken them, together with the Duke of Wellington, to see the battle of Waterloo! In talking of the odd effect of seeing a comic personage in ill-humour (as I saw Liston once, when dressed for the part of "Rigdum Funidos;" and as W. Irving described to me his having seen Grimaldi behind the scenes in a furious rage, with the regular grin painted on his cheeks), Lady Grey reminded her daughter of the passion Lord Grey was in the night of Watier's masquerade, at their having got him a dirty white silk domino, and the mask he wore being a very smiling, complacent-looking one; the effect of his anger, as he walked impetuously about the room, was, she said, highly ludicrous, and the more angry he grew, the more they laughed. This to me an additional proof of the exceeding amiableness of Lord Grey in his own family. On our return home, sat up talking with Rogers, and got to bed rather late. R. had asked Lady Lyndhurst, Lord Grey, and some others to breakfast in the morning.

7th. A desperate wet morning. A note from

Bessy to say she would get out to Richmond by an early coach. Luttrell arrived to breakfast, and after him Colonel Armstrong; near twelve when Lady Lyndhurst came; a good deal of laughing. * * * The rain continuing violent, Lady Lyndhurst offered to take any of us about wherever we wanted to go. "Unluckily," I answered, "I want to be taken about all day;" on which Armstrong said, "Suppose we all club to take Moore about all day, it would pay well." Set Luttrell and me down at Brookes's. Went thence to Murray's; got my bill for 1,200*l.* from him, out of which I must return him 250*l.*, having anticipated to that amount upon it. Down to Longmans' to put the bill in their hands; thence to the printer's. Dined at Athenæum, and set off for Richmond at a quarter past seven.

8th to 12th. At Richmond, and working; nothing but rain all the time. On the 11th had dear Tom home from the Charter House; took him and Russell boating in the evening. On the 12th (Sunday) all the Powers, nine in number, came out to dinner: meant that they should have dined in the summer-house by the river, but, on account of the rain, had only tea there; took the children in a boat. Tom returned to town with the Powers. Great congratulations yesterday to the Carlisles on the approaching marriage of Lady Blanche to young Cavendish: told us the girl was just turned seventeen and he twenty-one. Luttrell remarked very truly that the family of the Carlisles act as *softeners* on society; there are so many of them, and all so gentle and good-tempered, that they diffuse a kindly tone around them.

13th to 15th. At work and unmolested. On the 15th a very pretty scene on the Thames from a boat-race; the shores and water covered with people.

16th. Went into town for some queries. Lord Sandon outside the coach, but when he saw me came inside. Very agreeable. Talking of Hall's book and the question of primogeniture, explained how the law for division of property in Germany is counteracted by family compacts, without which all the great houses would have dwindled away. The surprise of Auguste de Stael on finding how deep-rooted the love of entails was in England. Was present at a debating society of radicals, where the question was mooted and carried triumphantly in favour of the principle of entail. Lord S. agreed with me that our hereditary aristocracy could not co-exist with a law of equal division of property. The very act of attempting to form a chamber of peers was a violation of the principle of this law, as there was no reason why the eldest son should be chosen for such a distinction more than the rest. The mothers and the younger sons are the great supporters of the present law of property in France, and so much does the general feeling influence those even who are naturally opposed to it, that there are very few peers who have availed themselves of the permission they might obtain of establishing a larger *majorat*, but have confined themselves to the low degree of *majorat* they are *compelled* to make. The present state of domestic politics very like that which intervened between Walpole's ministry and Lord Chatham; the distinction between Jacobite and Whig then broken down as those betwen Whig and Tory are now, and the boundaries of party confused. A similiar laxity, too, ensuing in the conduct of public men. Called at Rogers's, found he was at Woburn; at Luttrell's, gone to Lord Sefton's; at Murray's, who was going in the Stationers' barge up the river. Went to the printer's. To Longman's: got 250*l.* from them to return to Murray out of his 1,200*l.* Met Sir A. —— on the subject of his newspaper scheme: asked him to dine to-morrow. Went to the Royal Institution to look over old newspapers. Dined at the Athenæum, and back to Richmond by coach at half-past seven. Met Tom Hume in the Strand, just returned from Naples; said he saw my books in English all along his road. Davison mentioned the enormous price given by Murray for Irving's two last works; 3,000 guineas for "Columbus," and 2,000*l.* for the "Chronicles of Granada;" the latter never likely, he said, to sell at all. Longman, by the bye, in talking of my "Byron," said he thought Murray was bound to give me more for it, as being so much more voluminous a work than was foreseen.

19th. Had Murray out to dinner and Fielding to meet him; the latter being brought by Murray in his carriage. The day dreadfully wet, and all our fine rurality spoiled but got on, nevertheless, very well.

22nd. Went into town to see Murray on some business before his departure from Wales. Met Sir T. Lawrence, and fixed to sit for my picture (which he is about to paint for the illustrious Murray) on Tuesday next. A sad drain upon my time just now, and must try to avoid it.

23rd and 24th. At work. A note from Denman to ask me to dinner on Sunday, to to meet Brougham and Mackintosh.

25th. A note from Denman to say he had asked Burdett, who, he hoped, would come and bring me.

26th. Burdett called upon me soon after breakfast; doubtful what he should do, having promised the Duke of Sussex yesterday to dine with him; but still not liking to lose such a party as Denman's. Resolved, after many *pros* and *cons*, to cut the Duke and take me to Denman's. Sent his carriage for me at half-past five. Great difficulty in finding Denman's house. In talking of the vanity of great men, said that Mr. Fox was an instance of a great man, without a particle of vanity; Pitt, he believed, also. Company at dinner besides ourselves, Brougham, John Williams, Denman's own family, and some naval officer, also, I believe, a relation. Brougham not in his usual feather, but still very agreeable. In talking of Junius, was glad to find that he considers this writer much overrated; said that he had declared this opinion once in the House of Commons, in making some reference to Lord Mansfield (*quære* in his long speech on the Reformation of the Law?). Francis's handwriting a very strong part of the evidence in favour of his being Junius: his feigned hand (of which there were specimens on one or two occasions; particularly in some contributions he sent to Lady Miller's "Batheaston poetry") agreed perfectly with the feigned hand of Junius. It was singular enough, too that the first present which he made to his wife, on their marriage, was a splendid bound copy of "Junius," *not*, however, the famous vellum-bound copy that Junius had bound for himself. Brougham was by when Francis made the often quoted answer to Rogers—"There is a question, Sir Philip (said R.), which I should much like to ask, if you will allow me." "You had better not, Sir (answered Francis); you may have reason to be sorry for it (or repent of it)." The addition to this story is, that Rogers, on leaving him, muttered to himself, "If he *is* Junius, it must be *Junius Brutus*." Brougham himself asked him one day, "Is it a thing quite ridiculous to suppose that you might be the author?" "Why, Sir," he replied, "if the world is determined to make me out such a ruffian, I can't help them." He never, Brougham thinks, actually denied the charge, but at all times, in this sort of angry way, evaded it. To Lady Holland, too, who tried him with the question, he answered, "Now that I am old, people think they may with impunity impute to me such rascality, but they durst not have done so when I was young." Francis's vanity, it appears, led him to think that it was no great addition to his fame to have the credit of "Junius," having done, according to his own notion, much better things. This gets over one of the great difficulties in accounting for the concealment; and it must have been, at all events, either some very celebrated man who could dispense with such fame, or some very vain man who *thought* he could. In talking of handwriting and its being sometimes hereditary, Brougham said that he had found some of his grandfather's which exactly resembled his own, though the grandfather had died before he was born, and his father's writing was altogether different. Thought Curran *boring* in his later days, being much disposed to argue, which was not his *forte*. Burdett agreed with me in thinking him, to the last, wonderful. Home pretty early.

28th. Went into town (Bessy with me) to sit to Lawrence. Found him engaged with somebody else; and not sorry, as it gave me more confidence in putting off the operation altogether, at least for some time. Some hitch in the negotiation for the three acres, in which I am engaged, one of the deeds on which the title depends being, it appears, mutilated, and in such a way as to be fatal to the validity of the title. Dined (Bessy and I) at Lady Donegal's; she had just received a present from the Duchess of Gloucester with a very pretty and friendly letter, which we read. Jekyll, in speaking of the length of time Lawrence takes in finishing a picture, says that a man not very young, must leave it to his executors to finish the sittings, and he means to look out for a good-looking executor to perform this task for him. Returned in the coach at night, Lady

D. having sent us in her carriage to the White Horse Cellar.

August 1st to 3rd. At home.

4th. To town. Went out to dine at Mrs. Montgomery's, where poor Lucy Drew has been some time not at all well. Party, Bessy (who had come to Brompton by a later coach), Fielding, the two Montgomerys, Lucy, and Miss Montgomery. Found there Mrs. Blencoe's Miscellany, "The Casket," the first I had seen of it. Besides my own acknowledged contribution, she has put in an old poem of mine ("Verses in a Lady's Album") as Lord Byron's. Very near missing the coach at night; poor Bessy and I had a run for it.

5th. Barbara Godfrey brought by her aunt Philly to pass a few days with us, having been passing some time at Hampton Court with Lady Montague. Murray (Bessy's brother-in-law) came out to dine accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Henry Siddons, to pay a visit. Murray very amusing at dinner; returned to town at night. Murray's story of a poor Irishman he met with on his way from Edinburgh. This Poor Paddy was leaning disconsolately at a gateway, with a small panfull of potatoes near him, when a dandy on the top of the coach said to him, pointing to the potatoes, "I say, Pat, how do you call those things in Ireland?" "Call, Sir," answered the other; "oh, faith, there's no use in *calling* them; we're obliged to *fetch* them."

7th. Had asked a party to dinner to-day, Fielding, the two Montgomerys, and Barber; and Bessy suggested to me, an hour or two before dinner, to send over and invite Sir F. Burdett also, who came. Neither Fielding, however, nor Barber was able to come. Montgomery mentioned a curious translation into French of a sentence of Lady Morgan's. In talking of Lord Castlereagh, she said that "he had purchased for himself the scorn of all Europe," which the translator made "*Il s'est acheté tout le blé de l'Europe.*" In another place where she had remarked that some one had a "very pretty *brogue*," the version rendered it "*Elle avait un joli* sabot." Burdett full of the last number of "Blackwood" (which he brought in his pocket) containing an ultra-Tory article on Reform, which, he said, was but a *rechauffé* of all his own Middlesex "Addresses and Speeches." In talking on national vanity, M. mentioned a Sicilian he once knew, who, whenever there was a question of the merits of different countries, always produced a bit of Sicilian garlic, saying, "*Che bel paese*, &c.; what a fine country it must be that can produce such a *morso d'aglio*." Burdett very agreeable.

8th and 9th. Quiet and at work.

11th. To town at half-past one. Dined at Lady D.'s. Drove out with Bessy and Barbara in the evening to the Regent's Park, and heard the bands. Slept at Rogers's.

12th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Shelley. In talking of Byron's religion, mentioned a book, "Easy Way with Deists," which made a great impression upon him. Shelley undertook to answer it; but when he had got through six pages, stopped in his task, saying that Byron was a person who wanted checks rather than otherwise. Byron shocked afterwards at the life he had led at Venice, and hated to think of it. Called for Bessy and Murray at Power's, and went to the Charter House to see Tom: agreed to dine with Murray at the Hummums. Found out Mrs. Kean, to whom I wished to put some queries. Told me about the presents from Lord B. of a box and a sword. The former has on it a representation of a boar-hunt, and was presented by him to Kean after seeing him in Richard III. Byron offended at Kean's leaving a dinner, which had been chiefly made for him, at which were B. himself, Lord Kinnaird, and Douglas Kinnaird. Kean pretended illness and went away early; but Byron found out afterwards that he had gone to take the chair at a pugilistic supper. B., after this, would not speak to Kean. He was, however, so delighted with his acting in Sir Giles Overreach, that, notwithstanding all this, he presented to him, immediately after seeing him in this character, a very handsome Turkish sword, with a Damascus blade. Sent him 50*l.* at his benefit. In talking of the circumstance of Kean's first appearance in London, I said that some memorial of it ought to be preserved; on which she exclaimed eagerly, "Oh, will you write his life? you shall have all the profits if you'll only give me a little." Had called at Lady D.'s; Jekyll had just been there, having returned from his visit to Windsor to the King, and had been amusing them with an account of it. The early dinner, the drives out afterwards to the Virginia Water, and on their return tea and *marrow-bones.*

Jekyll startled when he first saw this latter appendage to the tea-table, but took his bone with the rest; and there was, in consequence, a larger supply every evening afterwards. The King never made his appearance till late in the day, as the lacing he requires would not be endurable if he underwent it early. It did not strike Jekyll that the Duke of Cumberland had much the ear of the King; on the contrary, the latter seemed to treat him very cavalierly.

13th to 15th. Murray with us; highly amusing and intelligent; his anecdotes and illustrations all cleverly done. Kemble's opinion of Kean's "Othello:" "If the justness of the conception had been but equal to the brilliancy of the execution it would have been perfect; but the whole thing was a mistake; the fact being *that Othello was a slow man.*" Kemble consulting the man for some ornament (to the cloak, I believe) to wear in "Coriolanus;" the man saying he had just the sort of thing that would do, and then calling to some one to bring "that *thistle*" which had just been finished.

16th, 17th, 18th. Sent to the printer the last *copy* for my first volume of Byron. A note from Rogers to say that he sets out on his tour in three or four days.

19th. Went into town to see Rogers; Bessy with me. Dined with R.; no one but ourselves. Millingen in the evening. His son has written an account of Lord Byron's death for the purpose of defending himself on the subject. Both Murray and Colburn have had the MS., but neither will publish it. His statement is, that it was Lord B.'s left foot that was lame; most strange discrepancy of evidence on this point. Miss Pigot, Mrs. Leigh, the old shoemaker at Southwell, and others, say the right (which is also Bessy's impression from the *once* she saw him); but, as many more, on the contrary, say it was the left. Hunt (for instance), Mrs. Shelley, Dr. Kennedy, &c. Lord Chesterfield said, on seeing some people dance a minuet, "They look as if they were dancing for hire, and were not very sure of being paid." Rogers going off on Friday (21st), and expressed a strong wish that I should come in again to him to-morrow. Promised to do so. The coaches having to go by Curzon Street (on account of the paving of Piccadilly) stopped and took up Bessy at Lady Donegal's.

20th. To town rather late; dined with Rogers. Have made a mistake in saying it was yesterday evening that Millingen joined us, for it was *this* evening. Took leave of Rogers and back to Richmond at night, having to come in again for a dinner at Rees's to-morrow. Sad expense and destruction.

21st. To town late; went to printer's. Dinner with Rees: company, Spottiswoode, Dickinson, Dr. Ure, Murray, Allan, &c. &c. Murray's stories of Matthews; his being twice in danger of drowning. Once in a bath, when he was pulled out by the little finger by a dandy; "Happy, I'm sure, to be of the least service to Mr. Matthews." The other time, on recovering from insensibility, hearing an Irish fellow saying, "Can you see any visible object?" and beholding a large blind, goggle eye which this fellow presented to him, with a candle close to it, to ascertain his powers of vision. Went to Vauxhall: Rees, Murray, Allan (the Scotch painter), and myself. The night chilly, and the place, with its ill-lighted walks, mournful. Had some conversation with the proprietor, Hughes, on the badness of this season for his purpose. On his remarking that they were obliged to light upon fixed nights, let them be ever so bad, I said that it was difficult to imagine a more melancholy spectacle (in his eyes particularly) than a place of this kind on one of those rainy nights we have had lately, illuminated and empty: "Sir (he replied), the deserts of Arabia are nothing to it." Supped between twelve and one, and to warm ourselves, had some burnt port. To bed a little before three; slept at Paternoster Row.

22nd. Went to the printer's, thence to Power's. Saw Bessy off in the coach at two, and took my own place for eight in the evening. Met Jackson, the boxer; asked him which foot Byron was lame of, and, strange to say, even he, who had seen it so often, having constantly bathed with Byron, hesitated in his decision about it. Expressed himself, however, pretty sure that it was the left foot from his recollection of Byron's attitude when sparring. Being a right-handed man, he would naturally, he said, place his right foot behind, and the strength with which he followed his man up showed that this foot must have been the sound one. This very association, however, staggers me as to the correctness of his conclusion, as I think I remember wondering at the power

which Byron's foot seemed capable of, notwithstanding its lameness, in this position. Dined at Lady Donegal's; a dreadfully wet evening, and when eight o'clock came, so did *not* come the coach that was to call for me. Waited in a worry for some time; at last sent off the servant to the office and ascertained the coach had started without me. Had nothing for it but to send for a chaise, and at the expense of two or three and twenty shillings (to inflame my other long list of disbursements) got to Richmond a little after eleven. Found Bessy all in alarm, and determined if I had not arrived at twelve to set off to town.

23rd to 26th. At work. All this time past various plans in agitation with respect to our future disposal of ourselves. The purchase of the three acres, and Dr. Starkey's negotiation with Goddard having failed, our projects were either to go and pass the winter months in Dublin, or to take a house temporarily in the neighbourhood of Bowood till something better should turn up. In the midst of this, received a letter from Lord Lansdowne to say, that, in casting about to see what other spot (besides Cassan, which he before offered) could be found for us on his property, he had hit upon one on the high road between Calne and Melksham, which he thought would suit our purpose exactly to build on. Being part of the property he could not alienate it, but I might have a lease of twenty-one years, and be in short a freeholder and only pay him a moderate ground-rent, leaving the whole of the money I could command disposable for the building. Nothing could be more kind than this letter. Before I answered it, in the course of some correspondence with Goddard on the subject of my rent for Sloperton, it appeared that he had let the whole Sloperton property (the cottage, at 10*l.* per annum) to Webb of Bromham, but gave us a hope that if we should like to have the cottage at this rent on a repairing lease, it was very possible Webb would consent to give it back. Wrote to him to say we should be happy to have it on those terms.

27th. Dined with Sir Francis Burdett, he having called himself in the morning to press Bessy to accompany me, offering to send the carriage for her and back. She, however, declined. No one but their own family, except Sir Robert Wilson. A very wet night; B.'s carriage brought me home.

28th. A note from Lord Sandon to say they were going to Ham House, and, as I expressed a wish to see it, they would be happy to take me. Too busy, however, to go. Dined at Lady Bute's; taken there by Burdett. Company, the Duke of Buccleugh's two sisters, the Sandons, and a clergyman of the name of Byron. Day very agreeable. In the evening was induced to sit down to the pianoforte (for the first time in society since my scenes at Lord Anglesey's and the Fieldings') and was rejoiced that I did so, as I found myself able to go on as usual, and have now, I trust, surmounted the feeling. Was very much led to it by the gentle unaffectedness of Lady Sandon, who sung some of my own things with me, and indeed seemed familiar with every thing I have ever written.

29th. To town for some inquiries. Went to the printer's; to Peel's Coffee House to look over a file of newspapers. Received the long promised communication from Scott concerning Byron; luckily, just come in time to be inserted. Dined at Lady D.'s and back to Richmond at night.

September 5th. Left Richmond for town; Bessy and the boys to go to Lady Donegal's, and I to 19, Bury Street. Dined at Lady D.'s; she all delight with the two boys. Jekyll the only company, and very agreeable company he is still in spite of his deafness. Gave me an account of Lord Erskine's strange history. First, an officer in the Royals; marrying for love; writing a sermon at Malta, which he himself read at the head of the regiment; taking to the law on his return to England, his whole means consisting in 300*l.*, which some relation had given him, and 100*l.* of which he laid out with a special pleader, having a wretched lodging near town, and a string of sausages hanging in the fireplace, to which they resorted when in want of food. After he was called to the bar was asked one Sunday to dine with Welbore Ellis, but preferred walking out some miles to dine with an old half-pay friend of his. Caught in a violent shower of rain, and kept for hours under a gateway, till it was too late for his friend's dinner. Bethought him then of Welbore Ellis, and went there to dinner, which proved the making of him. Among the company was Captain Bailey, brother to the Colonel Bailey, against whom an information had just been granted for a libel on Green-

wich Hospital, and Lord Sandwich; struck with Erskine's eloquence, and when he went away said to W. Ellis, that he had a great mind to employ him on his brother's trial that was coming on. Did so. Jekyll, who at this time had seen Erskine but once; met some eminent lawyer, who said, "We had a most extraordinary young man at our consultation yesterday evening, who astonished us all," and added, that this young man (who was Erskine) had given it as his opinion, contrary to that of all the rest, that the rule against Bailey would be discharged. Then came the day of trial. Jekyll returning into court (having been called away during Erskine's speech) and finding the whole court, judges and all, in a sort of trance of astonishment. Next day Erskine's table was crowded with retainers, and from that moment he flourished both in fame and fortune. He immediately moved to handsome lodgings in town, and the string of sausages was no longer resorted to. As Erskine began life without sixpence, so he ended it. What became of his money no one can tell. He had made in the course of his practice, 150,000*l.*, and had besides his pension as ex-chancellor; yet all vanished. * * * Erskine showed Jekyll the guinea he had got from Bailey, which he had had fixed in a little box, in which you saw it by peeping in. Story of Jekyll going to the chemist in some country town, and telling him, if he should bring a tall, good-looking gentleman (describing Erskine) to ask for laudanum, not to give him any, as he meant to commit suicide. The scene between Erskine and the apothecary; the former asking for "Tinctura sacra;" the significant looks exchanged between Jekyll and the shopman, and the surprise and anger of Erskine on being told that there was no such thing to be had. His revenge on Jekyll for this trick, having him called up in the middle of the night at the inn where they both lived, by an ostler, who came into Jekyll's room, saying, that his friend was dying, and wanted him in a hurry to come and make his will; his finding Erskine sitting up in bed looking very melancholy, with papers, &c. before him. E.'s dictation of the will. "Being of sound mind, &c. &c., do bequeath the pond in my garden at Hampstead to the Newfoundland dog; my best beech tree to the macaw, with full liberty to bark it as he pleases; but for my friend who, &c. &c." Erskine's fun afterwards about this one day in court during the state trials; imagining the validity of the will discussed before Lord Kenyon. Lord Kenyon's inquiries as to "who was this Colonel Macaw (Erskine's name for the bird), &c. &c." Erskine always as frolicksome as a boy. Canning's joke about Lord Sidmouth's house; calling it the Villa *Medici;* lately applied to Lady Lyndhurst on her dining at Sir Henry Halford's with a party of physicians—the Venus de *Medicis.* Jekyll's story about "Honest John" (Sheridan's servant). Kemble making him bring wine after all the rest of the party had gone to bed, and sit down with him; taking him to see him home, and bidding him strike him if he saw him getting into a row. Kemble quarrelling with the coachman, and "Honest John" obeying him; upon which Kemble turned to and gave him a desperate licking, &c. &c. Bessy joined us in the evening from her mother's, and was much amused with Jekyll's fun.

7th. At work in the morning. Dined at Lady D.'s, and went in the evening, Bessy, Barbara, Tom, Russell, and myself, to the Surrey Theatre. Elliston hearing I was in the house, came to the box. Not home till between one and two.

11th. Took them to Sir T. Lawrence's; very civil to Bessy; asking her wishes and notions respecting the picture he is about to paint of me. Thence to Chantrey's; he himself in the country. Bessy a good deal affected by his monumental groups. Then to call on Mrs. Siddons at Bayswater. In the evening to Astley's.

13th. Breakfasted at Lady D.'s, and went with Bessy, Barbara, and Tom, to the Warwick Street chapel: music, though not so good as when the best singers are there, charming. Dined at Lady D.'s. Slept at the Gloucester Coffee House in order to see Bessy off in the morning.

14th. Up at six, and off to Curzon Street. Brought Bessy and the two boys and Hannah to the coach, and saw them off. Not well all day; tried to work, but could not. A note from the Donegals to come and meet Mrs. Stratford Canning at dinner. Did so. The dinner and talk revived me. In the evening sung alone and with Barbara; and as well as in my best times.

15th. At work seven hours and a half. Dined alone at the Athenæum.

16th. To Holland House. At dinner, Duke of Bedford and young Dundas. Slept there.

17th. Lord Holland came and sat with me in my bedroom some time. Walked into town; back to dinner: company, Mr. and Mrs. Calcott, Leslie, and young Dundas, &c. Leslie's description of Sir W. Scott when he (Leslie) went to Abbotsford to paint him. Scott thinking that it was the same as with Chantrey, who let him move about and turn as he pleased while making his bust, said to Leslie, "You will see me, you know, about the house and at breakfast and at dinner, which, of course, will be enough for you." Lord H. referring to Erasmus (one of whose large folios he read through last year) to see who was the painter he mentions as having (besides Holbein) painted him, found it was Albert Durer. Question, whether the portrait is in England? Lord H. delighted to find Erasmus's authority for Burgundy not being heating. Slept there.

18th. Sir F. Burdett to breakfast; promised to come out to dine with him on Friday next. Mentioned his having given a guinea, by mistake, to a beggar, and saying to him, "You are in luck, my good fellow, I meant to have given you only a shilling; but as you have it, you may keep it." This was told *à propos* to some other stories. One by Lord Holland, of Erskine having once dropped 20,000*l.* of stock out of his pocket in a shop; and discovering his loss, after some time, running back and finding it still on the floor of the shop, it being some sort of shop where there were cuttings of paper lying about, which prevented these others from being noticed. Rogers tells of Tennant, that, having lost sixpence one day when a boy, on coming back to the spot next day to look for it, he found sixpence in *halfpence* in its place. Talk of foreign politics and Russia. Lord Holland all for Russia, and says it has been always the natural side of England. Even in the affair of Oekzakow, Pitt did not (he says) profess to act against Russia so much as in favour of Prussia. Lady Holland has at last taken the trouble of looking out Byron's letters to Lord Holland for me. Went into town. Charles Greville, at Brookes's, offered me the use of his carriage and horses during the two months he is about to be away from town. Returned to Holland House to dinner: company Sir T. Lawrence, Lord Essex, Woolriche, &c. My Lady unwilling to let me go and dine with Lord Essex to-morrow. Slept.

19th. Busy after breakfast copying out Byron's letters. Staid some time with Lord Holland in his own room. Read me some of the materials he is collecting for the life of Mr. Fox. Many curious anecdotes from the unpublished papers of H. Walpole, with remarks upon them, pointing out their inaccuracies, &c. &c., by Lord Holland. Walpole's account of the dissipation and extravagance of the two Foxes almost incredible.

20th. At work all day. Dined at Lady Donegal's.

21st. Took C. Greville to see Lawrence's pictures. Said, in looking at the portrait of Canning (for Peel), that he could imagine him speaking those very words, in his great Portuguese speech: "Here I plant my standard, and where the standard of Britain is planted, no oppressor can ever come."* These *are* the words (said Lawrence) which I had in my mind in painting him. Greville talked of his delight at some of my squibs, particularly

> "Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
> Are Lord Glandine and Lord Dunio?"

Went to Murray's, to Longman's, and to the printer's. Was to have dined with Lord Essex, but fatigued by my walk into the city, stopped short on my way back at the Athenæum, and dined. James Smith at a neighbouring table; agreed to go with him to see the new piece at the Haymarket. Quoted a well-rhymed epigram he had found in some old magazine:—

> "The truth is—if one may say so without shocking 'em—"

or,

> "The truth to declare—if one may without shocking 'em—
> The nation's asleep—and the minister Rockingham."

The following also of his brother Horace's:—

> "I cannot comprehend, says Dick,
> What 'tis that makes my legs so thick;
> You cannot comprehend, says Harry,
> How great a calf they have to carry."

Mentioned an anecdote told by Croker as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually it would seem) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling

* "We go to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come."—*Canning's Speeches*, vol. vi. p. 92.

him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription," said Richelieu sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other; "it was so like you." (Resembles the epigram, "Come hither, Sir John.")

23rd. To Holland House; used Greville's carriage, and took Woolriche. As I was about to take my place next Lord Holland at dinner, my Lady said, "No, come up here," ordering me to another seat. "So you have taken Moore from me," said Lord Holland, with the look of a disappointed schoolboy: company, Lord Porchester, Sharpe, W. Ponsonby, &c. &c. Slept there.

24th. Conversation after breakfast about Mackintosh. I said he was the only man that, in abundant stores of knowledge, and in the power of generalising and bringing his knowledge to bear, gave me an idea of what Burke must have been. This brought on a comparison between him and Burke. Sharpe mentioned a habit Mackintosh used to have of lifting up his heel, and looking down and whistling at it. In speaking of the Archbishop of Tuam's strange speech on the Catholic Question, Lord Holland imitated Horsley in his speech on the Slave Trade, "What does the Holy Apostle say," &c.; and then, when some Peers laughed, "My Lords, when I quote the words of the Holy Apostle, I expect to be listened to, not only with awe, but with reverence." Went in to the town to the printer's, about Byron's letters to Lord Holland: at dinner Lord H. again referred to Horsley's speech, and most amusingly gave an imitation of another passage, where he said, "My Lords, we have the authority of Mr. Mungo Park, that to such a pitch of elegance and refinement has Africa advanced, that in the bosom, in the very heart of that calumniated country, there are women to be found wearing white petticoats." Lord Thurlow, in answering this part of his speech, said, in his peculiar way, "With respect to what the Right Rev. Prelate has said of the *black* women in the white petticoats," &c. &c. Another time, when Lord Stormont (I think) had quoted some resolutions which he had heard brought forward at the Freemasons' Tavern, Lord Thurlow, in answering him, said, "In regard to what the Noble Lord may have happened to hear at the ale-house," &c.: company at dinner, Burdett, Lord and Lady Dudley Stuart, Byng, &c. &c.

25th. Sat to Lawrence: this the third time of sitting. Began an entirely new picture, having seen Shee's portrait of me at Holland House, that he had taken the same view of the face with him, and wishing to have one different. In talking of Sir J. Reynolds's tapering-chinned faces, said ("in confidence," as he impressed upon me) that the fact was, Sir Joshua was not sufficiently acquainted with drawing to venture out of that one particular style of beauty, and hence the mannerism of his fancy heads. Returned home to work a little, and at four started for Burdett's (at Richmond) in his cabriolet, which he left in town to bring me: company at dinner, the Dudley Stuarts, Brownlow, and George Sinclair. Found G. Sinclair to be the same whom Byron mentions in one of his journals "a prodigy of school learning." Music in the evening. Lady D. Stuart sang some songs of the Roman peasants, and Clara Burdett also some Italian and Spanish songs to the guitar. Slept there.

26th. After breakfast, Burdett accompanied me to the coach-office. Found the coach not quite ready, and walked on with him, intending to be taken up on the road; but being engaged in conversation, took the wrong road, and had to walk all the way to Putney, and get from thence as I could in a Fulham coach. Talk chiefly about religion.

27th. At work in the morning. To Holland House to dinner, taking Irving and Newton in *my carriage* with me. Lord H. had mentioned to me a curious speech imputed to Lord Chatham (by Walpole, I think), in which, observing some of the Lords smile at the high-flown way in which he spoke of the Livery of London, he said, "My Lords, the Livery of London is the most ancient body connected with our institutions. My Lords, when Cæsar landed in England, he found the Livery of London existing and flourishing!" Showed me now a printed report of the speech, from which it appears he must have said something pretty nearly, if not to the full, as absurd as this; the report representing him as asserting that, at the time of Cæsar's landing, Arviragus was Lord Mayor of London. Returned at night.

28th. Dined with Bailey in Seymour Place:

company, David Bailey, Ben King, Prendergast, &c. &c. Talked of Canning's suffering under the attack of Lord Grey during his ministry; was like a man frantic, and in his first paroxysm declared that he must have himself called up to the other House to answer it. Sloperton Cottage, after all, to be ours. Somebody at dinner said that the watchmen in Portugal (who proclaim the state of the weather as ours used to do) are called *serenos;* and if this be true, it tells well for the climate.

29th. Dinner at Lord Essex's: the Tierneys, Ben King again, Lord Clifden, &c. &c. A good many particulars about the Duke of Wellington's duel with Lord Winchilsea; the awkwardness of the Duke's sending a government messenger with his letter to Lord Winchilsea's country-house; the messenger arriving at dinner-time, and the *éclat* such a circumstance naturally made. I think I should not hesitate to trust *my wife* under such circumstances, having always impressed upon her the *vital* importance of a man's honour on these occasions. Brought home by Lord Clifden.

30th. At work, as I endeavour to be most mornings. Asked to Lord Essex's, but had to meet my dear little Tom at the coach-office, from Wiltshire, and deposit him at the Charter House. Did so; and having seen him safe in the matron's hands, dined at the Athenæum between eight and nine.

October 1st. Saw Luttrell at Brookes's, just arrived from Lord Bathurst's, when he told me I had been invited also, from their thinking that he was on a visit to me when they wrote to ask him. * * * By the bye, I have found in some book those lines of Foscolo's on Machiavel and Petrarch which he once repeated to me as some of the best he had ever written, and which I find I had but imperfectly remembered. Here they are:—

"Vidi ove posa il corpo di quel grande,
Che temprando lo scettro a' regnatori
Gli allor ne *sfronda*. . . . . .
E tu*, i cari parenti e l' idioma,
Desti a quel dolce di Calliope labbro,
Che Amore in Grecia nudo, e nudo in Roma,
D' un velo candidissimo ornando,
Rendea nel grembo a Venere Celeste."

Company at Byng's, Sir C. Bagot, Vesey, Fitzgerald, Newton, Irving, and Luttrell, who, on hearing I was to dine there, offered himself. Rather amusing.

2nd. Dined at Lady Donegal's, to meet Lord Clifden, Irving, Newton, young Jekyll, and Luttrell; the latter asked by me. Singing in the evening.

3rd. Called upon Dr. Lardner after breakfast to fix about taking him out to the Longmans to day. Showed me some proofs of Sir W. Scott's "Scottish History;" complained grievously of the trouble he gives with corrections, and the extreme carelessness of his first manuscript, as to style, &c. &c.; repetitions and clumsinesses without end; is sure he must always have somebody "to look after him" in such points. Lardner also gave me to look over the proofs of Mackintosh's commencement of his "History;" the Introduction, and part of First Chapter. Mackintosh's corrections also elaborate, notwithstanding the carefulness of his first copy. To Hampstead at five, taking Lardner and Brown in the carriage with me; singing in the evening.

4th. Called for by Mrs. Shelley to take me to Barnes's at Barnes Terrace, where he has had a house for the summer. Stopped at Holland House; saw Lord H. Mentioned Pitt's having been guilty of a false quantity, which I was not before aware of, "*capit opes*" instead of "*ducit.*" John Hunter once saying to Lord Holland, "If you wish to see a great man you have one before you. I consider myself a greater man than Sir Isaac Newton." Explained then why; that discoveries which lengthen life and alleviate sufferings are of infinitely more importance to mankind than any thing relating to the stars, &c. &c.

5th. Dined at Murray's: company, James Smith, Irving, Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson, &c. Criticisms of some one on Kemble's (I think) acting of Don Felix: "Too much of the *Don*, and not enough of the *Felix*." Charles Lamb sitting next some chattering woman at dinner; observing he didn't attend to her, "You don't seem (said the lady) to be at all the better for what I have been saying to you." "No, Ma'am" (he answered), but this gentleman at the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other." Bannister's melancholy at finding himself sixty-five, exactly the number of his own house. Looking up at the plate on the door, and soliloquising, "Aye, you needn't tell

* Florence.

me, I know it; you told me the same thing yesterday.' Received to-day a letter from Madame Guiccioli in English. Henry Fox delivered me a message from her the other night with respect to her family *living upon* Byron, which, if I could collect rightly from him, she wished me to contradict. Confirmed what Lord W. Russell told me of her enthusiasm for Byron's memory, but advised me not to make her *too much* of a "*héroine de roman.*"

6th. Dined at Holland House; went in G.'s carriage. Company, Lady Hardy and daughters, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Seaford, &c. &c. Home at night.

7th. Sat to Lawrence; his portrait of the Duke of Wellington scratching his elbow, a frequent trick of his. Mentioned it once to the Duke: "Me!" he exclaimed, "me have such a trick! I'm sure I haven't:" and all the while he was speaking his fingers were unconsciously at work at the elbow. Called for by Mrs. Shelley in her job; the day desperate; storms of wind, snow, &c. Drove to the Charter House, to see dear Tom, who came to me with his bare head all feathered with snow. Mrs. Shelley's admiration of him; said she could have sworn he was the image of his mother; "there was all the woman in his face, particularly at the rise of the cheek near the eyes." Dined at Lord Essex's to go and see Miss Kemble, a girl of wonderful promise. After her potion scene, went behind and was taken by Charles Kemble to her dressing-room.

8th. Set off in the coach for Bowood. Stopped at Buckhill, where I found Bessy and Russell comfortably established. Had dinner there, and walked to Bowood (Lady Lansdowne having sent down the key of the pleasure-grounds for me) between eight and nine. Found Miss Ricardo with them.

9th, 10th. On the 10th met the builders on the subject of the cottage, and discussed their plan with them. Drove with Bessy to the lodge, which Dr. Starkey offers us for the winter; met himself there. Nothing could be more kind. Thence to Wyatt's, where there are lodgings we can have for five guineas the half-year's rent. The lodge, of course, a far better residence, but lonely, and too far from Sloperton. Almost fixed to take Wyatt's. Went to Sloperton: looking dismal, but still homelike.

11th, 12th. On the 12th walked to Sloperton to meet Bess; thence to Spye Park. Dinner at Bowood; the Starkeys, Bowleses, Moneyweather, &c. &c.

13th. The Lansdownes left home for Mrs. Ricardo's, and I dined with Bessy at Buckhill.

15th. To Bath with Bessy to make purchases, carpets, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. In the carpet shop (in Milsom Street), when I gave a cheeque for the money, and my signature betrayed who I was, a strong sensation evident through the whole establishment, to Bessy's great amusement; and at last the master of the shop (a very respectable looking old person), after gazing earnestly at me for some time, approached me, and said, "Mr. Moore, I cannot say how much I feel honoured, &c. &c.," and then requested that I would allow him to have the satisfaction of shaking hands with one "to whom he was indebted for such, &c. &c." When we left the shop Bessy said, "What a nice old man! I was very near asking him whether he would like to shake hands with the poet's *wife* too." Had a snug dinner of mutton-chops at Hughes's on returning. Found the Abercrombies at Bowood, arrived to-day.

19th to 23rd. For the remaining week I passed at Bowood had no time to journalise; the little I was able to do at my work and the society of the house taking up every minute of my day, besides visits to Bessy, who being so near the gate of the pleasure-grounds had frequent calls from me. The after-breakfast conversations (generally agreeable) lasted usually into the middle of the day, and in the evenings Lady Macdonald and I sang. Here follow a few things I remember from our talks. Louis Dixhuit's cook said to his royal master's physician, on the latter expostulating with him on the high seasoning of some of his dishes, "*M. le Médecin c'est à moi de faire manger Sa Majesté; c'est à vous de le faire digérer.*" In talking of the horror some people have of innovations, some one told of a very religious Frenchwoman saying of conductors, which she looked upon as a most impious invention: "*Je le regarde comme un autre coup de lance que l'on met dans le sein de notre Seigneur J. C.*" Randal Jackson once said in the House of Commons, "If this bill should pass into a law, I shall expect to see the city of

London left to warble her native wood-notes wild in some vast wilderness." Baring told me as an instance of the precarious value of pictures, that a supposed Correggio, bought by Lord Grosvenor for 5000 guineas, was afterwards, on being discovered *not* to be a Correggio, sold at a sale for 500*l*. Lord Lansdowne's story of a Fitzmauriee coming to beg of hiin, and claiming to be a relation. Gave him a pound note, with whieh the Fitzmaurice went to a public-house and got roaring drunk. On his sallying out into the street, the first object that caught his eye was Hat Vaughan, whom he flew at instantly, and would soon have demolished both his hat and himself had not somebody interfered. All the watchman could get out of him was, that he was a eousin of Lord Lansdowne, who had given him a pound note, for the purpose, it would appear, from the fellow's account, of setting him at old Vaughan's hat.

24th. Meant to have been off to-day, and had taken my place; but my kind hosts expressed such anxiety for me to stay till Saturday, that I consented. Wrote to Lord Essex to announce my coming, and to say that Abercrombie would be soon after me.

26th. Breakfasted with Bessy at Hughes's, and started for town. Supped at Power's.

November 1st. Dined with Lord Essex. Working away at proofs every morning.

2nd. At the White Horse Cellar at four to accompany Croker to Moulsey. Smith (of the "Rejected Addresses") with us. At dinner, besides Croker's family, a Mr. Follett. To Justice Parke's brother, who is a great church-goer, some one applied the words, *Parcus deorum cultor*. Bentley once wrote to Walpole, "Why do you complain of the badness of the summer? As for me, I always have my summers from Newcastle."

3rd. Went over in Croker's cab to Richmond, and there took the coach to town. Dined at Lord Essex's; Captain and Mrs. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, and Woolriche. Sung in the evening, as did also Mrs. Montague, some of my songs, and very prettily.

4th. Dined at the Athenæum.

5th. At Lady Donegal's.

6th. Dined with Corry and Philip Crampton (who has been in London some days, at the Union Coffee House. Both good fellows, and Crampton a right clever one. Told me he never saw my mother looking in better health. Told a remarkable story (which is too long to relate here) about ——, who was hanged a year or two ago for the murder of his father-in law, in Ireland, and who, it appears, was innocent, and died to save his mother. Must write this case down some time or other. Parted between eleven and twelve.

7th. Dined with Lord Essex; taken by Sir F. Burdett in his cab, and found him not a very safe driver.

10th. Lord John Russell returned home from Paris; wanted me to go down for a couple of days with him to Brighton; was nearly tempted to do so. Went to Roehampton to Lord Clifden's (taken by Greville) to stay till Thursday. Company: the Ellises, Mackintosh, Greville, and Byng.

11th. Set out to go and see Strawberry Hill, but the rain eoming on turned back. Mackintosh, as usual, delightful; his range of knowledge and memory so extensive, passing, (as Greville remarked) from Voltaire's verses to Sylvia up to the most voluminous details of the Council of Trent. Mentioned, as one of the happiest applications of a classic quotation that he knew anywhere, that of Leibnitz in his answer to Bayle's objections against Theism in the *Theodicée*. Bayle had died before Leibnitz published this work; and in speaking of this event, the latter said that it was but natural to suppose one of the rewards of his candid spirit, in its present state of bliss, would be the happiness of seeing all his former doubts on divine subjects cleared away—

> "Candidus *insuetum* miratur limen Olympi
> Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera."*

The epithet "insuetum" M. remarked as particularly happy and arch in its allusion, as well as "nubes et sidera," which were applicable to Bayle's doubts, and to the wit with which he illuminated them. (This last addition, I rather think, is my own.) Mentioned Gibbon saying of Priestley, "The miraculous conception, &c., were the last articles he has retrenched from his scanty creed." Talked of the excessive stupidity of the Tories in their misrepresentation of what Plunkett said of their "turning history into an old almanack," as if he meant himself to assert that history

* "Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis."
Virgil, Ecl. 5.

was no more than an old almanack. There is, however, quite as much of Tory craft as of Tory stupidity in this wilful mistake. Clapham Common, from being a great abode of the Saints, called *Campo Santo*.

12th. Came back to town with Greville. Left some of the printed sheets with Irving to be sent off to America, he having undertaken to make a bargain for me with the publishers there. If I but make a tenth of what he has done lately for himself in that quarter, I shall be satisfied: 3000*l.* he received from Murray for his "Columbus," and 2000*l.* for his "Chronicles of Granada;" and on the same two works he has already got 3000*l.* from the American market, with the property of the copyright there still his own. It is true that for Murray (according to his own account) they have not been so fortunate; his *loss* on the two publications being (as he says) near 3000*l.*, which may not be far from the truth, as the "Chronicles" have not sold at all. Dined at Lord Essex's.

14th. Had Tom home from the Charter House to stay till Monday at Lady Donegal's; stopped at my lodgings on his way. Helped to scrub and brush the little dog, and try to get the dirt of school out of him, and walked with him to Curzon Street. Dined there: company, Jekyll and his son and Irving. Jekyll's stories of Sir Whistler Webster (the father of Lady Holland's husband), his walking with Lady Webster and Sir W. without knowing that she was married, or being acquainted with him; her saying continually, "Sir Whistler says this," and "Sir Whistler says that," and Jekyll, taking it for some cant phrase, saying, "I am really not up to the joke; what does this mean?" then being introduced by her, &c. &c. The servants somewhere announcing him and his wife by a whistle, from one to the other, "Sir (here a whistle) and Lady Webster." Spoke of the talents of General Fitzpatrick; his speech about Lafayette very fine, but delivered in so low a voice as to have made but little impression. Lafayette finding a copy of the "Morning Chronicle" with this speech on his prison table without knowing where it could have come from, as all communication had been long cut off between him and his friends. Gave Irving, to take home and read, the first 200 pages of the "Life."

15th. At work all the morning. Dinner again at Lady Donegal's, for the pleasure of Master Tom's company, who, bless the dear fellow! was more amusing than any of the *beaux esprits*. On Barbara's telling of her having seen a woman in the streets the other day selling the works of the poets of the day, printed on long ballad sheets at a penny a yard, Tom exclaimed waggishly, looking at me from head to foot, "Only think of a yard and a half of Papa!" Went in the evening to Charles Kemble's, and found a good many people; Lawrence, Sir G. Smart, Durant, &c. &c. Fanny Kemble and her sister sat down and sung my duet, "Farewell, Theresa."

16th. A note from Lady Holland to express her disappointment at not seeing me arrive with Lord John, and entreating me to come down as soon as possible; adding, "though we cannot lodge you, we shall be most happy to feed you." Sat several hours to Lawrence; thence to Longman's. L.'s opinion that it would be wise of Murray to publish the first volume separately. Sir T. Lawrence's story of the "Teniers" offered to the King for 2000 guineas, and his majesty sending for him to see it; his delight with it on the first view, but his altered feeling in looking more closely into it. The King saying, "Why, you have no doubts about it, have you?" and Lawrence answering, "It would be more satisfactory to me if your Majesty would allow Mr. West to see it." L. accordingly showed it to West, whose admiration of it as a genuine Teniers was equal to what his own had been. "May I ask you," says Lawrence, "to look at it a little more closely?" West accordingly went down on his knees before it, and after minutely examining every part, turned round and said, "I see why you bid me do that; it is *not* a Teniers." The King got the picture after this for seven or eight hundred pounds.

17th. Lord Lansdowne arrived in town; had written to me to say he was coming.

18th. Dined at Longman's at Hampstead. Mentioned to Longman that Murray had resolved to publish the first volume immediately, but that the engraving, not being ready, must in that case be reserved for the second. Thought this unlucky, and that the engraving was worth waiting for. Brought home by the Spottiswoodes. Find that Madame Belloc has just arrived post-haste from Paris about the translation of the "Life."

19th. Told Murray, who called upon me, Longman's opinion that he ought to wait for the engraving; determined to do so. Lord John called and sat some time. Dined at Murray's: company, Sir J. Mackintosh (whom I was lucky enough to sit by), Sir T. Lawrence, Irving, Lockhart, the Somervilles, a Mr. Miller, who has written well it seems on law. Mentioned the circumstance of Coke being called Lord Coke, though with no right to it. Lord Bacon, too, a misnomer; ought to be called Lord Verulam. Judge Blackstone a vulgarism.

Pearce's account of Lord Stowell and Capt. Morris; the former saying to the latter (both being of the same age, eighty-five), "What is it keeps you so young, Morris?" "It is all owing (says M.) to my having fallen violently in love at sixteen, and that has kept my heart warm and fresh ever since. I have married in the interim, but never forgot the impression of that first love, though the girl never knew I felt it for her." Lord Stowell pleaded guilty to the same sort of youthful passion, and it turned out, on comparing notes, that it was for the very same girl, who was a celebrated beauty in their young days in the town of Carlisle where they both lived. On coming to inquire what had become of this common object of their admiration (whom Morris supposed to have been long dead), it appeared that she too was still alive, and also in her eighty-fifth year, having changed her name from "Molly Dacre," under which they first knew her, and being now a widow. This discovery inspired old Morris's muse with some very good stanzas, of which the following are the prettiest:—

"Though years have spread around my head
The sober veil of Reason,
To close in night sweet Fancy's light
My heart rejects as treason.
A spark there lies, still fann'd by sighs,
Ordained by beauty's Maker;
And, fixed by Fate, burns yet, though late,
For lovely Molly Dacre.

"Oh, while I miss the days of bliss,
I passed enraptur'd gazing,
The dream impress'd still charms my breast
Which Fancy's ever raising.
Though much I meet in life is sweet,
My soul can ne'er forsake her;
And all I feel still bears the seal
Of lovely Molly Dacre.

* * * * * *

"I've often thought the happy lot
Of health and spirits left me
Is deem'd as due to faith so true,
And thus by Fate is sent me.
While here she be [*or* "lives she"] there's life for me;
But when High Heaven shall take her,
A like last breath I'll ask of death,
To follow Molly Dacre."

Lady Clarke, upon being informed of her two old lovers (for, I believe, the first time), wrote a letter to one or both, very playfully and cleverly expressed.

20th. Set off between ten and eleven to Lawrence's through a dense fog, but in vain; no painting to-day. Found him in the precious room where he keeps his drawings, which are most curious and valuable. Has the original drawings of L. da Vinci for the heads of the "Last Supper," which will be one day beyond price. Rubens' drawings, too, of some of his own pictures for the engraver. Showed me that they had no other way then of designating the differences of colour in engraving but by light and shadows. Now an engraver can so *meander* his shadows as to convey (to a painter's eye at least) the idea of blue and (I believe) one or two other colours. Went to Murray's; means to wait for the engraving. Four sheets given to Madame Belloc to begin her translation, but no settlement of terms with her till we have an answer from Galignani. Set out for Lord Clifden's with Charles Greville at five. Fog very thick: got off the road once, and were obliged to have boys with links through the lane near Fulham. No one but themselves.

21st. Went to see Strawberry Hill; Greville, Agar E., Lady Georgiana, and myself. The day too cold to enjoy anything. Some pretty and curious things, such as Benvenuto Cellini's bell, Cardinal Wolsey's hat, &c. &c.; but, upon the whole, a mere showbox, and, after the grand engravings of it in Walpole's book, disappointing and *mesquin*. ——'s report of what he had heard —— say of the King, that he has great moral courage, is always for the boldest measures; in short, fears nothing but *ridicule:* before this he is a rank coward; hence his secluding himself so much, his never having anything but dull men about him, &c. &c. This led them to talk of my squibs against him; whether he had seen them all. A. Ellis said he had been told that "The Tailor's Song," at the end of the "Fudges" had annoyed him very much.* Ellis repeated it to my own amusement, having almost wholly forgot

* At the same time there was a good-humour and good-fellowship in his quoting to Scott Moore's lines,—

it. Between him and Greville I am reminded of all my delinquencies in this way, as they have them all by heart. Irving alone came to dinner, Maclean (his principal) being ill. Byng too came. Sung in the evening. Lord Clifden's hints for my "Irish History;" those who have been dispossessed in 1615 being still young enough to take their vengeance in 1641.

25th. Dined at Lockhart's: company, Irving, Christie, and a brother of Lockhart's. L. mentioned Chantrey's description of a morning in the King's bed-chamber at the Cottage. His tailor, Wyatville, Chantrey, and somebody else in attendance, and the King in bed in a dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap. A servant announces that the Duke of Wellington is arrived, and waits an audience in the adjoining room. His Majesty gets up, puts on a fine silk *douillette* and velvet cap, and goes to the Duke, and after the conference is ended, returns, puts on the dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap, and to bed again. Generally walks about in his room all the morning in bare legs. In talking of Sir W. Scott's *quaigh* of whiskey after dinner, which I had fancied was merely taken to show off the Scotch usages to me, Mrs. Lockhart told me it was his daily practice. "Aye," added Lockhart, "and a good pot of porter every night too." Walked home in a snow-storm.

27th. Made all preparations for my start to-morrow. Dined at Lord Essex's: Rogers, Mr. Greville, Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c. In talking of suicide, Lord L. quoted Montesquieu: *Il faut avouer que c'est une grande commodité pour l'héroisme.*

28th. With Lord L. to breakfast at half-past eight, and started at a quarter-past nine. A very agreeable journey. Took a chaise at Calne, and arrived at Wyatt's before seven. Found it all made most comfortable, the magic wand of my sweet Bess having converted it into a little palace of snugness, and all for 4*l.* 15*s.*, the half year's rent. In the rooms where, when I last saw them, were washing tubs and flitches of bacon, I now found books, maps, pianoforte, &c. &c.

December. Must dispatch this month rapidly. On the 3rd went to Bowood. Returned home on the 6th. On the 9th received a letter from the doctor of the Charter House, to say that Tom had shown symptoms of scarlatina, and had been removed to the matron's rooms, and that it was necessary some one should take charge of him on his coming down for the holidays. Bessy determined upon starting herself, and wanted to go the same night, but I would not let her. Walked with her to Buckhill. Met Lady L. in her jaunting car near the lane to Buckhill, and she turned back and took Bessy the rest of the way. Her kindness and evident sympathy with Bessy's apprehensions (though, as usual, making no display of it), highly amiable. Left Bess at Buckhill and walked home.

11th. Very anxious all day; Bessy having gone by one of the late coaches, too late to write, and no letter from the doctor. Walked over to Locke's; asked to dine, and gladly consented.

12th. A letter from my sweet Bess, enclosing me one from the doctor, with the intelligence of Tom's complete convalescence, and that I might expect them down in the evening. Was to have dined at Bowood, but sent an excuse, and between five and six Bessy and Tom arrived.

13th. Allowed Tom to walk out a little alone, and a good deal alarmed by his returning home as pale as death, and but just able to crawl along. I had thought the journey would have accustomed him to the air, but it was too much for him, and he had nearly fainted, and been obliged to lie down upon a bank. The thoughts of his catching cold from the damp, together with the exhaustion of his looks, kept me some time in an agony of apprehension, but in an hour or two he quite revived again. Dined at Bowood; only the two Strangways.

15th. Went to Bowood. Party: Lord Auckland and his sister, the Strangways, an extraordinary fellow, a Russian, who has been in all parts of the world—Japan, Mexico, the Swan River, &c. Slept there and staid over the

16th. The Russian mentioned at dinner an anecdote of a Swiss and a Brabanter talking together, and the latter reproaching the Swiss with fighting for money, while he (the Brabanter) fought for honour. "The fact is," answered the Swiss, drily, "we each of us fight for what each most wants." An old story this.

17th. Strangways walked home with me.

"The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants, and the 'Morning Post.'"
See "Life of Scott."—Ed.

Found a letter from Murray, full of alarm about Byron's verses to Lady Jersey, declaring that they must be cancelled, and entreating me to do what I could to fill up the blank. Too provoking, this. Continually have called his attention to these verses, and, finding that even in their entire state, he made no objection to them, left out, of myself, all the severe parts against the King, and thought no more about them. Must go up to town: cannot otherwise manage it. Wrote to tell him I should come up on Sunday.

19th. A letter from Murray, expressing his regret at the trouble his want of attention is giving me, and enclosing a bill for 100*l.* in lieu of the money from Galignani, which (having broken off all that negotiation) he requested me not to accept.

20th. Off to town. In late, from the slippery state of the roads. Found Murray's servant waiting for me; bedroom ready, with fire, and all sorts of luxuries; but decided for my own den in Bury Street. Expecting me to a late dinner, they had had nothing since luncheon-time, and at ten o'clock we sat down to a hot dinner. Murray's joke, or story rather, of a man recounting his feats in shooting, and appealing to Murray, who had been out with him. "What he hit is history; what he missed is mystery;" a double joke, taking it as "*his* story," and "my story." Home to Bury Street, tired.

21st. Hunted out, among my papers, a poem of Byron's (which I had rejected) to supply the blank left by the cancel. Thence to Murray's and the printer's. Left the verses at Printing House Square, on my way to the Longmans'. Dined at Byng's, having had a letter from him before I came up, to say that he would secure Luttrell and Greville on the chance of my meeting them. Company, besides these two, Vesey Fitzgerald and Irving. Luttrell's delight at Hood's puns, particularly one where he makes a soldier say, "I thought, like Lavater, I could *write* about *face*." Though Hood is admirable in his line, yet what a line it is for men like Luttrell to admire! Was ever Pope, Prior, Addison, *any one*, in fact, of real wit a pun-hunter? It was among Swift's drivellings, to be sure; but all the lucid intervals of his humour were free from it.*

22d. Dined with the Hollands: only themselves. Lord H. delightful; his saying, after dinner, about the *ordinaire* claret, "If we finish this, we shall be able to get some better." Told of Mr. Fox saying one night in the House, that his person had been frequently caricatured, but that he defied any one (and in saying this he placed his hands on his fat sides) to paint him in the character of Envy. Spoke of Fox's famous answer to Lawrence's parallel of Hanno and Hannibal; his application of the words, *Ego Hannibal peto pacem*. In speaking of Burke he said, "You all overrate Burke; you, too, Master Moore, among the number; particularly in saying that he ever could have been trusted as leader of a great party." This I, of course, denied having said; the fact being, as well as I can recollect, that I have maintained the direct contrary. In the evening Rogers came, Luttrell, Lord Ashburnham, Byng, &c., but not Lord John (whom, by the bye, I had sat some time with in the morning), though I chiefly waited for him and for the Americans. Lord Ashburnham quoted an epitaph he had met with in a churchyard, and which, he said, "contained poetry, piety, and politeness." The following are the lines:

"You who stand around my grave,
And say, 'His life is gone;'
You are mistaken—*pardon me*—
My life is but begun."

23rd. Asked to various places to dine, but reserved myself for the chance of seeing Fanny Kemble in *Belvidera*. Fanny K.'s acting clever, but not touching, at least, to me. Was unmoved enough, during the pathetic parts, to look around the house, and saw but few (indeed, *no*) symptoms of weeping. One lady was using a handkerchief most plentifully; but I found it was for a cold in the head. Sir Thomas Lawrence in the orchestra, full of anxiety and delight; and I made it a point whenever he looked our way, that he should see me clapping enthusiastically. Came over to speak to us afterwards. Got home between ten and eleven, with all the horrors of correcting the cancel and of packing before me. Dispatched all, and set off in a hackney coach for the Gloucester Coffeehouse, where I slept.

* Luttrell's jokes were chiefly puns. For instance, when Mr. Croker had charged the public with war salary on account of Algiers, and thereby excited much indignation, it happened that some one at dinner talked of the name of Croker Mountains given to land supposed to be seen in one of the voyages to the North Pole. "Does any thing grow on them?" said some one. "Nothing, I believe, but a little wild celery" (salary), said Luttrell.—Ed.

24th. Started for home; a deuce of a journey. On Marlborough Downs was within an inch of being upset, having got off the road, which was untraceable from the drifting of the snow. Got out with all speed, the leaders of the six horses that drew us being already down in a hollow, and the heavily-loaded coach within an inch of following. When the coach was righted, took in two poor girls (milliners, apparently, from their smart dress), who had been all along outside. The rest of our way to Calne very slow and perilous, the coachman being obliged to get down continually, to see if we were still keeping the road.

25th to 31st. The printing off of the first volume delayed by a mistake at my lodgings relative to the transmission of the revised cancel to the printer.

1830.

January, 1830, 1st to 3rd. Busy at my second volume.

4th. Went to Bowood: party, the Barrington s, Henry and Mary Fox, the Hallams, father and son; Spring Rice and son. Staid till the 7th. Henry Fox's story of the wonderful calculating boy in Italy (only seven or eight years old). Two young men one day being inclined to quiz the child, asked him several frivolous questions, and among others, "*Due e due, quanto fanno?*" The boy answered, "*Quattro cento.*" "The devil," they exclaimed; "how is that?" On which he replied, calmly, "*Due e due fanno quattro, e poi* (pointing to them) *due zeri.*" This is hardly credible. Talking of the small potentates of the Continent; the Prince de Reuss (?) one of the first to acknowledge the French Republic; the terms of his recognition as follows:—"*Le P. de Reuss reconnait la Republique Française;*" to which Talleyrand returned for answer, "*La Republique Française est bien aise de faire connaissance avec le Prince de Reuss.*" The present Prince of Monaco is *Hercules* the 50th. Dean Ogle a very absent man; has been known more than once at a strange table, where there happened not to be a very good dinner, to burst out with, "Dear me, what a very bad dinner! I am so sorry not to have given you a better," &c. &c., thinking himself at home. Story of a sick man telling his symptoms (which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful) to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!" "Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, said with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

8th to 15th. Busy, and wondering at the further delay of the first volume. At length an article in the "Times," and another in the "Courier," both favourable, announced its publication at hand.

16th. Received a copy of the book.

19th to 27th. At work. Loads of letters every day about my book, and most flaming eulogies of it in the "Sun," "Atlas," "Court Journal," "Northern Whig," &c. &c.

31st. Walked home from Lacock. Found my own darling Bess a little better; the state of her health gives me many a sad moment. Great God! spare her to me. An article in the "Times" of yesterday, very flattering to me, but hard upon poor Byron.

February 1st. A chaise in the morning to take me to Bowood. Started with Lord L. at a quarter past nine. Dined at Maidenhead, and got to town about eight. Found myself very comfortably lodged at Fielding's in Sackville Street.

2nd. Working at home. Murray called. Very good accounts of the "Life." Talked of the late Radical article in the "Quarterly," and the sensation it has made. When Croker, among others, was expostulating with Murray about it, the latter reminded him that he (Croker) had sent for him a short time ago, and said, "You may be sure, Murray, Reform must be given some time or other, and the sooner you take up that tone the better for the 'Review.'" Croker said he only meant as far as related to East Retford, &c. &c. Talked of the letter Davison, the printer, had from Bland, Lady Byron's solicitor, in which he says that Lady Byron was highly pleased with the "Life." Murray assured me that Bland is not the man to have said this, unless he had good grounds for it. Dined by myself at Brookes's and home pretty early.

3rd. Notes from Lady Holland and Rogers, to ask me to dinner to-day. At home all the morning, working. Irving called, and sat some

time. Company at Lord King's: Sir J. Graham, Wilson, Sharpe, Warburton, Dr. Rees, and Macaulay. Tierney, to the last, very nervous about speaking; Pitt, too, and I think they said Erskine. Brougham said of Wetherell that he "drives his substances and four." Lord King showed me a journal kept by the Chancellor King, in short-hand, which Dr. Rees had lately deciphered for him.

4th. Went at one to call upon poor Mary Godfrey, who was quite overwhelmed upon first seeing me, but more composed afterwards. The meeting altogether a sad one, and both Barbara and she seemed to recover their spirits at least far more than I did.

6th. To printer's, &c. Dined at the Athenæum; a grand dinner, for the opening of the Club, consisting of all those members that had belonged to Committees. Croker in the chair, supported by Lords Lansdowne, Gower, Lowther, and Bexley, Bishop of London, Agar Ellis, &c. &c., to the amount of about thirty. Sat next Chantrey.

7th. Worked all day; and, intending to return in the evening, ordered a dinner at Brookes's, but had scarcely done so, when Stephenson (who had been commissioned by the Duke of Sussex to throw his drag-net at Brookes's for any stray guests he could catch for an impromptu dinner at Kensington) tempted me to join the party, and I *dis*ordered my cutlet. Set off, six in a coach (one of the Duke of Sussex's which he had sent in for the *haul*), consisting of Lords Durham, Howick, &c., and found myself most heartly and hospitably welcomed by his R. H. Lord and Lady Cleveland and daughter, Lady Cecilia Buggins, &c. of the party. The day most royally odd, and (to do it justice) *un*royally easy and amusing. Brought back by Lord Durham.

8th. Worked at my sheets six hours and a-half. Dined at Athenæum alone, and worked for two or three hours afterwards.

9th. A note from Lady Holland, to say she would wish to put me off from dinner till Friday or Saturday, as to-morrow she means to go to the play. Glad of the opportunity to accept Kenny's invitation instead.

10th. Dined at Kenny's, taken by Rogers. Company: Jekyll and son, Irving, Newton, Mrs. Badham (Fanny Holcroft that was) and her husband. In talking of the Duke of ——, Jekyll mentioned that for years, whenever he met him, his R. H. used to ask regularly, "I hope your two daughters are well?" (Jekyll's being two sons): to which Jekyll would answer, "Quite well, thank your R. H.; they are both at Westminster:" and the Prince's reply was always "They couldn't be better placed." An excellent specimen of the sort of attention royal questioners pay to their answerers.

[At this time a proposal was made to Mr. Moore, apparently with Lady Canning's full approbation, to write the life of Mr. Canning. There was much that was tempting in this proposal; the brilliant oratory and delightful wit of Canning would have found a congenial biographer in Moore. On the other hand, the career of the friend and disciple of Pitt, Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Reformer, must have jarred with the liberal and reforming politics of the author of the Irish Melodies and the "Two-penny Post-bag." Here is the result.]

11th. The first aspect of the plan appeared to me most inviting; the importance of the period, the abundance of materials I should have to illustrate it, and my general coincidence with the principles of Canning's latter line of politics; not to mention (what unluckily is always last in my calculations) the great pecuniary advantage I should reap from having (as was agreed I should) the whole of the profits resulting from it; all this was, I own, most tempting. But, upon coming to consider the matter more closely, an obstacle presented itself in the person of Lord Grey, which at once put an end to the whole speculation. The decided hostility in which he and Canning were placed during the period in question, would make it wholly impossible for me to enter into the subject, without such a degree of freedom in speaking of the conduct of Lord Grey as both my high opinion of him, and my gratitude to him for much kindness, would render impossible. If left to myself I might perhaps manage to do justice to all parties, without offending any; but under the dictation of Lady Canning, the thing would be impracticable. Told —— accordingly (who felt my reasons to be unanswerable) that I must decline the undertaking.

12th. Dined at Longman's; M'Culloch and Dr. Lardner. M'Culloch mentioned Dobbs on the "Trade of Ireland" as good; spoke of a

pamphlet published by Dilby in 1786, in which the fallacy of the Sinking Fund was exposed. Talked of Sir W. Petty; a clever book "on the Bills of Mortality, by Captain ——," said by Burnet to be really written by Petty. This is however improbable; why should he, who avowed everything else he wrote be so chary about *one* book, and that a good one? Talked of Evelyn's account of Sir W. Petty; his mimiery, dancing, &c. &c. Spoke of the republication of Berkeley's "Querist," with notes; a good idea, and well executed, though in some instances deficient in information; found, from M'Culloch, it is by Vernon Smith. Lord Lansdowne had already told me he knew whose it was, but had been enjoined secrecy.

13th. After working a little, off to the Charter House. Tom better. Dined at the Athenæum, and home in the evening to work.

14th. Dined at Chantrey's. Had been asked to the Lord Chancellor's, and promised Lady Lyndhurst, if possible, to come in the evening. Company at Chantrey's: Bedford, Babbage (the great mathematician), Penn, Stokes, and one or two others. Babbage, in praising my "Byron," said that my analysis of the character of Lord B. came nearer to the clearness of science than anything he had ever read. * * *

15th. To Tom at Charter House. Dined at Sir E. Codrington's. Company: Lord Essex, and Sir H. Bunbury. The Codrington girls sung in the evening very nicely, their brother, the Captain, joining them. Brought home by Sir H. Bunbury.

20th. Took Miss Macdonald to see over new Athenæum; met Mr. Grenville, who took advantage of the escort to see it also. Dined at Byng's; Agar Ellis, Greville, Irving, Littleton. Received from Dr. Lardner some of the sheets (about half a volume) of Mackintosh's "History of England;" read them with much avidity, and was, on the whole, not disappointed, which, taking into account the expectation with which one must always approach any thing of Mackintosh's, is saying a great deal.

21st. At home, as usual, at work most of the day. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's. Company: the Granvilles, the Hollands, Lord Lansdowne (Lady L. too ill to come), Lords Auckland and Carlisle, and C. Greville. Lord Holland's remarks on Thurlow and Mansfield presiding in their respective courts, both handsome men, both able judges; but while law was all gentleness and suavity, equity was all violence and savageness. Told of Allen standing some time before Vandyke's portrait of Laud, which is in Lord Holland's possession, and at last being heard to mutter, with a sort of growl of pleasure, to himself, "But he was beheaded." An assembly in the evening of the most chosen. Had some talk with Lady Glengall about my "Byron;" said she had sat up till seven in the morning to finish it. The Duke of Wellington of the party, and he and I exchanged greetings for the first time since I knew and dined with him, as Sir A. Wellesley, in Dublin. Nothing more, however, than his blunt "How d'ye do," in passing.

22nd. Called and saw Lady Lansdowne, who is confined with cold; offered kindly to take Tom down to Wiltshire where she is going. Went to Tom; found him pretty well, but looking so delicate as to make me very uneasy. Indeed, what with one or other of those in whom my heart is wrapped up, I am doomed perpetually to anxiety. My poor mother, too, is in a state of sad weakness; and I am in constant apprehension about her. Dined at Colonel Bailey's. Company: Lords Cleveland, Saye and Sele, Reay, and Duncan. Brought home by Lord Cleveland.

26th. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Lord Auckland, C. Greville, Doherty, C. Kemble, &c. Kemble's story of the Irishman muleted in 5*l.* for beating a fellow, and saying, "What, five pounds! Well (turning to the patient), wait till I get you in Limerick, where *bating* is *cheap*, and I'll take it out of you."

27th. To Tom again; took him out in a hackney coach to St. John's Wood road, and having there walked him about in the sun for half an hour, returned with him *en fiacre* to the Charter House. Dined at Hallam's: Rogers, Lady C. Lindsay, Lady Davy, &c. &c. To the Opera for a short time.

March 1st. Dined with Murray. Meant to have joined the Lansdownes at the play afterwards, to see Fanny Kemble, but had a note from Murray before dinner (a messenger from the Lansdowne's to leave the number of their box for me at his house, having apprised him of my design) to say, "For God's sake do not

go to Lord Lansdowne's this evening; you live with him, and it can be of no consequence to him, but to me it will be thrusting a knife into my feelings," &c. &c. Company at Murray's: James Smith, the Lockharts, Irving, &c. &c. Staid there the whole evening, and sung,—the first time for near two months,—and was actually pleased with the sound of my own voice. A niece of Madame D'Arblay's also sung some things with an Italian, and very prettily.

3rd. Off at seven, Tom and I, for home, and most glad to get there. Found Bessy pretty well.

4th to 17th. Hard at work (as hard as it is my nature to be), and but two days of company; one at the Fieldings' on the 5th, when I dined there and slept, and the other at Starkey's on the 11th.

18th. Started for town with Tom. Kept him to sleep with me that night.

19th. Up at a little after seven, not having slept much; and having breakfasted at Power's on our way, deposited my young *Moretto* at the Charter House. Dined at Edmund Byng's: a theatrical party; Jack Bannister, Matthews, Liston, Yates, Bartley, &c. &c.; the Knight of Kerry and myself being the only non-dramatic part of the assembly. Bannister's imitation of Garrick in private life: a sort of hesitating finery in the manner of speaking, hardly like what one could have expected, and which Bannister said that Garrick, who was fond of the great, took up in imitation of Lord Mansfield. Matthews's imitations admirable. William Linley singing "Stay, traveller," and his brother Ozias in agonies under it. "What dreadful stuff is that?" asks the brother. "Ozias," answers William, with a solemn and reproving voice, "It is our father's."

20th. Had called at the Hollands' yesterday, and they asked me to dine to-day. Went. Nobody but themselves and Lord Robert Spencer. Forgot to mention that a few days before I left home I received from Lord Holland Lady Byron's printed remarks upon my book, transmitted to me by her own desire. Told him, in answer, that I would, with her permission, subjoin it to the second edition of my work, and received from him a most flattering reply, praising the good humour and judiciousness of this step; also entering into some particulars respecting the part of my book relative to Lord Carlisle's father, and suggesting some little softening explanations, which, he thought, if given in a second edition, would gratify Lord C.

24th. Murray very worrying about omissions; has taken fright at the whole Guiccioli affair.

25th. Note from Lord Essex to say that the Directors of Ancient Music last night expressed great regret at my not coming, and that there was some talk among them of making me henceforth free of the Ancient Music. Dined with Mrs. Manners Sutton for the purpose of accompanying her to Mrs. Shelley's in the evening, they having made up an acquaintance together since I was last in town. At dinner only Mr. and Mrs. Hare.

26th. Dined with the Fieldings, and went in the evening to a party at Dr. Bowring's. Introduced to several first-rate literati, whose names I knew nothing about; also to Pickersgill and Martin, the artists. To my surprise and pleasure saw Washington Irving among the group, who proposed that I should accompany him back to a party of Americans he had just left (at Mr. Maclean's) which I accordingly did to his great delectation. Found the party numerous. A young American lady played the harp and I sang, while Mrs. Maclean sat by my side, exclaiming enthusiastically, "Oh elegant! elegant!" Notwithstanding this Irish Americanism, however, a very nice woman.

28th. Glad to accept Lord Essex's offer of an airing in his barouche. Took me out to Holland House. Lady H., on asking him to dinner some day, said, "As to the little poet, there is no use in asking him." "Try me," I said. "Well, Thursday next," she replied; and most luckily I happened to be disengaged for that day. Went from thence to see Wilkie's pictures. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, and went with him at night to Lord Essex's, where we found Miss Stephens, the Codringtons, &c. Sung with great success. Had received a note from Twiss in the morning, saying, "Is there by any possibility a chance of finding you disengaged to day? If so, pray come, and meet the Duke of Wellington here at seven o'clock.

29th. Dined with Dr. Holland. In the evening went to Martin's (the artist), and met a large party of small literati. Flattered and

talked at by them till I was sick and ran away.

30th. Dined at Lord Charlemont's. Company: the Caulfields, Lady Davy, and Lord Dudley. Lord Dudley's dialogue with himself, and silence to the rest of the company during dinner, very awful and damping.

31st. Dined at Lord Carnarvon's. Company: Lords Mahon, Auckland, Cowper, Porchester, Mr. Algernon Herbert, &c. &c. Off early to the Ancient Music, Lord Cawdor having given me a ticket. Came in for the second act. After it was over, the Archbishop of York most graciously told me that the Directors were all very sorry at my disappointment last week, and that he was sure that he spoke but their united wish in saying that I might consider myself free to come to their box whenever I pleased.

April 1st. Dined at Holland House. Company: Lords Carlisle, Euston, Melbourne, and John Russell, Lady Hardy, and daughters. Lord Holland having told me of a letter which Lady Byron had sent that morning, upon the subject of Campbell's rhapsody, to Lord Melbourne, asked Lord M. after dinner whether he had any objection to show it me. "On the contrary," he said, and went up stairs to his room for it. In this note to Lord M. she expresses great regret at the "injudiciousness" of what Campbell has done, though convinced that it was very good-naturedly meant, and adding that she has known him a long time, &c. &c.

3rd. Went in the evening to Lady F. Gower's theatricals. The second piece a kind of *tableau* founded on the ballad of "Zarifa:" most beautiful. Lady F. Gower's looks, dress, and singing as pretty as need be, and the whole thing admirable of its kind. The company very chosen; hundreds of the usual party people being left out.

4th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet Luttrell and Sandford. R. quoted the following good epigram:—

"'See the justice of Heaven,' America cries,
'George loses his senses, North loses his eyes!'
For before they attacked her, 'twas easy to find
That the monarch was mad and the minister blind."

Mentioned also the following upon Mrs. Cowley's tragedy of "The Fate of Sparta" (or some such name):—

"When in your mimic scenes I viewed
Of Sparta's sons the fate severe:
I caught the Spartan fortitude,
And saw their woes without a tear."

S. quoted Charteris' saying, "I'd give at any time ten thousand pounds for a character, because I know I could make twenty by it." Called on the Godfreys, and at Shee's. Dined at A. Baring's. Company: the Fazakerleys, Rogers, Mrs. Norton, who was at war all dinner time, most amusingly, with Rogers. Sung in the evening; and so did Mrs. Norton, some songs full of feeling.

5th. Forgot to mention that Henry de Ros has given me some papers of his family, consisting of letters from the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Coningsby, &c. &c., to do with as I liked. Called to-day upon Agar Ellis, who has got some of them to look over, and was glad to find that he thinks they may be turned to account. Dined with Sir Henry Bunbury. A fine old lady there, his aunt, Mrs. Gwynne, who was one of the two pretty girls relative to whom the story of Goldsmith's petty jealousy is told; all, she assured me, a misrepresentation. Goldsmith merely said, playfully, to their mother, on some one having come to speak to him, "You see I have my admirers too." Such is the truth of history and biography. Talked a good deal with her (into her trumpet) about Sir Joshua Burke, &c.

6th. Sent some things to the printer. Walked out with Corry, who staid with me till he saw me off in the coach for Cashiobury, where I was glad to fly to for a few days' quiet. The evening delicious when I arrived, and the place looking beautiful. No one but Lord Essex himself and Ratcliffe.

7th to 9th. Had my mornings to myself till between two and three, and then drove out for an hour or so with Lord Essex. Got pretty well on with my work, and enjoyed my solitary walks in the park and about the Swiss Cottage exceedingly. At the last day's dinner we had the addition of Codrington, Woolriche, and Sabine.

10th. Started for town in a chaise with Ratcliffe. Employed myself all day in preparing for to-morrow's flight to Wiltshire. Dined at the Speaker's: an odd assemblage; the Mathewses, Mrs. Shelley, young Kitchener (son of the Doctor) and his wife, &c. &c., besides Corry (who went with me) and Washington Irving. Forgot to mention in its place Irving's description of the evening at Horace Twiss's

(the evening of the day he wanted me to meet the Duke of Wellington). But few people had come; and "there was Twiss," said Irving, with his two great men, the Duke and the Chancellor, just like a spider that has got two big flies, and does not know what to do with them." Sung a little, and walked home with Irving and Corry. The Speaker very agreeable after dinner.

11th. At breakfast with Sir Henry Bunbury in Grosvenor Street at half past seven, and started with him for Bromham (he going to Napier's) at eight. A very agreeable journey, but, on my arrival, found my darling Bessy looking sadly ill. Has not been at all well ever since I went.

12th to 23rd. At home, quiet and at work. Bessy a little better, but by no means in a comfortable state of health, and giving me many an uneasy thought. God preserve her to me, I pray day and night.

24th. Up to town.

26th. Hard at work, copying out and correcting what I had written while at Sloperton. Met O'Connell, just returned from Ireland. Found he had very good-naturedly called to see my mother. Could speak of nothing but her likeness to me and the powers of her mind. "Yes," I said, "a very active mind." "Aye, but," he answered, "such quantities of it."

28th. Dined with Lord Essex, and went to the Directors' box at the Ancient Music; the first time of my using the privilege that the Directors had given me.

29th. Went, for a little quiet, to Richmond, to the Castle. Arrived at nine in the evening.

30th. Passed the whole morning at Lord Lansdowne's villa, working. The day delicious.

May 1st to 4th. All this month I was so occupied with work in the mornings and society in the evenings that I found it impossible to snatch a moment for my journal, and a few memorandums is all I have preserved of this period. 1st. Passed the morning at the villa, as I had done the day before; lunched at the Castle, and returned to town in the evening. 2nd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went out to Holland House. The levée there of a Sunday always delightful. My Lord on his stock-still pony, taking exercise, as he thinks: and my Lady in her whiskey, surrounded by *savans*. There were to-day Sydney Smith, Brougham, Jeffrey, &c. Sydney Smith praised my "Byron," the first book of mine (or indeed any one else's) I ever heard him give a good word to; seemed to do it, too, with sincerity. Went to the Duchess Cannizzaro in the evening. Lord Dudley, upon being asked whether he had read some new novel of Scott's, said, "Why, I am ashamed to say I have not; but I have hopes it will soon *blow over*." It is, I believe, in Murphy's "Apprentice," that the fellow who is to act Ghost asks "Whether he is to bow to the audience?" and the other answers, "Why yes, if you are the ghost of a gentleman, certainly."

6th. Saw Tom off at seven in the coach for Wiltshire: could hardly hold my head up all the day after. Breakfasted with Jeffrey to meet Sydney Smith, W. Irving, &c. Smith very amusing. In talking of Sir T. Lawrence's death, he said he had heard that it was entirely owing to his bandage (after bleeding) coming off, and the ignorance of his servant in not binding it on again, that he lost his life. On my remarking the additional ill-luck, after such a death, off falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell, he started up, and exclaimed theatrically, "Look to your bandages, all ye that have been blooded; there are biographers abroad!" Nothing could be kinder or more affectionate than Jeffrey's manner and expressions in taking leave of me; and when he shook my hand and said, "God bless you," his voice evidently faltered.

11th. Set off for Cashiobury, where I remained till the 14th, enjoying myself with the sweet quiet of the place, and the leisure which my long mornings afforded me. Our only company, Woolriche, Baring Wall, and (one of the days) Codrington.

25th. Dined with Lord Lansdowne; Lady Jersey's in the evening. 27th. With Lord Lansdowne again to meet a large party, Lord Grey, Brougham, the Carlisles, the Hollands, &c. &c. The dinner afterwards made some noise in the newspapers, being represented foolishly as a reconciliation dinner to Lord Grey.

28th. (My birthday). Started for Sloperton, Bessy being anxious to have me, at least, to a birthday *supper*. The state of politics had, before I left town, become rather interesting; Lord Grey having returned to his former station beside (or rather at the head of) his old

fellow Whigs, and some demonstrations of a spirited opposition having been exhibited. Though the dinner of the 27th at Lansdowne House was not quite of so *prononcé* a character as the papers would have it, there is no doubt it made a part of the mutual movement towards a renewal of old friendship that has taken place between the parties. It was, I dare say, for the purpose of giving a less political air to the dinner that Lord L. was so anxious that I should be of it, as, after having invited me for the 25th, he wrote to say, that he wished, "without detriment" to that day, that I would dine with him also on the 27th; but that if I could only give *one* day, he begged it might be the latter. Lady E. Fielding, who talked to me about it afterwards, took the same view of its being a reconciliation dinner, and said it was remarked that, notwithstanding this being the object, Lord L. had never paid any attention whatever to Lord Grey, but had, after dinner, *talked only to me!* Such are the exaggerations that get about. How can it be expected that people at a distance should know anything of the mysteries of the great world, when they who live in the very thick of it are so constantly (as I see every day) at fault?

June 1st, 2nd. Returned on the latter day to town, Napier going up with me. He and I have been appointed members of the Committee of thirteen, chosen by the Athenæum Club to elect 100 out of a 1000 persons at present candidates for admission; an honourable but troublesome trust. Found on my table, upon coming up, forty letters, thirty of which were from canvassers for the Club. The claim of one of these to admission, was his having written about the Siamese Twins. The members of our Committee are so chosen as to represent different classes; for instance, the representative of the peerage is Lord Farnborough; of the commons, Croker; of the clergy, the Bishop of Llandaff; of the law, Mr. Justice Parke; of the army and navy, Napier; of the arts, Chantrey; of the sciences, Davies Gilbert, and Professor Sedgwick; of general literature, Thomas Moore; and so on. * * *

5th. Dined with Sir G. Robinson. Company: Lord and Lady Tavistock, Lord John Russell, Lord Clifden, and Agar Ellis. Had been asked to Baring Wall's to meet the Lansdownes; also to Bulwer's, where I went in the evening, and was made to sing by the handsome hostess.

6th. Dined at Holland House. Company: the Granvilles, Ellises, Lord Seaforth, &c. Forget whether I have mentioned that Henry de Ros had placed at my disposal a large collection of papers which have come to him from his father: some of the Duke of Marlborough's, Lord Coningsby's, &c. &c. Among the mass are some very interesting letters, &c., connected with the last moments of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which Agar Ellis thinks I might make some good thing of. Told Lord Holland of this. Highly approved of it; said he would give some help in the work, Pigott's Petition*, &c. Took me to his rooms when we retired for the night, and read to me from the "Account of his Own Times," which I have before mentioned, a long character of Lord Edward, as well as remarks on the Rebellion in which he engaged; all very clever and very bold. Said he at present saw no objection in letting me have this for my work. Read me also a character of Lord Shelburne, apparently very fair, though some parts very severe. In the character of Lord Edward, he cites, as applied to him, my song, "Oh, breathe not his name!" which is, however, a mistake, as that song alludes to Emmet and the passage in his speech on receiving sentence, "Let no man write my epitaph." Lord H. discusses, in this character, the question of calling in foreign assistance, and puts very manfully the circumstances by which such a step may be justified. Did not leave him till near two o'clock. Slept there.

10th. Was to have dined to-day with Rogers early, but our Committee (electoral) meeting at five, it was out of the question. Told the Fieldings I would come to them. Our business to-day merely preliminary, and smoothing the way to our regular meeting on Saturday. In alarm (both Ellis and I) for Barnes, whom it was our great object to get in, and whom we understood it was the intention of the Bishop to protest against in consequence of the late attack on the Bishop of London in the "Times." On its being proposed (as one of the steps facilitatory of our future operations) that each should mention the person or persons we were more particularly

* This was the petition to the House of Lords, written by Sir Arthur Pigott. The calm argumentative eloquence of this paper is very striking.—Ed.

anxious about, Ellis, who was the first called upon, began rather imprudently, by saying that there was one person he felt most especially anxious for, so much so, indeed, that if that person should be objected to, he rather feared he should be compelled to exercise his *veto* against those proposed by others; this was, he added, Mr. Barnes. He then named his father (Lord Clifden) and two or three others. When it came to my turn, I mentioned Barnes and only him.* Company at Fieldings in the evening. Pressed to sing, and refused stoutly for some time, till Lady Glengall got between me and the door as I was going away to Lady Graham's, and took me by main force to the pianoforte. I could hardly at first get a note out for anger. After a song or two set off to Lady Graham's: a marriage party, the nuptials of Miss Sheridan with Lord Seymour being celebrated there this evening.

11th. Dined at Lord Jersey's. Company: Lord and Lady Gower, Lord and Lady Rosebery, Coke and Lady Anne, Lord Lansdowne, Sydney Smith, &c.

12th. Meeting of Committee; got through our business. Had resolved to stand by Ellis in his general *veto*, in case the Bishop opposed Barnes; but all was right and unanimous. I could not, indeed, have anticipated that thirteen men should have got on together at once so conscientiously and smoothly; and our list tells well, I think, for the conscientious part of the business. Left them nearly finished at a quarter before seven. Dined with Mr. Grenville. Company: the Gowers, the Lansdownes, the Cawdors, the Braybrookes, &c. Murray (Bessy's brother-in-law) arrived in town with his boy Charles, on their way, as I hear, to Switzerland, for the purpose of putting Charles to school.

16th, 17th. Uncertain about Bessy's time of coming up.

18th. Bessy has decided for Saturday. Dined at Wilbraham's: company, Lord Ebrington, Lady Clinton (I think) &c. &c. In the evening to Stafford House (taken in his cab by Lord E.), which was opened for the second time in compliment to Prince Frederick of Prussia. Nothing can be more magnificent than the staircase; its size and grandeur made the whole company look both pigmy and dingy. Seemed to remind everybody of the Caserta at Naples. Lady Stafford (who received the company in a manner worthy the staircase) particularly civil to me.

19th. Having a long engagement to dine with the Clanricardes, dressed pretty early, in order to meet Bessy on her arrival before I went to dinner, and despatched off a messenger to the Charter House for Tom. As she did not come in the first coach, left Power at the Gloucester to wait for her; and was proceeding towards my dinner, when the messenger from the Charter House overtook me with a note from Dr. Russell, saying Tom was ill, and he did not like to let him out. All this threw me into such a fidget, what with my anxiety about Tom and my fear lest Bessy, on her arrival, should go on to the Charter House, and find him perhaps even more ill than Russell had described him, that I resolved to send an apology to the Clanricardes, and did so at twenty minutes before eight. Returned then to my post in Piccadilly, where I waited till half-past nine (having gobbled up a hasty and dirty morsel of dinner at the Gloucester Coffee House), but no Bessy arrived. Took for granted she could not get a place.

20th. A note at seven in the morning from Bessy, who had travelled all night, and was now at Benetts' expecting me to breakfast. Found that Murray and Rees had met her in Piccadilly by chance on her arrival. Little Charles with us to breakfast. All went, Russell too, down to the Charter House to see Tom: found that he was now quite well again. Brought him away with us, and all dined together at Power's.

21st, 22nd. Devoted my time chiefly to Bessy, doing but little at my work.

23rd. Wednesdays being half-holidays at the Charter House, went for Tom, and passed the whole day sauntering about the city, seeing sights, &c. At five o'clock (the Longmans having kindly offered to have dinner for us) went to Paternoster Row, where we dined, our plan being a little disturbed by the politeness (very kindly intended) of Mrs. Longman and her daughters coming into town to meet us; all in fine evening dresses, and Bessy in her country cottage bonnet. However, all went on well and agreeably. Came away early, Bessy having to pack for the morning.

* "I have made a mistake. All this took place on the 8th, as we had three meetings."

24th. Up at six, and off to Albemarle Street for the travellers. Went in the coach with them as far as Kensington; and having put some proofs in my pocket, walked for an hour and a half in Kensington Gardens, correcting them. Then went to the inn (kept by Lord Holland's old butler), and breakfasted.

26th. Tempted out from my work by the fine day and the death of his Majesty, both of which events have set the whole town in motion. Never was London so excited or so lively. Crowds every where, particularly in St. James's Street, from the proclamation of the new King being expected before the Palace. The whole thing reminded me of a passage in an old comedy: "What makes him so merry?" "Don't you see he's in mourning?" Went with Lord Essex down to the House of Lords; left him to go take his oath, and called at the Speaker's, where I had been asked to dine, but could not. Found that he had no intention of putting off the dinner. Met Miss Eden, who wanted to press me into the service of a party on the Thames with the Francis Levesons, &c. &c., Lord Francis having put off a dinner he was to have had, and exchanged it for a water party. Should have liked it, but was engaged. Dined at the Lansdownes: company, Duke of Grafton, the Jerseys, the Morleys, the Vernons, the Lord Chancellor, &c. Sat next the Lord Chancellor, and was much amused by his manner. Was laughing at the state of nervousness Scarlett had got into on the subject of the press. Vernon told me that the first account he had of the King's death in the morning was from Botham (at Salt Hill, where Vernon and Lady Elizabeth slept), Botham saying to him, when he came down stairs, "Well, sir, I have lost my *neighbour*."

27th. Dined with Lord Carnarvon: company, Rogers, young Norton, Lord King, &c. &c. Went in the evening to Lady Grey's. Lord Grey told me that having to attend a meeting of the Governors of the Charter House the other day, he inquired about my little Tom, and was told that he was the quickest, liveliest, and most agreeable little fellow in the world, full of fun and stories; but that he could not be got to work. This but too well agrees with what his master told me.

28th. 29th. Forget what became of me.

30th. Was to have dined with Lord Dudley, but received a put-off last night, in consequence of the debate in the Lords. Had been asked to divers other places: Holland House, Lord Worcester's, &c. Wrote to Lord Worcester to offer myself, and received for answer that he was "enchanted" to have me. Company, Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Anson, Lord and Lady Fitzroy Somerset, Matuscevich, &c.

July 1st to 7th. Working all the mornings, and dinnering it in the evenings, but took little note of my movements. Dined on the 5th with Agar Ellis: company, Dukes of Grafton and Norfolk, the Lansdownes, Carlisles, &c. &c. 6th (I thing it was). Dined with Mrs. Manners Sutton, and went under the gallery of the House of Commons afterwards. Was lucky enough to come in for Brougham's speech on the Regency: one of the most powerful and spirited sallies of oratory I ever heard. The effect of his humour upon the House! Mrs. Speaker had allowed me but an hour to stay; and very near the end of Brougham's speech one of the officers, in a fine gown, came and whispered me, *officially* as it were, "Sir, your hour's out." Found an evening assembly on my return; quadriles, &c. Sung a few songs, and home between one and two. Could not help next day writing Brougham a note to say how entirely his speech had captivated and astonished me. 7th. Dined at Lord Grey's: company, the Hollands, Lansdownes, Carlisles, Duke of Bedford &c.

8th. Dined at Sir F. Burdett's: Hobhouse, Rogers, Bruce, Trevanion, &c. &c. Have met Hobhouse once before this season (at the Barings'), and got on very smoothly with him. A very curious letter from Brougham in answer to my note.

9th. Dined with Lord Worcester, for the purpose of going to the French Play party. Alvanley had asked me yesterday to meet Heff Consadine and Giles Daxon, but my engagement to Burdett prevented me. The Irish wags, he now told me, were shy. Theodore Hook had joined them in the evening; and, by his power of fun, astonished the Paddies. Consadine, in talking of it to-day to somebody, said, "I never saw such a fellow as that *Horne Tooke*." In the evening Luttrell and I paired off from the Play party, and went to Brookes's; from thence to Lady Cooke's, to Mrs. Cunliffe's, and to Lady Grey's. At Lady Cooke's met Galt, the writer, who told me that he had brought away with him from Upper Canada a

bit of my tree. I asked, "What tree?" "Why, that you used to sit under," he answered, "at Ontario, when you were there." It appears they point out some tree with this recollection attached to it, and that travellers are in the habit of taking away bits of it.

10th. Dined with Rogers: company, Lord Grey, Lord Carlisle, Huskisson, Sturges Bourne, Lord Granville, Brougham, Luttrell, and myself. Brougham very amusing.

12th. Approaching very near the close of my task; the printer having promised me the last proofs on Wednesday next. Brougham having told me last night that he should speak to-day, went down to the House of Commons to hear him. Found there was no house. Dined at the Athenæum.

13th. Went towards five to the House of Commons. Heard but the beginning of Brougham's speech, which was so far heavy and wordy; the benches too nearly empty. Dined with Lord Essex.

15th. Dined with Lord King. 16th, with Lord Lansdowne, to meet some Americans. Forgot to mention Brougham's having asked me at the Fieldings' assembly, (11th), whether Rogers had received Lord Grey's permission before he invited such a party of Huskissonians to meet him: considered it very extraordinary, and was sure Lord Grey viewed it in the same light, "as he was silent the whole day." All this an imagination of Brougham's. Lord Grey, it appears, knew whom he was to meet, and has since said that the party was a very agreeable one.

17th. Set off for Sloperton; even yet not quite finished, as I take the last proofs with me for correction.

18th to 31st. During this month there is nothing to particularize. I had brought down with me the papers which Henry de Ros gave me; and in arranging those relative to Lord Edward Fitzgerald chiefly occupied myself. I forgot to mention that while in town I had seen old Ogilvie on the subject, and found him most promptly disposed to give me all the assistance in his power. Received from him some early letters of Lord Edward, and took down from his relation several particulars of his life.

August 1st to 17th. Received some further materials from Ogilvie; arranged all the papers according to their dates. Employed myself also in writing a thing for Power, to be called (I think) the "Summer Fête." Our first intention was to sail for Ireland on the 18th, but we deferred it till the 21st.

18th. Dined at Bowood. Bessy asked, but did not go. Company, the Fellowses and Bowleses. Walked home at night.

19th. Preparing for departure. Copying out what I have written for Power.

20th. Finished my copying. Between two and three started for Bristol—Bessy, the two boys, Hannah, and myself. Stopped an hour or so at Bath, and got to Bristol, to Harris's hotel between eight and nine.

21st. On board the Killarney packet at seven, and sailed between eight and nine. Beautiful weather. Among our fellow passengers were Lord and Lady Sherbourne and son. Lady S. very agreeable and remarkably kind to Bess; pressed her to occupy her sofa (our berths being the worst in the vessel), as her own intention was to stay on deck the greater part of the night; Bessy, however, declined. The night wretched enough. I lay on the floor of the great cabin.

22nd. The morning very fine, and the Wicklow Mountains to welcome us when we rose. Cast anchor off Kingstown to wait for the tide. Got to Dublin between twelve and one. Took two jaunting cars for ourselves and luggage, and proceeded to Abbey Street. My dearest mother a good deal overcome on meeting us; but, thank God, much better in health and spirits than I expected to find her. My sweet sister Nell just the same gentle spirit as ever; both in great delight with our boys; and my dear Bess never before looked so handsome as she did sitting by my mother, with a face beaming the utmost sweetness and affection, all for my sake. Had a most happy family dinner.

23rd. Walked about with Bessy and the boys. The theatre unluckily shut, but saw there was to be some miserable play or other at Fishamble Street (for the night only), and resolved to take the young ones to it. Crampton called before dinner, and wanted me to dine with him, offering the temptation of Shiel, Curran, and Sir Henry Hardinge; but I remained faithful to the boys. Never was there such a bear-garden as the theatre; nothing but rows from the beginning to the end of the night, and our box (from which there was no

retreat, being the stage box) on the point of being made the theatre of war. Bessy about to hand Russell to the actors to take care of, &c. &c.: but I managed to get the drunken fellow who was the nucleus of the row out of the box, and we finally got away without damage.

24th. Dined (Bessy and I) at Crampton's, having walked about and paid visits in the morning, besides buying a smart bonnet for Bess. Nobody at C.'s but a Mr. Macnamara, who had been at Paris during the late crisis, and gave a most lowering picture of the greater part of the transactions; quite unlike the heroic character thrown around them by the public accounts. Crampton very amusing in the evening; his imitations of the dancing at Donnybrook Fair, &c. &c. Oldham saying of some one, "He lives at the last house of Dublin on the left hand side." Some conversation to-day with Curran about Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Had been told by Judge Johnson that Lord E. disapproved very much of the plan of plundering houses for arms, as it produced unnecessary irritation and alarm, and the arms were better in the keeping of the gentlemen till the fit time came for taking them. All the organization he thought necessary was to train the fellows (in small squads of some fifteen or twenty) to marching by the plummet, performing equal distances in equal times.

25th. Dined at home. Left a note for Major Sirr in the evening. Much pressed to attend a public dinner to-morrow to celebrate the election of Colonel White; a deputation appointed to ask me; but resolved to decline.

26th. A note from Sirr. Called upon him. The rencontre he had with the party the night before Lord Edward's apprehension. Lord E. (if really among them, which he did not seem quite sure of,) must have been going, he thinks, to Moira House from Thomas Street. Two ways by which he might come, either Dirty Lane or Watling Street. Sirr divided his forces, and posted himself, accompanied by Regan and Emerson, in Watling Street, his two companions being on the other side of the street. Seized the first of the party, and found a sword, which he drew out; and this was the saving of his life. Assailed by them all, and in stepping back, fell; they prodding at him. His two friends made off. On his getting again on his legs, two pistols were snapped at him, but missed fire; and his assailants at last made off. On joining the other division of his forces, found that they had encountered the rebel party, and had made one of them prisoner. His suspicious account of himself; a muslin manufacturer. Sirr taking him through Dublin next day; no one recognising him; taking him to Newgate; to the provost; but could find no one to identify him; gave him up to Cook, and then told by some one that he was M'Cabe, who had organised all. His going to Cook and finding that M'Cabe had been liberated, having passed himself off as an innocent Scotchman. Fixed with Sirr to call upon him again. Set off with Bess, mother, Nell, and the boys, for Donnybrook Fair, having hired a job carriage; saw shows, &c. &c. Proceeded thence to Kingstown to see my sister Kate, whom I found also better than I expected. Thence to the Mearas' (at whose town house I am very comfortably lodged, while Bessy and the rest are at my mother's): lunched there, and then went on to dine (myself only, the remainder of my party having returned to town) at Cuming's at Roebuck. Party: Rees, Milliken, Reeve, &c. &c. Brought to town at night by Milliken.

27th. Desperate wet day; passed some hours at Milliken's, looking over Irish pamphlets. Dined at Lady Morgan's; company, Curran, Shiel, North, Edward Moore, the Clarks. Lady Morgan's story of her telling Lady Cork, on the morning of one of her assemblies, that she had just seen Sir A. Carlisle, who had been dissecting and preserving the little female dwarf Crachami. "Would it do for a *lion* for to-night?" asked Lady Cork. "Why, I think, hardly." "But surely it would if it's *in spirits*." Their posting off to Sir A. Carlisle's, and Lady C. asking the servant for the little child. "There's no child here, ma'am." "But I mean the child in the bottle." "Oh, this is not the place where we bottle the children, ma'am; that's at master's workshop." In talking of Irish pronunciation, Lord Gort saying, in court, when some one was called forth, "He's in *jeel*." A lady, too, describing the situation of her house, "We've the *bee* in our *rare*" (the bay in our rear). An assembly in the evening, to which Bessy (having got off dining) came, with Ellen and

Tom. Singing by the Miss Clarkes (very good indeed), and my London friend Ratcliffe. I too sung with great applause, being in excellent voice. All agreed that my voice had lost nothing of its freshness, while in strength they thought it improved.

28th. At Milliken's some time, looking over pamphlets. Walked with Cuthbert Eccles, talking of Irish History. Recommends Warner as the best. Some curious things about Glamorgan in Birch; promised to lend me Belling; thinks the Catholic historians far the most trustworthy. Dined at home.

30th. Passed the evening at Abbey Street very comfortably, and had a good night's sleep.

31st. Duke of Leinster called upon me at one o'clock. Some conversation with him about my intended "Life of Lord Edward." Did not think he had any papers that would be of use, as Lord E.'s communications with his father related purely to family affairs, his wish being (though he resided all the time at Leinster House) not to commit the Duke in the conspiracy. Pressed me to come to Carton, which I promised. While he was with me Major Sirr left a card: the man who killed his uncle; such changes does time produce! Showed his card to the Duke, who I found knows him, and thinks him, in his way, a good sort of man. Drove out to pay visits with my mother, Bessy, &c. &c. Dined (Bessy, Tom, and I) at Crampton's; none but themselves. Home pretty early.

September 1st. Fixed to go to Bryan's on Saturday (4th), as the meeting on the subject of the French Revolution, which I have promised to attend, will not take place before Monday week. Drove out in a jaunting car, with my mother and Bess, to visit the Grahams at Dunville, where I once passed a few days as a child, and where I well remember being carried in triumph by other boys to an old ruin of a castle which stood in one of the fields, and there crowned king of the castle,—Callin's Castle (I think it was), now thrown down, and a good house built in its place. As I stood at the end of the garden at Dunville, and looked into the field, it is odd enough that (although from some other changes I had been led to suppose that the field where I used to play was quite in a different direction) I felt at the moment that this must be the spot; though there was nothing but the grass, and perhaps the relative position of the field to the garden, that was at all likely to act upon my recollections. On my return to the house, I learned that it actually *was* the very spot where I had played during the short period of my visit in childhood, when I could not have been more than seven or eight years old. Such vitality is there in some associations! On returning to town met Shiel, and walked for some time with him. Metaphors, he says, are going fast out of fashion in Ireland; in the courts there is now hardly one to be heard. Remarked the change in this respect since the time of Temple Emmet, who had great reputation for eloquence, and whom old Peter Burrowes once heard say, in arguing an abstract point of national law, "When twelve eaglets (meaning the United States) left their parent nests, and soared to independence upon dauntless wings." Called with him on the "Evening Post," and sat talking some time with Magee and Conway. Shiel thinks I should have no difficulty whatever in getting into Parliament for some Irish seat, if I but looked to it. Dined in Abbey Street, and having borrowed the files of the "Evening Post" for 1792—5, passed the evening looking over them. In talking with Peter Burrowes this morning, got on the subject of Robert Emmet, whose counsel I found Burrowes had been. Told me that Emmet, on his apprehension, had confided some money he had about him (together with a letter) to somebody he thought he could trust, to be delivered to Miss Curran. The person, whoever it was, pocketed the money, and carried the letter to the government; on hearing which Emmet, in despair at the thought of having committed the girl by anything he might have said in the letter, addressed, through some channel or other, the most earnest entreaties to the government that they would suppress the letter, engaging himself, if they would do so, not to say a word in his own defence, but to go to his death in silence. This latter offer he made, knowing how much it was an object with the authorities that he should not address the people. Burrowes told me, too, that during the trial, whenever he was endeavoring to disconcert any of the witnesses in his cross-examination, Emmet would check him, and say, "No, no; the man's speaking truth." This was, however, only on points bearing against himself; for whatever testi-

mony was likely to involve or criminate others, he showed the utmost anxiety that the truth should not appear. When Burrowes, too, was about to avail himself of the privilege of reply (wearied to death with anxiety, and feeling both the painfulness and inutility of what he was about to do), Emmet said, "Pray do not attempt to defend me; it is all in vain;" and Burrowes accordingly desisted. Nothing could be more warm and unqualified than Burrowes's praise of him and his feeling for his memory.

3rd. One of these mornings called on Major Sirr, and had his description of the seizure of Lord Edward. Got the information as to where he was but the moment before he acted upon it. Ryan and Swan happened to be with him at the time: took five or six soldiers in plain clothes with him; when arrived in Thomas Street sent for the pickets of cavalry and infantry in the neighbourhood; had altogether between two and three hundred men. While he was fixing the pickets round the house, Swan ran upstairs; soon after which Sirr, hearing a shot, ran up also, and found Lord Edward struggling with Swan and Ryan, the latter at his feet. Could not well make out whether Sirr fired from the hall (they being at the top of the stairs), or from the landing at the top into the room (they being still in the room); rather think the latter. Ryan had only a sword cane. Lord E. again making efforts to escape in the hall, and it was then he was wounded by the drummer. Neilson told Sirr afterwards that had it not been for the number of soldiers he had collected, there would have been a rescue, as he (Neilson) had 500 fellows ready to undertake it. Dined in Abbey Street. Ordered chaise to be with us early in the morning.

4th. Set off, with Bessy, the boys, and Hannah, for Jenkinstown, starting at twenty minutes past seven. Breakfasted at Kilcullen Bridge. Arrived at Bryan's at six; found them all delight to see us. A Mrs. Keating on a visit with them, and George, who has been ill, there also. Had seen Mrs. George Ryan before we left town.

6th. Drove into Kilkenny, with Bryan and Bessy. In looking along the walk by the river, under the Castle, my sweet Bess and I recollected the time when we used, in our love-making days, to stroll for hours there together. We did not love half so *really* then as we do now. Heard from Mr. Fitzsimon (O'Connell's son-in-law), on the subject of the French meeting. Wants me to write an address for them to the French nation, but declined. Colonel Leeky, who commands at Kilkenny, called to invite us all to a *dêjeuner* on Wednesday.

7th. Asked to lay the first stone of a new house building for George in the neighbourhood of Jenkinstown. In starting for this ceremony the horses in Mrs. Bryan's carriage showed rather alarming restiveness. Bessy went with George in his curricle, and Tom and I walked. After the laying of the stone, Bryan ordered ten barrels of beer to the workmen: but on the master builder representing to him that this would make them drunk for a week, the choice was given them whether they would have the beer or the value of it (one pound a barrel), and they wisely and *un*-Irishly chose the money, having one barrel of beer (which George had before ordered them) to drink. In returning home Mrs. Bryan's horses ran restive against the gate, broke the pole, and threw off the postillion; luckily no further harm done; but the horses of George's curricle also becoming unmanageable, I, with much fear and trepidation, got Bessy and Tom down from it, cursing, in my heart, all such over-fed, never-worked horses.

8th. Helped Tom a little with his Greek holiday task. Much discussions and doubtings as to the horses that were to be put to the carriages to-day; my wish being to send for post-horses, but I was over-ruled. Set off between two and three. The Bryans, Mrs. Keating, and Bessy in the coach-and-four, and Tom and I in the curricle, with a postillion and pair. Got there very safely. Walked with Tom into Kilkenny, to show it to him. Called at Mr. Banim's (the father of the author of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family," who keeps a little powder and shot shop in Kilkenny), and not finding him at home, left a memorandum to say that I had called out of respect to his son. Took care to impress upon Tom how great the merit of a young man must be who, with not one hundredth part of the advantages of education that he (Tom) had in his power, could yet so distinguish himself as to cause this kind of tribute of respect to be paid to his father. I have not, it is true, read more than one of Banim's stories myself, but that one was good,

and I take the rest upon credit. Besides, he dedicated his second series to me, calling me "Ireland's free son and true poet," which was handsome of him. A paragraph, by-the-bye, in the Kilkenny paper (of yesterday, I believe), in mentioning that they had seen me drive through the town with Captain Bryan, apparently in good health and spirits, added that the latter seemed to sink a little when I looked at the theatre, the scene of my former gaieties, and saw the place turned into a horse bazaar, where I once used to make the galleries roar in *Peeping Tom* and *Robin Roughhead*. The party at the barracks very numerous and gay; the dinner well managed; and the dancing afterwards, if not very graceful, at least active enough. My old friends, the Powers of Kilfane, there, and glad I was, for the sake of old times, to see them. Pressed us much to go to Kilfane, but cannot spare the time. Sat next Major Campbell, an intelligent, manly officer. In speaking of Napier, said his book was their "Bible." Quoted what some French officer of note had said, in speaking of the British troops: he had remarked as very formidable, "*cet affreux silence que l'on observe en marchant en ligne.*" In coming back Tom and I obliged to join them in the carriage, from the heavy rain. Had a near escape of being upset at the turn-town to Jenkinstown, which, the postillions, being drunk, had passed too far to turn with safety; the leaders, however, being taken off, we managed it, and got home, for a wonder, with bones unbroken.

9th. Took a solitary walk towards Castle Comer. Thought of some points for my speech. Mrs. Bryan quoting from the "Deserter," about war, "*C'est une belle chose quand on en est revenu.*"

10th. Off in the Kilkenny coach for town. Coach called for us at the house, and took us most comfortably to town (having taken the inside to ourselves) before six o'clock.

11th. Met Lady Campbell driving about; got into the carriage with her. Conversation about her father (Lord Edward). Lady Lansdowne had already told me that she was rather apprehensive as to the prudence of the projected "Life." Her exclamation, on hearing that I had so many of his letters, she never having seen a scrap of her father's handwriting. Asked us to dinner to-morrow. Dined at Crampton's.

12th. Dined with the Campbells. Company, only the Richard Napiers, who took Bessy; Tom and I following in a hackney coach. Lady C. told me the circumstances connected with Lord E.'s escape from arrest, which she had heard from an old woman-servant of the family. Tony, the black, giving the alarm to Lord E., and the latter escaping (it was at Leinster House) by the stables. The officer who came to make the search (Swan I think,) saying, when he required her keys to look for papers, "It is a very disagreeable task for a gentleman to be employed in:" and Lady Edward answering, with much dignity, "It is a task no gentleman would perform." A few days after this, Lady Edward having gone to lodge in Denzille Street, the same woman, coming into the room in the evening, saw Lord and Lady E. sitting over the fire together and in tears.

13th. A dinner party at my mother's; the Mearas, O'Meara, and Peter Lee. All very nicely done; my sweet Bess having worked hard to have everything comfortable and creditable. A large addition to the party in the evening, and dancing, refreshments, &c. &c.; my mother in high spirits at seeing her family and friends about her.

14th. Dined (I alone) at Crampton's. Called for by Bessy and Ellen in the evening to go to a party at Mrs. Smith's. Music; sung. Have observed (what I should not have believed had I not witnessed it) that the Irish are much colder as auditors (to *my* singing, at least) than the English. Nothing like the same *empressement*, the crowding towards the pianoforte, the eagerness for more, which I am accustomed to in most English companies. This may be, perhaps, from my being made so much of a *lion* here, or from some notion of good breeding and finery, some idea probably that it is more fashionable and *English* not to be too much moved. From whatever reason it may proceed, it is the last thing I should have expected.

15th. Day of the meeting to celebrate the late French Revolution. Went at one o'clock; Bessy, Ellen, Mrs. Meara, &c., having gone before. Saw that they were well placed, and my little Tom with them. The Committee still in deliberation on the forms of proceeding. At this time more than 2000 persons collected: the room (the National Mart) being nearly full.

Shiel one of the earliest speakers; his manner, action, &c., all made me tremble a little for his chances of success in the House of Commons, about which I had before felt very sanguine. His voice has no *medium* tone, and, when exerted, becomes a scream; his action theatrical, and of the *barn* order of theatricals; but still his oratorical powers great, and capable of producing (in an Irish audience at least) great excitement. It was wished that I should second the resolution he proposed, and a call to that effect was becoming very general, but I resolved not. About this time the doors, which had been closed, were burst open by the people without, and the room was completely filled: supposed to be about 3000 persons in all. After a resolution proposed by Mr. Hamilton, late candidate for the county of Dublin, the call for me became obstreperous, and I rose. My reception almost astoundingly enthusiastic. For some minutes I got on with perfect self-possession, but my very success alarmed me, and I at once lost the thread of what I was about to say; all seemed to have vanished from my mind. It was a most painful moment, and Shiel (who was directly under me) told me afterwards that I had turned quite pale. I was enough collected, however, to go on saying *something*, though *what* I hardly knew, till at length my mind worked itself clear, and I again got full possession of my subject. So luckily, too, had I managed these few minutes of aberration, that, as I found afterwards, the greater part of my audience gave me credit for having assumed this momentary fit of embarrassment. From this on to the end my display was most successful; and the consciousness that every word *told* on my auditory, reacted back again upon me with a degree of excitement that made me feel capable of *anything*. The shouts, the applauses, the waving of hats, &c., after I had finished, lasted for some minutes. I heard Shiel too, as I concluded, say with much warmth, "He is a most beautiful speaker!" Found Bessy and Ellen where they sat as soon as I could, and had to make up my face to stand, for the rest of the day, the uninterrupted stare of some dozens of girls near us, many of them as good specimens of the "*beau sang*" of Ireland as could be found. I found that a very melancholy thought had crossed my dear Bessy's mind at the time when I paused in my speech. "He is thinking," she said to herself, "of Anastasia:" and her heart beat so violently with the idea, that she thought she should have fainted. It is true I had often during the day thought with sad regret of our sweet child, and the delight she would have felt in witnessing my success had she been spared to us; but, of course, at the moment of my bewilderment I thought of nothing but how to find my way back again. It was, however, a natural consequence of the state of excitement into which Bessy had been thrown by the whole scene (for at the first peal of acclamation on my entering the room, she burst into tears) to have such sad thoughts mingle with her pleasure and triumph. The *surgit amari aliquid* is so desolatingly true! Two of the speakers that succeeded me very good, Murphy and Sheehan (editor of the "Mail"); the only two I heard that struck me as likely to do in the House of Commons. Between four and five, with some difficulty, got Bessy and Tom away (my sister having gone before). As soon as the meeting perceived me going, the acclamations were renewed; found outside a large concourse of people to receive us, who hurrahed, shook hands, &c.; and, when we got into the carriage, insisted upon taking the horses off, and drawing us home. When we had proceeded half up the quay, however, I prevailed upon them to put the horses to again, and having provided myself with a pound's worth of silver, scattered it all for a scramble among my escorters, and got quietly home. Had promised Stanton of the "Morning Register" to try and furnish him with as correct a notice of my speech as I could muster up from recollection, and after dinner went to Bachelor's Walk for that purpose. Found there emissaries from the other morning papers waiting with the same design upon me, but referred them all to Stanton, who had promised me to give them slips from his copy Having dispatched off my report (the *devil* waiting in the room the greater part of the time while I wrote it), dressed for my mother's party, which I found already assembled. Sung to them, and did the honours as well as fatigue would let me. O'Connell's daughter (Mrs. Fitz-Simon, a very nice person) among the guests. Did not get to bed till late.

16th. Dined at Crampton's, to meet Sir H. and Lady Emily Hardinge. Bessy asked, but did not go. No one else but Mr. Wood. Sir

Henry very agreeable and communicative. Among other things, in speaking of the Duke of Wellington's powers of letter-writing, mentioned that those letters in the affair with Lord Winchilsea (in which Hardinge was his second) were written off at the moment with pencil, on being called out of the House of Lords by Hardinge as the negotiation went on. Said also, that the night he went to the Duke to tell him there was nothing left for them but to fight, he found the Duke in bed and asleep. It was then one o'clock; and after waking him, and mentioning what must be done, the Duke coolly said, "Very well; see that I am called early enough in the morning;" and, turning round, betook himself to sleep again. A good deal of conversation on general politics, and Hardinge unreserved on every subject. In the evening, as he and I stood together, talking of the present state of parties, he said, "A strange position ours (meaning the Ministry) is at this moment: in the first place——." Here we were provokingly interrupted by Crampton's coming to tell us that a young lady was going to play the harp; by which unlucky *contretemps*, the Secretary was stopped in his revelations, and I lost (as Grumio says) "many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and I return unexperienced to my grave." Had settled this evening with Cassidy (the brother of a new acquaintance of mine who has invited me down to his house at Monastereven to meet Judge Johnson) that I would join him and Mr. Murphy (the Murphy that spoke so well at the meeting) in a chaise to-morrow morning to Monastereven. One of my great objects has been to have an opportunity of conversing with Judge Johnson on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and Mr. Cassidy, in whose neighbourhood Johnson lives, has arranged our meeting for me. Sir H. Hardinge, by the bye, complimented me on my speech far more than I could have expected from such a quarter.

17th. Started before eleven. Murphy a well-informed, agreeable man. Mentioned Lord Plunket saying of Lord Lyndhurst (whom he likes), "Indifference is the vice of that man's mind." Told some other things of Plunket, and a good many rather amusing anecdotes, which, from not journalising at the time, I have forgotten. Stopped at Kildare to look at the spot where Lord Edward's cottage (Conolly's Lodge?) once stood. No trace of it now. It adjoined the castle; the passage to it up a narrow, dirty lane. Went from thence to call upon a man of the name of Garry, a farmer, who was one of Lord Edward's captains in 1798. A fine, grave, handsome, and intelligent spoken old fellow, who showed, by the way he spoke of passing events, that the fire of '98 was not quite extinct in him. "It is of the Kingdom of God (he said) I have now alone to think; but still, to the last moment of my life, it will always give me pleasure to hear of the downfall of despotism." Arrived at Monastereven between four and five. Went to old Mr. Cassidy's, and having left Murphy (who was his son-in-law) and the younger Cassidy there, proceeded to the house of *my* host, about a mile and a half from Monastereven. Joined at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Miss Cassidy, &c. &c. Music in the evening. Excellent people, and all of them (except Murphy) as good rebels as need be. Murphy, who, it is evident, has an eye to getting on by English Whig interest, differs altogether from the radical views of his brothers-in-law. Judge Johnson could not come to-day, but has been invited by Cassidy to join us at breakfast in the morning.

18th. Walked with Cassidy in his garden before breakfast. Much talk with him about the state of Ireland at present. Resumed the subject we had already spoken of after dinner yesterday, namely, the chance (or rather, as he thinks, the *certainty*) of my being brought in for some Irish county, if I should desire it. Murphy said yesterday that it was the general talk of everybody on the day after the meeting. The elective power in Ireland now so constituted that none but candidates on popular principles are likely henceforward to succeed; the ten-pound freehold system having given the power of voting to a class of men on whom public opinion directly acts, namely, the shopkeepers and small farmers. Left Cassidy in the garden for some time, and on returning saw with him a short, slight figure (the back turned towards me), with a light step, and dressed in a neat blue coat and a foraging cap. Though aware that Judge Johnson was expected, I could hardly believe that this slight boyish figure could be the venerable eighty-year-old judge; but so it was. After break-

fast a good deal of conversation with him, which I have made memorandums of elsewhere. Drove out in Cassidy's open carriage with him, Mrs. C., and Judge Johnson; went to see Moore Park, and from thence to Johnson's House. He had already explained to me Lord Edward's views with respect to the best mode of training the people to arms; having observed, while in America, that the Indians, who are the best marksmen (with the rifle) in the world, brought their eye and hand to this perfection by practising with bows and arrows from childhood; this method not only saving the expense of powder and shot (which they could of course by no means afford), but enabling them equally well to attain that sympathy between the eye and head which makes the good marksman, and which, after such practice, they could in a fortnight transfer to the use of the rifle. Lord Edward's notion was to introduce this habit among the young Irish. In connection with this, I may mention a curious instance of the readiness with which even the fairest men allow themselves to misrepresent things, either for the sake of a joke, or merely to surprise their hearers. In talking to me of Johnson, in Dublin, William Curran said, "He has some odd whims, which you must be on your guard against: for instance, he thinks that the salvation of Ireland is to be brought about by bows and arrows." This, of course, made me stare, which is all perhaps that it was intended for; but the suppression of all that lends rationality to Johnson's plan makes the whole difference both in the force and truth of the statement. It is certainly quite true, however, that Johnson's head runs upon military matters in a way most strange (to say the least of it) in an ex-judge of eighty. As soon as we got to his house, he took me into the library to show me the sort of short rifle which Lord Edward recommended instead of the long unwieldy one used by the Americans and Indians; also, the kind of pike contrived either by Lord E. or Johnson himself, to be used in *popular* warfare, as at once the most effective and portable. This pike, the handle of which is immensely long, but, from being hollow, extremely light, divides in two when not meant for use, and can thus be conveniently strapped to one shoulder while the small rifle is slung to the other, leaving the hands of the soldier perfectly free. It was curious to see the little old judge in an erect posture, and with an eye full of fire (as if anticipating the sort of use that was to be made of the weapon), slinging the rifle over his shoulder to show me with what ease it could be carried. His history is remarkable. He was originally one of the Whig followers of Grattan, &c., in the cause of Irish independence; but on an occasion, as he himself explained to me, when a motion for the relief of the Catholics was brought forward under the influence of the Government (1783), and was defeated by the Whigs insidiously recommending, as he said, the Catholics to couple Reform with their politics, he so much resented, according to his own account, this double dealing, that without any hesitation he accepted offers made by the Government to join them, and continued from thenceforward attached to Castle politics. "In fact," said he, with great *naïveté*, "we were all jobbers at that time." For his vote for the Union he was made a judge, and now holds a pension from the Government of 1500*l.* a year, which enables him to publish pamphlets in Paris, recommending separation from England. Our drive altogether very agreeable. All the Cassidys at dinner. Music in the evening.

19th. Chaise at the door at eight, being obliged to return to town, to attend as collector to a Catholic charity sermon. Cassidy accompanied me as far as Monastereven. Pressed me on the subject of coming into Parliament, and said he would answer for there being such a requisition to me, in case of a vacancy, as I should find it difficult to refuse. Showed me a letter to him from O'Connell on the proposed system of agitation, which he had just answered, telling O'Connell that he thought the Repeal of the Union ought not yet to be brought forward; but that grievances on grievances should be thrust in the Government's face, till at length the English themselves should be wearied out, and feel quite as ready to separate as the Irish. At all events, Cassidy told him, that if the question of Repeal was to be urged, he (O'Connell) would do it more harm than good by putting himself at the head of it. This I quite agree with him in. The day a most desperate one; almost blown out of the crazy chaises: but amused myself on the way by composing a squib against Galt's "Life of Byron," which that

wretched thing richly deserves. Arrived a little after two, and proceeded to Dominick Street Chapel, where I was introduced into the preacher's room, and found cake and wine prepared. Learned that Bessy, Nell, and the boys were already in the chapel. The sermon in an austere spirit, demanding charity to the poor as a right. The collection followed, which I began by putting 1*l.* in the plate, and had to stand a pretty good staring from all the other contributors. At the end I was told that an old lady who could not come to the plate had reserved her money for the purpose of giving it to me, and begged that I would come to her which I did; and the poor lady, who was nearly blind, all but hugged me, to the amusement of the bystanders. Bessy, &c. invited up to the priest's room, where we were introduced to several other priests, all very well-mannered and amiable-looking men. On coming out to walk home, we found almost the whole congregation waiting for us in the street. They took off their hats respectfully to us, and the greater part of them followed us the whole way to Abbey Street (in perfect silence, it being Sunday), and then took leave of us at the door. Was delighted to see that my poor mother was at the window and witnessed our escort. My sister Kate dined with us.

20th. Dined at home, having taken a box at the Adelphi Theatre for the evening. Found out before long, by the audience, and after almost every act was hailed with plaudits. "Clap for Moore!" "Clap for Mr. Moore and his family!" &c. &c. When we were coming out at the end, found numbers of the people (though we had waited till the last to avoid it) assembled in the rooms below and outside, who cheered, shook hands, and huzzaed us off most uproariously.

21st. Dined at Crampton's; Shiel was to have come, but could not. In mentioning to Shiel how much I was pleased with the rough, straightforward eloquence of a man who spoke at the meeting, named R——, and how direct from his heart he appeared to me to speak, Shiel said, "You must not be too much taken by that fellow: he is what we call here, a brewer's patriot; most of the great brewers having upon their establishment a regular patriot, who goes about among the publicans, talking violent politics, and so helps to sell the beer." So much, indeed, have politics to do with trade in Dublin, that one very extensive brewer (whose name he mentioned) lost all his customers by taking the side of the veto.

22nd. Had written, on my return from Monastereven to the Duke of Leinster, to say that I would come to Carton on Wednesday (to-day) if he would receive me; but that Mrs. Moore (whom he had invited, together with the boys) would not be able to accompany me. Gave my squib to Conway for to-morrow night's "Evening Post." Started for Carton in a chaise about half-past three. Company at dinner besides the Duke and Duchess and Lord William, Lady Caroline Stanhope, Lord —— (one of the Fitzroys, I believe, but forget), the pretty Miss Stanhope, and the Miss Colmans. Music in the evening; Miss Colman and myself, and the Duke at his double bass. My voice in very good force, and by no means thrown away upon my audience. Miss Colman a very agreeable singer and guitarist.

23rd. Desperately wet. Started after breakfast in a chaise, and got to town between twelve and one. Saw a proof of my squib at the "Evening Post" office at three, and despatched a slip off to the "Times" for insertion. Saw Luttrell, who arrived the day before yesterday, and was to meet us at dinner to-day at Sir Henry Hardinge's. Called upon (Bessy and myself) by the Cramptons to take us to the Park to dinner. Company: Lord Brecknock, Archdeacon Singleton, Dr. Wood, &c. &c. Hardinge very communicative after dinner. He told, as illustrative of the vicissitudes to which a soldier's life is subject, the circumstances of his lying to have his hand amputated (after the wound he received at Waterloo) in a wretched hovel on the road, and then in a month after sleeping in one of the royal beds (at St. Cloud, I believe) by the particular desire of Blucher, who insisted upon his choosing this gorgeous resting-place. Sung in the evening. Lady Emily a good deal affected by one of the songs.

24th. Had been told that Mr. T. Browne the builder, of Bagot Street, knew a good deal about Lord Edward, and was also in possession of the dagger with which he killed Ryan. Called upon him and found him at home; a good deal of conversation of which I have preserved notes elsewhere. The dagger not to be found; but he is continuing his search for

it. Mentioned Mrs. Dillon (Shee's aunt), and said the Berrills [?] could procure me access to her. Called upon the Berrills, and begged of the daughter to write to Mrs. Dillon [who lives at Bray] on the subject. Dined at home.

25th. Dined at Crampton's, Bessy, Nell and myself. Company: Archdeacon Singleton, Lord Brecknock, Ratcliffe, and Luttrell. Lord Brecknock took out our dear little Nell to dinner. The Frankses and music in the evening. Singleton very civilly lent us his carriage home. A card from the Duke of Northumberland to dine with him on Monday next.

26th. Miss Berrill having arranged for me to go to Mrs. Dillon (at Bray) this morning, called at Berrill's between ten and eleven, in a hired chariot (little Tom with me), and, accompanied by Kate Berrill, proceeded to Bray. Day delightful. Mrs. Dillon, a fine specimen of an old patriotic Irishwoman, between seventy and eighty; and has lost her eyesight, but the mind and the rebel spirit as fresh as ever. Her enthusiasm in talking of Lord Edward, "Ah, the sweet fellow!" Have set down elsewhere memorandums of what she and her daughter told me. Got home to Abbey Street about five, and dined there. Have received a letter from Sir C. Morgan in the name of the Dawson Street Club (chiefly Catholic), to beg that I would fix a day to dine with them, but have declined on account of the uncertainty of my time of departure. This is the third dinner that has been in contemplation for me; one of the others being a mob feast, at six shillings a-head, which Jack Lawless wants to get up for me. And as a good contrast to this, Crampton tells me that the Kildare Street Club (which is deep Orange) had some intention of inviting me.

27th. Have been petitioned these two days past to patronise the benefit of the managers at the Adelphi to-night, but being engaged to the Park, endeavoured to make that an excuse. However, the man has been so pressing that we consented to take a box, and I shall join Bessy and her party as soon as possible from the Park. Taken to dinner (Luttrell and I) by Crampton. The Duke of Northumberland (whom I used to know ages ago as Lord Percy) recognised me very kindly as an old acquaintance. Company: the Hardinges, Singletons, the Dean of Emly, Sir John Byng, &c. Before we went out to dinner, one of the aides-de-camp, Doyle, whispered me (evidently from authority) to get as near the Duchess as I could at dinner; but as I am not good at pushing, my attempts thereat failed. The Duchess played and sung rather agreeably, after which my turn came, and then the Duchess sung with me one or two of my own duets. As soon as we saw that we could get away, Crampton and I slipped off and got to the theatre about the middle of the farce. There had been several cheerings during the night for Mr. Moore's family; and now, after the first act of the farce, I got my greetings in a most enthusiastic style, and was obliged to stand up and acknowledge the acclamations more than once. When we were coming out, too, the crowd were in attendance at the door, and I was obliged to make my way through handshakings and huzzas to the carriage. Poor little Nell and her escorter were for some time separated from us by the dense wall of people that surrounded the carriage, and it was with some difficulty she got to us. One fellow in the mob said, "Well, Mr. Moore, you'll stay a little longer with us now, won't you?" Meara came home to supper. Crampton mentioned that the Duke and Duchess this evening were talking of asking Bessy to the Park, should we prolong our stay.

28th. Have been lucky enough to find out Murphy, the man in whose house Lord Edward was taken, and who, they told me, had died long since in America; while all the while he has been living quietly in the same unlucky Thomas Street, though not in the same house. So difficult it is to come at facts! Have taken notes of my conversations with him elsewhere. Dined at Lady Morgan's: company, Luttrell, Shiel, Curran, Wallace, and Shiel's new wife. Bessy and Nell came in the evening. Had music.

29th. Occupied in preparing for our departure. It has been my intention (at least wish) to return by Bristol, as the saving in fatigue and expense would have been considerable, and Bessy on both accounts desired it very much; but the weather had become so invariably stormy, that I, at last, decided for Holyhead. Dined in Abbey Street, and took leave of my dearest mother (who was, of course, sadly down at the prospect of losing us) about ten o'clock, having ordered a job coach to come

in the morning to take us to Howth. Altogether our visit has been a most happy one. My mother and Nell had known little of my excellent Bessy but through my report of her, it now being fifteen years since they had (for a few weeks, and living in separate houses) any opportunity of knowing her. They have now, however, had her with them as one of themselves, and the result has been what I never could doubt it would be. Her devoted attention to my mother, her affection to dear Nell, all was in the best spirit of amiableness and good sense. Being better able to see than I could all the little things, in the way of comfort, that my poor mother's establishment wants, she has, in the nicest and most delicate way, procured them, and made a few pounds do wonders in this way. The two boys, too, have been a great delight to my mother. Young Mulvany has painted a picture of her for me, with Tom leaning on her lap; and Lever has done a very successful portrait of dear Russell, taking his idea of the attitude, &c., from my song of "Love is a hunter boy."

30th. Off from Abbey Street before eight, and arrived at Howth some time before the packet was ready to start. A good deal alarmed by a horse that broke loose with a cart, and ran in all directions about the pier. Our captain was Bessy's old favourite, Stevens, with whom she sailed the last time she came over to Ireland. Found both him and our passage very agreeable, the latter not six hours' duration. He insisted on our dining at his house; and we passed a very comfortable day with him and Mrs. Stevens. Was lucky enough to get the inside of the coach to ourselves to Shrewsbury. Slept at Spencer's.

October 1st. The morning wet, but cleared up when we got out of Anglesey; and nothing could be more delightful than all the rest of the day; our journey lying through such a series of pictures, and Bessy had never before seen the Menai Bridge. Arrived at Shrewsbury in time for tea, and a very comfortable night's rest, our whole party having enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

2nd. Thought ourselves lucky in again getting the inside of the coach for Worcester; but found that it stopped, two hours, half way, where we were to be taken up by another coach. On this coach coming in, there turned out to be a hitch about the places, as it was quite full, and they were going to forward us in what they called a car; but on my making a little piece of work, they dispossessed the other passengers, and we proceeded in the coach to Worcester.

3rd. Started in a chaise and travelled post the rest of the way home to Sloperton, where we arrived before six o'clock: a beautiful evening to welcome us; and all kissed and congratulated each other on the safe and happy termination of our agreeable excursion.

4th. Found the whole neighbourhood in a paroxysm of dancing and dining, which was anything but what I wished, as quiet and hard work were now indispensable to me after my late ruinous run of idleness. Bessy, however, having been so long in arrears with all the neighbours in the way of visiting, and her health and spirits being now, thank God, so much better than I have seen them for years, I thought it a pity not to take advantage of her mood, and so went on idling again, as usual. A great ball to-morrow night given to the yeomanry, to which we are asked, but shall not go.

5th. Our dear fellow traveller Tom left us for school; a week beyond his time.

8th. Dined at Napier's, and went with them to Mrs. Salmon's ball, which was very well worth going to; nothing could be prettier or more tastefully managed. In talking to Watson Taylor about Lord Edward, he took occasion to assure me that Lord Camden was, in Ireland, constantly out-voted in his wish for a more moderate system of government, by Clare and Castlereagh.

9th to 16th. Busy, as far as people will let me, with my "Life of Lord Edward" and the "Summer Fête" for Power. One of these mornings my darling Bessy came me, with her eyes full of tears, bringing some lines written down, half prose and half poetry, which had come into her head, as she lay awake thinking of our dear lost Anastasia. I could not help crying myself on reading them, and was sorry I let her tear the paper. Dined at Salmon's, at Phipps's, and at Scott's; Bessy at the two latter with me. Asked to Heneage's, but refused.

20th. Have been invited to Watson Taylor's to meet the Duchess of Kent and young Victoria.

23rd. Walked into Devizes, Watson Taylor

having fixed for me to be there at three, to be taken by him to Earl Stoke. Got to Earl Stoke about four. Rather amused with being behind the scenes to see the fuss of preparation for a royal reception. About half past five the Duchess and Princess arrived; found that Sir J. Conroy, their attendant, was an old acquaintance of mine. No guests to-day at dinner but myself, Lady Theodosia Hall, and Fisher (the Duchess's chaplain); this being a private day. Music in the evening. The Duchess sung a duet or two with the Princess Victoria, and several very pretty German songs by herself. One or two by Weber and Hummel particularly pretty, and her manner of singing just what a lady's ought to be. No attempts at bravura or graces, but all simplicity and expression. I also sung several songs, with which her R. H. was pleased to be pleased. Evidently very fond of music, and would have gone on singing much longer if there had not been rather premature preparations for bed.

24th. After breakfast proceeded to the little church on W. Taylor's ground. The morning very fine, and the groups waiting under the shade of the trees for the arrival of the two carriages with the royal ladies, &c., made a very pretty picture. Sat in the new pew with their Royal Highnesses. Fisher, the officiator. After luncheon went to view the farm, &c.: the ladies in the carriages, and I walked with the young Taylors. Large party at dinner; Lord and Lady Sidmouth, the Members for Devizes and the county, the Mayor, &c.; none of the ladies of the neighbourhood asked, from the invidious difficulty, of course, of making a selection. Great anxiety for music in the evening, but the Duchess very prudently (it being Sunday), and very much to my satisfaction, protested against it.

25th. After breakfast the Duchess expressed a wish for a little more music, and she and the Princess and myself sung a good deal. The Duchess sung over three or four times with me, "Go where glory waits thee," pronouncing the words very prettily, and altogether singing it more to my taste than any one I ever found. Repeated also her pretty German songs, and very graciously promised me copies of them, having intimated how much she should like to have copies of those songs I had sung for her. At two their R. H.'s took their leave for Salisbury, and I soon after departed for Devizes, on my way to Locke's, where Bessy was to meet me, to pass a few days; an old promise. Company at Locke's, the David Macdonalds. Had a good deal of conversation this morning with my old *butt*, Lord Sidmouth, who recognised me with great courtesy, referred to the times of our first meeting, five and twenty years ago, at Miles P. Andrews's, and at Mr. Gosling's, and talked a good deal of poor Lady Donegal. Repeated to me, as words which he thought would do very well for me to set to music, some very spirited lines (from the German,* I believe) addressed by a warrior to his sword. I spoke of Lord Stowell (Lady Sidmouth's father), and his opinion upon the question of *Slave Grace* (?), in opposition to that of Lord Mansfield a few years ago, when he was turned eighty, showing such strength and clearness of intellect. So little, however, did Lord and Lady Sidmouth think him capable, at that time, of such an effort, that had they been consulted as to his undertaking it they would have most earnestly deprecated it. Quoted what a great American judge (?) had written to Lord Stowell concerning his Admiralty judgments, to the effect, that though the Americans had been naturally discontented with decisions so much against their interest during the war, his book had now become a portion of their Maritime Law.

November 1st to 30th. From this to the 12th of December, remained at home and at work, chiefly upon my Life of Lord Edward, my sole interruption, and a very agreeable one, being a visit from my old friend Corry, who came on the 19th to dinner. On the 20th had the Starkeys and Mrs. Collings to meet him, and all were highly amused with his well acted stories. 21st. Took him (Bessy and I) to Bowles's church, and lunched there; Bowles full of alarm at the riots now spreading through the country. The Prowses that day dined with us, and on the next Corry left us for London. Henry Bushe's account of his place to the Sinecure Committee, that he was "Resident Surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence." "Don't you do any work for it?" "Nothing, but receive my salary four times a year." Do you receive that yourself?" "No, by deputy."

December 1st to 12th. Preparing the first

* In reference to Körner's famous song, probably

part (about half) of my MS. of Lord Edward for the press.

13th. Started for town, taking Bessy to Buckhill in my way. Her health, I grieve to say, which has shown such signs of improvement since our return from Ireland, has again within these few days given way; and an attack of illness has at once taken away almost all the good looks and strength she had gained. My companions on the coach, an M.P. (could not make out his name), and a gentleman who had been in the army. The former a staunch political economist and anti-slavery man; the latter, upon most points differing with him, and their arguments the whole way through very amusing. By occasionally taking part with one and the other, I kept up the ball between them, and was appealed to with more deference and anxiety by each from their not knowing *which* I would agree with. The M.P. in talking of the late King, remarked how entirely he was forgotten, or, if at all remembered or mentioned, what a true view was now taken of his worthless character. He then quoted from my lines on the death of Sheridan,—

"Forgotten as fool, or remember'd as worse;"

saying, as he quoted them, "I forget who those lines were written by." "They are Moore's," I answered. "True," he replied, "they were said, I remember, to be Moore's." "I suppose," remarked the Captain, "we shall have Tom Moore now coming into office." "Oh no," interrupted the political economist, in a tone that made me rather apprehensive of what was coming (the Benthamites being, to a man, deadly enemies of mine); and though the Captain very good-naturedly put in a word for me, saying, "Why, he's counted a very talented man in other ways than poetry," I lost no time in putting an end to the topic by saying, "No, I don't think it is at all likely," and then started a fresh subject of conversation. Felt rather tempted to reveal myself to them before we parted, but did not. After leaving my portmanteau at Sandon's, went to Power's, where I found Tom, his holidays having been begun to-day. Thence to the printer's, and found that they were hard at work getting the second volume of Byron out. Supped at Power's.

14th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Rogers, who had been very ill. Learned from R. that Barbara Godfrey was in town, at Stratford Canning's, and went to call upon her. Sat some time. Dined with Rogers; his sister and niece of the company. Talked of Mackintosh's History; thinks the style very bad. Remarked the use of the genitive "whose," as applied to things, pronouncing it vicious. (N. B. Having looked since in Johnson, and find it authorised both by Shakspeare and Prior: "Thy name affrights me, in *whose* sound, &c.;" and Prior has "Those darts, whose points.") Observed that the life of Alfred had now been written by four great men, Milton, Hume, Burke, and Mackintosh. Wrote to Lord John, whom I met to-day at Brookes's, to come to breakfast at Rogers's the day after to-morrow.

15th. Breakfasted at home, expecting Washington Irving to call upon me, and employed in transcribing what remained unfinished of the copy I brought up. Irving came. My American business (that is, the negotiation for me with the American booksellers for their edition of the Life of Byron) was the subject I wished to speak to him upon. The sheets have been regularly sent, and he thinks there is no doubt of my receiving the money stipulated for. Finished my transcribing. Dined with the Fieldings; no one but Lord Auckland. After dinner all went to the Duke of Devonshire's box to see the new farce, and came in for the last act of Werner, quite unexpected by me, as I did not even know of the intention to act it. The plaudits of the house most enthusiastic at the close, and continued and renewed for a long time.

16th. Breakfasted with Rogers and Lord John, who was just entering upon his duties of Paymaster-General, his chief cashier being appointed to come and receive orders from him after breakfast. A very agreeable morning. Down to the Longmans; arranged some money matters with them of very pressing interest to me on the approach of my Christmas bills. Found them ready and accommodating as usual. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, and sat some time with him. Said he would dine with Lord Essex to-morrow (not having sent his answer), if I would promise to go there too. Did so. Have been invited this week past to dine with Byng to-morrow, in order to celebrate Doherty's most unlucky appointment to the Chief Justiceship, but finding from Do-

herty that he should not be able to join us, considered myself free, Dined with Lord Essex; company, Sir G. Robinson, Hibbert, Luttrell, and one or two more. Luttrell full of spleen at the new arrangements and reforms, and evidently thinks his own place in danger. Says that Lord Althorp is like the manager of a theatre before a tumultuous audience, bowing and scraping, and asking what is their pleasure, sometimes applauded, but the next moment getting a shower of oranges about his ears. His opinion of the state of the country very much what my own is. We are now hastening to the brink with a rapidity which, croaker as I have always been, I certainly did not anticipate. Called before dinner at the Hollands, and saw Lord Hollaud. Talked of my "Life of Lord Edward," and said he thought it was worth my while to consider whether I should publish it just now, in the present ticklish state of Ireland, as I could not (he said) "do justice to Edward," without entering into the question of resistance, and this, as things were going on now all over the world, was rather a perilous topic. I owned that it was rather an unlucky moment for such a book, but that it was not of my choosing, as I had begun the work before any of this excitement had occurred, and it must now take its chance. I must only endeavour to keep the tone of the book as cool and moderate as the nature of its subject would admit of. As to waiting till Ireland was quiet, that would, indeed, be like Horace's Rusticus, waiting till the stream went by. He and Lady Holland are to leave for Brighton to-morrow.

17th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Went again to the Longmans to look out Bryan's library. Executed little commissions. Called upon Sir Robert Doyle, who mentioned his having supped with his relative, Doyle of Dublin, the night before he (his relative) fought Provost Hutchinson. They were a very gay party; and the host being dressed in a sort of loose coat, handsomely embroidered (his intention being to go from the supper table to the ground), some one remarked how smart he was. "To be sure," he answered, "it is but proper that I should dress for the Provost's *ball*." Called upon Mrs. Shelley. Went to take leave of Rogers, who sends by me to Bessy a large paper copy of his most beautiful book, "Italy," the getting up of which has cost him five thousand pounds. Told me of a squabble he has had with the publisher of it, who, in trying to justify himself for some departure from his original agreement, complained rather imprudently of the large sum of ready money he had been obliged to lay out upon it. "As to that," said Rogers, "I shall remove that cause of complaint instantly. Bring me your account." The account was brought; something not much short of 1500*l*. "There," said Rogers, writing a cheque for the whole sum, "I shall leave you nothing more to say upon that ground." "Had I been a *poor* author (added Rogers, after telling me the circumstances), I should have been his slave for life." Dined at Lord Essex's; a most *lordly* party; "myself the sole small Mister of the day;" the remaining seven being Lords Essex, Lansdowne, Brougham, Melbourne, Albemarle, King, and Foley. * * * * Two of the cabinet ministers of our company came in hackney coaches, Brougham and Melbourne; the latter offered to take me home in his *fiacre*, but I had already agreed to go with Lord Foley; and was not much better off, as his was an old crazy job. Set me down at Brookes's. Brougham mentioned to-day that on the Princess of Wales' coming over to England, it was a matter of discussion among a party, where Lady Charlotte Lindsay was, what *one* word of English her Royal Highness (who was totally ignorant of the language) should be first taught to speak. The whole company agreed that "yes" was the most useful word, except Lady Charlotte, who suggested that "no" was twice as useful, as it so often stood for "yes." This story, Brougham said he once made use of in Court, in commenting on the manner in which a witness had said "no." What suggested it to him now was my describing the manner in which Grattan said, "Why no," one day when Rogers asked him whether he and I could manage another bottle of claret.

18th. Started for home a quarter before nine. Found all well.

19th to 29th. At work. Dined at Bowood soon after my return, to meet Mrs. and Miss Dugald Stewart, and slept there. On the 29th dined at Hughes's, at Devizes: —— a man of learning, but odd and tiresome; at least, in the long run. Nothing strains and wearies attention so much as an artificial man; and the

more he knows, the more his power of boring is multiplied.

30th to 31st. Here ends the year 1830, and here most gladly do I take leave of this melancholy book*, which I have never opened without a fear of lighting upon those pages of it that record the event to me the most saddening of my whole life; the only event that I can look back upon as a real irreparable misfortune; the loss of my sweet Anastasia.

1831

January 1st and 2nd. At home and at work.

3rd. Dined at Bowood. Had dined there, by the bye, about a week before to meet Mrs. and Miss Dugald Stewart, Lord Lansdowne at that time not come down. Company, Lord Duncan and son, and Miss Fox. Lord D. after dinner complained to me of the state of the Scotch representation, and gave me a much clearer idea of its abuses than I had before conceived. To show the value of votes, he told me that he himself had a year or two since got for a property which did not bring him in much above 150*l.* a year, 15,000*l.* of money, all for the votes that formed a part of it. * * *

4th. Returned home. The dear boys all agog about the party at Bowood to-night. The Lansdownes' carriage came between eight and nine. But few house visitors there. A very agreeable evening, and all home safe again between three and four. Agreed to go to the Houltons on the 13th.

13th. Houlton's carriage came to take us to Farley.

15th. Took my solitary walks. Tried over Italian duets with Eliza Houlton. A Mr. Mead and his wife at dinner. Singing in the evening, the whole family being (what Jackson of Exeter called the Linleys) a "nest of nightingales." A chaunt composed by Eliza and sung with her by her sister Catherine (a new beauty springing up) most touchingly. The *Madre Amata* and *Padre Amato* of Winter performed with much success by Isabella, Eliza, and myself.

16th. Started for home about twelve, Houlton's carriage taking us back. Delighted with our visit.

17th. A letter from the Duke of Leinster on the subject of my "Life of Lord Edward;" written, as he says, at the request of Lady Campbell, to beg I would postpone the publication, and adding that he agrees with her as to the expediency of doing so. Lord Lansdowne, just returned from town. Called and sat some time with me. A good deal of talk about politics. Agreed to be at Bowood to-morrow night and stay over next day.

18th. To-morrow being the close of our dear Tom's holidays, we all passed the day at Buckhill, for the convenience of his starting from thence in the morning. At nine at night Left Buckhill for Bowood, where I found Lord and Lady L. at tea. And sat talking with him till twelve.

19th. Walked home after breakfast, and worked for some hours; then returned to Bowood, where I dined and slept. Only themselves. Answered the Duke of Leinster, saying that I felt myself committed to the publication, nor could I agree with Lady Campbell or his Grace in their views of its postponement, adding, that those persons who had given me the materials and had therefore, perhaps, the best right to interfere with my task, had by no means done so, but left me to pursue my own discretion and views in it.

20th. Lord L. walked part of the way home with me. Asked me (first time this long while) how I was getting on with Lord Edward: a ticklish subject now between us, as, of course, anything likely to affect the present state of Ireland is, from his ministerial responsibility, of double interest and importance to him. If anything, indeed, could make me sacrifice my own views (and in some respects, I think) *character* on the point, it would be the gentle and considerate delicacy with which he has refrained, not only from urging, but even from hinting, what I know must be his anxious wishes on the subject. Discussed together all sorts of things; how long the Ministry would be likely to stay in; what class of politicians would most probably succeed them; what extent of reform would satisfy the people, &c. &c. Reminded him of what I had predicted to him when he was last in office, that we should thenceforth see a quick succession of ministers, as was the case in France before the Revolu-

* Meaning the MS. volume in which this year was recorded.—Ed.

tion; calling in fresh doctors as the patient grow worse and more restless, seeking a new change of position, &c. We both agreed that the next change would be in the Radical direction, and that the day of the Ultra-Tories was gone. Found to-day a curious instance of floridness in Jeremy Taylor: * "Celibate, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone." * * *

21st and 22nd. Lord Lansdowne starts for town at five to-morrow morning, in order to be present at a council at three.

23rd to 25th. On the 25th, went into Devizes (Bessy in her jaunting car) to dine at Salmon's, for the ball. Took dear Russell back to school. Company, Mrs. Napier and Fanny, the Fishers, Miss Tugwell, &c. &c. Ball rather amusing; Sally Locke would *make* me dance with her. Slept at Salmon's: agreed to stay over to-morrow.

26th. Walked home after breakfast. Found a letter from William Romilly (Sir Samuel's son) on the subject of the passage relative to his father in the second volume of "Byron." Lord L. had already mentioned to me that he had heard people regret those passages being retained. Answered Romilly, and returned to Devizes. Company at dinner, the Scotts. Slept there.

27th. Saw dear Russell before we left Devizes. Home. Some very gratifying letters about the second volume of "Byron," from strangers as well as friends; one particularly from a Mr. Brackenbury, a clergyman, full of the warmest praise, which is the more welcome as he tells me he once published something against me.

28th. A reply from Romilly, thanking me in very cordial terms for my "ready and gentlemanlike" answer to his application.

29th. Received the "Quarterly Review," with the article of my second volume of "Byron." From Murray's interest in the work and Lockhart's previously expressed admiration of it, I did not much expect (though never of course sure of such critics) any thing like hostility. He has, however, not gone to much expense of praise. In acknowledging the receipt of it to Murray, I have said something to this effect: "It is evidently well meant towards all the three parties concerned —the parson, the undertaker, and the body; and the reviewer, whoever he may be, is as generous towards myself as his nature would admit of. In short, I feel about it as Dogberry did about another sort of favour, *i.e.*, 'Give God thanks, and make *no boast* of it.'"

30th. Walked out to Bowood, wishing to see Lady L. before her departure, and also to consult a Spanish dictionary for the purpose of correcting a letter in that language of Lord Edward's. Had a long conversation with her, and came away (as I always do) more and more impressed with the excellent qualities of her mind and heart; even her very faults are but the *selvage* of fine and sound virtues. Called at Buckhill.

31st. At home, and at work.

February 1st and 2nd. Ditto.

3rd. An attack in the "Times" to my great surprise, upon the second volume of "Byron;" an attack, too, the most mischievous that could be made, as seizing upon what is certainly the least safe part of the volume, in this island of saints,—the account of Byron's Italian loves. Sat down and wrote a letter to Barnes, expostulating a little upon this perfidy; but when it was written, threw it in the fire.

8th. A letter from my sister Ellen, containing an alarming account of my dear mother's state of health, from an attack brought on by the late severe weather. My first impulse was to start immediately for Dublin; but as Crampton (who had been attending her) had not written, Bessy thought it better for me to wait; particularly as the effect the news had had upon me, in bringing on one of my convulsive fits of sobbing, had considerably weakened me.

9th. No letter, which we looked upon as favourable.

10th. A letter from Crampton, the commencement of which represented my mother as in a state which twenty-four hours must decide one way or other, for life or for death. The postcript, however, written the following day, announced that she had then rallied, and was in "a fair way of recovery." This, of course, tranquillised us considerably.

11th. A letter from Ellen, written on the night of the day on which Crampton had despatched his postcript, saying that in a few hours more our dear mother would have pass-

* Sermon on the Marriage Ring, part 1.—"Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity."

ed tranquilly from this life, and entreating me to come to her (Ellen) as soon as possible. Started at two o'clock, in a chaise, intending to get to Worcester that night; but on reaching Chippenham, determined to go by Bath. At Bath took the Bristol mail to Birmingham, and travelled all night. Nothing could be sweeter or more soothing than the sympathy of my dear Bessy on this occasion.

12th. Arrived at Birmingham between six and seven; breakfasted, and took the coach for Shrewsbury at half-past eight. Dined and slept at Shrewsbury.

13th. Off in the coach for Holyhead at six. The day fine, and Wales in high beauty. In leaving Bangor, where we dined, were joined by a gentleman and his wife; proved to be Staunton, editor of the "Dublin Morning Register." Gave me the first intelligence, which he had himself just received, of the arrangement between O'Connell and the Government on the subject of the pending trials; seemed to think it very much of a *giving in* on the part of his brother agitators, and was evidently not a little pleased at it. Said they had been driving the machine too fast, and had come to a point where it was necessary for their own and the country's safety to pull up. * * * He had himself been obliged to come to Wales out of the way of the law, and was now returning, as he told me, to avail himself of the amnesty he seemed to anticipate for all agitators. On our arrival at Holyhead, being anxious, in my present state of mind, to get rid of all companionship, did not enter the inn, but called at Stevens's (whom I found recovering from a bad illness); and finding that his packet sailed that night, begged him to arrange so that I could get on board before the other passengers. This he did very good naturedly, and after having had some tea with him, I accompanied his steward (himself not being able to go to-night) on board the packet, where I betook myself instantly to my berth. Could not help feeling a faint hope (from there having been evidently nothing in the late Irish newspapers about my dear mother) that I should find all better on my arrival than I expected. And yet, to come in for the last painful scene would be more than I could well bear; the suspense, altogether, dreadful.

14th. A seven hours' passage, during which I dozed a good deal. Waited till the other passengers were off in the mail, and then had a chaise to Dublin. Went to Bilton's, and despatched a note to Ellen, bidding her let me have a line by the bearer to say if the worst was over, and at what time: telling her, at the same time, that my mind was fully made up and composed on the subject. There is no telling what was my astonishment and delight, when I received her answer to the following effect:—"Can you ever forgive me for having made you take this long journey? Our dearest mother has rallied most wonderfully, and will see you as soon as you come. You need have no dread of any thing to shock you; you will see nothing but extreme weakness." Hurried off to Abbey Street, and found my darling mother far better than I could have had the slightest anticipation of. Her cheerfulness and power of mind, too, wonderful. When Crampton came to see her yesterday, she raised herself up smiling in the bed, and said, "Well, 'Richard is himself again;'" on which Crampton said, in a jocular way, "Ah, Mother Hubbard, I shall make a book about you;" and then both patient and doctor fell to laughing at each other. Twice has she, within these ten days (as Crampton expresses it), "*fought off* death;" and on Wednesday last, under the certainty that she had but a few hours to live, she had calmly and minutely given directions to Ellen with respect to all that was to be done about the funeral, &c. &c. Her delight at seeing me was evidently very great, though she expressed strong anxiety and regret at the trouble and expense I had had in coming. Told me that she wished to give me before I left her the medal she had had struck off, with the date of my birth, as also my school and college medals. The animation and exursiveness of her mind on all subjects quite as great as ever. Went to call upon Crampton, who, I found, had written to me by Thursday's post, advising me not to come, as it was now not necessary. Saw my mother again before dinner. Company at Millikin's, William Curran and Cuthbert Eccles. Story of Neilson (the famous United Irishman) meeting Reynolds, at the time he suspected him of having betrayed them, and hurrying him along to some retired place; then presenting a pistol at him, and saying, "What does that man deserve who could betray such a cause

as ours?" "To be shot through the head," answered Reynolds, so coolly as to disarm all Neilson's suspicions, and to make him apologise for having even harboured them. This story evidently but another version of what Mrs. Meara has communicated to me, and shows (if anything was wanting to show) the difficulty of arriving at facts through the various imaginations that have tried their skill on them. Story of the two United Irishmen going on some secret mission of great importance, and being pursued by soldiers, and blockaded in a small house to which they had fled for refuge. Their desperate defence, being well armed, till at length one of them received a wound which he felt to be mortal. He then said to his companion, "It is all over with me, but you may yet escape. I shall run out among the soldiers, as if trying to make my escape; and while their attention is engaged in putting me to death, you can be off by the back of the house." He accordingly did so, and his comrade escaped, and succeeded in achieving the object of their mission. Sung in the evening.

15th. Passed a great part of the morning with my mother, and Kate, and Ellen. Some conversation with old Peter Burrowes. Agreed with me in opinion that O'Connell had done more harm to the cause of Liberty in Ireland than its real friends could repair within the next half century; and mentioned what Grattan had said of him, that "He was a bad subject, and a worse rebel." This is admirable; true to the life, and in Grattan's happiest manner. The lurking appreciation of a *good* rebel which it implies is full of humour. Dined with Crampton: no one but Curran. Told me he had a manuscript of his father's, treating of Irish affairs, which he had had some idea of using when he wrote his Life, but did not; that it was much at my service if it could be of any use to me. When O'Connell, in his last speech, on Sunday, said, "I am open to conviction," some one in the crowd said, "And to *judgment*, I hope," (in allusion to the trials he has slipped himself out of). Curran asked me whether I had yet left my name with Lord Anglesey, and advised me to do so, as the omission of it would be considered politically meant.

16th. Sat some time with my mother, who appears to me even better than when I came. Spoke to me of my letters to her, and her wish that I should seal them up myself, and write upon them that they were to be the property of Ellen after her death. "They belong to *you*, my dear Tom," she said, "but this wish of mine I know you will not have any objection to." I told her she had already known this, and that all I should want with these letters would be to look over them, some time or other, for the purpose of ascertaining such dates and facts as might assist me in a memoir of my own life, which I look to leaving behind me as a legacy. In the course of our conversation, she said, "Well, my dear Tom, I can say, with my dying breath, that you have from the first to the last done your duty, and far more, indeed, than your duty, by me and all connected with you. At least *I* can say so from my heart." Went to Millikin's, and had some conversation with Curran and Peter Burrowes about young Emmett, and the part Plunket took on his trial. Burrowes seemed to be decidedly of opinion that Plunket could not have refused the brief of Government, though he might have avoided, perhaps, speaking to evidence; almost immediately after, too, Plunket came into place. It was not true (I think he said) that Plunket had been acquainted with young Emmett. The passage in the printed speech of Emmett, where he is made to call Plunket "that viper, &c.," was never spoken by Emmett, and the secret of its finding a place there was owing, Curran said, to the following circumstance. The person who took down the speech at the trial was, I think, McNally, the son of the barrister, and he had afterwards some conversation with Emmett in the prison. It was during that conversation that Emmett, in speaking of Plunket, used those expressions, which McNally introduced subsequently in the speech. Peter Burrowes spoke of the wonderful strength and resolution of Emmett in standing so long (twelve hours, I think), through all the fatigue and anxiety of the trial, and then delivering that noble speech with such energy before the pronouncing of sentence. Left my name at the Castle for Lord Anglesey. Dined with the Morgans: had expected they would have Lord Cloncurry to meet me, but there was none but themselves at dinner, and a large party forthcoming in the evening. The party a very pretty one; a good many beauties; and some of Rossini's

things sung very well by the Clarkes, assisted by the two Hermans. I sung also, and with no ordinary success. Among the pretty women were a Mrs. White and a Mrs. Hobson. A party of diners from the Castle, consisting of some of the young Lord Pagets, the Chief Justice Doherty, &c. &c. Doherty the bearer of a message for me from Lord Anglesey, to say how sorry he was that I had not made one of the party.

17th. Have been preparing my dear mother for my leaving her, now that I see her so much better. She is quite reconciled to my going, and said this morning, "Now, my dear Tom, don't let yourself be again alarmed about me in this manner, nor hurried away from your home and business." She then said she must, before I left her this morning, give me her wedding-ring as her last gift; and accordingly sending for the little trinket-box in which she kept it, she herself put the ring on my finger. Have written to Skinner, who sails on Saturday (the day after to-morrow), to tell him I shall sail with him. Met Lord Forbes, who asked me anxiously whether I had yet seen Lord Anglesey, and said I must certainly come and dine at the Castle before I went. Received a card from the Lord Chancellor (Plunket) for dinner on Monday, but shall not stay for it. Dined quietly in Abbey Street with dear Nell on some salt fish and biscuits; expected that Kate would join us, but she didn't. Sat and talked with my mother in the evening. Found a card at my hotel from Lord Anglesey for Sunday, with a note from Lord Forbes, saying that Lord A. sent me a card for Sunday, but wished particularly I should dine with him on Tuesday, when he would have a pleasant party to meet me. Very sorry it so happens, but I cannot stay beyond Saturday.

18th. Wrote my excuses to Forbes instead of to the aide-de-camp in waiting, and soon after received a card of invitation for *to-day*. Made sundry arrangements for my departure to-morrow, devoting as much time to my dearest mother besides as I could manage. Ought to have mentioned that I breakfasted with old Ogilvie, who, luckily for me, was at the moment in Dublin, having come up with an address to Lord Anglesey. A good deal of conversation about Lord Edward; made him repeat much of what he had before told me. * * * Said he had recollected a batch of papers in London which he thought might be useful to me, and if I was going to town myself he would intrust the key of the *escritoire*, where they were, to me. Answered that I would most willingly take London in my way home for that purpose. Called to pay a visit to the priest (Mr. O'Connell) who comes occasionally to pray with my mother; a well-mannered and intelligent man, whom I found lodged in a very handsome apartment of the house attached to the chapel in Dominick Street, and his room ornamented with several small casts from the statues of Michael Angelo, &c., which he had lately brought with him from Italy. Called upon Mr. ——, the editor of the "Freeman's Journal," whom I had never before seen, but whom I wished to thank for his civilities to my mother. Talked of the Repeal question, he being one of the most furious of the repealers. Told him frankly, and at some length, my opinion of the injury that has been done to the cause of *Irish liberty* by this premature and most ill-managed effort of O'Connell's. Time, and the spirit rising in England, as well as over all Europe, is fast ripening that general feeling of independence of which Ireland, at her own time, may take advantage. The same principle is also in full progress towards removing, without any effort of hers, some of the worst grievances that weigh her down. The Church, for instance, which would be just now fought for, against any such attack as O'Connell's, with the whole Protestant force of the empire, would, if left to the natural operation of the revolution principle, be put aside, in due time, without any difficulty; England herself leading the way by getting rid of, or at least lowering, her own establishment. This was the great struggle for which the energies of Ireland ought to have been reserved. In assailing the enormous abuses of the Irish establishment, Catholics would have been joined by dissenters, and in the pursuit of this common object that amalgamation would have taken place between them, that *nationalised* feeling, without which (as O'Connell's failure has shown) it is in vain for Ireland to *think* of making head against England. In another way, too, they had done injury by exposing the poverty of their cause in the way of talent and intellect; this ferment not having been able to throw up a single man of ability. * * * All this (coming from one who,

he could not doubt, felt strongly, and even *greenly*, about Ireland) seemed to astonish Mr. —— exceedingly. To the Castle at seven; the party (little more than Lord A.'s own family and household) consisting of old Colonel Armstrong, Skinner, a Mr. St. George, who had been the bearer of an address to Lord A., and myself; those of the family being, the three young Pagets, Lord Forbes, Baron Tuyll, and Captain Williams. Lord Anglesey leaned upon me in to dinner, and placed me next him. Abundance of conversation between us about the state of Ireland, O'Connell, the durability of the present ministry, &c. &c., and nothing could be more frank and communicative than he was on all these subjects. Told me not a bad anecdote of Lord Cloncurry, who, in coming to town the other day was upset in the snow, and some fellows on the road lending their assistance, he was quickly set right again, on which he said to them, "Thank you, my lads. Now I shall treat you as O'Connell does." "Oh long life to your honour for that," they exclaimed, with great joy, but were rather taken aback when Lord Cloncurry, holding out his empty hand to them said, "I'll trouble each of you for half a crown. O'Connell takes more from you; but, as you have been such good fellows, I'll only ask half a crown." The fellows felt the fun of this, and, of course, got something else into the bargain. In talking of the Repeal question, I told him of my scene in the morning with the editor of the "Freeman," and repeated the substance of most of what I had said to him. Saw plainly that he was very nervous about the state of Ireland. * * * Asked his permission to leave him early, on account of my mother, and got to her about ten o'clock. Staid till eleven, and then home to my hotel to pack.

19th. Off in the mail to Howth at seven; Skinner with me. Our passage to Holyhead under six hours. Called upon Mrs. Stevens, at Holyhead. Dined with Skinner, who had a party of three or four to meet me, and a good hospitable dinner, which I enjoyed exceedingly after my qualms. Slept at Spencer's; a very comfortable bed.

20th. Off at six for Shrewsbury. Weather delicious, and the road and scenery in the fullest perfection. Stopped at the same inn as in coming; had the inside to myself most of the way, and read "Jefferson's Memoirs and Correspondence." Left Shrewsbury in the coach for Birmingham; joined by a lady within thirty miles of Birmingham, who amused me a good deal with a history of all her family concerns. Dined at Birmingham. Started in the mail for town at six. One of my companions, in the intervals of dozing, gave me some curious particulars respecting that class of persons called Commercial Travellers; the rate of their expenses, the sort of club they form themselves into when they meet at an inn, appointing president and vice, and every man being expected to order his pint of wine, whether he drinks it or not. A wretched night; cold and sleety outside, and close and smothering within. Got to Bury Street about seven in the morning, not at all well.

22nd. Called at Murray's. Mentioned to him Lady Morgan's wish to contribute something to his "Family Library," and that she has materials ready for lives of five or six Dutch painters, which she thinks would suit his purpose. The great John said, without minding the painters, "Pray, isn't Lady Morgan a very good cook?" I answered, I did not know; but why did he ask. "Because," said he, "if she would do something in that line." "Why, you don't mean," exclaimed I, "that she should write a cookery book for you!" "No," answered John, coolly, "not so much as that; but that she should re-edite *mine*" (Mrs. Rundall's, by which he has made mints of money). Oh, that she could have heard this with her own ears! Here ended my negotiation for her Ladyship. Dined at Longman's; Dr. Lardner and M'Culloch the company. Forgot to mention that Mr. Rennie called upon me this morning with the papers, which turn out, however, to be all on the subject of the attainder, and not very interesting. Wrote to dear Tom to ask leave of Dr. Russell to come to me for a few hours to-morrow.

24th. Breakfasted with Rogers. He had told Lord John I was to be with him, and soon after he had breakfasted he came. "I was wishing, he said," in his quiet way, "to have you come to my house (his official house); but then I have no beds up, and they tell me I am such a bird of passage there, that I don't know what to do about it. However, if I am still *in* when you are next in town, you *must* come to me." Had a good deal of con-

versation. Called, in the course of the day, on the Hollands; saw both my Lord and my Lady; Lord H. very ill; hardly spoke a word while I was there. * * *

25th. Started at eight o'clock for Sloperton. Right glad to get back again.

26th, 27th, &c. From this time till the latter end of April, I remained quietly at home, working at my "Life of Lord Edward," and occasionally doing some musical things for Power. My only excursions from home were to the Fieldings, Methuens, and Starkeys, among whom I dined out about six times. On the 19th of March Bessy was to have accompanied me to dine at Fielding's, and walked over dressed and ready to the Prowses (our curate's), the carriage being appointed to come and take us to Lacock at four; but I had a note from her to say that she found Prowse himself (who has for some time been ill) in such a dangerous state, and his family in such distress and consternation, that she could not leave them, and that I must therefore go to Lacock alone. Slept at Lacock; Methuen of the party. Talking of the "Morning Chronicle" squibs, since published under the name of "The Tory Guide," Methuen told us he was the author of almost all those about the Rat Club, which are certainly some of the best. On my return from Lacock next day, found that Bessy had been up almost all night at Prowse's. On the morning of the 21st she was summoned over there at six in the morning, Prowse having died in the night; and for several days afterwards devoted herself to arranging all that was necessary for the family on this sad occasion. On the 26th Prowse was buried, and I attended his funeral. On the 28th Bessy went with me to dine at Lacock, and was much delighted with her visit, from which we returned home next day. Lady E. whispered me, on our arrival, "I take for granted there is nobody dying in your neighbourhood, or we shouldn't have had Mrs. Moore's company to-day." It is true that she is never half so happy as when helping those who want assistance, or comforting those who are afflicted. My "Lord Edward" has lingered on hand (like everything else I do) much longer than I anticipated. This is all owing to the slowness of my execution. I see rapidly how the thing ought to be, and will be, but to *make* it so is the difficulty. Finding myself in some difficulties relating to parts where Arthur O'Connor was concerned, I ventured to write to him to Paris, and am very glad I did so, as he has set me right about two or three points on which I should have gone astray. In my musical department two piracies have been committed on me which rather flatter my vanity as a composer. In a set of Greek dances, my "Romaica" (an air in the "Evenings in Greece") has been announced as the real and original "Romaica," and the "Harmonicon" has published, as a great treasure, from a copy brought from Sweden, an air of mine in the "National Melodies," "My harp has one unchanging theme," which I have given in that work, as Swedish. Have been, as usual, all this time overwhelmed with letters and MSS. Several letters on the subject of my second volume of "Byron," have given me sincere pleasure; some of them from America, and of these, one was accompanied by a very elegant volume (both *within* and *without*), the authoress naming herself Ianthe, and speaking of me and my works in a way that could not but be very gratifying to me. On the 25th of March, in passing through the churchyard of Bromham alone, I for the first time ventured to approach the tomb of my poor Anastasia, and take a hasty glimpse of her name on the marble. What I feel, whenever I think of her, need not be mentioned here.

April 21st. Started from home with Bessy and Russell, in order to leave the latter at school at Marlborough. Saw the dear boy comfortably installed, and then Bessy returned to Sloperton, and I remained to proceed by coach, next morning, to London.

22nd. Started in the Marlborough coach at eight; my darling Russell was, with his schoolmaster's sister, at the open window as I passed, looking very rosy and happy, and kissing hands to me most actively. It was *very* nice of them to have him there for me. Took up a young fellow as passenger on the road, with whom I had a good deal of conversation; had travelled in France and Germany, knew a great deal of the current literature, and (most inconveniently for me) was full of Byron and Moore. "Have you seen, Sir, (he asked) the second volume of Moore's 'Byron?'" "No," I answered, "not yet." "Nor I either," he replied; "but I am most anxious to get it." "It is such an

expensive book," said I, "that I mean to wait for the octavo edition, which I hear is preparing." I then changed the subject, but he often returned to it. In talking of Sir Hudson Lowe, and the sort of mark that mankind concur in fixing upon him, he said, "I *do* think I had rather die at once than have such verses written upon me as those of Moore's on Sir H. Lowe." Before we parted, I thought it fair to tell him who I was, and I never saw a man so full of surprise and joy. We had an old woman in the coach (the very image of Lady Cork) who was a great follower of preachers and prophets, but a remarkably clear-headed old lady, and evidently full of energy and character. She and I entered into a long discussion upon religion, and it was amusing to see how, by the force of a little logic (going on very gravely all the time), I brought her to agree with me on all the points most adverse to her own creed. The young man was much amused throughout, and when he knew who I was, said it was a circumstance he would remember to the last day of his life. Immediately on arriving at my lodgings, heard of the dissolution that had just taken place, and the surprise and bustle of the King going down in person to declare it. Went to Brookes's. Found them in the highest state of excitement; heard all the particulars of the last stormy moments of this parliament. Peel's violent speeches interrupted by the *coups de canon* announcing the King's coming; every shot received with loud cheers by one side, and yells and groans by the other. The Lords still more tumultuous; Lord Mansfield brandishing his fist at his opponents. Their hustling Lord Shaftesbury into the chair, and hooting after Brougham. Found Shiel at the Athenæum, who sat with me while I dined. Talked (*I* did) of the great success of his speech in the House; and he repeated, what he had more than once said to me, namely, that my views (in my "Life of Sheridan") of the distaste which I suppose to have arisen for the higher order of eloquence, were, he thought, quite mistaken; that rhetorical flights are certainly rare, but that when they *do* come, and are well done, the House receives them not only favourably, but warmly. Gave, as instances,—the manner in which they took the very happy illustration of "Old lamps for new ones," in a passage merely read by Peel from a former speech of Lord John Russell's; Peel's own allusion, in speaking of the ministry, to that fancy of the Indians, that a new tenant of a wigwam succeeded to all the qualities and virtues of its former inhabitant; and lastly, the great success of Mr. Hawkins's noble speech some nights since. It appears, however, that Lord John's "Old lamps for new ones" had no effect whatever at the time he spoke it, and Peel's figure was borrowed from Lord Erskine, whom I myself heard make use of it at a public dinner (a Dublin University dinner in London); and, by the bye, Peel himself (then Irish Secretary) was one of the diners that very day.

23rd. Made calls. Dined with Miss Rogers and her nieces, and home early to bed. Luttrell at Brookes's this morning; very amusing. Forgot one lively thing he said, which was provoking, and remember another not half so good: "In one Latin word (he remarked) is comprised the history of the two parties at present, 'Reform-I-do, says the Whig; '*Reform-ido*,' says the Tory."

24th. Called upon Lady Cork in the morning, who snubbed me for using the word "nice," and said that Dr. Johnson would never let *her* use it. Dined at Rogers's, though fitter for my sofa at home. Company: Newton, Leslie, Turner, and one or two more. Walked with O'Connell, by the bye, for some time, this morning, and was glad to have an opportunity of repeating to himself all I had been saying to some of his followers lately, in Dublin, respecting his management of the Repeal question. I had, indeed, felt uncomfortable at the thought of attacking him to others without putting also *himself* in full possession of my sentiments; and I must say that he bore all I said with the most perfect candour and good-humour, though I went so far in describing what I thought the mischief of his premature agitation as to say, that its obvious effect was to *divide* the upper classes, and *madden* the lower. In short, I put everything that occurred to me quite as strongly as I had done before in Dublin to his friend Mr. ——, and he was just entering on his defence when some one interrupted us and took him away. Had some talk about '98, and Lord Edward. Showed wonderful ignorance of the events of that time, confounded Neilson (the vapouring fellow who attacked Newgate on the 23rd May, 1798) with

the gallant Russell, the friend of Tone, who rose with Emmett in 1803; and on one or two other points showed how little even the actors in such scenes (if he was really one of the actors) are to be trusted in their recollections.

25th. Dined at Sir George Philipps's, though still feeling ill and uncomfortable. Company, the Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) and Mrs. Jeffrey, John Murray (of Edinburgh), Sharpe, Lady Anne Wilbraham, &c. But for the temptation of meeting Jeffrey, I should not have encountered so large a party. Jeffrey by no means in good spirits, nor looking as he ought. Talked of the spirit with which the Irish members now did their duty on the side of liberty, though for some time after the Union they were mostly tools of the Ministry, as Grattan prophesied they would be, saying, "Well, my much injured country will have her revenge for all her wrongs; she will send into England and into the bosom of her parliament, and the very heart of her constitution, a hundred of the greatest rascals that can be found anywhere." It was mentioned that Tierney, when at the bar, told Perceval one day that he meant to buy stock, and go and make speeches at the India House, on which Perceval advised him not to do so, saying that a lawyer who wished to succeed in his profession ought to confine himself to it entirely. In relating this circumstance Tierney used to say, that if they had both attended to this advice, he (Tierney) might have had a little more money in his pocket, and Perceval might have been still alive. Tierney, at first (and even at the time when he belonged to the Friends of the People), thought himself incapable of public speaking, and never ventured to speak but for a few minutes at a time.

26th. Called at the Longmans': had been also at the printer's, and find that the matter of my "Life of Lord Edward" has (as happens generally with me) overflowed the bounds originally intended, and cannot well be compressed in one volume. Called at Lord John Russell's (had seen him but once since I came, and thought he looked ill and fagged): not at home; found that he was to set out for Devonshire next morning at ten. Went to pay a visit at the Speaker's; saw Mrs. Manners Sutton, who said to me, "I am told, your friends, the Whigs, have resolved, from an idea that the Speaker has acted partially, not only to endeavour to throw him out at Scarborough, but to prevent his re-election as Speaker, and to deprive him of his peerage. They had better take care. The most unpopular thing they ever did in their lives would be nothing to their attempting to prevent his re-election to the chair: and if we have but fair notice beforehand, we shall beat them by three times their number." She then (as if I was the most tried Tory friend in the world) begged me to give her prompt notice if I saw any such intentions on their part. Went to Brookes's.

27th. Feeling still the pain over my right eye, and not sleeping well at night, wrote a note to Dr. Holland to beg he would call upon me. Burdett called for me on his way to the city, but I could not, of course, go with him. Asked me to dine quietly with him, which I promised to do, if well enough. Holland came and prescribed. In talking of the Reform Bill, I said, I should not wonder if it added to his number of patients; and he assured me that such was seriously the case, more than one or two instances of illness brought on by anxiety and alarm for this subject having occurred in his practice. Refused, with much kindness, my offer of a fee, though I said he *ought* to take it, if for nothing but the rarity of the event, as he was the first physician I had consulted on my own account for God knows how many years. Went to dine with Burdett; none but themselves. A good deal of conversation with him after dinner; and the fluency with which, in talking of the Reform question, he went through the history of the representative system from its earliest periods, was curious enough. * * * To-night being the general illumination for the dissolution of Parliament, some of the Miss Burdetts expressed a wish during dinner to drive through the streets and see it, and the carriage was ordered accordingly; but it occurred to us afterwards that Burdett might possibly be recognised by the mob, and some demonstration, such as taking the horses off, or something might happen which would neither be agreeable nor prudent; so we gave up the plan, and the Burdetts' carriage took me home.

28th. A letter from Bessy to say she thinks of coming up to-morrow or Monday, in consequence of which I deferred my own intentions of going down. Dined with Rogers: com-

pany, only Sharpe, Miss Rogers, and Mrs. Lockhart. Mrs. L. gave a better account of Sir Walter, who has had a bad attack lately. Lockhart told me, a day or two since, that it was not apoplexy, but an affection of the stomach, which produced effects very much the same in appearance, by sending up blood to the head. Mackintosh, he said, had suffered from a similar complaint. Mrs. Lockhart said, that worry and alarm at this new measure of reform had a great deal to do with it, and that just before this late attack some person had written him a letter from London containing an account of the dissolution, and the scenes in the two houses in consequence, which threw him into a state of great nervousness and agitation. A curious conversation after dinner from my saying that, "after all, it was in high life one met the best society;" Rogers violently opposing me; he, too, of all men, who (as I took care to tell him) had through the greater part of his life shown practically that he agreed with me, by confining himself almost exclusively to this class of society. It is, indeed, the power which these great people have of commanding, among their other luxuries, the presence of such men as he is at their tables, that sets their circle (taking all its advantages into account) indisputably above all others in the way of *society*. —— said, with some bitterness, that, on the contrary, the high class were the vulgarest people one met. Vulgar enough, God knows! some of them are; vulgar in *mind*, which is the worst sort of vulgarity. But, to say nothing of women, *where*, in any rank or station of life, could one find *men* better worth living with, whether for manners, information, or any other of the qualities that render society agreeable, than such persons as Lords Holland, Grey, Carlisle, Lansdowne, Cowper, King, Melbourne, Carnarvon, John Russell, Dudley, Normanby, Morpet, Mahon, and numbers of others that I can speak of from personal knowledge?

29th. While at breakfast received a note from Rogers to remind me that I had promised to breakfast with him. Went, and found Miss Edgeworth, Luttrell, Lord Normanby (now Mulgrave), and Sharpe. Miss Edgeworth, with all her cleverness, anything but agreeable. The moment any one begins to speak, off she starts too, seldom more than a sentence behind them, and in general contrives to distance every speaker. Neither does what she say, though of course very sensible, at all make up for this over-activity of tongue. Dined at Lansdowne House: Lord Minto, Lord Fitzharris, Lord and Lady Roseberry, Lord Dudley, Lord Davy, the Abercrombys, &c. Sat next Lord Dudley, who gets odder and odder every day. His mutterings to himself; his fastidious contemplation of what he has on his plate, occasionally pushing about the meat with his finger, and uttering low breathed criticisms upon it,—all is on the verge of insanity; but still very brilliant and agreeable. In speaking of my second volume of Byron, he repeated what Murray had told me he said to him about it; that he had resolved not to read it all at once, but to keep it as a sort of cordial to his mind, to be taken now and then, when he was in low spirits, and wanted refreshment and excitement. One great source of the pleasure it gave him was, he said, his knowledge of all the persons and circumstances it referred to, which made him feel as if living over past times again. Lord Lansdowne very anxious that I should dine with him on Sunday to meet the Lord Chancellor, but have already pledged myself to Fielding to meet Luttrell. Home early.

30th. Dined at the Academy dinner at Somerset House; Lord Cawdor took me. One grand thing, full of poetry, of Turner's, "Baiæ and the Bridge of Caligula." A touching story of a crazed girl, by West, which every one admired: old Stothard, every ten minutes, taking up some one to look at it. The poor artist himself, who has been long hopeless of any notice, was all this time (as W. Irving told me) moping at home, little thinking his picture would be so successful; but his friends, Irving and Newton, were determined not to let the night pass without letting him know his success. Was rather lucky in my place at dinner, having got next Jones. He and Howard talked of the abundance of subjects my "Epicurean" would furnish for the pencil; and Jones mentioned three or four he himself had intended to try his hand on, particularly the approach of the girl and her lover to the Night Fair on the Nile. Jones added, however, as the difficulty in taking any of my subjects, "You do too much yourself; you leave hardly anything to the artist." This is, I suppose, true; a more vague and sketchy

style would more easily *se prêter* to the fancy of the designer. A letter from Bessy to say she is coming to town on Monday; *à propos* of which, a very good-natured thing of Greville. When I was with him yesterday, and on my mentioning that Mrs. Moore was coming, he said, "If you have no better *gîte* for her, here is my house for the next week, as I am myself going to Newmarket; and she shall have it all to herself, and my carriage to make free use of into the bargain." Told him that the latter, at all events, would, I knew, be very welcome, and I would most thankfully accept of it for her.

May 1st. Began my week of Greville's carriage by taking it to pay a visit at Holland House. Called first at the Duke of Essex's (who, I found, however, is now to be visited in town), and at the Duchess of Kent's. Thence to Holland House; found Lord H. himself very much recovered, and in his usual good spirits. Lord Alvanley with him, but, after a little time, summoned to my lady. Lord H. showed me a ballad he had written and got printed, about the King: "King William the Tar for me!" and to which he had just added two verses. Asked me why I didn't do something for them? Told him I feared that what was at the bottom of *my* want of enthusiasm on the subject was this very circumstance of the *King* having so much to do with it. It was, in fact, the old king-ridden feeling by which the people of England had been so long and often led into what was *wrong*, that was now, by the mere accident of the present man's character, influencing them towards what was right; and though I rejoiced at the *result*, my conviction of the source from whence most of the enthusiasm sprung very much damped my sympathy with it. Lord H. owned that, as to what I said of the "king-led feelings" of the people of England, "there was some truth in it." My lady's page having then summoned me, I went to her room and found Alvanley with her, who mentioned two rather amusing things. One, of a foreign servant, who, on being asked what had been his qualifications for his last place, always began by saying, "*Je savais*," putting the fore-finger of his right hand to the thumb of the left, and then counting upon the fingers. "*ni lire, ni écrire, ni monter à cheval, ni raser, ni rien.*" The other was in talking of Sweden. Alvanley said he believed that there was no such thing as a Swedish grammar, and mentioned a man at Paris who, intending to pay a visit to that country, was anxious to learn the language, but could neither find a grammar nor any person capable of teaching it. At last he was waited upon by a man whom his inquiries had brought to light, and who undertook to instruct him, and being very assiduous he learned, as he thought, sufficient for his purpose, and set off with it to Sweden. On his arrival there, however, he found that not a creature could comprehend a single word he said, and it turned out that what his friend, the language-master, had, with so much expense of time and money, been teaching him, was *Bas-Breton!* Forgot to tell Lady Holland what I had, in coming up the avenue, fully resolved *not* to forget, namely, the following anecdote. Among other stories told to the honour and glory of the reforming monarch, it is very generally stated, that Maclean, the American ambassador, said to His Majesty, "I little thought, sir, I should live to see the day when I should *envy* a monarch." In paying a visit at Maclean's the other morning, I mentioned the currency of this anecdote; on which Mrs. Maclean (who is a very amiable, natural person) said, "It is very true that Mr. Maclean said he envied the King, but it was not on the Reform question; it was (I am ashamed to say) on seeing the King kiss Lady Lilford." Thus are stories made up. Luttrell has put his pun on the two parties into verse, as follows:

> "To the same sounds our parties two
> The sense by each applied owe;
> The Whig exclaims 'Reform-I-do,'
> The Tory 'Reformido.'"

5th. It being Bessy's wish to return home to-morrow, I went to take places, but found I could not get the inside of the coach I wanted till Saturday, so took them for that day. Drove about with her shopping. As she had fixed to pass the evening with her mother, I accepted an invitation at Lord Ducie's for to-day, having been asked also to Lord Listowel's and Agar Ellis's. Company at Lord Ducie's: the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Lansdowne, Albemarle, Suffield, Downes, Kerry, &c. Sat next Lord Suffield (who is an old friend of mine), and reminded him of a story he told me years ago, of his having been laid up with a strain, so as to be confined to his

chair and flannels, just on the eve of a race which he was to run for a great wager; his finding out that electricity had the power of restoring him the use of his limb for a short time; his having himself brought to the ground in his invalid chair; being there electrified; running and winning the race, and then returning to his lameness and flannels again. He seemed much amused at my remembering a story of such ancient date, and vouched for the whole truth of it.

6th. Having made up my mind to return with Bessy, arranged all matters with the printer and the Longmans. Forgot to mention (and now have not time to detail) a conversation which I had with two noble lords at Brookes's one of these mornings, on the subject of Reform, when I ventured to put strongly to them my view of the matter; the tendency, I thought, there has long been in England to a change,—a revolution, in fact; that we have been in the *stream* of a revolution for some years; and that the only question is, whether the present measure of reform will hasten or retard the stream. They listened patiently, and as if they agreed with me, confessing that our friends the Ministers *might* have satisfied the country by a far less dose of reform than the present. On my expressing my curiosity to know (what never, perhaps, will be thoroughly known) how such men as Lords Lansdowne, Holland, and Melbourne, to say nothing of Canningites, came to let themselves be hustled into such a measure, Lord —— said, that whatever might have been the steps of the process, it was certain that Lord Durham was at the bottom of it all; that, from his influence with Lord Grey, he got it fully into *his* mind; and then Lord Grey's weight with his colleagues, not a little backed by his representing to them that it must be either this measure, or resignation, did all the rest. Lord Lansdowne, while at all times disposed to liberalise the *working* of our institutions, has invariably been for leaving their machinery as it is: and Lord Melbourne's view of Reform has always been that which, in polities as well as religion, most defies conversion; and that is, the scoffer's view. How they all come to be, on the surface, at least, radical Reformers (for it is nothing less), I cannot comprehend. For myself, I have always been for *improvement*, thinking that everything, in the end, will be the better for it, though the process through which that *better* must be reached is, I own, rather trying; and, after all, it may but prove the truth of the French saying, that frequently "*Le meux est l'ennemi du bien.*" Lord Lansdowne, at least, must know or guess what I now think of his Reform, from a letter I wrote him last March, before any one knew what plan was to be proposed.* He had, in writing to me, said that he had heard rumours of my being radical and anti-unionist; in reply to which, after some remarks on the latter charge, I said that, so far from being radical with respect to English affairs, it was my firm belief that the Reform which the country was at present forcing upon the ministry, would give but an opening and impulse to the revolutionary feeling now abroad; and though there might be a temporary satisfaction produced by it, it would be but like the calm described in those lines (borrowed by Campbell):

"—— ad præceps immane ruinæ,
Lævior, en, facies fit properantis aquæ."†

7th. Left Hatchett's with Bessy, Tom, and the two Powers (who are going to pass some time with us) between seven and eight, in the Marlborough coach. Saw dearest Russell at Marlborough for some time, and from thence Bessy and the rest set off for Sloperton in a chaise, and I in one of the Bath coaches for Devizes, from whence I walked home.

* There must be some mistake here, as the plan was opened on the 1st of March.—Ed.

† The lines of Campbell are,

"But mortal pleasure, what in sooth art thou?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

It is not perhaps surprising that in this and other passages Moore should express some fear of the consequences of the Reform Act; but those who drew it felt no such apprehensions. They knew the strong veneration which the people of England feel for Monarchy and its attendant institutions. Had the nation not been imbued with such feelings, the mock elections of the nomination boroughs would have been a spur and not a curb to their speed; as it is, a reformed Parliament is a far stronger barrier against wild innovation than the Parliaments chosen on the old model could have been. Lord Melbourne, in his speech in the House of Lords, truly said that the consent of the people formed the strength of the Parliament, and that when that consent was wanting it was time to change the form of the governing body. On such principles, those of Lord Grey's cabinet who had been against reform acted in unison with those who had been long its advocates. Lord Grey and his colleagues, in thus combining to bring in the Reform Bill, acted with true patriotism and true foresight. They knew the institutions which they amended; the people with whom and for whom they acted; the principles of sound policy, and the course required by honesty and wisdom.—Ed.

8th to 31st. For the rest of the month busy at home, on my second volume of "Lord Edward," dining out but once the whole time, which was at Mr. Hughes's, at Devizes. Forget whether I have, in any part of my journal, mentioned the course of my money transactions with Murray. At the time when he allowed me to avail myself of whatever I could get from France and America, for an early copy of "Byron's Life," to be published there, the sum agreed to by the American publisher was 333*l.*; and as an accommodation towards enabling me to pay some of the bills for the rebuilding of my cottage, Murray allowed me to draw upon him for 500*l.*, which, it was understood, I should repay him when the arrival of this money from America would so far give me the means. From the delay of the work, the money, of course, did not come; and after renewing my bill upon him once, my bankers at Devizes were unwilling to renew it a second time; and I had nothing for it but to offer that he should draw upon me.

June 1st. Started with Tom in the coach for town. Discovered, in one of my travelling companions, an old masquerader of other days, Sir Thomas Champneys, and found him very amusing. Tom particularly delighted with his stories. Brummel saying to some grave minister of state who was explaining to him the operation of the income tax, at the time it was about to be brought forward, "Then I see I must retrench in the rosewater for my bath." Old Judge —— saying to Lady Hippisley, who was sitting near him on the bench, in a riding habit and hat, "Why doesn't that man take off his hat?" The people round whispered to him that it was Lady Hippisley; his not hearing them. "I say, make that man take off his hat," &c. &c. Champneys acting all this very amusing. Deposited Tom at Power's, and went to dine at the Athenæum; joined by James Smith. Mentioned a sermon of Swift's on sleeping in church, which I must see. Repeated to me some verses of his in imitation of Crabbe, which, for neatness of execution in the *four last lines*, are admirable:—

"Hard is his lot who edits, thankless job!
A Sunday journal for the factious mob.
With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,
He gives to turbulence the day of rest,
Condemn'd this week, rash rancour to instil,
Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will.
Alike undone, or if he praise or rail,
(For this affects his safety, that his sale);
He sinks, alas! in luckless limbo set,—
If loud for libel, and if dumb for debt."

Told me that he and his brother had got 1000*l.* for the "Rejected Addresses," and copyright of "Horace in London;" he himself, also, got 300 guineas from Mathews for the "Trip to Paris," and pretty nearly the same sum for the other things of this kind he wrote for him. Took up my abode in Bury Street, where they have put me in front rooms.

2nd. Found the noise of the street intolerable. Have left a good deal of my "Lord Edward" still to be done, and fear I shall encounter sad interruptions: to add to the tranquillity of my study, I have my host's seven children lodged over my head. Sallied out at half-past three down to the printer. Called upon Murray, whom I found just about to set off with his son and Harness to a villa dinner with Andrews the bookseller. Pressed me to accompany them, and I had half a mind thereto, but thought better of it. A note from Bowles to propose our dining together at the Athenæum; assented. Found at the Athenæum Smith and Mathews. Told a pun of Smith's: on Mathews saying, on some occasion, of Tom Hill, "Will nobody stop that fellow's mouth?" "Not *me*," said Smith, "I know the way to Highgate, but not to Muswell Hill (Muzzle Hill)."

4th. At work, as well as the infernal noises would let me, most of the morning. Called at Rogers's; saw Miss R.; she and he have been passing the week at Cashiobury. Yesterday, Brougham, Denman, and Lord Duncannon had come down to dinner there, in an odd little sort of garden-chair belonging to the Chancellor.

5th. Out pretty early. Meant to have called at Holland House, but rain came on and prevented me. Paid visits. Called on Lord John Russell, whom I found dressing to go to Holland House with Lord Holland, who was waiting for him at the door. Asked me (as he had done when I was last in town) to come and take up my quarters at the Pay Office. Half-promised to do so. Dined at Lord Listowel's; only themselves. Music in the evening.

6th. Dined with Macdonald at eight: company, Fazakerley, T. Baring, Wilmot Horton, Sir A. Johnston, Robert Grant, and the Brahmin Rammohun Roy, a very remarkable man, speaking English perfectly, and knowing all

about English institutions, even to the details of Scotch boroughs. Said that most of the Brahmins are Deists. Gave an account of a society at Calcutta, formed of persons of all countries, religions, and sects—Hindoos, Mussulmen, Protestants, Catholics. A sort of service performed at their meetings, from which all such names as marked any particular faith, as Christ, Mahomet, &c. &c., were excluded; but the name of God in all languages and forms, whether Jehovah, Bramah, or any other such title, retained.

7th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Lord John, Luttrell, and Greville. Sydney beyond anything amusing. * * * Left Rogers's with Lord John, who repeated with much earnestness his wish that I should come to his house. Told Lord John, laughingly, when we were parting, that "I had better not come to him; I should bring disgrace upon a ministerial residence;" but he pressed me most kindly to do so, and having asked me to dine with him on Saturday next (the first dinner he has ever given), I promised that I would become his lodger on that day. A message by Luttrell from Holland House, to ask me to dine to-day. Dined at Sir George Phillips's: company, Sydney again, Ladies Charlemont and Davy, Lord John, and the Listers. It was mentioned, I think, by Sydney Smith, as a proof how little political men sometimes understand each other, that he found Canning (on meeting him once somewhere abroad) quite under the impression that Sir F. Burdett was ambitious of seizing the reins of government. Got a note from Lord Lansdowne from Bowood, just before he left it, asking me to name some day to dine with him, and proposing Sunday: was obliged to answer that I was engaged every day but the 15th and 18th till the 21st and 22nd: indeed, I already have duplicates and triplicates for most of my days, and for the 18th am *asked*, but have not yet *answered*.

8th. Went at three to Power's to meet Bishop about the arrangement of my songs for the summer fête: he did not come, however. Dined at Longman's. Had been asked to Lord Essex's, to Mrs. Norton's, and one or two other places: Dr. Lardner, McCulloch, Mr. Dickinson, &c. &c. Talking of writers who, like Scott, are in the habit of dictating to amanuenses, that it makes them diffuse, McCulloch quoted Adam Smith as an instance. His "Theory of Moral Sentiment," which he wrote with his own pen, being admirable in its style, while the "Wealth of Nations," which he dictated, is exceedingly diffuse. Quoted some Irish depositions of a witness who had gone to present a writ, "that on deponent's reaching the door of the house, a man appeared at the window with a gun, and threatened to blow his (deponent's) bloody soul to the devil, which deponent verily believes he would have done."

9th. Breakfasted at Holland House, having sent word by Luttrell that I would do so. No one at breakfast but Lord H. and Allen. Talking of metre, difference between the musical ear and poetical ear, Lord H. said that the person who came next to me in the excellence of the former was Monk Lewis. Talked of Lowth; that he spoiled the language. "Who's there?" "Me." This he thought not only English, but good English, in the same manner that the Frenchman would answer "*Moi*." Long conversation with Lord H. on the question of West India slavery; thought it one of the most difficult points they (the ministers) had to handle; the great fear least they should go too far. Brougham particularly committed himself to great lengths. Told me the whole course of the King's conduct in the affair of the dissolution. It was long a point of ticklish doubt with them whether he could go along with their views; had a great dislike to dissolution. When they came to him, however, after the division, and represented the necessity of such a step, he agreed at once and without hesitation, saying, when they asked how soon it was his Majesty's pleasure it should take place, "As you consider it necessary, the more despatch and decision it is done with the better." Lord H. evidently nervous about the whole state of affairs. In reading a speech of William Brougham's at some meeting, where he used the words "The Lords *dare* not reject the bill," Lord H. said, "Very imprudent words from the brother of a minister; these are the things that do us harm with the King." Talked of the state of the press; the great misfortune of the total severance that had taken place between those who conduct it and the better rank of society; even from literature it had become, in a great measure, sepa-

rated, instead of forming, as in France, a distinguished branch of it. "Now *you*," he said, "and all the other eminent literary persons of the day, keep as much aloof from 'the gentlemen of the press' as we of the political world do; and they are, therefore, thrown, with all their power and their virulence, unsoftened by the commerce of society, to form a separate and hostile class of themselves." Summoned to my Lady's room; very gracious. In asking me how Bessy kept her looks, she said, "I thought her a beautiful woman, when I saw her." Walked into town. Dined at Sotheby's: company, Jekyll, Sydney Smith, Bowleses, &c.

10th. Finding myself unable to do anything at home, went off in despair to Kensington Gardens, though the day was rainy, and got wet going there. Sauntered about for some hours, taking shelter during the rain, and contrived to get through a page or two of my work. Called, in returning, at Lord Listowel's, and got some luncheon, which was most welcome. Dined at Sir F. Burdett's: company, Rogers, Joy, Stevenson, Lady Sarah Bailey, &c. Went from dinner to Lady Grey's great assembly. Lady Grey, whom I found labouring under her task of reception, asked me to occupy the chair next to her for a little while. This I saw was partly as a relief and help in her conversation with her presentees, and partly to keep others from occupying the chair.

11th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Wilmot Horton, and Luttrell. Walked some time with Sydney, who again reminded me, with much kindness, of my promise to pay him a visit in Somersetshire this autumn. Talked of Mrs. Moore, and of all the praises he had heard of her, and hoped I should be able to persuade her to come too. Dined at Lord John's, having removed all my goods from Bury Street thither. Company, Lady Hardy and her daughters, Lord Seaford, Lord Fordwich and his brother. Went in the evening to the Opera, the Burdett's having sent me a ticket. Lord Seaford took me. Pasta and Taglioni both incomparable.

12th. Staid great part of the morning at home, enjoying the delicious quiet of my nice retired room looking into the Park; such a contrast to Bury Street! Lord John and I breakfasted together. Told me of Lord Grey's communication of the Reform plan to the King, who had been very anxious during the concoction of it. Lord Grey remained with him three hours, and almost immediately after their interview, the King said to Lord Holland (it was at Brighton), on the latter inquiring after his Majesty's health, "I am very well, and I assure you all the better for two or three hours' conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, which has been very comfortable to me." Called upon Corry, who arrived in town last night. Walked about together. Saw Shiel at the Athenæum. In talking of the certainty there would be of my election for almost any place in Ireland that I chose, he assured me that if I had selected Louth to stand for, he himself would not have the least chance against me. Dined at the Fieldings', who, on finding that I had refused the Lansdownes on account of my engagement to them, asked the Lansdownes to meet me. Company: Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord Mahon, Sir E. Deering, the Nortons, Luttrell, &c. Singing in the evening by Mrs. Norton and myself. Told her of my intention to dedicate my "Summer Fête" to her, which seemed to please her very much.

13th. Breakfasted with Moore the sculptor, to the routing-up of my day. Told me of Chantrey's saying, in his artist language, looking at his own bust of Sir Walter Scott, "I must put a little more into that head." Dined at Phillipps's (George, junior): company, Sydney Smith, Spring Rice and Lady, George Lamb, Lord King's eldest son, &c. &c. Sat next to young King, who had just returned from his travels in Egypt and elsewhere. Told me that "he had been over all the scenes of the Epicurean." I was placed far away from Sydney, *procul à Jove;* which he himself complained of afterwards, saying, he could only get a glimpse of me now and then through the flowers of the *plateau*, like "Love among the roses." Neither did they seem to be much more agreeable in that upper region.

14th. Walked into the Park to enjoy the band, which plays every morning just near the house. Lord John's table loaded every morning with letters from all parts of the country. Lucky for him that he is so little of an irritable or fussy nature. Being now the mark for the whole country to look to, every suggestion and criticism respecting the Bill

(most of them from men of local knowledge, and therefore demanding attention) is levelled at him. Shiel, having mentioned to me his wish to become a member of Brookes's, I sounded to-day some of the leading persons of the club, and found that they had no doubt of his being readily elected. Walked for some time with Lord Durham, who had just been at the creation of the new peers, A. Ellis, Lord Fingall, &c. &c. In talking of the necessity that might arise for a further creation, he said, so far from hesitating at such a step, he would, if they had a majority of 400 in the Lords against the bill, create 401 peers rather than lose it. Met Agar Ellis (Lord Dover), with whom I was to dine, on my way home to dress. Company: the Lansdownes, Lord and Lady Morley, Miss Berry, C. Greville, S. Smith, Lord Brougham and his step-daughter, Miss Spalding. In the evening sang. Brougham's delight at my singing; said of 'This world is the planet,' "It is all so *nice*." Mentioned, with great praise, my "Vision of Chaneery" as one of the best things of the kind ever written. Told me of a party he had made to go see Buckingham Palace next Sunday, and asked me to join them. S. Smith amusing before dinner; his magnanimity (as he called it) in avowing that he had never before heard of Lamartine (of whom Miss Berry and I were speaking). "Was it another name for the famous blacking man?" "Yes." "Oh, then, he's Martin here, La-Martine in France, and Martin Luther in Germany." He never minds what nonsense he talks, which is one of the great reasons of his saying so much that is comical.

15th. Conversation with Lord John at breakfast about my coming into Parliament. He said, that as I wished but for a short trial of it, it was a pity I had not come in this time, the duration of the Parliament being just what would have suited me. Talked about *preparing* speeches; agreed that to speak well it was necessary to prepare in some shape or other, but whether to write down what one prepares? Lord Grey, he said, had wished him to write down beforehand his speech for the introduction of the Reform Bill, and he tried to do so; but found he could not, in delivery, keep to what he had written. Asked him whether it was true that his illustration of "Old lamps for new ones," produced little, if any, effect at the time he spoke it? Said it *was* true; but owing, he thinks, very much to some interruption that occurred behind him, and which made him turn round from the house while he was delivering the passage. Said that Brougham used to sneer a good deal at this image of his, saying, for instance, "Gentlemen who talk figuratively about lamps," &c. &c. Peel (Lord J. said) a very dexterous debater. Went down to the printer's. To-day the Hollands came to Lord John's, which will a good deal disturb the quiet of the house. Had a specimen, while dressing for dinner, of what I was to expect; a message being brought by my Lady's page to say, they would be at home to-night at eleven, if I would look in upon them. Dined at Cunliffe's; a dreary set except the Ordes and Mrs. Meynell, whom I sat next. She talked most enthusiastically of my Life of Byron, and begged of me a bit of his writing for some lady, a friend of hers at Paris, whom she said it would be the making of; there being a great Russian princess there, whose name I forget, who does nothing day and night but read my book, and rave of Byron, and her great ambition is to have some of Byron's writing, which, if this lady can procure for her, it may be the means of helping her materially in some object she wishes to gain from this said princess. Under such circumstances, of course, could not refuse, though I have but a scrap or two left disposable. Taken home by Lord and Lady James O'Brien. Joined the Hollands, Lord H. just returned from a Cabinet dinner. Lord John had stolen off to bed. They had been employed at their dinner chiefly (Lord H. said) in "mending sentences" (the King's speech, no doubt). A little after twelve my Lady retired, and intimated that he ought to do so too; but he begged hard for ten minutes more. Talked of the sedition and blasphemy that was abroad, and the difficulty there was in dealing with it. "I wish," he said, "some of you gentlemen who have clever pens, would exert yourselves to check it." "We could hardly do so," I answered, "without taking up the old anti-Jacobin tone, which, on *me*, at least, would sit rather awkwardly." He then began reciting some fine passages of Cowper, and continued, as he lay on his back on the sofa, spouting out to the amount of two or three hundred lines. It was past one before I left him. In writing to Syd-

ney Smith to-day, sending him Crabbe's address, which he wanted, I said that "I was sorry he had gone away so soon from Ellis's the other night, as I had improved (*i.e.* in my singing) afterwards, and he was one of the few I always wished to do my *best* for." In answer to this received the following flattering note from him, written evidently under the impression that I had been annoyed by his going away:—

"My dear Moore,—By the Beard of the Prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side-dishes, I swear that I had rather hear you sing than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling? Call me Dissenter, say that my cassock is ill put on, that I know not the delicacies of decimation, and confound the greater and the smaller tithes; but do not think or say that I am insensible to your music. The truth is, that I took a solemn oath to Mrs. Beauclerk to be there by ten, and set off, to prevent perjury, at eleven; but was seized with a violent pain in the stomach by the way, and went to bed.

"Yours ever, my dear Moore, very sincerely,
"Sydney Smith."

16th. Called upon Shiel to take him, according to promise, and introduce him to Lord Lansdowne; had fixed the hour with Lord L., who was all kindness to him. Invited him to their ball, this evening. Called upon Corry, and he and Shiel and I drove off to the Charter House to see Tom. Their delight with him. Corry not having seen him for some time, thought him wonderfully improved, and the image of his mother. The dear dog *was* looking very pretty and animated, I must say for him. Went on to see Barnes, with whom we were to have dined on Saturday, but had been put off on account of his illness. Found him recovering, but still in a bad state. Dinner at Longman's. Left at eleven, having promised Lady Lansdowne that I should make a point of coming to her ball. Found Lord Dacie and Lord Sherborne sauntering about the square, afraid of the heat inside. Shoals of royalty there; Cumberlands, Cambridges, Landgravines, &c. &c. Forgot to mention on Monday last that I had had a note on that morning from Lady Jersey, one of the patronesses of the Irish Bazaar, asking me to send her my hand-writing on some pretty cards (which I was to get in her name, at some place in Bond Street), and saying, she was sure it would be a thing that would bring a good deal of money. It would, I fear, have looked conceited on my part, but had there been time I dare say I should have done it. Was talking to her now about this, when the Landgravine (our Princess Elizabeth) called her over, and desired she would present me to her. Nothing could be more overwhelmingly civil than her Royal H.'s reception of me. "Every one must be desirous of knowing Mr. Moore, and it had been for years her ambition," &c. &c. Lady Lyndhurst very amusing and handsome; took pains to pick out one of the prettiest roses of her bouquet for me.

17th. Met Bishop at Power's, to arrange about my music. Mentioned what some of the fine ladies of the Bazaar had told me of the trouble some of their customers had given in looking over different things and not buying any; and that they were sure some of the tradesmen they had themselves plagued in this way had come there expressly to turn the tables on them. Bishop remarked that this would tell very well in a farce, and so it would. Staid to dine at Power's, and went to the Fieldings in the evening. Had some music.

18th. Had breakfast at Lord John's: Sydney Smith, Rogers, Luttrell, Allen, Greville, and Lady Hardy. Talking of battles; a fellow being "shot in the drum." Sydney S. told of a young officer in his first battle, who, having been for some time fighting without well knowing where he was, at last, seeing the party he was immediately engaged with giving way, took off his cap and began roaring enthusiastically, "Victory! Victory!" on which some veteran near him cried out, "Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow; we have been retreating these two hours." Luttrell quoted from Henry VI., "Knowest thou the Lord of Salisbury?" "Right well, and oft have shot at him;" which Sydney parodied, "And oft have preached at him." On looking at the play itself I find the fun of the quotation vanishes, as what the gunner says to his son is as follows:—

"Sirrah, thou knowest how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won;

to which the other answers, "Father, I know, and oft have shot at them." (1st part Hen. VI. act. i. sc. 4.) Kirk, the Irish sculptor, came with a cast of his bust of me. Introduced him to Lord John and Rogers; they didn't like it. Walked with Sydney Smith: told me his age; turned sixty. Asked me how I felt about dying. Answered that if my mind was but at ease about the comfort of those I left behind, I should leave the world without much regret, having passed a very happy life, and enjoyed (as much, perhaps, as ever man did yet) all that is enjoyable in it; the only single thing I have had to complain of being want of money. I could therefore die with the same words that Jortin died, "I have had enough of everything." Dined at Lansdowne House; Corry and I went together: company, Lord Mulgrave, the Cunliffes, Luttrell, &c.

19th. While we were at breakfast Lord William was announced as just arrived from Paris. I begged Lord John to let me give him up his room (the bed-room I occupy being that Lord W. always sleeps in); but he said, "No, no, you shan't be disturbed; he shall have Pudar's" (Lord J.'s servant) "room; it's a very good one;" and immediately ordered Pudar to get it ready for him. The meeting between the brothers highly characteristic; so quiet, but at the same time so cordial. Lord W. gave us an account of the state of France, which he thinks promises for peace. Went to Power's, and saw dear Tom, just returned from Greenwich, where Power had taken him to see the Prowses. Dined at Lord Grey's: company, the new-made Lord Munster and Lady, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, Lady Clanricarde, the Dawson Damers, Sydney Smith, &c. &c. The beauty of the scene from the back windows; the Park and its beautiful gardens, swarming with such a gay-coloured population. Sang a good deal in the evening, as did Wortley, Mrs. Bradshaw, &c.

20th. Lord John, at breakfast, returned to the subject of my "Lord Edward."* Asked me what I meant to do about it? Told him that I could not now, in justice to myself, give it up or even defer the publication; people (in Ireland particularly) would think it was from my friends having come into power that I was influenced; that I looked to place, &c. &c. "Be assured," I said, "that it will do no mischief; at least, will not *add* to the mischief which is but too abundant and inevitable already. I should only damage my own character by what you wish me to do, without any good whatever resulting from it to others. I mean, in a preface to the work, to inculcate confidence in the present Ministry, and to express my own reliance upon their honest intentions towards Ireland; and a good word of this kind from an honest and consistent man (humble though he be), will do you more *service* than anything that is in the work can do harm, or than I could *ever* do either you or myself if I were to tarnish my reputation by any suspicious compliance with the wishes of persons in power." In answer to all this, Lord John said, that he did not much mind it himself, but that, Lord Holland being related to Lord Edward's family, it would look (to say the least of it) ungracious towards him to publish such a work in opposition to his wish. I then reminded him of what I had already told him—namely, that Lord Holland was the person who had the most strongly urged me to the task, and had even, in answer to a letter of mine, in which I had rather confounded the character of my present hero with my two former ones, Sheridan and Byron, said expressly, "It is a very different task; for you can do full justice to poor Edward's memory without wounding or even offending the feelings of any person whatever." In the course of our conversation, in speaking of the *danger* of such a work in the present excited state of the public mind, I said, "Why, the subject has become historical; and I don't see why it should be more dangerous than your own 'Life of Lord Russell' would be, if published now." To this Lord John answered (but too truly), in his little quiet way, "Ah, that's a quarrel that has been long made up; not so with the Irish question." Went to the printer's, and at three o'clock started in a coach for Tunbridge Wells, having promised the Godfreys to pay them a short visit. Found them all well, and most cordially glad to see me. Slept at the inn.

21st. Breakfasted with the Godfreys; visited

* Sir John Newport also spoke to me on the subject at Brookes's: said he was very angry with me about it; that such a book would do great mischief; and that my friend Lord Lansdowne thought the same that he did about it.

all the old places rendered memorable to me by our gay party here in the year 1806 or 1807 *; the house which poor Lady Donegal had; the lodging which Rogers, W. Spencer, and myself lived in; the assembly room on the Pantiles, where I used to dance with my pretty friend, Mrs. Barbat, &c. &c. Drove about to different pretty spots; called at Mrs. Tighe's, who was anxious to have me at a party in the evening, which I luckily escaped.

22nd. Breakfasted with the Godfreys, and started for town at ten o'clock. Was to have gone to Lady Wharncliffe's *déjeûner*, but did not. Went to the printer's. Dined at the Athenæum, and home early to dress for Lady Frances Leveson's play, "Hernani" (Lord F.'s rhyme translation). The Queen there, and many other royal persons. Miss Kemble played the heroine, and Lord F. himself Don Ruy.

23rd. Breakfast with Lord John and Lord William: very agreeable. The latter proposed that we should go together to the Duchess of Bedford's *déjeûner*. The day fine, and the assemblage of pretty women in these green flowery grounds (Camden Hill) very charming. Lady Cowper gave me her arm, and we walked together to have strawberries and cream; a delightful person. Pretty as it all was, I soon got tired of it, and returned to town. Met Rogers at Brookes's, and agreed to dine with him and go to hear Paganini. The opera ("Prova d'un Opera seria") very amusing, and Pasta, in her new aspect of comic actress, admirable. Paganini abuses his powers: he *could* play divinely, and *does* sometimes for a minute or two; but then come his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, and his enharmonies like the mewlings of an expiring cat. Had some talk, by the bye, with Lord Francis at the *déjeûner*.

24th. Breakfasted at Rogers's to meet Macaulay. Talking of Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales," Macaulay said it was almost the only book one could never get tired of. Spoke of the proof that is afforded of *fame* by the creation of new words, such as *Quixotic*, which pervades all languages, *Machiavellian*, *Rodomontade* (from Rodomont), &c. R. told me that the Duke of Wellington had said lately to him, in speaking of my "Lord Edward," that "he could not conceive what I could make of it." Called with Corry at the Speaker's; met himself at a little distance from his house, and asked permission to go under the gallery that evening to hear Lord John bring forward the Reform Bill. Granted it most readily. Found Mrs. M. Sutton and the girls; asked us to dine some day, and we fixed to-morrow, Barnes having just put us off (in consequence of illness) from an engagement that Corry and I and Shiel had made with him for that day. Returned home to work a little, and went to the House of Commons with C. between four and five. Lord John's speech was (I could not help feeling) somewhat feeble and diluted, except in one or two passages. It was, however, well received, and the passage where he applied Cromwell's words, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands," to the conduct of the opponents of reform, produced considerable effect. There being no debate, we were let off earlier than we expected, and dined at the Piazza; Corry insisting on bearing the damage of the dinner, and giving me turtle and claret. Went to the Haymarket Theatre.

25th. Lord John a little tired this morning, though he felt not at all so (he said) last night. His speech took two hours in delivery. In talking of the passage where he quoted Cromwell, said, that though he had *thought* over that point in preparing himself, he had not intended to use it upon this occasion till a few minutes before he brought it out. This shows great self-possession in speaking. Dined at the Speaker's; none but the family, besides Corry and myself. The Speaker very agreeable: described his dinner lately with the King, on the day when all the judges dined with him. The King had asked him that very morning at the levee, saying, "I don't well know what name to call you by, for you know you are not Speaker now; but still I will say, Mr. Speaker, I am most happy to see you here, and if you have nothing better to do to-day, I wish you would come and meet the Judges at dinner." Described the manner in which the King wakes suddenly from his occasional dozes after dinner, and dashes at once into conversation. On that day he rather awkwardly, in one of these *sorties*, began upon the subject of the Queen's trial, saying that he had high respect for judges, but by no means the same

* See his *Works*. "Lines to Lady H., on an old ring found at Tunbridge Wells." (Dated 1805.) See also his letters in the 1st vol. of this work.

feeling for lawyers, who were often led, by their zeal for their clients, to do things by no means justifiable; "As you may recollect," he added, turning to Brougham and Denman, "in a case where you, gentlemen, were concerned," &c. &c. He got out of this scrape, however (the speaker said), very good-humouredly and skilfully. The Speaker told us several interesting anecdotes of the old King during his last melancholy years of madness, blindness, and, at last, utter deafness, which he had himself heard from his father, the Archbishop, who was one of the persons chiefly entrusted with the task of visiting and superintending the care of the Royal patient. The old King's horror at the first suggestion of a strait waistcoat, and his saying that he would go on his knees to the Archbishop if he would save him from it. His notions of kingly power to the last, and the cunning with which he contrived to keep up the appearance of it, ordering carriages and horses to be ready at a particular hour, and then taking care to *countermand* them a little before the time arrived. The Prince, not having seen him for a long time (it being found that intercourse with any of his own family excited and irritated him), was at length permitted one day to come into the apartment for a few minutes, and look at his father as he sat in his chair, without speaking. Shortly after his departure, the old King, in taking his usual exercise of walking round the room, stopped suddenly on the spot where the Prince had been standing, and said, "If I did not know it was impossible, I should say that the Prince of Wales was now in the room;" giving, as his reason, the strong smell of perfume which he perceived.

26th. Went (Lord John and I together, in a hackney coach) to breakfast with Rogers. The party, besides ourselves, Macaulay, Luttrell, and Campbell. Macaulay gave us an account of the state of the *Monothelite* controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line, "Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons," and looking over at me, said significantly, "*You* ought to know that line." I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, "It is a poem that appeared in 'The Times,' which every one attributes to *you*;" but I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, "That is *mine*;" on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. "That was mine also," said Macaulay; thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the day. * * * Returned home to work. Have been sadly interrupted while in town, and shall never again adopt the plan of working in London, or of leaving any part of my books but the mere *printing* to do there. Dined at Fielding's: company, chiefly "young men about town." A party in the evening, and music; the Gents, &c. &c. I never was in better voice, and pleased even *myself*. Sang some duets of my own with Miss Gent and with Lord Valletort.

29th. Took my last breakfast with my kind and excellent host. Made preparations for my departure to-morrow; and, not being able to get a bed in Bury Street, asked Murray to allow me to sleep at his house for the convenience of starting in the morning. Seemed highly pleased at my request. Went to the Charterhouse to see dear Tom. Dressed at Murray's: party at the Duchess of Kent's very large; Leopold, the Duke of Saxe Coburg (just arrived), the Duchess of Cambridge, and an abundant array of nobles and gentry. Went in to dinner with Denison, and got placed between him and his wife (Duke of Portland's daughter), and near Lord Plunket, with whom I had a good deal conversation. The dinner as good as most dinners, and from being so numerous had all the ease of a *table d'hôte*. The Duchess's reception of me very gracious: and Leopold talked to me for near a quarter of an hour in the evening; beginning with Harrow, which he had lately visited, and ending with Lord Byron, of whom he spoke very feelingly and sensibly. Had another royal addition of the Princess Sophia in the evening; and the greater number of the party being engaged to

the Queen's concert, they all separated early, Charles Grant bringing me home. Found supper at Murray's, and got to bed in good time.

Forgot to mention that in one of my conversations with Lord John, about my forthcoming book, I told him that it had been my intention to quote a passage, which I thought very good, from his "Life of Lord Russell," on the subject of popular resistance, but that I had given up the quotation from a fear lest those scribblers, who are accusing the ministry of favouring revolutionary designs, might take advantage of the passage and tease him about it. I added, however, that it was my intention to borrow the thought from him and put it in my own language: to which he answered, "Do; that will be the best way." The following is the passage; and it is after all quiet enough to be fathered by any body: "Whilst they (the Tories) spoke with abhorrence of resistance to their sovereign, their conduct had a direct tendency to produce it: for their silent acquiescence in acts of tyranny encouraged the King to still greater outrages; till, at last, no remedy was to be found but in a revolution. The Whigs, on the other hand, by their persevering opposition, acted in a manner to prevent the necessity of the resistance of which they spoke so much." As it happened, I had no opportunity of introducing this passage at all.

30th. Off at eight o'clock for dear Sloperton; found Bessy and her two visitors (Power's two daughters) full of the new pic-nics for archery that have begun in the neighbourhood. One at Locke's yesterday, which, if I had returned sooner, we were to have gone to.

July 1st to 21st. During this and the following month (being at home all the time) I have kept no regular journal. Not being able to put the finishing touch to my "Lord Edward" in town, it was some weeks after my return before the book was published. Sent but few copies about, as there were some of my friends who I *knew* would not like it, and many more whom I was at least doubtful of. Thought it right, however, to send copies to the Duke of Leinster and Lady Campbell, neither of whom has ever since acknowledged or taken the least notice of them. What my Whig friends will think or say of the book I know not, and (I must say) do not much care. The insight I got into the views and leanings of the party during my last visit to town has taken away much of my respect for them as a political body, and changed my opinion of some as private men. I am convinced that there is just as much selfishness and as much low party spirit among them generally as among the Tories; without any of that tact in concealing the offensiveness of these qualities which a more mellowed experience of power and its sweets gives to the Tories. There are a few men among them who have the public weal, I believe, most sincerely at heart; and these are easily numbered,—Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lord John Russell, and Lord Lansdowne; but even these are carried headlong through a measure, of which in their hearts they must see the danger, by an impulse of party spirit which supersedes too much every other consideration; and as to the herd of their followers, any few grains of patriotism there may be among them are so mixed up with an overflowing portion of *self* as to be diluted away to nothing.* The change of tone, too, among some of them would be most amusing if one was not obliged to look grave while one listens.

Found our dear Russell returned from school on my arrival. Made a little party of children to go and dine on the top of Round-away Hill; had a most delicious day of it; Bessy, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Napier, and myself being the only elders of the party.

About the 12th we had a pic-nic archery meeting at the Phippses'; very gay, and graced by all our pretty girls, Houltons, Lockes, &c. Lord Kerry, who has been sent down to Bowood with a tutor to read, in high glee and rattle all the evening.

22nd. Mulvany, a young Irish artist, arrived from town to pay us a visit on his way to Bristol; stayed to the 29th; went with us to

* I have left this passage as it stands in the Journal, but I cannot subscribe to Moore's judgment on the Whig party. There is, no doubt, in every political party, as in every community, sect, or association of men, a large ingredient of selfishness; but the party of which Moore speaks had followed Mr. Fox, Lord Grey, and Lord Lansdowne for half a century, in the assertion and maintenance of principles which were not likely to lead to favour either with the Court or the people. Opposition to the French war, support of Roman Catholic Claims, enmity to the Slave Trade, promotion of Parliamentary Reform; such were the leading points of a policy which no sensible man could have adopted with any other view than that of advancing the welfare of the State, in spite of the frowns of the Sovereign and the hostility or indifference of the country.—Ed.

an archery meeting on the 26th (a regular series of them having been established by subscription at the Spa Rooms at Melksham; Lord Kerry, president, and Lady Theodosia Bute, the patroness). My dear Bessy looking very handsome; and danced gaily all the evening.

28th. Dined at Bowles's: party, Mulvany and ourselves, old Hoyle (the Exodiad poet), and another person. Mentioned a pun of Pitt's, viz., Latin for a *rimy* morning, *Aurora Musis amica.* Never saw Bowles in more amusing plight; played for us on the fiddle after dinner a country dance, which forty years ago he heard on entering a ball-room, to which he had rode, I don't know how many miles, to meet a girl he was very fond of, and found her dancing to this tune when he entered the room. The *sentiment* with which he played this old-fashioned jig beyond anything diverting. I proposed we should dance to it; and taking out Mrs. Bowles, led off, followed by the Powers, Bessy, Mulvany, &c. &c. Our fiddler soon tired, on which Hoyle volunteered a scrape, and played so dolefully slow as to make us laugh in far quicker time than we danced. However, we briskened up his old bow; and Mrs. Moore taking Bowles for a partner, we got through one of the most laughing dances I have seen for a long time. In the course of the evening I sung "Ally Croker," accompanied by Bowles on the violin, much to the amusement of the whole party. Next day, 29th, Mulvany left us.

August 10th. Dined (Corry and I) at Scott's to meet Luttrell and Nugent. Luttrell repeated to me six lines he had written lately about the "two things" that at present "absorb us," being "the bill and the cholera morbus;" that the Tories, "if they had their will, would bring in the complaint to get rid of the bill;" while the Whigs seemed resolved "in this very hot weather," that we should be doomed "to both evils together." He repeated it but once; so I could catch but the general meaning and the tags.

11th. Had the Starkeys to dine, and during dinner Mr. Power arrived in town, bringing with him dear Tom for the holidays.

15th. Power and his two girls left us.

16th to 29th. All this time, and ever since I got rid of my "Lord Edward," have been reading hard at theology for a work I have now in hand, "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion." Dined one day with Lord Kerry, at Bowood, to meet a young friend of his, O'Brien. Went another day with him to Farley; Bessy was to have accompanied us, but was not well enough.

30th. The last archery meeting for the season; great delight to our dear Tom, who enjoyed himself prodigiously. He and his mamma were both among the archers, and the next in shots to the winner of the silver arrow. Had fixed with the Houltons to go on with them to Farley in the evening; followed their carriage, and arrived there between twelve and one.

September 3rd. Left Farley after three very agreeable days. Had employed myself in the mornings in an article for the "Edinburgh Review," having long promised the editor, Napier, and the Longmans, that I would give them something. Chose the subject of German Rationalism, in consequence of Dr. Brabant having pointed out to me some errors in a late work on that topic. Desired Brabant *also* to write on the subject, and then we should be able to make out something tolerable from our joint labours. The Doctor all delight at the idea of co-operating with me.

4th to 12th. Not a little puzzled with my literary partnership; find I can retain but little of B.'s, and fear he will be disappointed.

13th. Despatched the article to Edinburgh, having retained but two pages of B.'s (the exposition of the principles of Rationalism) in the introductory part, and clothed his detection of Lee's mistake at the end in my own language. Have prepared him as well as I could to find his *bantling* a *changeling.*

24th. Received a proof (contrary to my expectation) of the article, with a letter from Napier, saying, I had his "warmest thanks for this very pungent and very, very admirable article." Happy he likes it. Sent back the proof same day. Had a very pretty party of girls one of these days (the day before the coronation, by the bye) to archery in the morning and dinner; two Lockes, two Starkeys, and two Napiers: no beaux for them but Tom and myself. Sung to them in the evening, and made two of them cry so much, that one went out of the room ashamed of her emotions, and sat on the stairs listening, while the other turned her face to the wall to hide her

disfigurement. This latter a very pretty girl, Sarah Locke.

Lady Lansdowne came down from town, and called upon us soon after her arrival. Told us of the awkward way in which the Archbishop of Canterbury had put on the Queen's crown at the coronation. There had been a little knot or tuft made in dressing her hair, for the express purpose of receiving the crown upon it; and instead of pressing the crown upon this, the archbishop kept it toppling on the top of it; and had not the Queen kept her head quite still till one of the ladies came to her aid, the bad omen of the fall of the crown would have been exhibited. By the bye the Queen being (as is well known) adverse to the measure which is giving such popularity to her royal husband, reminds me a little of the story of the King of Sparta who first gave his assent to the establishment of the Ephori. His wife, it is said, reproached him with this step, and told him that he was delivering down the royal power to his children *less* than he had received it; "Greater," he answered, "because more durable." This is just such an answer as William the Fourth would be likely to give to *his* wife. But the event proved the Spartan Queen to have been right, for the Ephori extinguished the royal power; and if Queen Adelaide's bodings are of the same description, they are but too likely to be in the same manner realised. The Fieldings also returned to Lacock, and called upon us soon after their return; went over one day and dined with them. Have the Miss Gents staying there; so that we had some very good singing in the evening. Made my escape before breakfast in the morning. Lady E. told me that Miss Fox (Lord Holland's sister) had nearly cried her eyes out over my "Lord Edward."

28th. Walked over to Bowood to call upon Lady L.; Lord Lansdowne expected down for two or three days previous to the second reading of the bill in the Lords; brought me part of the way home in her jaunting car.

29th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that Lord L. was most anxious to see me, and begging me to come to dinner to-day or to-morrow. Fixed to-morrow, as Mrs. Napier takes her farewell dinner with us to-day.

30th. To Bowood; none but themselves, Lady Louisa, and Kerry. Lord L. I was glad to see very well. A good deal of talk about the bill, and the state of public opinion: not, to be sure, as unrestrained as our last conversation on the subject some eight months ago, but still (on my side at least) sufficiently open. On my asking him whether it was true that Hallam was a strong anti-reformer, he answered, "Yes, he is; and the world says *you* too are an anti-reformer." This led me to explain how I felt upon the subject, and how it came that my opinions were thus misinterpreted. The fact was that from the very first, while I agreed with the Whigs in the *principle* of the measure, I also agreed with the Tories in their opinion as to its consequences. "How is it, then," said he, "that you can *approve* of a measure which is likely, as you think, to lead to mischievous consequences?" "I do not," I answered, "look upon them to be mischievous, though certainly awful, and, for us who may have to witness them, disagreeable; but the country will ultimately be all the better for the movement. We are now come to that point which all highly civilised countries reach when wealth and all the advantages that attend it are so unequally distributed that the whole is in an unnatural position; and nothing short of a general *routing* up can remedy the evil. This I own is a disagreeable process; to those who have much to lose it may be a fatal one: but there is every reason to think that the country itself will come out of the trial stronger than ever; disencumbered of the financial machinery that now weighs her down, and ready to start in a new course of wealth and greatness. But even should this be a mere dream, the experiment has become in the minds of most people necessary, and is, I am persuaded, about to be tried. The people have received an impulse (I might have added received it in a great measure from this bill): and there never yet has been an instance known of a people stopping in such a career where they *ought* to stop; 'a downhill reformation (as Dryden says) rolls on fast.' Taking this view, whether right or wrong, of the present course of affairs, I certainly cannot help feeling grave at the prospect that is before us. Were I a young man, it would only brisken up the spirit of adventure within me, as I might then hope to outlive the storm, and enjoy the advantage of the calm; but not

being young, and wishing the remainder of my course to continue on the same level as heretofore, I cannot bring myself to dance down these first steps of the precipice so gaily and sanguinely as I see others do. All this produces naturally a sobered, though by no means reluctant, concurrence in measures which I think may be ultimately for the good of the country, but which, whether for good or for ill, are amongst those efforts after improvement which nations from time to time make, and which nations have an undoubted right to make; all that we have of good and free in the world being the result of such endeavours." I have here scrambled (being at this present writing half asleep) into an amplification (or rather I fear *botheration*) of what I said, but this is pretty much the spirit and substance of it.* Slept at Bowood.

October 1st. Returned home after breakfast.

2nd to 10th. Have been under a promise for some time to pay a visit to Sydney Smith, and, after two or three notes exchanged between us on the subject, had nearly made up my mind to set off to him about the 7th or 8th; but some communications from town led me to change my plans. In the first place, I felt a strong wish to see poor Sir Walter Scott (perhaps for the last time) before his departure for Italy; and this wish was not a little increased by learning from Murray that Scott had also expressed a strong desire to see me. In addition to this, the new plan of Murray with respect to Byron's Life and Works (about which he and I had some correspondence) seemed to open to me a chance of making some arrangement with him, so as to get rid of the present balance against me in our account, which I thought ought not to be neglected. I therefore (after having been still more authentically assured of Scott's wish to see me, by a very kind note from Lockhart) resolved to go up to town.

* The event proved that Moore had not well calculated the temper of the country. Far from making a financial revolution or disturbing property, the people were well content to enjoy the advantages of a real representation, and to receive from the House of Commons the abolition of slavery, the commutation of tithes, the reduction of prohibitory duties, the repeal of the corn laws, the equalization of the sugar duties, the repeal of the navigation laws, the promotion of education, and all those other measures which, in the course of twenty years, have been enacted by the wisdom and patriotism of our reformed Parliaments. —Ed.

11th. Started with Bessy in a chaise for Marlborough: drove directly to the school, and found our darling Russell quite well. At three, Bessy left me to return home, and I had a long and lonely evening at the Duke's Arms.

12th. Off in the Marlborough coach for town; alone all the way, and having a volume of Mosheim to get through, made the most of my time; despatched the four hundred and odd pages on the way, besides writing sixteen lines of a love song for Power. To Murray's, where I had been invited to fix my quarters; received most kindly: went and dined at the Athenæum, meaning to call upon Power afterwards; but the night too bad. Returned and supped at Murray's: found him full of sanguineness about the new edition of Byron; looks to selling 30,000 copies of it. Talk of the sanguineness of men of poetry! your men of trade beat them hollow.

13th. Breakfasted with Murray; called upon Lord John Russell, and found him looking a good deal *pulled;* but much better, every one says, than he has been. Seemed a little bored, and no wonder, at having to "go over the thing all again." Asked me if I could dine with him to day, and I was very glad to say that I could; no one to be at dinner (besides himself and the William Russells) but Lady Holland. Asked him if he thought Lady Holland was angry with me (I meant about Lord Edward). "No," he answered, "I don't think she is." Made some calls. Lady Holland tolerably gracious. In the middle of dinner Lord H., from the House of Lords, joined us (*not* at dinner, for he now dines at three o'clock), and took his seat next me. Thought him at first colder to me than usual; but this might be fancy, and at all events no great matter. Dinner amusing. Allen said some strong things about bishops, which my lady tried to suppress, saying "Such talk was not fit for a convivial party." * * * * Some talk about poetry with Lord H. Was to have joined Lord Cawdor and the Gowers at the Adelphi to see the "Wreck Ashore," Lord C. having asked me this morning, but did not get away in time. Found the Murrays waiting for me on my return.

14th. Spottiswoode and Harness to breakfast at Murray's, for the purpose of consulting about the new edition of Byron. I have not myself come to any decisive explanation

with him as to what *my* part or share in the business is to be. In one of my letters to him, from Sloperton, I had (in answer to his request that I would suggest what I thought useful towards the undertaking) said, that, as far as the works were concerned, I thought a running commentary throughout, like that of Warton on Pope, would be the most attractive means of giving them freshness and novelty with the public; but adding, at the same time, that the task would be a very responsible one, particularly if it was a *rhymer* like me, who undertook to criticise such a poet. Harness very anxious that I should give him an epilogue for the tragedy he is bringing out. A good deal of talk about the projected edition of Byron, in which I saw that Harness took a great lead. Being obliged to leave them soon after breakfast, took Murray out of the room, and impressed upon him, that if I were to have anything to do with this concern it must be left all to myself without any other interference; he said "Certainly." Called upon Mrs. Shelley, who told me she had heard, through some of the Beauclerks, that old Ogilvie was delighted with the way I had done my "Life of Edward."

On my return to Murray's in the course of the day, found Milman. Had already told Murray, on his asking me had I seen the mention of Milman in the last "Edinburgh" (my own article), that I was myself the author of that article, and authorised him to tell Milman so in confidence. Rather a good scene now took place on the subject between us; Murray asked M. had he any suspicion who wrote that article; and on Milman's answering, "Not the least;" "Could you at all have suspected our friend Mr. Moore of such an article?" "Moore!" exclaimed Milman; "No, no, I know Moore to be very multifarious, but I don't think he has yet got to German theology." It was with some difficulty, that when I myself assured him that it was mine, I could get him to believe that I was serious: a good deal of talk upon the subject; about Gesenius, &c. &c. Said he knew of no such able book as that of Gesenius on Isaiah; and that, putting the peculiar opinions of the author out of the question, he had gained from it a greater insight into Isaiah than from all the other commentaries besides. In speaking of the letter which the Bishop of London wrote him (at the time of the outcry about his "History of the Jews"), approving highly of the work, and condemning the opposition that had been raised to it, Milman told me that the bishop had afterwards got alarmed.

To dinner at Sir Walter Scott's (or rather Lockhart's). On my way to dinner, with Murray, who took me, told him that I had made up my mind to be editor at all events, and that he might announce me as such; which seemed very much to please him. Was rather shocked at seeing and hearing Scott; both his looks and utterance, but particularly the latter, showing strongly the effects of paralysis. At dinner we had, besides Murray and myself, their own family party (the Lockharts and Miss Scott), and Sir William and Lady Rae. Scott took but rarely any share in the conversation, and it was then with difficulty I made out what he said. On going up stairs found rather a large party collected, all Scotch,—Lady Belhaven, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lady Louisa Stuart, the Macleods, &c. &c. On looking over at Scott once or twice, was painfully struck by the utter vacancy of his look. How dreadful if he should live to survive that mighty mind of his! It seems hardly right to assemble company round him in this state. Saw that I was doomed to sing. Mrs. Lockhart began, and sung her wild song "Aehin Foane" (as the words sound) to the harp with such effect on her Scotch hearers as made me a little despair of being listened to after her. I however succeeded very well, and was made to sing song after song till poor Scott's time of going to bed; soon after which I came away. Mrs. Macleod also sang some Scotch duets with her sister. It is charming to see how Scott's good temper and good nature continue unchanged through the sad wreck of almost every thing else that belonged to him. The great object in sending him abroad is to disengage his mind from the strong wish to *write* by which he is haunted; eternally making efforts to produce something without being able to bring his mind collectively to bear upon it—the *multum cupit, nihil potest.* Alas! alas! In my visits this morning called at Lord D.'s, and sat some time with Lady D.: a good deal of talk about politics. I spoke pretty freely my opinion of our friends the Whigs; of their vile practice of canvassing enemies and neglecting friends. As for myself, I said, so long had it

been manifest to me that this was their system, that I had for many years (luckily for my own peace of mind) given up all hopes of their ever *thinking* of doing me a service. So far did this *poco-curantism* of theirs extend, that, even in the trifling article of franking, not one of them (though knowing how much I had to do with printers in the way of transmitting proofs, &c.) ever offered, when in office, to be of any service to me; and I have always gone on (when I could) with my old frankers: with Croker while the Whigs were last in, and with Greville during their present ministry. The only *attempt* at a favour, indeed, I ever experienced for myself was under a Tory administration (Addington's), when, through the medium, it is true, of Lord Moira, I got that unlucky registrarship of Bermuda. Lord Hardwicke, too, when the Tory Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, offered to create a laureateship in Ireland, with the same emoluments as the English one, if I would accept it. Neither ought I to forget that to poor Lord Moira (whom the Whigs hardly acknowledge as one of themselves) I owed the barrack-mastership for my father, which made his latter days comfortable. That from Whigs, as Whigs, I never received even the semblance of a favour. All this I said to Lady D., and she admitted that there was but too much truth, she feared, in the charge, so general against them on this point. On her saying some flattering things of the peculiar claims *I* had upon the regard of all parties, I answered, that the only merit I could arrogate to myself was, that "I was at no time purchasable, and that this I believe the Tories knew.' "Oh dear," she exclaimed, "if the Tories had such a person as you on their side, we should be made to feel the difference" (alluding, I take for granted, to my knack at ridicule; and God knows how open my friends the Whigs are to that same weapon).

Called at the Speaker's; saw both her and him, and he with much kindness asked me to his country place. When I expressed my wonder at his being able to hold out through all these long nights, he said it was all by *not eating;* if he had lived in his usual way he could not have borne it, but the want of exercise luckily took away his appetite, and this temperance saved him. Called also this morning on Burdett, whom I found laid up with the gout. In talking with Burdett on Reform, told him I had heard from Lord Lansdowne that he supposed me to be an anti-reformer; told him how this report had arisen from the stupidity of certain of my neighbours, who, seeing but one side of the question themselves (and that but dully), cannot understand the language of a man who happens to see both. On comparing notes with him I found we very much agreed on the subject, except that he is sanguine enough to think that the monarchy *can* go on with a purely popular House of Commons, and I for my part believe no such thing. Such is, no doubt, the *theory* of the English constitution, but it has *never* yet been tried in practice (which Burdett was obliged to own); nor will *ever* I am convinced be brought to work quietly *in sæcula sæculorum.*

15th. Breakfasted at Athenæum. To Power's, and thence to Longmans'. Looked over some religious books for my "Travels of an Irish Gentleman." Then on to the Charter House for Tom; found him ready. To Brookes's Club-house, where I took him in to show him the little dingy room where all the great Whig Lords and M. P.s assemble. Found there the Duke of Norfolk, who shook hands with Tom most heartily. I then set off with him to Sir Walter Scott's, being determined that the little dog should have to say in future days that he had seen this great man. Found Lord Clarendon calling at the same time, and admitted with us: Scott very kind to Tom. Had taken with me a book of his (the "Demonology") that he might write his name in it for Bessy. He said that I ought to have let him have the pleasure of giving the book as well as the name. Returned to an early dinner at Murray's for the purpose of taking Tom to the Haymarket in the evening; got admirable places; and were joined in the course of the night by three or four young Greys (Lord Grey's sons), with the youngest of whom, a very nice boy, Tom struck up an acquaintance. Murray also came to join us; and we found Mrs. Murray waiting supper for us on our return.

16th. Out early with Tom in order to surprise Rogers at breakfast; found him entirely recovered from his late illness (having just returned from the country), and in high good humour and playfulness. In talking of the difference of the present times from former

ones, mentioned the circumstance of Charles II. attending the House of Lords' debates, standing with his back to the fire, and interrupting sometimes the members in their speeches (where is this mentioned?). Queen Anne, too, going to hear the debates (?). Showed me a curious passage in the Introduction to Fox's History where the present demand on the part of the people of an entirely popular House of Commons is foreseen and deprecated.

Set off with Tom at twelve for Greenwich in order to see the Prowses; walked about Greenwich with them. Hearing that Lord Auckland had a house there, called upon him; found him and his sisters, and introduced Tom to them, who had asked me very innocently "whether Lord A. was a Reformer." On my telling this to Lord A., he said, "You wouldn't, I hope, have come inside my door, Tom, if you had known I wasn't." Tom himself is, it appears, in a very small minority of Reformers at the Charter House, the great mass of the younkers being *antis*. It is the same, I understand, at Westminster, and wherever the *clergy* interest is prevalent. Left Greenwich at three, bringing Bessy Prowse away with us to dine at Power's; had reserved myself to dine at Scott's in case he would have me, and gave accordingly conditional answers to Burdett and the Speaker, both of whom had asked me. Found a kind note from Mrs. Lockhart to say how happy they would be to have me; and having left Tom at the Powers', dined with Sir Walter. The day interesting on this account; and had it been in his better times, I should have had many a lively tale to enrich these pages with; but he spoke little. In talking of a novel which he had sent to Scott, L. said that it was no matter how bad a book was; if it had but a story in it, Scott would read every word of it; and to this Sir Walter pleaded guilty very amusingly: left them early.

17th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet my old friends Lord and Lady Dunmore, whom I had not met for, I believe, ten years. Stuart also of the party, and (by accident) Campbell, who had happened to call upon Rogers on business: the conversation at breakfast amusing. Campbell mentioned how his vanity was once mortified on giving his address to some Scotch bookseller: "Campbell!" said the man; "pray, Sir, may you be the great Campbell?" "Who do you call the *great* Campbell?" said Tom, putting on a modest look. "Why, John Campbell, the African traveller, to be sure," answered the other. In talking of getting into awkward scrapes at dinner tables, Lady Dunmore mentioned a circumstance of the kind in which Rogers himself was concerned. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was expected in London, and somebody at table (there being a large party) asked when she was likely to arrive. "Not till Miss Edgeworth is gone," replied Rogers; "Madame de Staël would not like *two* stars shining at the same time." The words were hardly out of his mouth when he saw a gentleman rise at the other end of the table, and say in a solemn tone, "*Madame la Baronne de Staël est incapable d'une telle bassesse.*" It was Auguste de Staël, her son, whom Rogers had never before seen.

Left Rogers, with Campbell, who told me, as we walked along, the friendly service which Rogers had just done him by consenting to advance 500*l.*, which Campbell wants at this moment to purchase a share in the new (Metropolitan) magazine of which he is editor, the opportunity, if let slip now, being wholly lost to him. Campbell had offered as security an estate worth between four and five thousand pounds which he has in Scotland, but Rogers had very generously said that he did not want security; Campbell, however, was resolved to give it. These are noble things of Rogers, and he does more of such things than the world has any notion of.*

Took my place for Wednesday morning. Received afterwards a note from Lord Lansdowne to say, that if I would wait for the prorogation, he would take me down, and that he believed it would not be later than Friday: determined, however, to keep to my coach plan, having arranged with Milliken and his son to come to Sloperton on Friday, and the time of the prorogation appearing rather doubtful. Went to Longmans' and got some money; looked over some books, and made extracts, and then hastened to Power's to

* Not only more than the world had any notion of, but more than any one else could have done. Being himself an author, he was able to guess the difficulties of men of letters, and to assist them, not only with his ready purse, but with his powerful influence and his judicious advice.—Ed.

meet Bishop for the purpose of some musical arrangements. A large dinner at Murray's, but hardly any of the company he had promised me; Croker, Lord Mahon, and Hallam having sent excuses. The day dull, though a few of the men there, if left to themselves, could have made it otherwise, there being Shiel, James Smith, and Chantrey among the guests; the rest were Lockhart, Wilkie, Lord Napier, Macleod, &c. Got away as soon as I could to Lord Dudley's, where I had been asked to dine; found Lady Dunmore, Lady Ruthven, and Lady Charlemont, the gentlemen not having yet left table. Came away with Rogers, who had been one of the dinner guests; he having undertaken to negotiate for me with Murray as to what sum to get for my name and co-operation in this new edition of Byron: thinks I ought to have 1000*l.*; but I shall be very well pleased if it but rids me of this incubus of a bill, by which I have been so long haunted.

18th. My last day in town; busy about commissions, &c.: was to have dined at Lord Belhaven's, but found I could not manage it comfortably; dined earlyish with Murray, and went out for an hour or two afterwards.

19th. Off at half-past eight in the "White Hart." Found Bessy, as I expected, at Devizes, where she had been passing the two last days with the Scotts, and took her home. * * *

November 1st. Napier came to pass a day or two with us. Riots at Bristol.

2nd. While we were at breakfast, Phillips, our curate, came over in a state of great agitation, having received a letter from his wife's father, whose property at Bristol had been all destroyed on Sunday night. Scene between him and Napier; Napier, anxious to be at home, there being reports of riots also at Bath, left us after breakfast.

3rd to 9th. Saw my "Lord Edward" announced as one of the articles in the "Quarterly," to be abused of course; and this so immediately after my dinings and junkettings with both editor and publisher! Having occasion to write to Murray, sent him the following squib:—

THOUGHTS ON EDITORS.

E'itur et edit.

No, editors don't care a button
What false and faithless things they do;
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
And then they'll have a cut at you.

With Barnes I oft my dinner took,
Nay, met ev'n Horace T—iss to please him;
Yet Mister Barnes traduced my book,
For which may his own devils seize him!

With Doctor Bowling I drank tea,
Nor of his cakes consumed a particle;
And yet th' ungrateful LL.D.
Let fly at me next week an article.

John Wilson gave me suppers hot,
With bards of fame like Hogg and Packwood,
A dose of black strap then I got,
And after a still worse of "Blackwood."

Alas, and must I close the list
With thee, my Lockhart, of the "Quarterly,"
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—
With pen, so *very* gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

Found, on looking at my memorandum book, that my bill on Murray (500*l.*), which I had taken it into my head would not be due till January, will fall due next month. Wrote instantly to him to express my hope that some arrangement might be made, springing out of our proposed plan with respect to the new edition of Byron, by which this suspended transaction between us might be finally settled. * * *

10th. To dinner at Lacock; none beside themselves but Lord Valletort and Mademoiselle Emmeline. Had known very little of him before, and once rather disliked him; but he appears to me an honest, kind-hearted man, and, though a strong Tory, seems a fair one. Told some interesting things of the Duke of Wellington, to whom he is (like all who have been much about him) strongly attached. His saying, that no man should hesitate to apologise whenever he had said or done anything that required one; yet in military affairs he has been known on more than one occasion to avoid owning he was wrong, though conscious that he *was* so. This done on principle. "No, no; never put myself wrong with the army." His shedding tears when he took leave officially of the Queen at his last resignation; this the Queen herself told Lord Valletort. Of the King, Lord V. told several little things which show great good-nature and warm-heartedness. Music in the evening; Valletort's voice good, but not under good management. His father and mother were (as I told him) amongst my earliest acquaintance in London. I remember how proud I used to be of going to

Lady Mount Edgecumbe's suppers (one or two at the most) after the Opera. It was at one of these, sitting between Mrs. Siddons and Lady Castlereagh, I heard for the first time the voice of the former (never having met her before) transferred to the ordinary things of this world,—and the solemn words in her most tragic tone,—"I do love ale dearly."

13th. A letter from Murray, which threw me into no little consternation, as it not only defeated all my hopes of being able to settle the forthcoming bill by some arrangement as to my editorship of Byron, but coolly tells me that, in consequence of his having got entangled with ——, I am not to be editor of that work at all. This, after having courted me to undertake the task, after having gladly accepted me as editor. Wroto to Rogers and the Longmans, acquainting them with this disappointment, and the quandary it had thrown me into with respect to the bill.

14th. Was to have dined at Bowood, but put off my starting till it was late: and then, as the weather was bad, delayed, in expectation that the Scotts, who were also going, would call upon me; but they did not, and I was forced to have a broil at home.

15th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne to explain my mishap of yesterday. Some talk with him about the public dinner to him at Devizes to-morrow. Asked me how far I thought they would expect him to be communicative on the subject of Reform, as it was rather a ticklish thing for him (being the only one of the ministers thus brought *en evidence* during the recess) so to manage as to send his hearers away satisfied, without at the same time too much committing himself. He added, that his colleagues were rather uneasy on the subject. Told him that I thought his true policy was at all events not to be too short with them. They would then go away with the impression that he had been very communicative; whereas, if he said but little, though there might be twice as much matter in it, they would be sure to say, "How short and costive he was with us." But on the plan I suggested, even though the more acute might see through his policy, they could only say, "How well he managed in such a difficult position to give perfect satisfaction to his hearers, without in the least degree committing himself or colleagues!" This no seemed to think a just view of it, which I was glad of for every reason. Walked a good part of the way home with me.

16th. Corry arrived for the dinner in consequence of a letter I wrote to ask him over; at a little after four Lord Lansdowne called for us (having Senior, the political economist, with him), and we all proceeded to Devizes. Nothing could go off better than the dinner. I was seated between Corry and Senior, and opposite the chairman and Lord Lansdowne: Lord L.'s speech excellent; there was not a dissenting voice as to its good tone and good taste. The reception of my health most enthusiastic, and my speech exceedingly well received.

19th to 30th. Received very kind letters both from the Longmans and Rogers: the former telling me not to have the slightest uneasiness on the subject of the 500*l.*, as they would *retain* my bill on Murray, and put the amount to my account; the latter offering most cordially to pay the 500*l.* for me himself.

December 1st and 2nd. Met Fielding on my way to Bowood; the marriage to take place next Tuesday, the 6th.

3rd to 9th. On the 6th Caroline Fielding's marriage at Bowood; none but the relations of the family present; and after the ceremony, which took place at night, Lady Lansdowne and the rest of the party set off for Lacock, leaving the bride and bridegroom at Bowood.

10th. Lord and Lady Valletort passed on their way to Lord Ilchester's. Soon after a note arrived from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy, saying that she and the Fieldings were returning to Bowood, and asking us to come there to-morrow and stay till Monday. Obliged to refuse on account of the boys coming from school to-morrow.

11th. Another note from Lady L., pressing that we should come, and saying that the whole party were very downcast, and my company would do them a great deal of good. Promised to come to-morrow. Russell the only arrival, Tom not being able to leave school till Tuesday next.

12th. To Bowood to dinner, Bessy and I and Russell; the party: Fielding, Lady Elizabeth and Horatia, Montgomery, and Madlle Emmeline; very agreeable.

13th. The day most tempestuous; the Fieldings returned home, but, Lady Lansdowne insisting, very kindly, on our staying, we did so.

The Miss Selwyns to dinner; Henry Fitzmaurice and myself the only males. Lady L. said after dinner, "How proud he was to do the honours to me; he little expected such grandeur." He is a very nice boy, and inherits all the unaffectedness and good nature of his excellent father and mother. Music in the evening.

14th. After breakfast tried over some masses with Lady Louisa on the organ, or rather she played them and I sung some of the passages; magnificent things of Haydn's. Bessy then walked through the pleasure grounds to Buckhill, to remain there till to-morrow (Tom coming by the coach this evening), while I returned home and dined alone.

15th to 25th. Ella Houlton came to us to go to the Devizes ball; dreary work at the ball; home at three. Have not time to notice the heaps of strange letters I have been receiving: such as, from a young lady, with a MS. poem; from some anonymous person in Ireland, lamenting that my delightful talents should continue to be sacrificed to party, and that the Radicals in England and the Papists in Ireland should both consider themselves entitled to claim me as their own,—the latter (the writer said) being the more extraordinary, as I was bringing up my own children to that religion (Protestant) which I ridiculed, and seemed to despise, and which my talented sister professed to be her own.

Have had various letters too from Ireland on the subject of *Neilson* (Lord Edward's man), my mention of whom has produced an immense excitement among the Northerns; and, as usual, with my countrymen, they not only run away with the thing, but run away with it in a wrong direction. So wholly, too, have they lost sight of the original passage which set them a-going, that they now represent me as having *accused* Neilson of betraying Lord Edward, whereas I merely mentioned his having been suspected of it; and they show there were no sufficient grounds for such suspicion. Amongst other letters on the subject, I have received one from old Hamilton Rowan, which was civil and gratifying. Shiel, too, transmitted one to me from Dr. Doyle about the same matter, most laudatory, saying that I had a far better right than Swift to be called "Ireland's glory," &c. &c. Talking of letters on the subject, I think I have forgot to mention one which I received several months ago; a communication from the King of the French, through my old acquaintance, and his right-hand man, Chabot*: nothing could be more in character with the *Citoyen Roi* than the directness and informality of this communication, which was with reference to the claim of Lady Edward to the near relationship she is supposed to have borne to the family of Orleans. This the King denies; and both he and Madame Adelaide express their desire that I would set the matter right in a future edition.

26th. Went to Lacock—Bessy, myself, and the boys, to stay till Wednesday. The Lockes to dinner, C. Talbot, and Montgomery; music in the evening.

27th. On asking Fielding as to the propriety of some sea phrases I was introducing into a translation from the Anthology (Leonidas, 57.), "heave the anchors and cut the cables," I found that the two operations were inconsistent, there being no cutting of cables when there is time to weigh anchor, nor is there any other operation in setting sail to which εκλυσαιο χυαια, *i. e.*, "let loose the cables," is applicable. Talbot (who is a great yachtman) said that the best description of naval movements he had ever read was that of St. Paul's, Acts xxvii. The casting out of four anchors, (which, Fielding said, always astonished the *middies* when it was read) suits exactly the sort of boats, according to Talbot, that are still used in those seas; Maltese galliots, I think he called them. Chippenham; ball in the evening.

28th. Home to Sloperton.

30th. The annual Bowood dance. Had all the little Napiers and Ella Houlton to lodge with us on the occasion. The whole party enjoyed themselves very much, and the Lansdownes' carriage, as usual, took us and brought us back; not me, however, as, by Lady Lansdowne's desire, I slept at Bowood, and remained the two following days. Had told Lord L., the night of the dance, that I could not remain to sleep; and, on seeing me next morning at the breakfast table, he said I was like that class of persons in London whom Colquhoun mentions, who, when they rise in the morning, have not the least idea of where they are to sleep at night.

* Vicompte Chabot of Templeton, Ireland.

1832.

JANUARY 1st. Both days at Bowood.

2nd. Home after breakfast.

3rd. Off to Houlton's, Bessy, myself, and the two boys; their carriage took us on from Melksham.

4th. Napier in the morning; walked with him to Freshford. On mentioning to him what Lord Valletort told me of the Duke of Wellington, saying, "Never put myself wrong with the army," Napier said that the occasion on which the Duke used this expression was a mistake he had made in promoting an officer, and praising him in his despatches for some service that had really been performed by my Bath friend, Colonel ——. It was when D——, expressing his gratitude for the promotion, and his hope that he should be allowed to keep it, added his desire also that the Duke would do justice to ——, that the Duke replied in those words, "No, ——," &c. &c. Some neighbours to dinner; music in the evening.

5th. Tried to read a book in the morning; dreadful idleness. Joy and his new wife to dinner; music.

6th. Fielding and Horatia to dinner; music.

7th. Returned home by Bath; borrowed some books from Upham; arrived at Sloperton at eight in the evening.

9th. To Fielding's to meet the Valletorts; the Houltons there also; Isabella's guitar in the evening delightful. Slept there. In talking of some of Lanark Owen's speeches, &c., Talbot said, that though he builds in parallelograms, he argues in circles.

10th. Walked home early for a little work. In walking home composed some verses on Lady Valletort, but did not write them down. She had asked me to write something in a copy of the "Irish Melodies" Bessy had given her as a wedding present. All this idling ruinous to me. Returned to Lacock to dinner; conversation, music, &c., all agreeable. An invitation this morning for Bessy and me to dine at Bowood on Thursday; Bessy declined.

11th. Home after breakfast.

12th. To Bowood to dinner; taken by Scott and Brabant (the latter's first appearance at Bowood). Company, besides ourselves, John Starkey, the Fieldings, and Valletort. In speaking of Lord Erskine, and his keeping the first guinea he had ever received in his profession enshrined in a little case, into which he used sometimes to peep at it, Lord Lansdowne told of his having dined one day with Lord Erskine, just after his recovering from some complaint, of which he had been cured by two leeches; his launching out in praise of those leeches, and at last starting up and ringing the bell, saying, "I'll show them to you;" the leeches then brought up, in a bottle, and sent round the table with the wine. "I call one of them," said Lord Erskine, "Cline, and the other Home."* The manner in which Lord Lansdowne imitated Lord Grenville (who was one of the guests) putting on his spectacles when the leeches came to him, looking gravely into the bottle, and then as gravely passing it on, was highly comical.

14th. Met Lord Lansdowne riding with Lady Louisa and Henry: said he was to be off to town on Monday, and asked me to come over to luncheon to-morrow; mentioning that if I chose to stay for chapel, I should hear Lady Louisa, for the first time, perform the part of organist, Combe being ill.

15th. Went to Bowood, and stayed prayers. Lord L. mentioned at luncheon the saying of the old proud Lord Abercorn on somebody remarking how well his trees grew, "Sir, they have nothing else to do." Lord L. walked part of the way home with me: some talk about the prospects of the ministry in carrying Reform, &c. &c., which gave me but ill auguries of what is coming. He himself, evidently averse to the creation of new peers, seemed to contemplate, among the possible results, the resignation of the ministry: then the question whether this would not produce serious disturbance? Scotland the quarter from which those who were best acquainted with it, apprehend, he said, the greatest mischief in the event of another failure of the question. Abercrombie, in particular, writes the most urgent letters on the subject.

16th to 31st. Nothing remarkable. Talking of letters received lately, forgot to mention two from Mr. E. L. Bulwer, endeavouring to press me into the service of the "New Monthly," of which he has become editor; highly flattering: "Something like those exquisite *mor-*

* The great surgeons of the day, Mr. Cline and Sir Everard Home.—ED.

ceaux I gave to 'The Times;'" "Name my own terms," &c.

February 1st. The Joys offered us tickets for a great fancy ball at Chippenham; but Bessy, after a good deal of consideration, both at the expense of providing a dress and the formidableness of Derry Hill at night, gave up all thoughts of it. The Joys, however, returned to the charge, and removed the objection of Derry Hill by inviting us to their house, while Lady Elizabeth Fielding facilitated the toilette part by offering the choice of a whole room full of costumes, which Lady Valletort used to dress her sister in to draw from. Bessy, however, still declined, and, as it turned out, a bad attack of influenza would have, at all events, prevented her from going. That Joy, however, might not have all his kind trouble in vain, I consented to go myself; and a very pretty thing the ball happened to be; some of the dresses, particularly those of the Houltons, as Indian slaves, very picturesque, &c. &c. Supper and all exceedingly well managed; got back to Joy's about three o'clock.

2nd. The Joys wished me to stay over today, but I was anxious to get home, and Miss Joy took me as far as Spye Park, where Bessy slept last night: dined there, and walked home at night.

3rd, &c. For the rest of this month remained at home and at work; interrupted only by an attack of influenza, which a good deal weakened and deranged me. The verses I had composed on Lady Velletort, walking home one morning from Lacock, remained in my memory, floating in indistinct fragments, for some weeks, during which time I was too busy about other things to write them down. From time to time I took a look, as it were, into my memory to see if they were still there: at last I copied them out, and took them over to Lacock; where I found the whole party (the Valletorts excepted, who had gone to town for the opening of Parliament), with the addition of Lady Lansdowne, who had come over to luncheon: read the verses to them; poor Lady Elizabeth very much affected, and exclaimed, when I had finished, "And I have lost all this!" Fielding and Horatia both crying, Lady Lansdowne said, "You have indeed praised her to our hearts' content, and it was not easy to do that."

8th to 23rd. Forgot to mention one of the anecdotes Lord Valletort told about the present King, highly to his credit; at the time he was dismissed from (or at least, got a hint to resign) his office of First Lord of the Admiralty, under the Duke of Wellington, the latter, in their final interview on the subject, was taking his formal leave, when the Duke of Clarence, holding out his hand, said, "No, no, this must not be; the Prime Minister and the First Lord may misunderstand each other, but this should make no difference between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Clarence;" at the same time shaking the Duke cordially by the hand. Found that from my resources through the Longmans being stopped (by their taking on them my debt to Murray), I could not get through with my little bills without applying to Rogers; almost my last twenty pounds (25*l.* indeed this time) having gone to pay my mother's half-yearly rent. Accordingly wrote to him that I should draw upon him for 200*l.*: and he most kindly answered, "for three times the sum," if I wanted it; and remitted me the 200*l.* It is now, as I told him in my letter, about six-and-twenty years since he most seasonably performed a similar service for me (lending me 500*l.* to pay Carpenter, which I repaid him out of my "Lalla Rookh" money); and when I now look back upon the interval since then, it appears to me a marvel (notwithstanding all my "aurea *carmina*") how I have managed to get on without recurring either to him or any one else (except in one single instance) for the same sort of assistance.

24th. Was surprised by a letter from Murray, asking whether I could not furnish him with an essay on Byron's poetical character, to be prefixed to his new edition, so as to make *his* the only genuine one; adding, that on my compliance with his request, we should then talk of terms. Though I was determined to do nothing of the sort, thought it was as well to acquaint the Longmans with his proposal.

Note.—February, 1840. Notwithstanding this and some other little grumblings of mine, I look back upon Murray's conduct towards me, upon the whole, as most liberal and creditable.

26. An answer from the Longmans, to say that they felt delicate in advising me, as they knew how anxious their partners in [Lard-

ner's] Cyclopædia were that I should as soon as possible complete my promised "History of Ireland." Wrote to Murray, saying that I must decline his proposal, being occupied with other works; adding, that in *any* case I should not have liked to undertake what he proposed, as an essay could be little else than a *rifaccimento* of the criticisms in the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly;" and even if *I* could bring myself to write such a thing, I questioned whether any one could be brought to read it. The plan I had always thought of was to write a sort of running commentary on Byron's works; which would have left me free to introduce anecdotes, quotations, and all such *touch-and-go* things as the formality of an essay would not admit of, but which would be far better than the most elaborate essay that could be furnished.

28th, 29th. Another letter from the illustrious John Murray, returning to the charge, saying that he sees I *can* do, without much trouble, the very thing he wishes, and that he shall have great satisfaction in giving me 500 guineas for the task; the very sum he shrunk from some months since. He alleges, indeed, as an excuse for his conduct at that time, that he was a good deal embarrassed by the failure of some houses he was connected with, and was fearful he should not be able to remunerate me as I deserved; but that now, the success of this edition of Byron being established, he is very happy to, &c. &c. The fact is, I have been able to trace the progress of his mind all along through the changes of his advertisements. Somebody having, most likely, told him (for he is always a slave of his last adviser) that the "Life" was the most ticklish part of the whole undertaking (families not likely to admit it, &c. &c.), he gave as little prominence to this part of the book as possible; putting the "Works of Lord Byron" in capitals at the head, and omitting my name in the advertisements altogether: gradually, however, I saw the "Life" and name taking a respectable station in the announcement; at least my name was rather barefacedly put forward, as if I was the editor of the whole; and latterly the heading of "Works of Lord Byron" has been exchanged in some advertisements for "Life, &c. &c., by Thomas Moore." Wrote a civil and indeed friendly letter to him (for after all I have had several kindnesses at his hands), and expressed regret that it was not possible for me to comply with his proposal.

March 1st to 24th. *Apropos* of this, have been working away hard and fast at my "theology," which amuses me exceedingly; though I fear it will be dull to others. To write lively on such a subject would be dangerous, and would indeed defeat my object. Have had a letter from Edinburgh, for which I paid 3*s.* 8*d.* postage, signed "Robin Roughhead," full of dull Scotch doggrel, "Oh, ho, Tommy Moore," &c. &c. This is too provoking. Meant to have timed my visit to town (the chief object of which is the settlement of my accounts with Power), so as to be in town to attend the St. Patrick's dinner; and Bessy was to have gone up with me; but finding that Tom could not, according to the Charter House rules, be let out during Lent, she gave up the project; and I deferred till after the 25th (our marriage day), which is always a happy celebration with us.

I find, by the bye, that I have omitted attending to a circumstance which for some time gave us both great uneasiness; and that was a fancy which our dear Tom had long had in his head, but which lately took a more serious and *insisting* shape, to be made a sailor of. Finding that his mind was beginning to dwell upon this whim, I thought it right at last to interpose a little serious authority, and wrote him a letter to that purport; which produced all the good effect I could desire. Nothing could be more dutiful, or, at the same time, more manly than the manner in which the dear little fellow gave up his fancy.

Sent a short squib to "The Times" about Lord Roden, which seems to have had some effect. The "Freeman's Journal," in copying it, says, "It is not difficult to tell from whose 'Roman' hand this piece of lively satire comes." Lord Kerry down for a few days, which he passed at Phipps's; asked me to meet him at dinner, but went in the evening and had a good deal of town news from him. Asked me about the above squib, which he said I got the credit of in London.

25th. Preparing to start for town to-morrow. My only regret at not having gone yesterday is, that I should have liked to have attended the Duke of Sussex's Royal Society party last night, for which he was civil enough to send

me a card down here; but a bumper after dinner to-day to the 25th of March, 1811 (twenty-one years since), will be a far better thing.

26th. Off in the York House coach for town. Alone a good part of the way; read Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales." Went to the Fieldings', who have kindly offered to lodge me.

27th. Breakfasted at R.'s; found there Barry Cornwall and Charles Murray. Proctor's stories of Charles Lamb. His excluding from his library the works of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, &c. and substituting for them the heroes of the "Dunciad," of whose writings he has made a collection. His saying to ——, in his odd, stammering way, on ——'s making some remark, "Johnson has said worse things than that;" then after a short pause, "and *better*." R.'s story of the parson who was called upon suddenly to preach to some invalid establishment; poor maimed creatures, hardly one of them able to get over a stile; and the only sermon he happened to have with him, and which he preached, was one against *foreign travel*. Grattan's saying to a lady, who asked him what was the subject of some letter he was reading, "It is a secret." "Well, but tell it now." "No; I would trust my life in your hands, but not a secret."

Went to Power's. Then to the Longmans; said that the sale of my "Lord Edward" was going on steadily; talked of Murray's late conduct to me. Had called upon Corry, on my way, and brought him with me. Fixed, he and I, to dine with the Longmans on Thursday. To Brookes's, where I found Sterling, of "The Times," who has been lately admitted a member. Strange enough this, and done by Lord Duncannon. Dined at Fielding's; and then to the Opera; where my name has been placed on the free list by my countryman, the new manager. Opera changed from La Vestale (the overture of which I went to hear) to the Mosé. House empty and cold. Came away, and went to Brookes's to hear polities instead.

28th. Called upon Corry; and he and his nephew accompanied me to the Charter House to see Tom, and have him out; but Dr. Russell not being at home, this was impossible. The dear little fellow quite well and rosy. From thence to Barnes, who was ill in bed; left word for him to come and dine at Longmans' with us on Friday. To Mrs. Manners Sutton, whom we found at home. She mentioned a rumour that Lord Durham was *out*, founded, of course, on the supposed difference between him and Lord Grey. Promised to dine with her on Sunday. To Brookes's. Mentioned to Lord Dover the rumour of Durham being out. "No," he said; "not out, though he was very near it."

* * * Dined with Rogers: company, Luttrell, Kenny, C. Murray, and R.'s sister and niece. Was to have dined to meet the Valletorts at Fielding's, but had got engaged with Rogers. Luttrell quoted *àpropos* to something from the "Trip to Searborough:" "If he gives me 500*l.* to buy pins, what will he give me to buy petticoats?" Stories of instinct in animals, carrier pigeons, &c. "I am told," says Luttrell, "a man who buys a flock of Welsh sheep never sees them again; they're all off to Carnarvonshire that night." Story of a man putting a crown piece under a stone, and sending a dog back a great distance to fetch it; delay of the dog; returned at last with the crown in a purse. A man had seen him turning up the stone, and took the piece from him; but the dog saw him put it in his purse, and never left him till he had it back again. Story of the man in the Highlands who buried his wife, and, as was the custom, read the funeral service over her himself; the same night as he was sitting lonely by his fire, heard a knock. "That's Mary's knock; go and open the door." His opening it himself, and finding it *was* his wife; who had been brought to life (according to the old story) by the sexton endeavouring to cut the ring off her finger.

29th. Breakfasted at home. Copied out the lost verses for Lady Valletort, and took them to her. Called at the Lansdownes' and saw them; had asked me to dinner to-morrow to meet Lord Plunket, but I had engaged myself already to Lord Essex: visited Kenny in his high attic regions. * * * Dined at Longman's; Barnes grown most perilously corpulent. On putting a large bludgeon, which he brought with him, in the corner, he said, "There's my Conservative stick;" and added, "They have threatened to knock me on the head going over the bridge." "They!" I exclaimed; "who are *they?*" not knowing whether it was Greyites or ultras that had menaced him. "The people of the Rotunda," he answered; "I have

had mobs of them in the Square." Company; besides Corry, his nephew and myself, M'Culloch and Barnes. Sat drinking port till eleven o'clock, Barnes owning that he "loved wine." On my mentioning what Charles Lamb said, told a similar sort of saying of his,—"You have no mock modesty about *you*, nor real either."

Home to dress, and got to Lansdowne House about twenty minutes after twelve; and entered one door just as Orloff, the newly-arrived lion, was disappearing through the other. * * * Found Sydney Smith holding forth to a laughing circle on the subject of tithes and the *Tripartite* division: "I am sorry to tell you," said he, "that the great historian Hallam has declared himself in favour of the Tripartite, and contends that it was so in the reign of King Fiddlefred: but we of the Church (continued Sydney, slapping his breast mock heroically) say, a fig for King Fiddlefred: we will keep our tithes to ourselves."

30th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet Washington Irving, who is about to start for America; glad to get a glimpse of him before his flight.

Went with Irving to call upon Mr. Van Buren, the American ambassador, who has been recalled: received me very graciously; and, in the short conversation I had with him, gave me the idea of a well-bred and intelligent man. In speaking of poor Lord Dudley, whose melancholy state is now so much the topic of conversation; his large dinners, the manner he treats his guests, never speaking to them, but sitting in a sort of stupor, or reading to himself "Hume's History of England" (as he did one day Lord Lansdowne dined with him)—I remarked it showed what rank and station could do in England, when a man in such a state was still able to bring the best company about him; on which Van Buren said, "If there is any thing which rank and station cannot do in England, I have not found it out." He then added (what struck me a good deal, both as coming from a republican and as agreeing perfectly with my own opinion), "But still I must say that rank and station in England deserves (as far as *society* goes) the value set upon it; for I have found that the higher one rises in the atmosphere the purer the tone of society is." Told him how much this coincided with the whole of my own experience; that such an opinion, however, coming from a person like myself, who lived with that class without naturally belonging to them, was apt to be regarded with suspicion by my own equals, who were naturally inclined to say, "Oh yes, he is flattered by living with the great, and therefore flatters them in this way in return." I was glad to be backed in my opinion by such an authority as his, coming as he did free from all our little prepossessions and ambitions, and being in this respect so much more qualified to form an impartial judgment. He expressed at the same time strong disgust at the perpetual struggle towards this higher region that was visible in those below it; all trying to get above their own sphere, and sacrificing comfort and temper in the ineffectual effort. I agreed with him, and said it was like the exercise of the treadmill; perpetual climbing without ever mounting. It was indeed the absence of this sort of ambitious effort that gave the upper classes so much more repose of manner, and made them accordingly so much better company.

Dined at Lord Essex's; good deal of talk about politics: ventured to maintain the opinion that the cause of liberty has always (at least hitherto) suffered more than it gained by the Whigs being in power: forced as they are while in office to suspend if not relinquish the principles they held while *out;* and the Tories, to do them justice, seldom allowing even exclusion to alter theirs. The consequence is, that the Whig principle, unsupported on either side, remains in abeyance till some good chance turns its champions *out* again; even a boon such as the Whigs are now giving the people would have come better, at least with more safety, from Tories. In the first place it would have been dealt out with a reluctant hand, which would not have let the line run so rapidly through the fingers as it is doing at present, when the government and the people are both on one side; it is, as the saying is, "too much of a good thing." There is no counterpoise; all are pulling one way; and the consequence is, what we are but too likely to witness. It is in human nature, too, that favours from an opponent should have something sweeter and more piquant in them than when dispensed by a friend. If conceded graciously, gratitude is of course the natural consequence; if extorted, generous feelings succeed as natu-

rally to triumph. It was at once the grace and strength of the Emancipation Bill that it should come from the hands of Wellington. R. remarked to-day that there were three great men in three different arts who all died at the age of thirty-seven; Raphael, Mozart, and Byron.

31st. Breakfasted at home; the Fieldings off to Lacock; Talbot alone remaining. Went to Power's to beg him to send for Tom to the Charter House; from thence to Evans's to look over a copy of Irenæus (Grabe's edition) which he had procured for me. Back to Power's to meet Bishop for our musical arrangements: dined there, Tom and I, and off in the evening to the Olympic, where we were much amused; young Lord Duncan sitting behind me. In our way out was addressed with much cordiality by a lady whom at first I did not recognise, but who proved to be Mrs. Douglas, my old friend the admiral's wife; told me her address. Went to Power's, where I left Tom for the night after having supped.

April 1st. Have always intended to go some time to the Warwick Street Chapel during my visit to town, the music there is so good; but something has always prevented me. Reserved this morning for the purpose; breakfasted at Brookes's, and went: a mass of Haydn's performed; and being alone, I had my full enjoyment of it. My mind being just now full of Catholic reading, I felt myself transported back to the days of the St. Ambroses and St. Chrysostoms, when Christianity was yet in the first glow and enthusiasm of its triumph; and while the Sanctus was singing, "that dread moment," as St. Cyril calls it, found my eyes full of tears. What will not music make one feel and believe? On coming out, met Howard, who begged that, whenever I came again, I should make use of his pew.

Went to Rogers; talked politics. * * *

Had visits to pay, and R. said he would walk with me. In our various talk, he remarked what amusing memoirs I might write of my own life; told him I had long anticipated doing so, as a provision for those I should leave behind me: and if I could but once make a beginning, I should be sure, I thought, to go on with it, as I intended to take no pains with the style, but let it run *à plume courante*, like a letter. He said that his sister admired my letters very much; thought them so well and shortly expressed. This rather a surprise to me, who have never had a very good opinion of my own powers of letter-writing. Met Lord Aberdeen in the park, and had some conversation with him about poor Lord Dudley, whose reconciliation dinner to Lady Holland takes place to-day. People thought something awful was going to happen to him, when, after such a long and obstinate holding out, he himself proposed terms of pacification in that quarter. Luttrell, too, whom he has for some time had some grudge against, is to be also one of the smokers of the calumet to-day. Made my visits to Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Shelley (whom we found at home), and, lastly, Admiral Douglas, where R. left me. To Brookes's, where George Ponsonby told me he was coming to meet me at dinner at Sterling's on Saturday next; odd enough this, Sterling having so generally the reputation (and I think with truth) of being the writer of the late bitter articles against Lord Grey. Ponsonby, however, I found, thinks they are *not* his. Shiel asked me anxiously whether I had made up my mind about Limerick, as he knew that the party there for bringing me in were seriously bent on it; but that if I did not bestir myself in time, some other candidate who was on the spot might pop in and have the start of me. Dined at the Speaker's: company, a Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton, ditto Kitcheners, William Bankes, and one or two more. The Speaker, as usual, good-humoured and agreeable. Bankes's story of the little girl in the street stopping with awe and amazement, on seeing a chariot stop at a door opposite, in which there were three or four skeletons seated in various fantastic attitudes, with their laps full of livers and lights. It happened to be the day on which the sale of the great surgeon Heaviside's effects took place; and this was a coach full of his anatomical preparations going to the auction-room. Jekyll's saying, when it was mentioned that the Russians during their stay in England eat up great quantities of tallow candles, that it was a species of food "bad for the liver, but good for the lights." The Speaker said, that in the riots at Wigan this year, the mob, in plundering the house of their member, got possession of his will, and read it aloud at the market cross, whereby several near and dear relations, having found out that they were entirely cut off in his will,

there had been nothing but dissension in the family ever since. Went to Mrs. Lytton Bulwer's assembly, and found such a collection as is seldom brought together; there was young Disraeli, and Rammohun Roy, and Lord Mulgrave, and Mrs. Leigh (Lord Byron's sister), and Godwin. Mrs. Leigh asked me, "Does Lord Mulgrave's look, when he laughs, remind you of somebody?" I said, it did a little.

2nd. Breakfasted at Brookes's: went to the printer's with my MS., and left it for Simmons to calculate how many pages it would make in the printing. Went to the Longmans': in talking of this work I am about, they said, "But when are we to have a poem from you?" Asked them, did they really think a poem would have any chance of success now, when the public had been so glutted with rhymes and rhymers? "From you we really think it would," was their answer, much to my surprise. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord Auckland, Macaulay, Rogers, Schlegel, Charles Murray, &c. Rogers seated next Schlegel, and suffering manifest agony from the German's loud voice and unnecessary use of it. Got placed between Lady Lansdowne and Macaulay very agreeably. In quoting Voltaire's "*Superflu, chose si nécessaire*," I remarked that it had been suggested, I thought, by a passage in Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales;" and Macaulay agreed with me, and (remembering, as he does everything) repeated the passage.

Had some talk with Schlegel after dinner; asked me, if a man conscientiously, and without any intentional levity, published a book in England expressive of his disbelief in the Scriptures, and giving the reasons of his disbelief, how such a book would be received? Answered, that as to the *book*, I didn't know, but I knew well how the *man* would be received; and I should not like to be in his place. In speaking of Pope, whom I, of course, praised, but whom he seemed not to have much taste for, he exclaimed, "Yes, to be sure, there are some fine things in him; that passage, for instance, 'Upon her neck a sparkling cross she wore,' charming!" So much for the German's appreciation of Pope. Intimated that Goethe was jealous of him in consequence of some Indian poem that he (Schlegel) wrote or translated. Rogers and I in doubt whether we should go to Lady Grey's or Lord Burghersh's music; decided for the latter. Told me, that on his asking Schlegel, in allusion to Goethe's death, "Are there any German poets now left?" Schlegel blurted out, "*I* am a German poet;" throwing his arms open pompously as he said it. Lord Lansdowne, by the bye, told me a curious mistake Charles Grant had made on his introducing Schlegel to him. Lord L. had told the latter beforehand, that Charles G. was very much versed in Indian learning; and the first thing Schlegel said to him when they were presented to each other was, "*On m'a dit monsieur, que vous vous occupez de la littérature Sanscrite.*" "*Mais toute l'Europe sait cela,*" answered Grant; thinking that Schlegel had said he was himself so occupied.

The music at Lord Burghersh's chiefly his own: overheard the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst speaking about poor Lord Dudley, who was not able to meet his dinner guests yesterday, and who was now, as I could learn from them, quite gone. "Something, of course, will be done immediately," said the Duke, "about his property; and I suppose the Chancellor will look to-morrow to the custody of his person." Exchanged a few words with the Duke about the singing; though I doubt much whether he knows who I am. Since he was Secretary in Ireland, when I dined with him at his own table, I have met him very little in society. Came away with the Lansdownes, who brought me as far as L. House. Heard an anecdote (this morning I think) from Robinson, which is interesting, as showing, what I have never doubted, that poetry is a far more matter-of-fact thing than your people, who are only matter-of-fact, can understand or allow. Goethe told Robinson that his description of the Carnival at Rome, which is accounted one of the most delightful of his writings, had its origin in the following manner. Goethe's lodgings were on the Corso, and being solitary and *ennuyé*, he amused himself by taking notes exactly of all that passed before his eyes during the Carnival; and from those matter-of-fact notes, without any addition from fancy, he afterwards composed his description. Mentioned this to Schlegel to-day, and he confirmed the truth of it.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers: company, Macaulay, Luttrell, Lord Kerry, and Wishaw.

* * * Some strong politics talked, condemning Lord Grey's hesitation to make peers. Talking of success in college; how far it is a promise of future eminence. A number of persons mentioned, now distinguishing themselves (particularly in the law), who carried off honours at the university. Lord Grey distinguished at college. Anecdote of his being punished for knocking a man down in a row. Had been with some other young fellows to hear a speech of Burke's (where?), and was reciting the speech through the streets drunk. His eloquent apology before the college authorities when brought up for his offence, extorting from his judge the expression, "*Melius sic pœnituisse quam non errasse.*" Luttrell's story of a tailor who used to be seen attending the Greek lectures constantly; and when some one noticed it to him as odd, the tailor saying modestly, that he knew too well what became his station to intrude himself as an auditor on any of those subjects of which from his rank in life he must be supposed to be ignorant; but "really (he added) at a *Greek* lecture I think we are all pretty much on a par."

Dined at Lord Dover's (who had made me fix the day): company, Duke of Devonshire, the Mount-Charleses, the Morleys, the Vernons, Lord de Roos, and C. Greville. Sat next Greville. In speaking of Ireland, asked me had I seen that my lines in Rock—"As long as Popish spade and scythe," &c.—were prefixed the other day to a violent petition on the subject of tithes? Mentioned also, that the first time he ever heard those verses was from Lord Manners (then Chancellor of Ireland), who repeated them to him, as well on account of their cleverness as of (what he was pleased to call) their mischievousness. After some conversation with Lady Morley, went to the Opera. Visited the Duchesse Cannizzaro, and found her with her newly-returned husband. Went from her to Lady Mansfield's box, where I remained for some time talking with Lady Caroline; then home.

5th. Breakfasted at the Literary Union—my first repast at this club, where I have been a long time an honorary member,—and shall make more use of it now that I have quitted the Athenæum. Found Lardner, whom I had asked to meet me there; talked over my unfortunate history, not a line of which is written yet; said he should not want it till about November, and he will be lucky if he gets it about June.

Went to call on Lord John Russell, who was at Woburn on my first arrival; only heard of his return from Lady William the night before. Found him at home, and as kind as ever. In the course of our conversation asked me how I came to write such a letter as I did some time since to Lord Francis Gower, saying of the Reform Bill, that it was a bill quite after my own taste, but that I was a little surprised at my friends the Whigs bringing in a measure of so evidently a republican tendency. Told him I had no recollection of using those expressions, but it was not impossible that I might have said something like it; that, in fact, I had been always too much accustomed to speak my mind to be a very *prudent* friend of people in power, and that there was nothing I so constantly congratulated myself upon as living quietly the greatest part of my time in the country, where I could do no harm by my free speaking or thinking to any one. I said, "You yourself very well know what my opinion of this bill has been from the very first." "Yes," he answered; "you told me, I recollect, in one of your letters, that you were in heart and feeling with us, but in *opinion* with the Tories*; but I was sorry you wrote any thing of this nature to Lord Francis, for he showed it about, and the Tories were all delighted with it." Told him he might talk of my Παρρησια, but the worst things I have heard said about the ministry since I came to town were from some of their own troops. (I alluded to Macaulay's complaining the other day of their backwardness and timidity; of their being displeased, for instance, with the boldness of Hobhouse's speech, while Macaulay and all those on the back rows were delighted with it, &c. &c.) He said this was very true, and had sprung up but lately, as during the beginning of their career they had nothing but cheers and eulogies from their supporters. Promised to breakfast with him on Saturday.

Called upon Mrs. Norton; found her preparing to go to Hayter's, who is painting a

* What I meant by this was, that though the bill was quite in consonance with my own political feelings and principles, yet in the view of the consequences to which it must ultimately lead (that of *democratizing* our whole system), I could not but agree with the Tories.

picture of her; and offered to walk with her. Had accordingly a very brisk and agreeable walk across the two parks, and took her in the highest bloom of beauty to Hayter, who said he wished that some one would always put her through this process before she sat to him. Hayter's picture promises well. Happening to mention that almost everything I wrote was composed in my garden or the fields, "One would guess that of your poetry," said Mrs. Norton; "it quite *smells* of them." Left her at Hayter's, and went to look for the American Secretary of Legation, through whom I wished to send a scrap of Byron's writing which I promised to Van Buren, but could not find him. Dined at Admiral Douglas's: Hinchcliffe the only one of the party I had ever met before, but almost all were West Indians; and for a wonder Reform was not mentioned during the day, nothing being talked of but the Orders in Council, the last meeting at Antigua, Mr. Somebody's excellent speech, &c. &c. Came away early.

5th. Breakfasted at home with Fielding. To Power's: have been urging him for my account; indeed, had written before I came up to town to say that one of the chief objects of my coming was to see how our long pending accounts stood, but he seems nervous and shy upon the subject. Called at Jeffrey's; saw Mrs. J., and bid her tell Jeffrey to meet me at Lord John's to-morrow morning.

Dined at Lord Essex's to meet Miss Stephens: company, besides her niece, Sharp and his ward, Rogers and his sister, Woolridge and Luttrell. Singing in the evening; duets between Miss Stephens and her sister; Sharpe's ward also sung, and so, of course, did I. Miss Stephens and her niece *evidently*, I think, pleased with my singing. Rogers and I walked home together, and the difference there is between him thus *tête-à-tête* and when in society was never more striking; he both amused himself and me, and laughed at something I said like a boy.

6th. Breakfasted at Lord John's: company, Lady Hardy and one of her daughters, Lord William, Sydney Smyth, and Luttrell: Sydney delightful. When the horse guards were passing the windows, said to Lord W., "I suppose now you must feel the same in looking at those that I do at looking at a congregation." Talking of the feelings people must have on going into battle, Lord William appealed to. Said it was, at first, always a very anxious and awful feeling, but soon went off. I mentioned my having been on board a frigate when she was cleared for action; and Luttrell said he had been in the same situation aboard a Post Office packet, and had a musket put into his hand. This set Sydney off on the ingloriousness of such a combat; drawing a penny-post cutlass, and crying, "Freeling for ever!" Spoke of the knowledge sailors had of ships at a great distance; took them off, saying, with a telescope to the eye, "Damn her, she's the 'Delight' laden with tallow."

Sydney highly comical about Sir Henry Halford; his rout pill, to carry a lady over the night; his parliamentary pill, &c. Never shakes any one by the hand; seizes always the wrist.

Told of Leslie, the Scotch philosopher, once complaining to him that Jeffrey had "damned the North Pole." Leslie had called upon Jeffrey just as the latter was going out riding to explain some point (in an article for the "Edinburgh Review," I believe) concerning the North Pole; and Jeffrey, who was in a hurry, exclaimed impatiently, as he rode off, "O damn the North Pole!" This Leslie complained of to Sydney; who entered gravely into his feelings, and told him in confidence, that he himself had once heard Jeffrey "speak disrespectfully of the Equator." Left Lord John's with Sydney and Luttrell; and when we got to Cockspur Street (having laughed all the way) we were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something (I forget what) which Sydney said, that we were obliged to separate, and reel each his own way with the fit; I thought if any one that knew us happened to be looking, how it would amuse them. Lord John, by the bye, had asked me to meet them at dinner next Tuesday, but I shall then be at Sloperton. Turned back with Sydney to call at the Duke of Northumberland's: left our cards. Told me that he had been knocked down by a coach the other day in crossing the street, and was nearly run over; and that, knowing how much of Lord Grey's patronage had accrued from accidents happening to clergymen, he found himself saying as he came down, "There's a vacancy."

Dined at Sterling's: company, Lord Plunket, Mrs Archdeacon Singleton, Shiel, G. Pon-

sonby (who took me), Colonel Shaw, and Mrs. A., next whom I got seated; still a very handsome woman. A good deal of talk with her and Plunket, who sat at the other side of her. In speaking of the Duke of Wellington, after the ladies left us, Lord P. mentioned having been on a committee of the Dublin House of Commons with him in 1791 (I think), the case being some petition against Hutchinson of the College: Lord E. Fitzgerald was, he said, also on the same committee. The Duke was full of tricks; he and the other aide-de-camp always at some mischief or another. * * * On Lord P.'s mentioning some fine reply or extempore speech made by Grattan, Shiel sharply asked, "Could Grattan speak extempore?" Shiel himself is beginning, as he told me the other day, to interweave occasionally extempore bits in his speeches, which have hitherto been all prepared elaborately and verbally. Finds that he can manage this, and that his speeches are, of course, all the more effective for it. This, in fact, the great secret of public speaking: to prepare well the main points, and then to be able to fill up without much *disparate* as you go on with matter rising out of the occasion; the "*callida junctura*" is the difficulty.

During dinner a good deal of talk with Mrs. A. about German literature, her hobby. Mentioned a love song of Goethe's, and gave the literal English of it; which, she said, might be made a good deal of in my hands. Appeared to me (in her translation, at least) the tritest stuff possible. The only words in which there was anything like originality or nature were as follows: "It is for him alone I walk out of the door; it is for him alone I look out of the window." But thus are people deceived by the sound and the mystery of a language foreign to them, the novelty of the words, the pride of raising the veil and discovering the "*no meaning*" under them! Paid back her brass with gold by quoting some of the beautiful ballad (of Logan's, I believe), "His mother from the window looked, with all the longing of a mother, &c."—Talked of the state of religion in Germany. A deep religious feeling, she said, everywhere prevalent, and yet the freest toleration for the most bold and infidel opinions. This, I remarked, was perhaps the very reverse of what existed in England, where a most worldly indifference prevailed as to real religion, while the slightest whisper of scepticism was sure to raise an outcry against him who dared to breathe it. She mentioned with enthusiastic envy some person who had the good luck to meet (all together at some evening assembly) Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland; a most illustrious group certainly. Either she or Plunket cited Berkeley as one of the purest writers of England, and were astonished at the instance to the contrary which I produced in his use of the word "embarrass" as a noun. Dryden, too, who may also be counted one of the best writers of good English, uses "painture" for painting; to "*falsify* a shield," meaning to break it, &c. &c.

7th. Meant to have gone to Warwick Street Chapel, but happening to mention it to Rogers he said, if I would breakfast with him, he would accompany me thither. Foresaw that this would be fatal to my plans: accordingly, when I went found that he had asked Jeffrey to meet me; a good meeting at all times, but I had now set my heart upon the music, and did not like being disappointed. Was, however, soon reconciled by the pleasure of seeing Jeffrey, who is one of my most especial favourites. In talking of Allen, mentioned that he once had a sort of Frankenstein fancy for producing life out of Blood; and used to have a large tub of blood which he watched over like a wizard as it became (or as he thought it became) vascular and "instinct with life:" this, of course, a joke. Rogers produced a letter of Allen's, which he had just received, containing remarks on a late work of the American Channing, which R. had lent him. Allen's remarks, though written off *à plume courante*, very clever; showed how ignorant Channing was of the English divines, and that he criticised them evidently without having read them. His absurdity in classing Heber with Berkeley! Talked of Berkeley; his powerfully philosophic mind, and the sort of form in which he conveyed his thoughts (that of dialogue) being characteristic of such a mind; sifting both sides and leaving nothing *un*enforced on either.

In talking of different races and the proportionate predominance of the father and mother in the mind, complexion, &c. of the progeny (the Mintos, for instance; some of whom are very fair, like one parent, and others almost black, like the other), Rogers mentioned an

observation of John Hunter's, that wherever there was but one boy with a number of sisters the boy was sure to be effeminate; and John Hunter used to give it as a proof of Homer's knowledge of human nature that he makes the cowardly youth, Dolon, in the night scene, "sole brother of five sisters."

Went to make calls, and to prepare for my departure to-morrow. Dined with Rogers: company, Lord Clifden, Sir J. Newport, Shiel, Barnes, and Luttrell. Sat next Barnes, to whom I gave some verses about the peerage which I had copied out in the morning, "A Letter from the Honourable Henry —— to Lady Emma ——." Begged me, in anything I might now write for him, to spare Croker; which, I told him, was an unnecessary caution, as Croker and I were old allies.* Conversation chiefly on Irish subjects. Sir John Newport mentioned some gross instances of corruption at the union. Shiel more than usual (at least more than I have ever seen) loud and ardent. Talked of Molyneux, who, it appears, was a great advocate for union with England, and has in his book some strong expressions on the subject. Left party early, and home to pack.

8th. Started at eight o'clock and arrived safely at the dear cottage.

From this period to the present day (June 14th) I have not had time to do more in the way of journalising than merely to copy out at full, in the foregoing pages, the pencil memorandums which I had made during my visit to town. In the course of the two months that have since passed, enough has happened both to embarrass and to afflict me. * * *

April 12th. A visit from a bookseller, Mr. Harding of Cornhill, who came down, by one of the night coaches, expressly for the purpose. Had called at Power's, to ask my address in town, but found I had started the day before; and thought it better to come myself, on the business he had with me, than write. His object was to get me to write a poem for him and have it illustrated in the manner of Rogers's Italy. Asked him, did he know what an enormous sum Mr. R.'s book cost him? (7000*l.* I think Rogers told me, when I was last in town.) Said he was perfectly aware of this, and had made all his calculations on the subject, and had no doubt that a poem by me thus illustrated would pay him handsomely. I then put to him what the poem itself would cost; that I was accustomed to high prices; had received 3000 guineas from the Longmans for "Lalla Rookh," and so on. He answered that he was prepared for all this; that he should require for his purpose a poem but a third of the length of "Lalla Rookh," and would of course pay accordingly. I then told him that I was at present much occupied with other tasks, but would consider of the matter, and after having consulted with the Longmans, would let him know my decision. Pressed him to lunch, dine, &c., but the poor man was anxious to get back to his business after his (I fear) totally useless journey, and off he went. When I told Bessy, it amused her to think that, at the very moment when I was turning a thousand guineas from the door, she was just considering with much anxiety, whether she would go to the expense of five or six shillings for a fly to take her to Devizes to-morrow. * * *

14th. Went into Devizes (Bessy and I) to hear two Swiss singers, and dined at Hughes'.

17th. To Lacock, to dine with the Fielding's; only Kit Talbot; slept there.

21st. A visit from Lord Lansdowne, who had come down for a few days; was on foot, and I walked back with him a great part of the way. Conversation about the prospects of the Reform Bill; expressed his hope that there would be no necessity for a new creation of peers, to which step he seemed to have strong repugnance. Told him of the journal kept by Crabbe in one of his visits to London, which has been found among his papers, and which the son has sent me. But little of it, and, in general, mere details; but there were a few striking and characteristic bits.

24th. To Bowood to dinner; only themselves; very agreeable; slept there.

28th. To Fieldings' to meet Madlle. M. and Lord Lansdowne. In talking of the letters of Napoleon that remain, Madlle. M. mentioned that Montholon has heaps of notes in pencilling which Napoleon used to write to him from his chambers at St. Helena. In speaking

* To Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend; if the request had been addressed to the other party, asking him to spare Moore, what would have been the result? Probably while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful; had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give an additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity.—Ed.

of French readings, Lord L. told very livelily of his being nailed one evening after a dinner at Benjamin Constant's to hear Benjamin read a novel; he (Lord L.) wanting to go somewhere else. Two long hours was he kept under this operation, seated next Madame Constant; when by good luck for him her favourite Tom cat, which had, contrary to custom, been excluded, on this occasion watched its opportunity of entrance, and made a sudden irruption into the room. "Instantly (says Lord Lansdowne), with an adroitness of which I could have hardly thought myself capable, I started up, as if indignant at the interruption, and seizing the cat in my arms, rushed out with him upon the landing-place, from whence I lost no time in escaping as fast as possible to the hall door." Slept at Lacock.

29th. After breakfast Fielding and Madlle. M. walked part of the way home with me. * * * In talking of the late Lord Hastings, she said that she had often heard her father mention a day he passed in company with the Compte d'Artois (Charles X.), Lord Hastings, and the Duc de Blacas; and his being so much struck, not only with the high-bred deportment of all three, but with the great resemblance they bore in their manners to each other. Power's accounts at last arrived; being busy, however, did not look into them till

May 1st. Glanced my eye hastily over the balance against me, and was somewhat startled by its amount; but on looking through some of the items saw such regularity and (as I thought) fairness in them, that I concluded all was right, and wrote to Power to say so, adding, in my simplicity, that I flattered myself never were accounts of so long a standing settled so smoothly and amicably as ours would be.

4th. Took the opportunity of a leisure moment to look more accurately over Power's accounts; and found, to my consternation, that they are anything but what I had supposed. * * * Wrote to him that in looking more accurately over his accounts I had found what *must*, I thought, be a mistake; namely, his charges against me during several years for the half (125*l.*) of an annuity which it appeared he paid to Mr. Bishop, and the *whole* of the large sums charged by Mr. Bishop for the compositions and arrangements to my songs; that it was very true I had assented to a deduction of 50*l.* annually from the 500*l.* that had been for some years paid to me, as an aid towards defraying the expense of the composer, but that I had never, by either word or writing, consented to any further reduction of my stipulated annuity, nor had he himself ever even hinted to me his intention of making such a reduction, and therefore his bringing such charges against me now must be an entire mistake.

6th. A smooth answer from Power, saying that it was no mistake; that having informed me at the time what was the annuity he was about to give Bishop, he "*concluded*" that I would not consider it too much to pay the half of it. "Concluded," indeed! not the slightest notice does he take of the actual fact that I never assented, in word or writing, to any other reduction of my annuity than the 50*l.* which was agreed on between us. Instead of which, he has now mounted up charges little short of from 150*l.* to 200*l.* each year.

8th. Received a letter from my sister Ellen, saying that our dearest mother was by no means well. Have never of course had much confidence in her health since I last saw her, when she had recovered as it were from the very grave; but have indeed blessed God for every hour of comfortable existence that has been granted to her since, knowing well that she could not long be left to us, and dreading only for her a death of lingering pain.

9th. Another letter, if I recollect right, in which Ellen desired me not to think of coming over till I should hear further from her, as my mother was then much easier. Had I followed my own wishes I would have started instantly; but Bessy, full of alarm about the cholera, which is raging in Dublin, entreated me not to go, and seemed resolved if I did to accompany me. I therefore waited.

12th. A letter from Crampton, which Bessy gave me, saying that my darling mother was almost insensible; but that, as she had recovered from quite as bad a state before, she might now; and entreating me not to stir till I should hear from him again. Resolved to start immediately; but after breakfast my sweet Bessy, after preparing my mind to hear the worst, produced another letter from Peter Leigh, which she had withheld, and which contained the account that all was over (on Wed-

nesday night), and that the funeral was to take place on this very morning (Saturday). Returned home.

It is now useless, besides being painful, to say what I felt at the event. I had been too well prepared for it to feel anything violent, and the effect it had upon me was rather that of deep and saddening depression, which continued for some days, and seemed more like bodily indisposition than any mental affliction. The fact was too, that I *was* ill, whether from the shock at the last I know not. The difference it makes in life to have lost *such* a mother, those only who have had that blessing, and have lost it, can feel: it is like a part of one's life going out of one.

14th. Forgot to mention that about a week since I had a visit from Saunders, the present publisher of the "Metropolitan," (who came down by the night coach expressly for the purpose), to request me to become a contributor to that publication. Proposed to me three hundred a-year for my contributions; but I declined it, expressing my general repugnance to having anything to do with periodicals, and adding that, at all events, the sum he proposed was not such as could ever tempt me to get over that repugnance. He then begged me to name my own terms, but I would not. Promised, however, to give him for his next month my verses to Lady Valletort, in case she and her family should have no objection to their publication. Asked him to stay to dinner, but he was obliged, he said, to return by the night's coach. In consequence of this visit of Saunders's, have had a letter from Captain Marryat, the proprietor of the "Metropolitan," renewing his proposals. The depression of my spirits, and the feeling of indisposition, still continued. I should have been much better I know had I followed my own first impulse, and started immediately for Ireland; for even though I had but gone half way I should have felt I was doing something: the very effort and excitement of the journey would have done me good, and I should not have been left so helplessly to my own feelings as I was now.

15th to 21st. An effort of nature considerably relieved me, and I began to feel lighter and better. Bessy wrote to the Napiers to propose our coming to see them for a day.

22nd. In a fly to Freshford; our dear Tom riding and in high delight, Mr. Hughes having lent him young Brabant's pony during the holidays. The Napiers very kind, and Napier himself hospitable and agreeable.

23rd. Received a letter from Captain Marryat, the proprietor of the "Metropolitan," proposing to me 1000*l.* a year, if I would become editor of the "Metropolitan," and saying there would be no necessity for my living in town in consequence, as there was a sub-editor who would look to all the details. Took time to consider of the proposition, which was one not hastily to be rejected. I had sent up to them the verses to Lady Valletort, and had said that whatever sum they thought them worth would be very acceptable; in consequence of which Marryat now inclosed me 100*l.*, expressing a hope that I would continue my contributions through the two next numbers. Returned him the 100*l.*, saying that I could not pledge myself to any further contributions, and that for the verses I had sent a sum in proportion to what Mr. Saunders had offered annually would be abundantly sufficient.

24th to 26th. From some late letters of Lady Morgan on the subject of the "Metropolitan," I had been led to believe that Campbell meant to give up the editorship of the magazine, which belief alone could have induced me to enter into any negociations on the subject. Finding, however, from Marryat that Campbell was still to continue in the concern, I felt that my engaging as editor would look like forcing myself into his shoes; and therefore wrote to decline the proposition, saying, that "though I should consider it an honour to *succeed* Campbell, I could not possibly think of *supplanting* him."

27th. Another offer from Marryat, which he said he could not help making, though with but little hope of my accepting it; and this was 500*l.* a-year for contributions as often as it might suit me to give them, and only stipulating that for each of the three next numbers I should give them something. This I felt was too liberal an offer and too convenient to me in my present circumstances to refuse, though hating the thing most heartily, and still feeling it to be a sort of degradation of literature. I wrote to him to say that I should act unfairly, both by him and myself, were I, without due consideration, to reject an offer so

handsome, and that, therefore, I should turn the matter over in my mind and let him know my determination in a day or two.

29th. Our dear Tom's holidays being to expire to-morrow, we took him off to Marlborough for a gipsy party in the Forest, with Russell and some of his schoolfellows. A delightful day of it, though I (in walking on before the rest of the party) lost my way as usual, and had some difficulty in finding the place which they had fixed on for dinner. Five or six of Russell's schoolfellows, chosen by himself, formed our company, and all very merry.

30th. Wrote to Marryat, to say I accepted his offer for one year.

June 1st to 16th. Much annoyed and disgusted on receiving the new number of the "Metropolitan" (that which contains my verses to Lady Valletort) to see some ribald attacks upon Rogers in it, and also some vulgar trash about myself. The latter I didn't care a pin about, but the stuff against Rogers, appearing in a work with which my name will now be connected, annoyed me exceedingly, and gave me the first specimen of the sort of tarnish one must expect by such contact. Wrote to Captain Marryat to say that I really must pause here, and asked leave to be off my bargain, if there could be the slightest risk of any repetition of such disreputable attacks. Received a very gentlemanlike answer from Marryat, to say that he was as much shocked as I had been to see the passages about Rogers; and that I might depend upon nothing of the kind being ever again suffered to appear.

17th to 26th. Received a letter from M., in which he said, that in the course of an interview with Spring Rice upon some business, Rice had expressed to him the great pleasure it would give him to have me for a colleague in the representation of Limerick (should he not leave that place for Cambridge); and added that it was also the wish of government to have me in for Limerick. The government are, however, mistaken if they think they might count upon me as a supporter on Irish matters. I can already foresee that I should be against them tooth and nail.

27th. Went (Bessy and I and little Russell) to pass a day or two with the Salmons.

28th. To Watson Taylor's sale. Met there Wm. P., who told me that the metropolitan elections, instead of taking the turn that he and others dreaded they would, were likely to be, if any thing, too aristocratical.

29th. A curious journal of Sir Edward Bayntun's has fallen into Salmon's hands, of which I glanced through a few pages. His difficulties about money, and the small sums he raised by bills (though living in the first company), very striking; taking up, for instance, a bill of 25*l.* by another to the same amount. Dinner hours of people of rank at that time (1740 or so) from three to four o'clock; then to White's, and afterwards to the Smyrna.

July 1st to 3rd. On the 3rd dined at Salmon's (myself only): a large party, Lockes, &c. Slept there.

4th. Received a letter from O'Connel, marked "confidential," on the subject of my return for Limerick; of which he says there would not be the slightest doubt, were there not an impression entertained that, from my friendship with Lord Lansdowne, I should consider myself bound to follow his line of politics. Answered to say, that if I *did* come into Parliament it would not be to follow the track of Lord Lansdowne or any other man's politics, but to maintain Irish liberties and Irish interests at all risks and against all ministers; that it would, of course, be painful to me to come politically into collision with one or two of the present ministers, whose friendship I highly valued, but that these friends themselves were too well acquainted with my opinions not to be fully prepared for the line I should take on Irish politics, and that, at all events, prepared or not, Irish they should find me to the backbone. I then added, that having thus answered for myself as far as regarded English influence, I must say to him who embodied in his own person, all Irish influence, that of *him* also, in the event of my coming into Parliament, I must keep myself equally independent; and, in short, to repeat his own words in his letter, "be bound to no *man* or *party whatever*."

5th. A letter from John Scully relating to Cashel, where they appear, by his account, to be even still more eager to have me for their member than at Limerick. According to his showing, out of 200 and odd votes which the reform will create, 150 are already secured to me; and on my presenting myself there (which he strongly urges) there would not be, he says, the slightest doubt of my success.

6th. A letter from Captain Marryat, he having proposed himself some weeks since to come down to us.

7th. Took Marryat over to Bowood.

8th. Marryat left us. In the course of one of our conversations together, I took an opportunity of representing to him that he was really throwing away his money in giving me so much for my mere name; and his answer was, that if *he* was satisfied with the bargain, he did not see why *I* should make myself uneasy about it.

9th to 16th. Have been kept in a good deal of anxiety and doubt by the expectation of my dear sister Ellen, who is coming to pass some time with us, but is delayed by business.

17th. Set off to go to Bristol, to meet Ellen, who I had some reason to think was to sail this morning from Dublin. At Melksham received a letter from her to say that she should not sail till next Tuesday. Having taken my place, went on to Bath; drove about the new park with Crawford, who had a very comfortable dinner got ready for me at four; and at five I started to return home.

18th to 23rd. Writing some verses on Crabbe's inkstand for the "Metropolitan."

24th. Set off for Bath, with Bessy and Russell in a fly; walked about performing commissions till four, when they left me to return home; I dined at the York House, and was lucky enough to find Bowles there, with whom I had some very amusing conversation.

25th. Off for Bristol in a chaise. Arrived early at Clifton; and walked about the whole day, enchanted with the place, which I had had never seen before, having once merely passed through. It is quite unlike anything else, and in its way most beautiful. Called upon Strong the bookseller at Bristol, who took me to the Library, the Institution, &c. At four the packet (the Killarney) with my dear little Ellen arrived. Two other packets preparing to go out at the same time; in one of which O'Connell was to start. Some conversation with him about my return for some Irish place or another, which he said I was quite sure of; and added that I myself could have no notion of the enthusiasm that prevailed about me everywhere in Ireland.

Told him of a correspondence I had had on the subject of Limerick with M.; and of which, as I have not noted it down in its place, I shall here hastily give the particulars. M. sent me a copy of a letter from a Dr. Griffin of Limerick, very sensibly written; in which he said, with reference to my election for Limerick, that those who represented me as likely to be backed by Lord Lansdowne's interest there, did me more harm than good, as at present the only drawback on the disposition of the people of Limerick towards me was their being afraid, from my known friendship with Lord Lansdowne, that I should be little better than his nominee. In my answer to M. on the subject of this letter, I begged him to set his Limerick correspondent right with respect to my supposed dependence on Lord Lansdowne, or on any other man. My whole past life ought to have been a sufficient security, I thought, for my independence in future; and so far from there being any chance of my becoming the nominee of Lord Lansdowne, I doubted very much whether (knowing the line I should take in Irish politics) he would be at all disposed to *give* me his interest in Limerick; and most certainly *I* should not be disposed to *ask* him for it. After something more to the same purport I added, that whether I should make up my mind to come into Parliament or not was a matter of very trifling consideration in my mind compared with the duty I felt thus instantly to repel such unjust surmises. The substance of this I now told briefly to O'Connell, representing to him at the same time the impossibility I feared there would be of my coming into Parliament at all, from my whole means of subsistence being dependent on my daily labour. The contemptuous snap he gave his fingers when I mentioned Lord L.'s interest in Limerick was but too expressive, I fear, of the real facts of the case; *i. e.* of the impotence of *any* lord's interest, anywhere, opposed to himself and the people. Got dear Nell safe ashore; and, having dined at Bristol, set off for home, where we arrived about ten at night.

August 1st. Bowles and the Hughes dined with us. Bowles very amusing; full of a story he is about to write concerning Ela, the foundress of Lacock Abbey; could not get on, however, without consulting Matthew Paris, and said he should be obliged to go to Salisbury expressly for the purpose. Recollected that I had a copy of Matthew Paris, and, to his great joy, produced it.

8th to 19th. Nothing noteable. At work at

my "Travels," &c.; wrote for the "Metropolitan," "Song of the departing Spirit of Tithe;" also songs for Power, to complete the number wanting of my annual amount, and something for "The Times."

20th to 25th. A visit from Lord Lansdowne, who had arrived a day or two before. Walked part of the way back with him; and was rejoiced to see how firmly and healthily, and in his old way, he was again able to step out.

27th. The day tremendously wet; made up my mind to remain; wrote some verses for "The Times"—"Tory Pledges." In the evening, the two Galways, Horatia Fielding, and Edwards acted charades: their dresses very well managed, and showed off the beauties of the whole party to great advantage.

28th. Returned home pretty early.

29th. A letter from Corry, in which he tells me of a conversation he had had with a good "factious priest" (as he calls him), at Cheltenham, with respect to my forthcoming work. The priest had asked him, with much anxiety, to which religion I meant to give the preference in my "Search." "All I can tell you," answered Corry, "is, that I believe he means to place *your* religion very high." "Then he is a true Irishman?" demanded the priest. "That he is in every respect," answered Corry. A ball at Phipps's to which Bessy and I went, not forgetting dear Tom and Nell. A very pretty ball, good supper, &c. &c. Bessy danced herself nearly off her legs.

September 11th. Corry at breakfast; speaking of the theatricals at Blessington's. A set of mock resolutions drawn up, one of which was the following, chiefly levelled at Crampton, who was always imperfect in his part:—"That every gentleman shall be at liberty to avail himself of the words of the author in case his own invention fails him." P. F., who acted the King in Warwick, saying, in his affected way, with a twist of the mouth, "Gracious heavens! what am I?" and Humphrey Butler, who was one of the lords sitting round him, and was rather tipsy, answering, in an under tone, "By —— you're the ugliest fellow and the worst actor that I ever saw!" Grattan saying to Corry, about the head of John Crampton, which is given in the "Kilkenny Theatricals," "How very unkind to give Mr. Crampton without his legs!" "It would be hard to manage it," said Corry. "Why no; I would put one leg there, and the other there," pointing to each side of the head. Fielding to dinner: Corry very amusing.

12th. To Bath, Corry and I; my object being to attend a dinner given to Henry Hobhouse by the electors, to which they have invited me. Placed at dinner next John Cam Hobhouse, whom I found very good-natured and agreeable. My health drunk, and my speech in return very flatteringly received, though I found the first part (in which I lamented the little prospect there was of any change for the better in the system of government in Ireland) fall but coldly on the ears of my auditors. This is lamentable. When I came, however, to speak of England and Reform I got on most triumphantly, and the company called for me afterwards to address them again, but I declined. Got home, with my host, Dr. Crawford, about twelve. Despatched a note to the editor of the "Bath Chronicle," entreating him *not* to give a report of my speech.

13th. Called upon Burdett. Left Bath, with Corry, for Joy's before five, Joy having invited him to accompany me. It was near twelve before we arose from table; and soon after Corry and I started for Sloperton, where we arrived about a quarter past one, and found Bessy sitting up for us.

14th. All dined at Bowood—Corry, Bessy, my sister Ellen, and myself. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Lansdownes to my poor dear little Ellen, who told me afterwards that the sad thought often crossed her mind during the day, what delight it would have given to our darling mother to have seen her among such people, and so cordially noticed by them: company, the Scotts, Luttrell, &c. Spoke, among other things, of the pretty French farce "Les Voitures versées," and the old fellow describing he delights of a good upset at his gate; poets, musicians, painters, &c.: "*Imaginez vous quand tout ça verse à la fois!*"

17th. Dined at Bowood: company, Lord and Lady Barrington, P. Oakden, the Listers, two Poles (one of them old Nimyerich, a Polish poet, who has been staying at Lacock, and expressing great impatience to "see his brother poet, Thomas Moore"), Luttrell, &c. Talking of the late Duke of Devonshire, his taciturnity, losing a game at cards one evening, and saying, "That's unlucky, Chiswick was burned

this morning;" being the first intimation he had given his family of the accident.

Nimyerich mentioned a German author who has written two large volumes on the "Digestion of a Flea." A French term of cooking, "*Dinde à la veuve éplorée.*" I mentioned Diodati having accused the French language (most foolishly) of being deficient in terms of cookery, and Voltaire replying to him, "*Plût à Dieu que vous eûssiez raison! Je m'en porterais mieux; mais malheureusement nous avons un dictionnaire entier de cuisine.*"

Talked of Gibbon's French; the manifesto in that language which he drew up during the American war (the "Mémoire Justificatif"), which was considered in England so perfect in its style; but which Lord Lansdowne said some Frenchman told him was easily discoverable to be a foreigner's. Talked of Sir W. Jones's French and of Beckford's in "Vathek." Anecdote of Mad. de Stäel mistaking Charles Long for Serjeant Lens, who had just then done something disinterested in the way of refusing office; and saying to him, What a pleasure and honour she felt it, to be made known to a man who in these days could so magnanimously "*rejeter les emplois.*"* Music in the evening. Lady Barrington's Scotch song, "Charlie," most stirring and triumphant; shows off her fine clear, bell-toned voice with great effect. Slept there.

18th. Walked home, had three or four hours' work, and returned. Rogers arrived from town at five.

19th. A walk before breakfast with Rogers, who was in a most amiable mood. After breakfast had music, at the organ first, and then at the pianoforte. Sung a good deal. R. and Luttrell walked part of the way home with me. Had Dr. Starkey, Coventry, and the girls to dine with us. R., during our walk, mentioned what Bobus Smith says of ——; "Why he is the most capacious believer that's to be found anywhere! he believes more than almost any other man: he believes in no cause at all; in the existence of all things from all eternity without any beginning whatever; that they could not be otherwise than they are," &c. &c.

20th. Met Rogers, by appointment, on his way to call upon Bessy; full of kindness to her, as usual. Told me what success my late squib against tithes has had; heard several people in town speaking of it. It is odd enough that he had never seen my verses to Crabbe's inkstand, where he himself plays a part.

21st. Lady Elizabeth called, with Lady Valletort and the old Pole, Nimyerich, who had been anxious to see my cottage. Fixed me to come to Lacock on Wednesday next, and, if possible, stay over Thursday; foresee that I shall have nothing now but idleness for a fortnight to come.

23rd. Walked to Bowood to call upon Rogers; found he had gone to breakfast and church at Bowles's, and set off there, accompanied part of the way by Lord L. and Luttrell. Lunched at Bowles's, and walked back with Rogers; making, by the time I reached Sloperton, between twelve and thirteen miles. Bowles, by the bye, has been writing a most twaddling answer to my tithe squib, which has appeared in the Devizes paper; looked a little nervous on the strength of it to-day. Bessy said, when I read it to her, "It is lucky for him he is your friend;" and I *could*, to be sure, have made rare reprisals on him. A note from Mrs. Napier to Bessy, in which she says how much Napier had liked my late speech (of which "The Times" has given a good report) at the Bath dinner. "I have never," she says, "seen him more delighted than with the reading of it." This proves I was at least *radical* enough. Received a letter from Dr. Griffin of Limerick, telling me that they had formed an Election Society there, which would command at least 1500 of the 2000 votes likely to be registered there; and that they waited but for my consent to send me a public invitation.

25th. Bessy and Tom off to Buckhill, in order to start from thence to-morrow. Called myself on Rogers at Bowood. Talking of Ireland, he enumerated the long list of distinguished men whom she has poured into England. Believed the Irish to be beyond most other people in *genius*, but behind them in *sense*. Dined at Buckhill, and walked home at night; Bessy and Tom being to start in the York House in the morning.

26th. Struck by a curious account in the newspapers of the effects of darkness in producing deformity. Some caverns mentioned,

* Lord B., who was standing by, said, "I beg your pardon, Madam; Mr. Long has shown his patriotism by serving the Crown."—Ed.

I forget where, in which the poor people take up their abode; and where, there being little or no light, monstrous births are frequent. In confirmation of the same facts, some French naturalist has found that tadpoles, if kept in the dark, may be nursed up to an enormous size without ever becoming frogs. To Lacock to dinner: company, Luttrell and Count Zamoiski; slept there. Luttrell telling of Sir F. Gould, on some one saying to him, "I am told you eat three eggs every day at breakfast;" "No;" answered Gould, "on the contrary." Some of us asked, "What was the contrary of eating three eggs?" "Laying three eggs, I suppose," said Luttrell.

27th. To Bowood to dinner; two Neapolitan Counts Poerio* (father and son), Rogers, and the Mundys. The old Count very eloquent after dinner on the state of Italy; spoke very good French. Some conversation with him and his son after dinner; with the latter upon literature, Nicollini, Manzoni, &c. &c. Slept there.

28th. Walked home; Rogers with me great part of the way. Told a story of a young girl who had been sacristine (query, are there female sacristines?) in a convent, and conducted herself most innocently and industriously; till having her imagination inflamed by the searching questions of the confessor, she left her situation and abandoned herself to a licentious life. Her becoming weary of it and repenting, and returning to the neighbourhood of the convent; where some woman, a stranger to her, seeing her fatigue and distress, asks her to take refreshment. The girl inquiring about the convent and asking who was now sacristine of it; and the woman answering, "Antonia," (the girl's own name), and adding, "The same who has been sacristine for some years; a very good and pious girl." The girl's amazement; and her having a dream that night, in which the Virgin Mary appeared to her and said, that in consideration of her previous goodness and innocence, and the prospect of her repentance, she herself had acted as sacristine for her ever since her fall, and that she might now resume her place without tarnish, and become again worthy of her former character. R. said, that on mentioning this story (which W. Irving had told him) to Lady Holland, she remembered having read it somewhere, and sending her page for a volume of Le Grand's "Fabliaux," they found it. * * * In talking of pictures, R. mentioned Lord Carhampton saying to some one who asked him whether he would like to see a very fine picture of Poussin's, "Why yes; and if it *is* a fine picture, I had just as lieve it had been painted by any one else." Returned to Bowood to dinner; company, Dr. and Mrs. Fowler, Lady Elizabeth, Luttrell, and Zamoiski. Slept.

29th. Rogers and Lord L. walked part of the way home with me. R.'s account of the early part of Horne Tooke's life; his life in Italy; being cut by a whole party on being found out to be a clergyman; his winning them all over, and being seen home to his house with a band of music. A saying of Horne Tooke's, "I don't like to hear people dwelling so much on *precedent;* it always shows there is something wrong in the *principle.*" To Lacock to dinner; slept there.

30th. Meant to have staid at Lacock, but received a letter to say that Bessy was returning from town this evening, so came away after breakfast; I answered Dr. Griffin's letter, declining the proposal of the Limerick people on the ground that my circumstances are not such as could justify my coming into Parliament at all.

October 1st, 2nd. A note from Lord Lansdowne asking me for Thursday to meet Lord John.

4th. To Bowood to dinner. Lord John in excellent spirits after his canvass. I had mentioned to Lord L. in a note, that I should like to go up to town with Lord John if he could take me, and he now offered most cordially to do so. Talked in the evening of Pascal, Gibbon, &c.; and Lord L. read out Gibbon's splendid, but far too operose and ostentatious, passage about comets.

5th. Obliged to return home, though they wished me to stay; day desperately wet.

6th. Lord John called, and was very agreeable; laughed like a schoolboy half the time. Staid a good while with us, and delighted both Bessy and my sister; particularly the latter, to whom the sight of the famous Lord John was quite a godsend.

7th. Preparing for my trip to town. To

* Poerio the father was a man of very considerable talent. The son is one of the victims of the political persecutions of Naples; himself a patriot, and distinguished for his abilities.—Ed.

Bowood to dinner: company, besides Lord John, the Bowles's and Fieldings. Bowles amusing us by saying that he had once an offer to be made a member of the Whig Club; on our looking a little surprised, "Yes," he added, "and of the Linnæan, too." I said, that in both instances it must have been some mistake, as he was neither Whig nor naturalist. Whishaw (who had been some time at Bowood confined by an accident, in consequence of which he bruised his nose very much) was able to come down and join us in the evening. Forgot to mention a note I had from Talbot, who was staying at Lord Shrewsbury's, at Alton, saying how much Lady Shrewsbury wished to be acquainted with me, and telling me that she had my "Melodies" bound in green velvet embroidered with gold, and the Irish harp in gold upon the covers. In answering him, I inclosed my note in a letter to Lord Shrewsbury, communicating to him the nature of the work I was engaged upon, and paying him some compliments upon his own work on the same subject; asking at the same time, with respect to his theological library, and whether I might be permitted to have access to it. Received a very polite answer, saying that he had a great number of books of the kind I wanted at Alton, and would forward to me such as I should mark in his catalogue; but that it would gratify him and Lady Shrewsbury much more if I would come and study *at* Alton, where they would be glad of my company for a month, or as long as I could make it convenient to stay.

8th. Started with Lord John about eight o'clock. A good deal of conversation about politics; never ceased, indeed, talking on one subject or another the whole way. Told him freely that I was still of the same opinion as to the rashness of giving so much to the people at once by the Reform Bill. He said, "So far from its being rash, he thought it the most prudent thing they could have done. It was a very different measure they had to take of the quantum of reform necessary when in and when out. While in opposition they were obliged to take what they could get; but when in power, and called upon to originate a measure themselves, they were pledged, he thought, to give the amplest they could with safety." In these latter words, however, lay the point upon which our difference of opinion turned. It appeared to me that the principle upon which they justified their giving so much,—namely, that if they had given less, the people would not have been satisfied,—ought, on the contrary, to have made them reserve still further boons in their own hands, as the people were sure to be dissatisfied, at all events, and to ask for more, let the quantity given be as ample as it might. This is human nature, at least popular nature; and they had made a false calculation, I thought, in supposing it would be otherwise. Already, I said, this was apparent in the demand for ballot and shorter parliaments. To this he answered, fairly enough, that these two points were not to be considered as exceeding the *principle* of the Bill; because he himself had expressly adverted to them, in proposing the measure, as subjects open to future consideration. In speaking of the position in which the Ministry were now placed, I mentioned how constant were my apprehensions lest circumstances should arise to place them still more and more every day in opposition to the popular feeling, and to their own former principles. As a symptom of this, I referred to Lord John's own answer lately to a speech of Burdett's on the foreign policy of the Ministry, and said how sorry I was to see the tone he was forced by circumstances to take on that topic. Told him what Hobhouse had mentioned to me of the consternation into which Burdett's foreign policy speech had thrown the Treasury Bench, and of Lord Althorp saying to him (Hobhouse), "Now I dare say it would give Sir F. Burdett very sincere pain if, in consequence of that speech, I were to-morrow to resign; but really to that it must come if our supporters bring us into such difficulties by indulging in such speeches." Lord John, however, seemed to say that it was not on that occasion but on some other that Althorp threatened to resign. Spoke very cordially of Lord Althorp, and of the sort of Pylades and Orestes style (this *my* phrase, not *his*) in which they had gone on together through the Bill. As a proof of their inseparableness during that time, he mentioned that in company somewhere, where Lord Althorp was not present, on some one asking him (Lord John) whether he had a snuff-box, he answered, "No; but Althorp has." * *

Speaking of Lord Grey, he said that there

was far more humility and tractableness about him in his opinions and decisions, than the world, from his reputed temper and his manner, gave him credit for; that, in fact, few men were more ready to consult with and pay deference to others. Said that the only time during the progress of the Reform Bill that he himself felt nervous, was on their being about to resume office on the failure of the Duke of Wellington to form a Ministry. Was much struck, I own, during this whole day's conversation, not only with the manly frankness of Lord John himself, but still more at the temper and candour with which he bore the free speaking of his companion. Lord John mentioned that he had dined with Canning at Paris at the time when my squib about the Turtle and the Foreign Secretary appeared; that they talked about it, and Canning seemed much amused by it. Luncheon at Reading, and arrived at the Pay Office before seven. Found a snug dinner ready, and also a snug bed-room, into which, (instead of going to Fielding's) I turned for the night; Lord John expressing his regret that he could not ask me to use it all the time I remained in town, as he expected Lady William up daily from Woburn.

9th. Lord John had told me as we came up, that he had been employed during his other great occupations not only in writing a book but in printing it, and would lend me the sheets to look over. Could not, however, now find them. Left him after breakfast. Went and took possession of my comfortable bed-room at Fielding's.

Breakfasted at Brookes's; called upon the Bryans, the chief object of my coming to town, Bessy having told me that Bryan said he wanted most anxiously to see me upon a matter of much importance. Walked with me as far as the Charter-house to see Tom.

From thence I went to the Longmans; promised to dine with them on Friday. Told me they thought the Trade gave some symptoms of improvement, though whether it might not be a mere momentary excitement produced by the *penny* things which are now inundating the world of literature they could not feel quite sure. At a late sale, however, of theirs, they had sold upwards of 20,000*l.* worth of stock. Thought of calling at Rogers's, on the chance of his not having yet gone to Broadstairs; found that he was not to go till morning and would dine at home, alone; so took my seat and waited his return. A most agreeable *têtê-à-têtê* dinner and evening. Spoke of poor Mackintosh*: said he had sacrificed himself to conversation; that he read for it, thought for it, and gave up future fame for it. Told an anecdote of the Empress Catherine, which Lord St. Helen's had related to him. At one of her private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card-table to card-table looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come; she looked agitated and impatient, and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room, and did not again return; and conjecture was of course busy as to what might be the fate of the inattentive page. Shortly after, however, some one having occasion to go into the anti-chamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards, and the Empress seated playing along with them. The fact was, she had found that the page she rung for was so interested in the game he was engaged in, that he could not leave it to attend to her summons; and accordingly she had quietly taken his hand for him, to play it out, while he went on the errand. So meekly can they who have the power of life and death over those around them sometimes deal with their slaves! Lord St. Helen's himself was one of the Empress's company on the occasion.

10th. Breakfasted at Brookes's. Thence to Holland House; saw my Lady, who is very ill, and poor Lord H. still worse. Called at Murray's to inquire what was doing relative to the subscription for Sir W. Scott's family. Found I had been appointed on the committee formed for that purpose; some of the members of which are to have a meeting on Friday next.

11th. Breakfasted at Brookes's. Called on Marryat at United Service Club, but did not find him. Went hunting among the book-stalls of Holborn for theological books, and treated myself to a few. Back in time to dress for a five o'clock dinner at Holland House. Saw Lord H. before dinner lying on a sofa, with a folio volume of Erasmus propped up before him; looked very languid. Told me I should see him again after dinner, either there or in his bed. No one at dinner but

* Sir James Mackintosh died in the year 1832.—Ed.

Allen, Miss Fox, and my Lady; the latter most perilously well and in a high state of excitement and agreeableness. * * * Promised to send me to Sloperton a few flagons of her light dinner Burgundy, the *Vin de Nuit*. Just as we had finished our dessert Lord John and Lord Lansdowne arrived, having come from the great Cabinet Council for which they have all been summoned to town. Lord John dined, but Lord L. returned to town to dine with Lord Melbourne. After his dinner Lord John went to Lord Holland to talk over what had been done at the Council. * * *

12th. Either to-day or yesterday went in search of Barnes, who has temporarily changed his residence. Could not find him. * * * Went to the meeting at Murray's relative to the subscription for Sir W. Scott. Found there Scott of Harden, Sir Coutts Trotter, Pusey, Hay, and one or two more. The object was to raise a sum for the purchase of Abbotsford. A statement of the amount of property left by him, how disposed of, and how encumbered, was laid before us. Abbotsford itself, it appeared, was not worth at the utmost 600*l.* a-year; and it would take that sum at least to keep it up, the very window-tax absorbing a good part of it. Though Scott was insolvent (not, of course, knowing that he was so) at the time when he settled Abbotsford on his son's wife, it appears that the settlement is not (as it would have been in other cases) null; as, Mrs. Scott's fortune (60,000*l.*) having been advanced on the faith of that settlement, her claim takes precedence of that of the creditors. Letters were read from Scotland requesting that we should merge our object in theirs and subscribe for the monument: as if the most solid monument, and the most welcome (if I may so say) to the spirit of Scott himself, would not be the gift from the country to his family of the place which will be for ever connected with his name. I saw plainly that there was but little hope of our object being attained; and fear much that even party has a good deal to do with the coldness if not disinclination manifested towards it, as if forgetting that Scott was a man of mankind, and one that ought not to be measured within the small and wretched circumference of Party.

Dined at Longman's: company, all, with the exception of M'Culloch and myself, printers, paper-men, and booksellers; the high church Rivington among the latter. Got on very well, though I now and then startled the ears of the Establishment publisher with our political heterodoxies. Talking of the Benthamites; a good specimen of their slang given in one of the objects professed by them, namely, "To minimise the degree of official pay, and maximise that of political aptitude." Wrote a note to Tom to tell him I should have him out to-morrow.

13th. Preparing for my departure on Monday, having taken my place in the York House. Dined at Bryan's; none present but myself, Edward Moore, and Bryan. Rather uneasy at Tom's absence. Took Bryan's carriage after dinner and whisked off to the Charterhouse; found that he had supposed the note to refer to to-morrow. Returned to Bryan's, and home early. Met Tom Campbell in the course of the day, and promised to breakfast with him to-morrow.

14th. Tom with me between eight and nine. Took him to Campbell's, where we breakfasted in the room allotted to the Polish Association; Campbell himself (the President) occupying the bed-room annexed to it, all for the good of poor Poland. Had at breakfast also the secretary, Dr. Bache, and one or two more. Walked about with Campbell afterwards. Forgot whether I have mentioned that he has withdrawn himself from the "Metropolitan." Explained to me the reason now, which was, that Marryat had required of him an article in prose as well as in poetry every month. (Marryat himself, by the bye, told me that it was an article in prose *instead* of one in poetry he had asked of him.) Took him with me to call at Power's. My first visit to that gentleman since I have been in town. Had called at his shop yesterday, and learned that he was still confined by illness to his bed; found him there now, and staid but a few minutes. Campbell left me to go pass the day with Hobhouse at Richmond. The Longmans had told me of a design Heath has on me, in the annual way; and to-day I had a visit from him on the subject. What he proposes is this: that I should furnish the whole contents of his Annual (the "Keepsake") myself, and that he shall give me a thousand pounds for it; in short, that it is to be my book illustrated, or rather my book illustrating his prints. Confessed to him that

in this shape the task appeared to me a more attractive one than any other (annual) shape he could have put it in. Begged most earnestly that I would give it a favourable consideration, which I promised. Dined, Tom and I, at Admiral Douglas's: none but themselves; and after dinner I was left alone with my excellent old friend over a bottle of his good wine, just as we used to sit opposite each other, twenty-nine years ago, aboard the crazy old Boston, in which ship, with no other ally than a twenty-gun sloop (the Driver), he had before challenged two fine French frigates, the Didon and Cybèle, to come out from New York and fight him; though having every reason to fear, as he told me, that at the very first broadside the quarter-deck of the old Boston would go to pieces. Walked with Tom part of his way at night, and then put him into a cabriolet to go to the Longmans, where he slept. Had packed up before dinner and left my things at the Gloucester Coffee House, where I was to sleep.

15th. Off in the morning at seven. An agreeable old gentleman in the coach, with whom I had much conversation: and astonished him exceedingly at the close by telling him who I was. Saw dear Russell at Marlborough on my way. Found Bessy and Ellen quite well.

16th. Preparing for the departure of our dear Ellen, whom it grieves us to lose. To Bessy the loss is irreparable; for no two beings could go on more sweetly and happily together, and the contrast between Ellen's quiet and Bessy's life and energy makes them but the more agreeable to each other. Both, too, so cheerful: it is quite a delight to me when in my study to hear their frequent laughter down stairs over some story or novel.

17th. Went to Bowood, Bessy, Nell, and myself; Lady L. having expressed a wish to show the gardens to Ellen before she went.

19th. Set off with Nell (Bessy of the party) for Bristol, stopping about an hour in Bath on our way. Had thought that the packet was to sail early the following morning, but found it would not sail till half-past three in the day; so that we might have enjoyed this day quietly at home, and saved the expense also of the night passed at Bristol. Provoking! Passed a comfortable evening, however, for our money, at the "Gloucester."

20th. Passed the morning in walking about the cliffs and through Bristol; and at one o'clock (in order to avoid the expense of a chaise) Bessy and I took our departure in the coach, leaving our darling Ellen to the care of the master of the inn to see her on board, with every prospect of a most prosperous passage. Got a fly at Bath, and arrived at home (with a tired horse, which could hardly drag us the latter part of the way) before eight.

I shall now put down hastily such particulars as occur to me with respect to my projected election for Limerick. I know not whether I have already made mention of a letter from Dr. Griffin (arising out of that which I had addressed to M. on the subject), wherein he informed me of the organisation of a political union in Limerick, of the result of the registries hitherto, and of the certainty he foresaw of my being returned if I would allow them to put me in nomination. To this I returned an answer, acknowledging warmly and gratefully their kind intentions towards me, and adding that it had always been one of the fondest objects of my ambition to sit in Parliament for Ireland: but that unfortunately, my circumstances were such, at once so narrow and precarious, that it would be impossible for me to afford either the time or expense which a proper attendance upon Parliament would require of me; in short, that my pen was my only support, and that to shut up the workshop for a single session would entail embarrassment upon me which neither my own feelings of ambition, nor any service I could hope to render Ireland, could in any degree justify. In this letter I happened to mention an opinion on the subject of the Repeal of the Union thus:—"For myself I will say, with Grattan in 1810, that 'having been an enemy to the extinguishment of the Irish Parliament, I must be a friend to its restoration,' but I will also add, with Grattan, that 'such a proposition in Parliament, to be either prudent or possible, must be called for and backed by the Irish nation.'" The only part of this letter which my correspondent, as it seems, allowed to transpire, was the first clause of the quotation from Grattan. The refusal to accept their offer, and the second qualifying sentence of the quotation, appeared to have been entirely suppressed, or at least withheld, from the public. The consequence was, my warm-

hearted (and warm-headed) friends then continued as much a-gog for me as ever; and, in a set of resolutions passed by their political union, I was announced as an unqualified Repealer, and hurraed for accordingly. On my return from town I received a letter from Dr. Griffin telling me of the enthusiasm which my declaration in favour of Repeal had excited; that they were determined to have me for their representative; and, in order to remove the only obstacle which appeared to their wishes, were about to raise a subscription for the purpose of purchasing an estate for me, and were then actually (as he communicated to me in confidence) negotiating for a small estate of 400*l.* a-year which was for sale in Limerick, and which the owner had agreed to suspend the sale of till the determination respecting me was known. As he had intimated in this letter (if I recollect right) that I was not as yet to be supposed to know what was going on, I answered in general terms expressive of my gratitude for the kind feelings entertained towards me, and saying that in any further step on my part I must be guided by the further intelligence I should receive from him. Shortly after this arrived a letter from Dr. Griffin, written before his receipt of mine, and begging for a definite answer as to my intentions with respect to accepting their proposal, as there were many who hesitated in acting for me on account of the uncertainty there was of my, after all, acceding to their wishes. Thus called upon for my decision, I could not hesitate as to the answer I ought to give. Expressing all the gratitude which I could not but feel at their generous offer, I added that, while it removed the difficulty which I had alleged on the score of want of means, it was attended with a difficulty of another kind still more insurmountable. To receive such a popular tribute *after* the performance of parliamentary services would, I said, be as honourable to him who accepted as to them who gave it: but to be thus rewarded *beforehand*, to go into Parliament their feed counsel, and even in my heartiest efforts for their cause to be exposed to the suspicion (tarnishing even when unjust) that I derived my inspiration from my rent-roll, and was at best "a labourer worthy of his hire;" this, I said, was a situation in which neither for *their* sakes nor my *own* was it advisable that I should place myself. However generally and honourably both the parties concerned might enter into such a transaction, there was but too much danger, constituted as this world is, of its ending in disappointment to one of the parties, and perhaps disgrace the other.

Not long after the above answer I received an application from another quarter, which was not a little, I confess, flattering, and the more so from its being so totally unexpected. It came in a letter from my old friend Archy Douglas, who was then on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Cloncurry; and the following are his words:—"Lord Cloncurry tells me that he has just come from Lord Anglesey, who expressed himself *most anxious* that *you should* start for the College, and you should be *supported* by all the *government interest*, which must be considerable, in particular with the Bar. All expectants for appointments in the law would of course go with the government; and as to my profession I think you might reckon on a fair support. I feel there is no constituency by whom you could be returned to Parliament on whom you have so graceful and well-founded claims as Trinity College, Dublin. Your distinguished career in that university, of which you were one of the best ornaments, places your pretensions to its representation on high grounds. By the long conversation I had with Lord Cloncurry on the subject, he seems to think Lord Anglesey is most anxious to have you represent the College." * * * In my answer to Douglas's letter, I professed myself, of course, deeply grateful for the honour which Lord Anglesey did me in considering me worthy of such a station and such patronage; but (on the same grounds on which I had declined the Limerick proposal) assigned the limited state of my means as an insurmountable bar to my coming into Parliament. Lest, however, this might seem to imply that, had my circumstances allowed of it, I would have accepted of the proposition, I took care to say that, "Even if this objection did not exist, I felt that, with the views I entertained, it would be hardly possible for me to come into Parliament under the sanction of the present government;" adding, "When I say the *present* government, I must mean, I fear, *any* government, for where *they* fail how can I hope that others will succeed? but as long as the principle on which Ireland

is at present governed shall continue to be acted upon, I can never consent to couple my name, humble as it is, with theirs."

November 1st to 8th. Talbot came over unexpectedly from Lacock, and brought us the account of Lady Valletort's safe accouchement of a boy. Asked him to come to dinner the next day. Was surprised by a visit from two Limerick gentlemen, the brothers of my correspondent in that city, Dr. Griffin; and one of them the author of the very striking novel, "The Collegians." They had come, as they told me, expressly on the subject of my election for Limerick; their brother being of opinion that in a personal interview they could best convey to me all the anxiety there existed amongst the electors to have me for their member, and the certainty of the success of those measures which they were now vigorously setting on foot for the purpose of removing all the obstacles I had alleged to my consent. Asked them to stay to dinner, which they readily agreed to do; and, though I was obliged to leave them a great part of the day to themselves, not being able to spare the time from my study, we had at intervals a good deal of conversation on the subject of their mission, and there certainly could not have been found two more anxious or pressing suitors. The estate which the electors had their eye upon for me, and which Dr. Griffin represented as worth 400*l.* a-year, was reduced in their statement to about 300*l.*; but, as a proof of the facilities and the ardour there was towards the purchase of it, they told me of one man, a man in business in Limerick, who had offered to contribute to the subscription as his own share 100*l.* Talbot at dinner, and very agreeable. My Irish guests shy and silent; but Talbot and I made up the deficiency in both ways. Agreed with my two friends (who to the last expressed their hope of a favourable answer) that I would give the matter still further consideration, and would let them know the result to-morrow. In the course of our conversations, referring to the Repeal of the Union, I gave it as my opinion, that whoever took up that question as an object of serious pursuit, must be prepared to look *separation* in the face as an inevitable consequence of it. This startled them, and they most earnestly (and I have no doubt sincerely) disclaimed for themselves, as well as for the great majority of Irishmen, all thoughts or apprehension of the Repeal leading to such a result. But what strange short-sightedness! As if a Catholic House of Commons (which they would be sure to have *out* and *out*) would not instantly set about disposing of Church property in the first place, and absentee property in the second; and as if England would stand quietly by to see the work of spoliation go on: as if (even were *these* elements of strife out of the way) there would not constantly arise questions on trade, foreign treaties, going to war, &c., on which two legislatures like those of England and Ireland would be certain to differ; and then away would go their slight link of connection to the winds. What was so near happening in 1789, when the Irish parliament was Protestant, could hardly fail to take place after a repeal, when it would be to all intents and purposes Catholic. To these and other such points which I put to them, they did not know well what to answer. "Still," I continued, "notwithstanding all this, and with all these (to me) evident consequences staring me in the face, so hopeless appeared the fate of Ireland under English government, whether of Whigs or Tories (the experiment now having been tried with both, and the results of both being the same), that, as the only chance of Ireland's future resuscitation, I would be almost inclined to run the risk of Repeal, even with separation as its too certain consequence, being convinced that Ireland must go through some violent and convulsive process before the anomalies of her present position can be got rid of; and thinking such riddance well worth the price, however dreadful would be the pain of it. Whether, even then, she would be able to remain free between England and France, to one or other of whom she seems destined to belong, is another awful question; but that she will be at some time or other not very distant the seat of war between both countries, is but too probable."

9th. At three o'clock my two friends called according to appointment, when I told them definitively that it was impossible for me to accede to the proposition, and, having before they came pencilled in my pocket-book a sketch of the sort of answer I meant to return to the Limerick Union, submitted it for their approval. This done, I saw them cross the fields on their way to Devizes, and the warm-

hearted fellows parted from me, I must say, with tears in their eyes.

10th. Despatched my answer to the Requisition.

11th to 13th. Received a letter, one of these days, from Dr. Griffin, in the postscript of which he informed me that O'Connell had just arrived in Limerick; and having seen my answer, which was on the point of being laid before the Union, begged that it might be withheld till he himself should have communication with me, as he thought he could put the matter to me in such a shape as would remove all my objections. In consequence of this I waited some posts, as a matter of courtesy; and then, not hearing from O'Connell, wrote to him to say that I had heard of his kind interference, but that nothing even *he* could say (though his word, like Joshua's, seemed to be capable of controlling far greater luminaries than *I* was) could have the effect of altering my resolution; at the same time wrote to Dr. Griffin, that if my letter did not soon appear in the Limerick papers I should be forced in my own defence to publish it here.

14th to 30th. For the remainder of the month at work in various ways; at my Theology; for the "Metropolitan," and for the "Times." Sent two squibs to the latter lately, which appear to have been very successful,—"St. Jerome on Earth," First and Second Visits. Soon after the appearance of the first received a letter from some person (a stranger to me) asking in very civil and flattering terms whether this *jeu-d'esprit* was mine or not? as he had laid a wager with a friend on the subject, and had inquired in vain of the editor of the "Times" to help him to a decision on it: not that he had himself, he said, the least doubt on his mind that the verses came from the same hand that had already given the world a series of the most exquisite, &c. &c. &c., but because the wager could not be decided without some such authority. Thinking it was a pity so civil a gentleman should lose his wager, I got Talbot one morning to write him a letter for me saying, "The person to whom Mr. —— addressed a letter of such a date takes this method of informing him that he is right in his conjecture, and is therefore the winner of the wager."

December 1st, 2nd. Great praises of me in the late speeches of O'Connell at the Dublin Union. My letter to the Limerick people printed at last, and most flattering comments on it by some of the speakers at the Limerick Union.*

* This is the address alluded to in the text:—

"Sloperton Cottage, Nov. 8th, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have to acknowledge, with every feeling of respect and gratitude, the requisition so numerously signed, which I have this day had the honour of receiving from you. Already had I been in a great degree prepared for such a call by a correspondence in which I have been engaged with one of your fellow-citizens, and which, though but preliminary to the decisive step which has now been taken, had put me fully in possession of the kind feelings entertained towards me by the greater portion of the enlightened electors of your city.

"To know that even a thought of selecting me as their representative had once entered into the contemplation of persons like yourselves, so well qualified by a zealous sense of the value of liberty to judge of the requisites of those to whom such a trust should be confided, would in itself have been a source of pride and gratification to my mind; you may judge therefore what are my feelings on receiving so signal a proof, both in the cordial and unsought requisition which has this morning reached me, and in those further proceedings which I understand you meditate, that the honour you did me in selecting my name from among the many offered to you was no light or transient compliment, but that you deliberately think me worthy of being the representative of your interests in the great crisis, as well for England as for Ireland, which is now approaching.

"But, Gentlemen, rarely in this life can so high and bright a position as that in which your offer now places me be enjoyed without its opposing shadow; and in proportion to the pleasure, the triumph, which I cannot but feel at this manifestation of your opinion,—placing as it does within my reach a post of honour which I have so often in the ambition of my young days sighed for,—in proportion to my deep and thorough sense of the distinction you would thus confer upon me, is the pain with which I am compelled reluctantly to declare that I cannot accept it. The truth, plainly told, is, that my circumstances render such an appropriation of my time impossible; not even for a single session could I devote myself to the duties of Parliament without incurring considerable embarrassment. To the labour of the day, in short, am I indebted for my daily support; and though it is by being content with this lot that I have been able to preserve that independence of mind which has now so honourably, and I may be allowed to boast in so many quarters, won for me the confidence of my fellow-countrymen, it is not the less an insuperable impediment to the acceptance of the high honour you offer me.

"I am not unaware, as I have already intimated, that, in your strong and generous desire to remove this only obstacle which you know opposed itself to my compliance with your wishes, you have set on foot a national subscription for the purpose, as you yourselves express it, of providing me with the qualification necessary for a member of the House of Commons. This proof of your earnestness in the cause I feel, both on public and private grounds, most sensibly. But, however honourable I might deem such a gift after the performance of services in Parliament, I see objections to it which to me are insurmountable. Were I obliged to choose which should be my direct paymaster, the Government or the People, I should say without hesitation the People; but I prefer holding on my free course,

3rd. A visit from Bowles, full of delight at my letter; "manly, affecting, &c.; had made him cry in reading it."

4th. Lord Kerry called; spoke also of the letter: "The best letter ever written." Asked me to attend his election dinner. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Louisa called likewise in the course of the day; Lady L. bringing a nice French bonnet as a present for Bessy from Paris.

5th to 11th. A visit from Talbot to tell us of his success at Chippenham. A letter from Lord John Russell, in which he says, "I am glad to find, what I should have been sorry to find on any other occasion, that you are not coming into Parliament: I should have been sorry to see you going out into the lobby when I was staying in; and as I am convinced that must have been the case, I would rather have a worse man in your place than have that violence done to my feelings."

12th. Lord Kerry's election dinner at Calne. Lady L. had written to say Kerry would take me; but Phipps having already offered, went with him. Nothing could go off better than the day did altogether; the young chairman very adroit in his toast givings, and the company very civilized and intelligent. Their reception of me most enthusiastic. Some good glees sung; and one of the singers in them a shoemaker. Brought home by Phipps. They had wanted me to sleep at Bowood, but I preferred this.

13th. A note from Lord L. to ask me to fix a day to dine. Said he could not delay, even till then, telling me how very much he admired my address to the Limerick electors. "It was," he said, "really perfect for the occasion."

15th. A note from Lady L. to say the carriage would be with me at four. Nobody but Labouchere. In talking in the evening Lord L. asked me whether I had ever read any English work of Sir Thomas More, as Mackintosh praised him for being one of the first that wrote anything like a good English style. We then consulted a Bibliographical Dictionary, and found some English works of his mentioned which none of us knew anything about. Speaking of the construction so often used in public speaking, of the "*then* Government," "*then* Minister," Guthrie said it was following the Greek idiom, but I expressed my doubts whether he could show either "now" or "then" used before a noun in this manner in Greek. In the course of the evening he showed me a passage of Thucydides, which certainly came *near* the case in question, though it was not altogether what he had asserted—της νυν Ἑλληνικης Θαλασσης. Slept there.

18th to 31st. A letter from Corry, in which he quotes to me some opinions of his Irish correspondents about my address to the Limerick people. Bellew says, "Moore's address does him infinite honour." The Chief Justice Bushe writes, "I rejoice with you at Moore's farewell: he was right; what would the Muse do in a Pandemonium?" William Curran says, "I join most heartily with you in your admiration of Moore's address: it breathes the dignity of the bard and the spirit of the gentleman; the latter rather a novelty of late here."

humble as it is, unpurchased by either: nor shall I the less continue, as far as my limited sphere of action extends, to devote such powers as God has gifted me with to that cause which has always been uppermost in my heart, which was my first inspiration and shall be my last,—the cause of Irish freedom.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
"Your faithful and devoted Servant,
"Thomas Moore."

1833.

January 1st, 1833. Had been for some days in correspondence with Lardner respecting my Irish History, which I am now about to resume in earnest; and my resources from Power no longer going on, and my supplies from the "Metropolitan" being now at an end, I found it necessary to request of him an advance of money on the work. With great readiness he entered into my wishes, and agreed to the terms of accommodation which I proposed. Dined at Bowood, to meet Sydney Smith and his family: party, besides the Smiths, Lord Ilchester and his family. Sydney, as usual, full of wit and fun. Talking of Dumont and Bentham; the luminous manner in which the former brought Bentham's thoughts out: a good deal of his own must have been mixed up with it; his remarks on the drama, for instance. The chapter on Peines Caractéristiques full of stark staring Benthamism: the punishment for a coiner of false

money, a hot half-crown impressed upon the cheek; a woman who murdered her child, to carry always a basket suspended from her neck with a leaden child in it of a weight proportioned to her strength, *à sa force naturelle.* * * * Talking of a paragraph lately which stated that all the Church dignitaries meant to resign in case the threatened Church Reform was brought forward, he went off at score on the sad state we should be reduced to by such a resignation; our being obliged to send to America to borrow a bishop: "Have you such a thing as a bishop you could lend us? Shall keep him only a fortnight, and return him with new cassock," &c.

2nd to 4th. Sydney called at Sloperton, and was very good-natured in admiring and praising everything; said afterwards that it gratified him to see genius so well lodged, and that he had found out a good motto for my house—"*Ingenium benè habitat.*"

5th. Went to Bowood to dinner. I staid to sleep, and pass to-morrow.

6th. Talking of the bread they were now about to make from sawdust, Sydney said, people would soon have *sprigs* coming out of them. Young ladies, in dressing for a ball, would say, "Mamma, I'm beginning to sprout." Spoke of derivations of different words: nincompoop, from *non compos;* cock-a-hoop, from the taking the cock out of the barrel of ale, and setting it on the hoop to let the ale flow merrily. Talbot, by the bye, has since suggested that it was from a game cock put on his mettle with his *houppe* erect. * * * * Quoted an excellent *mot* of somebody to Fontenelle, on the latter saying that he flattered himself he had a good heart—"Yes, my dear Fontenelle, you have as good a heart as can be made out of brains."

In talking with Hallam afterwards, I put it to him, *why* it was that this short way of expressing truths did not do with the world, often as it had been tried, even Rochefoucauld being kept alive chiefly by his ill-nature. There was in this one saying to Fontenelle all that I myself had expended many pages on in my "Life of Byron" endeavouring to bring it out clearly; namely, the great difference there is between that sort of sensibility which is lighted up in the head and imagination of men of genius and the genuine natural sensibility whose seat is in the heart. Even now, in thus explaining my meaning, how many superfluous words have I made use of? Talking of the Brahmins being such good chess-players (nobody it seems can stand before them at the game), Mrs. Hastings' *naïveté* was mentioned in saying, "Well, people talk a good deal about the Brahmins playing well; but I assure you Mr. Hastings, who is very fond of chess, constantly plays with those who come to the Government House, and *always beats* them." Lord L. mentioned Mrs. Siddons saying one day, when looking over the statues at Lansdowne House, that the first thing that suggested to her the mode of expressing intensity of feeling, was the position of some of the Egyptian statues, with the arms close down by the sides, and the hands clenched. This implied a more *intellectual* feeling as to her art than I have ever given Mrs. Siddons credit for. To be sure, if ever great actor or actress had that feeling, she (the greatest *I* had ever seen) ought to have been inspired with it; but, in my opinion, none have. It is not an intellectual art. She was a dull woman. Kemble was a cultivated man; but a poor creature when he put pen to paper, or otherwise attempted to bring out anything of mind. Had a good sermon from Sydney Smith; only that it was all expressly addressed to people living in London (one of his St. Paul's sermons, in short), and therefore ninety miles wide of the mark. Dined and slept.

7th. Sydney and his family off after breakfast. Staid for an hour or two looking over books in the library, and then took leave of Lord Lansdowne, who starts for town in two or three days.

8th to 31st. From this time busy at home, with the exception of a visit which Bessy and I paid for two days at Lacock, where we made acquaintance with Talbot's newly espoused wife.

February 1st to 27th. So busy finishing off my theological work, that I have not had time to journalise. Sent a squib to the "Times," entitled "Lord Henry and St. Cecilia." Had before sent an "Ode to the Youths of Trinity College." Towards the latter end of the month my peace very much disturbed by this new Algerine act of my friends, the Whigs, against Ireland, the Coercion Act. Constant discussions with my friend Fielding on the subject.

28th. Sent Barnes some verses against the late act, entitled "Paddy's Metamorphosis." Through fear, I suppose, of his saintly readers, Barnes altered my ejaculation "Oh Christ!" into "Father's blood," which is quite new to me either in Ireland or anywhere else, and is a disfigurement to the verses.

March 1st. A visit from Lady E. Fielding, who broke out about the verses which were in to-day's paper. Wants me to defer my visit to town in order to meet the Valletorts, who come in a few days, and she wishes Mrs. Moore and me to meet them; but must be off on Tuesday or Wednesday. A letter from Lord John this morning as follows:—

"Dear Moore,

"Here is for your 'black and woolly already,'* if it be yours; more sense, though less poetry. Yours truly,

J. R."

(Lord John's verses.)

"The Irish ——.

"In Genoa 'tis said that a jewel of yore,
Clear, large, and resplendent, ennohl'd the shrine,
Where the faithful in multitudes flock'd to adore;
And the emerald was pure and the saint was divine.

"But the priest who attended the altar was base,
And the faithful who worshipp'd besotted and blind;
He put a green glass in the emerald's place,
And the multitude still in mute worship inclin'd.

"So Ireland had once a fair gem of pure water,
When Grattan and Charlemont wept with her sorrow;
By a token of glass her new patriots have bought her,—
'Tis a jewel to-day,—'twill be shiver'd to-morrow."

6th. Started for town. Had written to Bryan to say I should dine with him; and arrived there before half-past seven: none but himself and Mrs. B. Told of —— one of the new Irish members, that having, at his election, bantered a butter merchant who came to vote against him, asking him at which side of the firkin of butter he put the stone as a make-weight, the fellow, after giving him some answer, said, "And now, Mr. ——, let me ask you a question: which was it, the leaders or the wheelers you held that night when your father robbed the mail?" Bryan, as usual, savage against Ireland, and all for the new bill. "By God! it's not *half* strong enough." Got to my lodgings (15, Duke Street) early.

7th. At home till three. Went out with Mrs. Bryan in her carriage; drove to Charter House, but could not see Tom. To Rogers's at six, to take my chance of dining with him; had dined, and was going alone to some theatre, but ordered a beefsteak for me, and both went to Drury Lane, where we saw "Don Juan," and a beautiful ballet, the "Sleeping Beauty;" very pretty dancing, *à la Taglioni*, by Madlle. Duvernay. Rogers very kind and agreeable; fixed to dine with him again to-morrow.

8th. At home busy till four. At Brookes's found two or three, who, when I said, "I can't bear this bill," answered in an under tone, "I don't like it either." They are all in a wretchedly false position, and evidently feel that they are so. Dinner with Rogers. Even he (whose views of polities are in general so manly and consistent) has got bitten a little with this new Whig frenzy, and tries to defend their apostacy, for it is apostacy. Went together to the oratorio, which was very fine throughout; the last scene of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea very animated and striking.

9th. Had Tom out from the Charter House. Talking of "Killing no Murder," Sharp said that it appeared, after all, it was not written by Colonel Pride. Remarked how admirable it was, and quoted a famous passage from it. Dined (Tom and I) at Edward Moore's, for the purpose of going to some theatre. Met a Mr. Nugent, nephew to Mrs. Edmund Burke, to whom, it appears, she left all Burke's papers. Mentioned his having found the rough draft of the Prince's celebrated letter at the time of the Regency among Burke's papers. Is at present in negociation, by his own account, with Lord Milton (Lord Fitzwilliam) on the subject of these papers, which Lord F. means to edit. Two opera tickets having arrived, determined to take Tom to the opera. The opera, "Corradino;" the ballet, "Faust."

10th. Made calls; saw Barbara Godfrey. Dined with Rogers to meet Wilkie and Kenny. Talking of the picture from "Lalla Rookh" which is now exhibiting at the British Gallery,—"Mokanna unveiling his face to Zelica,"—Wilkie, in his matter-of-fact way, said, "Pray, Mr. Moore, can you give me any idea of the *sort* of face you meant to be under that veil?"

11th. Hard at work all day. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Duke of Bedford, Lord Lansdowne, Lord J. Russell, Marsh, &c. * * * The Hollands talking at dinner of their tour on the continent in 1800, when Marsh accompanied them; some difficulties

* The burden of my verses.

they had with a *commis* in their way; his saying, "*Enfin! je suis dans le cas de vous arrêter;*" Marsh's alarm at the phrase, *je suis dans le cas*—"I don't like that *dans le cas.*" Marsh having arrived at Dover before them, was seized as a spy, on account of his memorandum-book, and kept there a long time; not suffered to stir out without somebody to watch him, but told, for his comfort, that "the Government was disposed to be lenient."

12th. Taken out by Mrs. Bryan to make calls: a great saving of coach-hire. Called upon Mrs. Conyngham, whose face reminded me a little of poor Emmett's. Dined at Rogers's: Leslie and Chalons dined; we had also Kenny and Allen. In talking with Leslie in the evening I put it to him to account for the extraordinary fact, that the Italian artists of the present day, living in the midst of all that is most beautiful in art, and having it constantly before their eyes, should yet produce nothing but abortions themselves. His explanation of this not satisfactory; so little so, that I forget what it was.

13th. Dined at Lansdowne House. Had told them that I meant to have Tom out, and they were good-natured enough to ask him also, but I did not take him. A family party; Miss Fox, Lady Mary Fox, and Bobus Smith,—the first time of my ever meeting him. Very agreeable; and I can easily imagine, in his best time, preferable, with some people, to Sydney. Lord L., for instance, rates him higher. But Sydney, Sydney is, in his way, inimitable; and, as a conversational wit, beats all the men I have ever met. Curran's fancy went much higher, but also much *lower*. Sydney, in his gayest flights, though boisterous, is never vulgar.

14th. At home at work, as usual. Dined with Mrs. Manners Sutton, for the purpose of attending the House of Commons after dinner, to hear the Irish Church Reform discussion; but was disappointed. Found, on taking my seat under the gallery (next to Lord Sandon), that the debate was put off.

15th. Dined at Lord Listowel's: company, Lord and Lady Mayo, the Newtons (she a very pleasing as well as pretty person), Latham, the Bushes, &c. Sat within one of Lord Mayo:

> "For who, with an ounce of sense, would go,
> To sit and be bored by Lord Mayo?"

Suppose he never heard of those wicked lines of mine; at all events, nothing could be more friendly than both himself and his lady.

15th. Had Tom out, the Lockes having good-naturedly asked him to dine. Singing in the evening; but I took flight at ten, having engaged to accompany Rogers to the Duke of Sussex's *conversazione.* Called upon him at Sharpe's, where he had dined with Macaulay, Jeffrey, Charles Grant, &c. Had a good deal of conversation with Jeffrey (whom it always delights me to meet) on the subject of the Irish bill, and I saw that he feels most sorely the position in which it places him and all of them. Asked me could I think that anything but a strong sense of the necessity of the crisis could induce men to damage themselves in the eyes of the public (as he owned was but too likely to be the case) by such a departure from their general principles? The necessity, however, is what I question; and though the excitement produced everywhere by their own precious Reform Bill may have stirred up into somewhat more activity the spirit always alive in Ireland, I think there has not passed a year, during the last thirty, in which almost as good a case might not have been made out for a green bag or a red box, as these ministers have produced. But the fact is, that Jeffrey, and other such conscientious members of the party (and there cannot be a man more honourably and liberally disposed than he is), are the victims of their position. From that much abused feeling of honour which binds partymen together, one hot, petulant man, like ——, can commit the whole set, by making them gulp down measures the most alien to their real sentiments.

16th. My mornings mostly the same; despatching, as hastily as I can, the last sheets of my work. Dined at Rogers's, a dinner originating in my wish to meet Barnes while in town, and which was to have taken place last Sunday but that B. was engaged: company, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Clifden, Lord Gosford, Burdett, C. Fox, W. Ponsonby, Luttrell, Labouchere, Warre, and one or two more. In talking of Wolfe Tone's Journal (which Labouchere compared with Swift's "Journal to Stella!" and pronounced it affected, insincere, &c.), Rogers mentioned what I was glad to hear, that the Duke of Wellington had spoken highly of it to him, and said that but few

books had ever interested him so much. Burdett and myself remained with Rogers talking politics after the rest had gone. Burdett's conservatism deplorable. By the way, young Murray told me the other day that Croker had lately met Burdett somewhere (for the first time) at dinner, and that he said afterwards to Murray, "Talk of conservatism! he beats me hollow." As an addition to this, I have heard since that Peel was also of the party; and that, after one of Burdett's extravaganzas in his new line, Peel said quietly, "This is all very well, and I, of course, agree with you; but it would be as well not to take quite so high a tone." Peel keeping down Burdett's Toryism is excellent! But I doubt this supplement to the story.

17th. In talking one of these days at Brookes's with Lord K. he said, "What's to be done with Stanley? for he won't go with the times, and no ministry can go on without him." He then remarked that he (Stanley) and Peel were evidently destined, before long, to come together; the only difficulty was, which should yield to the other, as both want to be leaders.

18th. Went to Lansdowne House; found a large assembly: talked with a number of old acquaintances. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the meditated "Life of Mackintosh," by his son, said to me, "How I wish it was in the hands of a certain friend of mine, instead!" Mentioned that a journal which Mackintosh kept while in India, and which it was feared had been lost, has been lately discovered.

19th. Dined with Byng: company, Lord de Ros, Luttrell, Greville, Dr. Quin, &c. In my way to dinner left at De Ros's the papers relative to Lord Edward he lent me: as well as some curious old letters of his family; some of Lord Coningsby, &c., which *might* have been, perhaps, turned to some account, had I had time to examine them. Dinner agreeable enough. Went afterwards to the Opera.

23rd. Paid a visit to Mrs. Conyngham; promised to dine with her next week. A visit, before I turned out, from Tom, whom the Merewethers have undertaken to dine to-day. Dined, myself, at Brookes's. Forgot to mention a sally of Lady Holland's the other day, which amused me a good deal from its truth. Lord John had been mentioning some proceedings of Hume and others, in the House, all indicative enough of what is still further to come. "Well," she said, with a shrug of disgust, addressing herself to Lord John and Lord Holland, "*Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin.*" Nothing can be truer. They have no right to complain who so deliberately gave the impulse. Have been sitting to Moore, the sculptor, for my bust. On my way from him to-day called at Sir Martin Shee's, and agreed to dine with him to-morrow.

24th. Tom disposed of at the Merewethers'. Dined at Shee's: his own family merely. A good man, and independent. The gentlemen at Brookes's full of ire at Abercromby's vote against them the other night. "*I* take him to my heart for it," said I to Hobhouse; "but I suppose you are all in a rage with him." On talking with Fazakerley afterwards, I found that the ministers were fully prepared for the thing. Faz. himself highly indignant with Abercromby, and had called upon him to rate him on the subject. "I suppose," said A. to him, "the *mob* of the House are in high dudgeon with me." * * * I will *not* give up my good opinion of Abercromby.

25th. Mrs. Bryan took me about in her carriage to pay visits. Called at Lord Dover's and saw Lady Dover, who asked me to name some day this week to dine with them; named Thursday. Met there Lady Stafford (Gower that was), who asked me to dine on Wednesday, and go to a private view of the microscope in the evening. Unluckily engaged for dinner, but promised to join her party in the evening. Took advantage of the carriage to be left at Longman's, where I was to dine, and had an hour's talk on business before dinner. A few days after my last interview with Power I wrote him a note to say that, in order to avoid coming to any extremities, I was very willing to submit the difference between us to the arbitration of two persons appointed by common consent; that I would name either Mr. Longman or Mr. Rogers, both men of business, and he should appoint somebody equally qualified on his side; or (as I looked for nothing that *any* two fair men would not award to me) *he* might appoint both arbitrators, and I was perfectly ready to abide by their decision. To this he answered that he had no objection whatever to Mr. Longman or Mr. Rogers, and would be very glad if Mr. Rees would act on his side. This ready assent

to my proposal of an arbitration looked, I thought, well and promising; and, in the note I wrote acquainting him of Rees's consent to act between us, I took the opportunity of mentioning the favourable impression this step of his had made upon me. In talking over the matter with Rees and Longman now, I found that Power had been with Rees in the morning, and left him our deeds of agreement and some extracts from my letters to look over; the result of which examination, was that, in the opinion both of Rees and Longman (to the latter of whom the matter was more explained), Power "had not," as they expressed it, "a leg to stand upon." Even the deduction of the 50*l.* annually from my annuity (which I agreed to give towards the payment of the arranger), he has from these documents, they think, no power of enforcing, if I chose to refuse it. In consequence of finding the case so bad, it was Rees's intention to decline being arbitrator; but I suggested that it would be advisable to state, at the same time, his reasons for so declining, as it might have the effect of making Power think a little more seriously on the subject. Company at dinner, Merivale (who has sent me lately the new edition of his agreeable work, the "Greek Anthology"), M'Culloch, James Stuart, author of the "Three Years in North America," and the partners. Story of a Scotch divine, well-known for being a *seccatore* in his preaching, who, having been caught one day in a shower going to church, was complaining to a friend of being very wet; "Well, Geordie," said the friend, "only get up in the pulpit, and ye'll be dry enough."

27th. Told Rogers (who I forgot to mention, had consented to meet Rees as my arbiter in the business with Power) of Rees having looked over Power's papers, and then declined having anything to do with the business. Nothing, Rogers thought, could be more injudicious and mischivious to me than this step. Rees ought to have refused looking at my papers till they were laid before him and Rogers together, when they might have secured a settlement; but now, by defeating thus the prospect of an amicable arrangement, he had thrown the whole thing adrift, and left no other alternative but law. This I felt to be but too true. * * * Rogers was most hearty and anxious on the subject, and as he never fails to be upon matters of business) clear-sighted and judicious.

31st. Wished much to have been able to get to the Warwick Street Chapel, but could not leave my transcribing. Tom went, but, from the great crowd, could not get in. Walked about with him a little, intending him to return to the Charter House afterwards, but, by good luck, Admiral Douglas, on whom we called, kept him to dinner, I myself being engaged to Lansdowne House. Had been asked, also, to the Speaker's. Large party at L. House; Sir C. and Lady Coote, Hobhouse, Codrington, Spring Rice, &c. Somebody mentioned that the Duke of Modena has set up a newspaper in his dominions, of which he is himself the editor, and calls it "*Luce di Verità.*" Was told, one of these days, of a smart thing said by Alvanley respecting an exquisite bachelor's box, fitted up, it appears, in the most ornamented style, but where, it also appears, there is never by any chance a *dinner* given. "I should like a little less gilding and more carving," said Alvanley. Luttrell mentioned rather an amusing quaintness he had read somewhere lately. In speaking of some young man just come of age, it was said, "he had nothing to do, and a great deal of money to do it *with*."

April 2nd. Walking with G—— D——, he mentioned having met Talleyrand yesterday, and his saying of some woman that L—— was praising as having *beaucoup d'esprit*, "*Oui, beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup; elle ne s'en sert jamais.*" Mentioned a thing Talleyrand had said to him in speaking of the Americans, which he (G——) professed not to be able to understand, nor do I quite comprehend it either: *Comme toutes les nouvelles nations, ils manquent de sensibilité*," meaning physical sensibility. Talleyrand's notion must, I think, have been that civilization and luxury act, through the mind, upon the body, and render men *physically* more sensitive both to pleasure and pain; and there may be some truth in this. Talked over some of Talleyrand's *mots;* his replying to —— (I forget who, some notorious reprobate*), who had said to T., "*Je n'ai fait qu'une seule méchanceté dans ma vie;*" "*Et celle-là,*" answered Talleyrand, "*quand finira-t-elle?*" His sitting by M.'s bed when the latter was in great agony,

* Said to be Rivarol.—Ed.

and thought to be dying. "*Je sens les tourmens de l'enfer*," said M.; "*Déja?*" asked Talleyrand. Of the same nature was another, on some occasion when M., very ill, had fallen on the floor, and was grasping violently at it with his hands: "*Il veut absolument descendre*," said T.

4th. Visit from Power. Was soon made sensible of the great injury Rees had done me by declining the arbitration, and declining it too, in such a way as to leave Power still under the impression that there was nothing beyond the mere ordinary course of business in his conduct to me. * * * Dined at Byng's: company, Lord Essex, Sir Francis Burdett, Baron Dedel, the Dutch ambassador, and somebody else, whom I now forget. Dedel a sensible man, and speaks English like an Englishman; the only word he used which betrayed the foreigner was in speaking of the arrangement he is come to effect: "It would be very *desirous* that it should take place." This, too, he has an authority for in Gay, who, in one of Macheath's songs, uses the word in this sense, being forced thereto, however, by the hard necessity of *rhyme*.* In talking of the present state of politics I took an opportunity of saying, that "Whatever excuses might be pleaded for men placed as the Whigs now are for occasionally departing from the principles which they had all their lives professed, it was at least unfortunate for the cause of freedom that they should be driven to any such change, as it could have no other effect than that of bringing all public principle into disrepute." I was rather glad to have this slap at Burdett, and before the Dutchman, too, as it will show him what *little* men in this country can venture to say to *great* ones.

5th. A fine day. Wrote to Rogers to propose we should pass it together, and he answered, "I am delighted; come here early, and let us go to the Zoological Gardens." This I at first declined, as rather a greater *abandon* of the day than I had meditated; but, at last, not being able to resist the sunshine, I sallied out. Found Rogers had just set off to Newton's, and guessed it was to ask N. and his wife to dinner: got there before him. As I anticipated, he invited them to join us, and they consented. All started together in R.'s carriage for the Zoological, and dined together afterwards. Day altogether very agreeable; and the Newtons proposed the same sort of dinner with them on Monday next, my last day.

6th. Hard at work transcribing notes to swell out my first volume, the second having exceeded it in bulk by near fifty pages.

7th. Staid at home all day to write a preface for my book, but could not please myself. Cut away half, and sent the remainder to the printer. Tom drove with Mrs. Bryan to the park. Dined, both of us, with the Bryans; none but ourselves. On consideration made up my mind to have no preface at all.

8th. Went to the printer's and cancelled preface. Busy with commissions for home. Dinner (Tom and I) at Newton's. N. and his wife sung in the evening, and her singing very agreeable indeed. Her expression and manner of pronouncing in some old duets of my own, very much to my taste. Rogers came away with Tom and me in the evening, and was most kind and amiable. His manner of speaking of my dear Bessy full of cordiality; and it always warms my heart through and through to hear any one do her justice. Saw Bessy's mother before I went home to pack, having first packed Tom off to Paternoster Row. Did not get to bed till late.

9th. Off in the "Emerald" at eight. In stopping to dine at Marlborough was accosted by Talbot's servant, who told me that Lady Valletort was at the inn, on her way to town. Went up to her immediately, and have seldom seen (even in painting) half so beautiful a group as herself, her child, and her pretty Irish nurse presented; each perfect in their several ways, and all *rayonnans* with freshness and good humour. She was on her way to join Lord Valletort, and pay a visit to Windsor (to show the king his little god-son) before they leave England. When this said Irish nurse first came to take charge of the child she asked one of the servants its name, and was told "Mr. Edgecumbe." "Faith then," she answered, "it's the smallest gentleman to be called a *mister* that ever I set my eyes on." Arrived at Devizes between six and seven, and took a chaise home.

* "Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
And fires us,
With courage, love, and joy.
Women and wine should life employ;
Is there aught else in life *desirous*?"
Beggars' Opera.

One day I was told that there had been *four* gentlemen inquiring after me, and that they seemed to be foreigners. Poor devils! They were Irishmen; a deputation, from the Committee of the Irish Working Classes in London, to ask me to write an inscription for a piece of plate they are about to present to O'Connell. Sent them an answer to "The Coach and Horses," Hatton Garden, explaining the reasons of my not being able to comply with their request, and (in defiance of the sneers of Brookes's) *praising* O'Connell. By the way, I have forgot to mention that one of the first things I did on coming to town was to call upon this great Bug-a-boo of the Whigs, much to the horror, too, of my *quondam Radical* friend, B. Found him at home, and had some conversation with him. In talking of the Coercion Bill, and the feeling of the House of Commons towards Ireland, he said, "I am now convinced that Repeal wont do, and that it must be Separation." I told him that I had always considered them identical questions, and that my great difficulty in espousing Repeal publicly (that is, in Parliament) would have been to conceal (if I could have concealed) the consciousness, or rather conviction, there is in my mind that one would be followed by the other as naturally and necessarily as night is by day-light.

In one of my conversations with Lord John this time we talked about my forthcoming book, and I explained to him the nature of it, adding that I had not the least doubt in my own mind of the truth of the case I undertook to prove in it, namely, that Popery is in all respects the old original Christianity, and Protestantism a departure from it. In talking of prose-writing one morning with Rogers, he pointed out to me a letter of Lord Essex's (printed in Bacon's works) which Hallam had directed his attention to. Some most admirable writing in it. Must see (for I had then but time to glance over it) whether this is the letter mentioned by Hume.

24th. Made up my mind to write to Sir R. Peel on the subject of the Charter House for my little Russell, though having still less hope of success than ever from Tom having told me that a relative of Peel's has been lately placed on the foundation. Begged of Peel in my letter not to take the trouble of answering if (as I felt pretty sure would be the case) he should be unable to comply with my request; adding that, giving him every credit for good will on the subject, I would take his silence as a negative.

26th. An answer from Sir Robert of the kindest description; fully justifying the high opinion which (even when most hating his politics) I have unvaryingly entertained of him. The following is the commencement of his letter:—"My dear Sir,—I must say I should have had the greatest personal satisfaction in being enabled to comply with your wishes, for I feel I could not make a worthier use of my Charter House privilege than by nominating the son of one who has done honour to the literature of his country by his genius, and has upheld its character by a high spirit of integrity and independence." He then mentions his having so recently nominated the son of a relative of his own, but expresses a strong wish and hope that it may be in his power, by some arrangement or other, to make his next turn of appointment available towards my object. This opens, at least, a chance for my little Russell; for I remember some years since General Bathurst being very anxious to exchange a *present* appointment (which his son was not then old enough to accept) for the promise of a *future* one, and something of this kind may turn up for my Russell. At all events, it is most kind, liberal, and high-minded conduct on the part of Peel.

Had a strange letter from a man about the Irish Round Towers, saying that he, and he alone, has found out their whole secret history, and will communicate it to me for my present work, *moyennant une bonne somme d'argent*. A second letter from him, offering to come and pass a month with me, or more, if occasion should require; during which time he will make me master of the whole birth, parentage, and *bringing up* of the Irish Round Towers, asking of me only (in addition to the honour of his visit) one hundred guineas for the same!

May 1st to 19th. At work, and little else.

20th. Bowles called with Hughes on his way to Devizes, and we asked him to return and dine, which he did. Very amusing and good-humoured about my theology, about Miss Martineau, about Lord Henley, &c. &c. Have not for a long time laughed so much.

24th. After breakfast went to Upham's to look over his catalogue, and found some books

useful to me in my Irish task, which I brought away with me. Started for Buckhill (where Bessy and son were to meet me with the car) at three. Dined there, and home in the evening. Our dear Tom's improvement, in every way, is most delightful to us, and never did we enjoy his company (nor he, to all appearance, ours) half so much as we have done these holidays.

June 1st to 8th. To dinner at Hughes's in Devizes: company, Dr. Thackeray (the provost of King's College, Cambridge), young Phipps, and Mr. and Mrs. de Bouilly. Talking of strange texts for sermons, the following were mentioned: "Take it by the tail," from Exodus ("Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail"); the argument founded upon it being that we must judge of God's providence by the event; "Old shoes and clouted" (Joshua ix.), which I forget what the preacher made of; and "Top not come down," from Matthew ("Let him which is in the house-top not come down"), which was taken as a text for a sermon against ladies' top-knots.

25th. Our Dublin friend, Meara, arrived unexpectedly from London. Walked him over to Spye Park, where he had a good specimen of English heartiness and hospitality in their very kind attentions to him, their anxiety that he should stay and dine, their offer of the curricle to take him to Bowood, &c. I was glad that he should return to Ireland with a better impression than the "heartlessness" (as he calls it) of Loudon had left upon him. Dined with us, and returned to Devizes in the evening.

26th. Started for Bath (Bessy, Russ, and myself), on our way to visit the Napiers and Houltons. Called upon Mrs. Crawford, and sang over to her some of the words I have written to her pretty Russian airs. Met M. at Upham's, and had some curious opinions from him on the subject of my "Irish Gentleman," which he was then engaged in the perusal of. Said "it would be the text-work of the Christian world in some half century hence." Praised the style of it very warmly; but remarked upon what he considered an Irishism, and what Burke himself, he added, had fallen into,—my saying the "*three first* centuries," the "*four first* centuries," &c., instead of the "first three," the "first four," &c. Told him, however, that it was not inadvertently nor *Irishly* that I had fallen into this mode of expression, but from deliberately thinking (whether rightly or wrongly, I could not be sure) that it was the true English idiom. For instance, every one says "the two first cantos of 'Childe Harold,'" meaning the two cantos that come first, or are placed first. I recollect having a little struggle with Simmons, my valuable typograph, on this very point, as he wanted to make it "first two cantos," but I held out stoutly for the other way. Whether I am right or not can't say. On to Napier's.

28th. People to dinner from Bath; to wit, General Mina, Madame Aguada, a pretty Spanish woman, who teaches music and languages at Bath, and Mr. and Mrs. Soden.

29th. An impudent trick in to-day's "Standard," but I must say (though myself the victim of it) not a bad one. The fellows have pretended to think that some *very* trashy verses which have appeared in the "Times" (why admitted there I know not) are *mine*, and have shown them up with all their might. What makes it more provoking is, that I must bear it all *sans réplique*, as to put in a disavowal of *these* verses would be in some degree to acknowledge others. Napier very anxious to stimulate me to something vigorous on the occasion; but the true strength on such occasions is to keep quiet. Removed bag and baggage to Farleigh, where we had at dinner a rector and his lady, and a young curate. Speaking of the *horreurs* which are sometimes told as exhibited in Paris, I said it would be found, I thought, on inquiry, that *Englishmen* are, in nine cases out of ten, the chief promoters and spectators of such abominations. The Italians have a sort of proverb which says (as well as I can recollect it),—

"Inglese Italianato
È un diavolo incarnato;

and certainly the manner in which this "most moral of all nations" breaks loose when abroad is quite frightful.

July 1st to 5th. Left Farleigh for home about twelve, the Houltons sending their carriage on with us to Melksham, where we took a fly. On the 5th Mrs. Napier and Fanny arrived to pass some days with us, in the hope that the change of air may do poor Fanny some good.

6th to 13th. On the 12th or 13th the Napiers left us. The sight of the poor girl every day made me melancholy, by bringing back

some most sad recollections. Read plays to her two or three evenings, which seemed to give her great pleasure. Received a letter (accompanying a copy of his lately published work) from Dr. Rock, a Catholic divine, full of the most enthusiastic praises of my book.

14th to 31st. Nothing else of any importance this month.

August 2nd. Set off for town, partly as a little change of scene, and partly for the despatch of some business which could not be so well managed at a distance. Alone all the way, and employed myself in polishing some verses I have written to Russian airs. Went to the Fieldings, where I had been kindly offered house-room. Found them at dinner, in order to be early enough at the French play. After dining with them called upon Bessy's mother; thence to Brookes's and home early to bed.

3rd. Went to the Charter House; saw Saunders, the master, who gave me a very good account of Tom, and took the trouble of calculating the periods of the different nominations for the next few years, in order to see what was my chance of getting Russell on the foundation. It appeared that, even if I could not effect an exchange in the intermediate time, Peel's turn for a nomination will recur sufficiently soon to enable him to appoint Russell. This very agreeable intelligence I of course communicated, by letter, to mamma.

4th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and went afterwards to the Warwick Street Chapel; a fine mass of Haydn's, but the female voices wretched. Joined there by Tom, with whom I walked about. Took him to Lansdowne House, and saw Lady L. Were both with Rogers at four to go dine at Highbury (his sister's). Drove to Regent's Park; told of Coleridge riding about in a strange shabby dress, with I forget whom, at Keswick, and on some company approaching them, Coleridge offered to fall behind and pass for his companion's servant. "No," said the other, "I am proud of you as a friend; but, I must say, I should be ashamed of you as a servant." Called for one of Rogers's married sisters on our way, and had a very agreeable dinner at Highbury, taking care that Tom should be off early enough in the evening for the Charter House hours.

5th. Called at Sir Robert Peel's and just missed him, but saw and sat some time with Lady Peel. Showed me Haydon's picture of Napoleon at Elba: something fine in the simplicity and solitariness of it; nothing but the man, the rock, and the sea. Left a message for Sir Robert, which she very willingly and kindly undertook, telling him the state of the future presentations at the Charter House, and the good chance there was in prospect for my little Russell, if he (Sir R.) should find that it was in his power to appoint him. Went afterwards to the Speaker's, and found Mrs. Speaker herself and Billy Holmes at their wine: the Speaker having just left them to go into the House.

7th. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and received there a young American, Mr. Ritchie, who brought me a letter of introduction from Washington Irving. After saying in it that he had been on a tour to some of their most wild and beautiful scenes, Irving adds that he has settled himself in a snug rural box of his own, and that Mrs. Moore will, he is sure, be rejoiced to hear that he has got in the neighbourhood of Sleepy Hollow. This is in allusion to Bessy having often laughed at him for his habit of falling asleep after dinner.

8th. Sat to Moore. Took Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. George to see Rogers's house, and was astonished myself at the variety and rarity of his treasures. He had very kindly left out some of his most beautiful and precious things for us to look at, and the ladies were enchanted. Dressed early to go with Lady Elizabeth Fielding to dine at Richmond with the Lansdownes. Sauntered about the grounds and wrote letters before dinner: company, the Lord Chancellor (Brougham), Lord Melbourne, Lord Auckland, the two Villierses, Smyth, and ourselves. The day dull enough. Lord Melbourne laughs *more* and *at less* than ever. Wm. Smyth rather amused us, for lack of better, with an account of the last scientific meeting at Cambridge, and his complaints of some hard-hearted Irish orators who *would* speak, though the dinner was waiting and spoiling. The *naïveté* with which he dwelt on the importance of the dinner was excellent. * * * I may, perhaps, speak from *jealousy* of his powers, for he has done me the favour of writing all the "Irish Melodies" over again for the world. For instance, "The Minstrel Boy" goes thus in his version—

"Then, soldier, come, fill high the wine,
For we reck not of to morrow," &c.

One of the verses is in the following poetic strain—

"Driveller to be in my fire-side chair,
With saws and tales unheeded;
A tottering thing of aches and care,
No longer lov'd or needed."

As nobody would mind or sing *my* "Go where glory waits thee," he has kindly supplied the air with such rhymes as the following:—

"Oh! thou hapless soldier,
Left alone to moulder (*mouldier !*)."

And "Eveline's Bower" is thus moralised by the Professor—

"I am bow'd down with years,
And fast flow my tears,
But I wander, I mourn not, your pity to win:
'Tis not age, want, or care,
I could poverty bear," &c. &c.

In the same improving spirit he has turned the song "Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin" into—

"Oh who, my dear Dermot, has dar'd to deceive thee?"

And "The Valley lay smiling before me" is, in his *rifacimento*, thus—

"Oh, would I were but that sweet linnet,
That I had my apple tree too;
Could sit all the sunny day *on* it,
With nothing but singing to *do !*"

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went and looked over books at the Museum for two or three hours, having agreed to dine and go to Vauxhall with R. He took me first to the British Gallery to see the triple exhibition of Reynolds, West, and Lawrence; and never was there a more fatal juxtaposition than that of Reynolds beside Lawrence is to the latter: it amounts almost to a deathblow to his fame. After reading at the Museum (book about Ireland) went to sit to Moore. Dined with Rogers and Wilkie, and about eleven R. and I (gay young fellows!) sallied forth for Vauxhall. Met there the Clanricardes, and sat with them to see the fireworks. Have taken my place in the "Emerald" for Monday next.

Forgot to mention that one of these mornings I called upon Lord John, and sat some time with him. Told me that he was going to Ireland as soon as Parliament was up, with Lord Ebrington. Spoke a good deal of Peel; it was owing to him that the Tories did not press their late opposition so far as to defeat the Ministers in the House of Lords. The old cager ones, * * very angry with him, said, "It's all very well for Peel to take this line: he is still young and has a large fortune, and so can *wait;* but *we*, &c." This is in the true spirit of blind and reckless place-seekers. Lord J. seemed to think the Ministry in smooth water now for some time to come.

11th. Breakfasted at Moore's, to meet the famous and anonymous caricaturist H. B.; a brother-in-law of his also of the party. H. B. (who is an Irish artist) a very sensible and gentlemanlike person, and it was not a little interesting to hear his history of the course of his *ánonyme*, the guesses, risks of discovery, &c. Told him of Rogers, Wilkie, and myself having been employed the night before in looking over his caricatures, and comparing them with Gilray's. He was evidently anxious to know what Wilkie thought of them, and I told him pretty nearly the general result of our comparison; which was that, with the exception of one or two things ("George the Third with Napoleon on his hand" being of the number) we all agreed that there was a quiet power about his caricatures, producing as they did their effect without either extravagance or ill-nature, which set them, in a very important respect, far above Gilray's.

12th. Off at eight. Met a very agreeable fellow-traveller in Miss Wyatt, whom I had seen once before at Devizes. Found dear Bess and Tom waiting for me at Devizes, with the car.

13th. Archery meeting. Lady Lansdowne offered to take us; but Bessy, wishing to be there early for the shooting, preferred our own fly and *one* to the Marchioness's coach and four. My voice completely gone with cold; could not speak above a whisper. By the secretary's wish, took Lady Lansdowne in to dinner, and sat between her and Lady T. Hale, the lady patroness. Glad to get home at night, being in but bad tune for a fête.

14th to 16th. On this last day Rees arrived to pay us a visit. Were about to go to a picnic on Roundaway, but, on receiving his letter by the morning's post announcing himself, it was decided that Bessy alone should go. Arrived at dinner hour.

24th. Bessy returned from Freshford, bringing with her Napier. Napier full of my book (the "Travels").

27th to 30th. Have not had time to jour-

nalise. Busy at my History; at "Irish Melodies;" at an article for the "Edinburgh," &c. &c. My singing voice, I grieve to say, not yet returned.

31st. Letter from Lord John Russell, telling me that he was at last actually going to Ireland, and asking me to join him there in a trip to Killarney and return by Dublin. This a most tempting offer, and under any other circumstances but the present I should have jumped at it; but money and time both run short with me,—bills coming in at Christmas, and my History *due* at the same time; what was I to do? My dear generous Bessy all anxiety that I should go; and enumerated all the little businesses I could transact, to show that it would be well worth my while. Took time to consider, and wrote to Lord John for further particulars. In his letter Lord John says very good-humouredly, "You may be as patriotic as you please (during our journey) about the 'First Flower of the Earth, &c.;' indeed, your being a rebel may somewhat atone for my being a cabinet minister."

September 5th. Dined at Bowood, Bessy and myself, to meet the Bowleses and Fieldings. Madame M. there also. Day very agreeable. The Lansdownes' carriage, which had taken us, brought us back again. Bowles in a most amusing mood during the evening, showing himself up with a degree of *abandon* which convulsed us all with laughter. His account of his course of education at Strasbourg, where he was for a short time when young; his having learnt French fortification, and the *pierres gravées* (*peer gravvy*, as he pronounced it); and the specimens he gave us of his proficiency in these two branches of learning, French and the peer gravvy, beyond measure laughable. Fixed to go with him on Saturday to Stonehenge, a long-projected expedition.

6th. Bowles called to make some alterations in our arrangement for Saturday (tomorrow), and was evidently uneasy at the exhibition he made of himself yesterday evening; but I assured him that nothing could be more delightful, and that such playfulness and *bonhomie* could leave no other impression behind than that of pleasure, which is very nearly the truth.

7th. Bowles called for us in his carriage about nine, when we all set off together, Tom riding. At Ledway, four miles beyond Devizes, we found B.'s pony-carriage, which had been sent on there last night; and in that we proceeded to Stonehenge. It was my first time of seeing this "noblest ornament of Albion's isle," as Warton calls it, and the impression of its grandeur rather *grew* upon me than struck me all at once; which I find is the course its effect takes with most people. Found some sensible Quakers there, with whom we had some conversation, and one of them mentioned his having lately taken an American gentleman there, making him keep his eyes shut till he got directly under the highest stones. But the American, on looking up, merely said, "What do you mean by this?" and saw nothing wonderful in it. The same person, however, when they took him to Salisbury Cathedral, was overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at it. The fact is, that it is *art* surprises the Americans: *nature* they have on the grandest scale themselves: and stones so little removed from a state of nature as those at Stonehenge (however wonderfully they may be placed) have but little of new or marvellous for him who has seen the rocks beyond the Atlantic, and has ever sailed in a tall ship (as this American said he had done) under a natural arch of rock. But the wonders of *art* they are wholly unaccustomed to—the combination of size and space with laborious ornament and elegance; and therefore is it that Salisbury would carry it hollow with them against Stonehenge. Dined at the "Bustard," well and cheaply, and taking the carriage again at Ledway, were conveyed back comfortably by our Reverend *Vetturino*, reaching home before eight o'clock. Nothing could be managed better or more agreeably than the whole journey; Bowles and I talking Druidical learning the whole way, much to Bessy's edification and amusement.

8th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne, at Hughes's request, on the subject of his son. Received a letter from Lord John from Holyhead, whither mine, which I sent to the Foreign Office, had followed him. The violent winds had induced him to change his route: and had I known this, and been able to join him in England, the thing would have been more feasible, as I might have staid in Dublin during the greater part of his visit to the south; and thus (be-

sides seeing my dear Nell) have turned my time in Dublin to some account (in the *book* way), which would have reconciled me to the waste of time and money otherwise. Made up my mind, with great reluctance, to decline joining him. I had told him, in my letter, of Mrs. Moore's anxiety that I should go; and he says in his answer that it only confirms the opinion he always entertained of her amiability.

9th. A note from Lord Lansdowne just before he started, in which he says that if I should make up my mind to go to Ireland, and will join him at Limerick, he will take me on to Lord Duncannon's, and from thence bring me, by Lord Cawdor's, home. All very tempting; but I had made up my mind *not*, and accordingly wrote to Lord John to say so.

10th to 18th. One of these days had a visit from an Irish priest, who brought me an introduction from Ellen; a very interesting and intelligent little man, and armed at all points in theology; full of praise and surprise at my book.

20th to 22nd. Nothing. Received a letter from Lord John from Bessborough, saying he was expecting me, and that Lord and Lady Duncannon would be most happy to see me. * * * * A letter from Lord John from Cork, beginning "Dear Captain Rock," and saying that I was very wrong in not joining him, but that he was himself very much to blame for it in not giving me earlier and clearer notice of his intentions. Received some short time ago a letter from a gentleman at New Orleans, informing me that a manuscript had come into his hands at the sale of some deceased Englishman's effects, which was evidently written by some one concerned in the Revolution of 1688, and which he thought curious and valuable. His wish was to present it to some public institution in England, as from a friend to the historical literature of that country; and as soon as he received my answer he should transmit it to me for this purpose. The tone, style, and subject of the letter are such as one could have little expected from New Orleans. Though singling me out as the channel for his gift, there is not a word of the usual flattery about "genius," "high reputation," &c.; but coming at once, simply and intelligibly, to the point, he leaves his reasons for addressing *me* on the subject to speak for themselves. This struck me, both from its singularity and its good taste. Have received within these few days another transatlantic letter from Washington, written by a gentleman who signs himself member of the Asiatic*al*, Geographical, and Anthropological Society of Paris, late United States Consul General for the Empire of Morocco, &c. &c. Notwithstanding this battery of titles, his letter is both intelligently and modestly written; his chief object being to request my aid in collecting autographs for him among our great men for some library at Washington. After mentioning that there are several cenotaphs erecting or about to be erected throughout America to Byron and Scott, he proceeds to say: "The feeling produced in this country by your 'Satires' has long been consigned to oblivion from the great pleasure and instruction derived from the perusal of your other productions; and where your effigy would once have been burnt, your eulogy (if you were to die to-morrow) would be pronounced by the most competent man in the States."

October 1st. Dined at Merewether's, his daughter and Miss Macdonald having called to fetch me. Bessy not well enough to go. His grounds pretty, and the day delicious. Nothing, indeed, can equal in the way of weather the days that are now passing over us. I sit out in the garden from breakfast till dinner-time, with my books and papers about me. Walked about with Merewether before dinner. Company, the Bowleses, Macdonalds, and Salmons, Heneage, and an old Dr. Hawes. Sat next to Bowles luckily. He had shown me, before dinner, a letter he had just received from his friend Archbishop Howley, in answer to one he had written to him on the subject of the Mausoleum at Bowood, which Lady Lansdowne wishes to have consecrated, a step at which, it seems, the Bishop of Salisbury hesitates. After saying that he sees no objection to the consecration, the archbishop proceeds to speak of the aspect of the times, which he declares to be not a little lowering (meaning, in respect to the Church), and adds, "For myself, I can say with Latinus, *Mihi parta est quies, omnisque in littore portus!*" Bowles had read the name of this author Latinensis; but I saw it was Latinus, and found on reference to "Morhofius," when I came home, that

the archbishop's classic is Latinius Latinus, a Catholic divine of the sixteenth century, who wrote, among other things, Latin poems, and is lauded as a very honest man by Lipsius. In speaking of Sir W. Petty's double-bottomed ship, which was meant to be capable of sailing against wind and tide, but which, after one successful voyage, went down, Bowles told me that the last Lord Lansdowne thought he had found out why the contrivance had failed, and constructed a ship accordingly, which he put to sea in himself from Southampton, asking Bowles to accompany him! He had persuaded a German and a Frenchman to accompany him, and as the ship sailed from the shore, the people on the beach cried, "She'll be over; she'll be over; she is over, by G—d!" which was actually the case, the ship having capsized before they got many yards from the shore, the noble inventor and his companions being thrown out into the mud, where, to make the ridicule the greater, Lord Lansdowne began to speechify to the German and Frenchman, making a thousand apologies for having brought them into that condition. A good many jokes of Jekyll told. Mr. Salmon mentioned having heard Jekyll make a quotation in one of his speeches, which he could never trace to its source. The subject was, the employment of *two* physicians instead of *one*, as a means of making death *doubly* sure. The one physician was compared to a single scull, in rowing—

> "But two physicians, like a *pair* of oars,
> Waft us more swiftly to the Stygian shores."

* * * Returned at night in a fly.

2nd to 6th. A visit one of these days from Lord Lansdowne: sat some time with me. A good deal of conversation. Asked whether I was not surprised at Lord Wellesley's wishing to take the government of Ireland again. Never saw Lord L. in better spirits, and as kind and agreeable as, to do him justice, he always is. Franked some letters for me; one acknowledging a civility from the new manager of the two great theatres, Mr. Bunn, who lately wrote to me to say that he had placed my name on the free list of both houses. * * *

7th. A good deal of talk about politics after breakfast. In talking of the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland Lord Lansdowne said, "If I were to consent to take it, it would be on the condition of having much more power placed in my hands than (looking archly and laughing at me) you would be inclined to give me." I answered that, on the contrary, I thought an autocrat could alone do what was wanting in Ireland, and that there were few hands I would so readily trust with the autocracy as his: but still there was some smashing work to be done, which I feared he would rather shrink from; the Church, for instance, which must go by the board to have any peace in Ireland. He then pointed out strongly and fairly the difficulty, and still more, as he thought, the injustice, of dealing so summarily with an establishment which had grown up under the auspices and encouragement of England, and round which so large, wealthy, and respectable a portion of the population rallied. All this I could not but grant to him, so that, in fact, hopelessness, utter hopelessness, seems the only result one ever arrives at in considering Ireland's miseries; it has been the burthen of her sad song from the first, and will be to the last.

14th. A visit from Lord Kerry, who has just returned from his Norwegian trip. Came to tell me that Lady Lansdowne would send the car for me. Went in it only as far as the "George," and walked the rest. Company (besides John and Mrs. Starkey), Serjeant Merewether, and two barristers (who are come to Calne on a commission),—the Belgian minister Van De Weyer, and two ladies, artists, who have come to copy some of the Bowood pictures. An odd assemblage, but not unamusing. Some talk about the antiquities of Wiltshire after dinner, Van De Weyer having been employed in reading Button during the morning, and being full of Wansdyke and the "Belgic boundary." Miller talked of Rammohun Roy; some difficulties, as it appears, about disposing of his remains, so as not to interfere with the Indian law of caste. Strange that he should have kept caste while alive, considering all the un-Brahminical things he has done; crossing the forbidden river in the first place, and then turning Unitarian Christian in the second. If this makes no difference in a Brahmin's orthodoxy, it's all over with the *Veds*. Miller mentioned some of the cases of caste that come before the law courts in India: and one was where a man in giving a dinner left out some particular person, and this person immediately brought an action against the entertainer, on the ground that such a slight was likely to endanger his right of caste. Lord Lansdowne

mentioned having been once at a lecture of Owen's, at the time when he first began his operations; and there were among his auditors, on this occasion, besides bishops and archbishops, one of the royal princes, the Duke of Gloucester, I believe. For the purpose of better explaining his views of society, Owen had prepared small pieces of metal of different sizes, to represent the various classes of the community and the relative value which they bore as parts of the whole, and began by apologising to the illustrious duke for the very *small* bit of metal that represented royalty on the occasion.

15th. Before breakfast Lord Kerry came in to my room with some Norwegian songs he promised to show me. Read over a translation of them to me, while I traced the sense through the original, and the similarity of a number of words to the English was far closer than I could have conceived. A party after breakfast to the Wansdyke to show it to Van De Weyer, but I did not accompany them, having to occupy myself in the library. Bobus Smith arrived to luncheon; full of agreeable knowledge and conversation. In talking of the two races into which mankind are generally divided, the Celt and Goth, seemed to think that the Scandinavian was a race distinct from both; but there is no end to the variety and confusion of the hypotheses on the subject. The company at dinner all the better for being *plus* by Smith, and *minus* by some of yesterday's folk. The Belgian said that one of the worst names you could call any body (in Belgium, I think) was *un hibou gnarré*. Lord L. owned he should not like to be called a *hibou quarré*.

Mentioned also an action brought by some one against another for calling him *un individu*, and, it having appeared on the trial that the plaintiff had called defendant *un être*, the judge decided that they were *sur un pied d'égalite* with each other. Lord L. told of some old woman who was shocked at being called a "noun-substantive." The *caller* of names had tried all possible terms of reproach —"wretch," "old devil," &c. &c., but nothing produced any effect till the word "noun-substantive" was applied; the *ignotum pro horrifico* was then fully exemplified. In talking of the general spread of information and of a certain degree of artifical cleverness that is now in progress, which will ultimately raise the whole of society to the same level, and render *distinction* a rare phenomenon, Smith told of a conversation he had once with Talleyrand on this point. Referring to the number of clever men, in all walks, that used to appear in France, he asked "*Qu'est-elle devenue cette classe d'hommes de lettres?*" "*Vous voulez que je vous dise* (answered Talleyrand) *ce qu'elle est devenue; elle est devenue tout le monde.*" This was well said and true; but what is ultimately to come of such a state of things it is hard to conjecture. In talking of Frere, Smith told a *mot* of his I had not heard before. Madame de —— having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in *English*, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was *she* married in?" "*Broken* English, I suppose," answered Frere. Sung a little in the evening.

16th. Some agreeable conversation after breakfast with Smith and Lord Lansdowne. In talking of O'Connell, of the mixture there is in him of high and low, formidable and contemptible, mighty and mean, Smith summed up all by saying, "The only way to deal with such a man is to hang him up and erect a statue to him under his gallows." This *balancing* of the account is admirable. Told of Lord Camelford taking an old fiddler with him to Tom's (a place where, during the times of Jacobinism, the Radical fellows used to assemble at night), and having planted his musician in a corner, taking his seat by him and saying, "There, now play God save the King." In a small minority there was on one occasion for peace, upon a question moved by Lord Grey, the name of Lord Camelford was, to the astonishment of everybody, found among the peace-seekers; but it turned out that he had, for some offence, challenged a German officer who refused to fight him till *after* the war, and he therefore felt himself bound, in spite of his political opinions, to vote for peace.

This leading to some talk about duelling, I remarked that one of the worst things, perhaps, O'Connell had done for Ireland, was his removing, by his example, that restraint which the responsibility of one man to another under the law of duelling imposed, and which in a country so little advanced in civilization as Ireland, was absolutely necessary. We

see accordingly that the tone of society there is every day growing lower and lower, and men bear blackguarding from each other in a way that to an Irishman of the good old school, or to a real gentleman of *any* school, seems inconceivable. In all this they both agreed with me, and said that to the existence of the code of honour introduced by duelling we owed very much the great difference between the moderns and the ancients in the good breeding and decorum of manners in social life. What personal abuse, for instance, what blackguarding (as it would now be deemed), Cicero indulged in towards his adversaries! Walked home.

23rd. To Bowood: walked. Company at dinner, the Listers, the Fieldings, Mr. Topenny, young Villiers, and Mr. Grenville. Day very agreeable: sung in the evening. Asked Mr. Grenville about the Irish MS. which Lord Holland told me he had, relating to the Brehon laws (had already seen by a note in O'Connor's book that he had given it to the library at Stowe). Said that it was still at Stowe; that he had sent an order to have it purchased for him at the sale of Count Macarty's books at Paris, and had commissioned his agent to go as far as 10*l.*, but got it, I think, for 4*l.* O'Connor all in raptures at the sight of it, on finding that it was on the subject of the Brehon laws: but, on examining further into its contents, met with so many unintelligible law words and ancient phrases as made it almost a matter of despair to think of translating it; meant, however, to do what he could with it, but died soon after.

24th. At breakfast Mr. Grenville told some amusing things. In talking of Baron de Rolle (a follower of the exiled Bourbons), whom I met a good deal at Donington Park, told of De Rolle when on a visit at the Staffords', Lady Stafford wishing, one day, to get rid of him, pointing to a mountain at a distance which she told him was very curious, and advising him to go and see it: "*Vous aurez un petit cabriolet, et cela sera fort agréable!*" "*Ah! Miladi,*" replied De Rolle, holding up his hands in a supplicatory posture, "*Je suis, Suisse: j'ai tant vu de montagnes!*"

Mentioned as a good trait of Bourbon character that, when Charles Dix was at one time shooting in Lincolnshire, whenever they came to any of those wet ditches or pools which abound there, and the rest of the party were floundering through as well as they could, a *chasseur* who attended the Comte d'Artois always stepped forward, and, laying himself down as a bridge across the puddle, was walked over by his royal master as unconcernedly as if he was a plank made expressly for such purposes.

Read Whitaker's "Manchester," and Richard of Cirencester's "Itinerary:" then took a walk to Spye Park, and wrote, *chemin faisant*, a verse of my "Irish Melody." The same party to dinner as yesterday. Talked of the Americans; the aristocratic distinctions they have among themselves, and their looking up to what they call "the high social class." A story Cooper (the novelist) told Lord Lansdowne, as a proof of their passion for races. In their anxiety, on this occasion, for the success of a favourite horse which had failed for want of a good rider, they looked round for some one worthy to mount him, and fixed on an eminent bank director at Philadelphia, who was famous for his good riding. A deputation waited upon him; he declined, but they were resolved to have him at all events, and a purse was made up by subscription, which, being of a large amount, the bank director could not resist it, and accordingly rode and won the prize. This story from Cooper, of all people! What would he have said or done, if it had been told in England by any one else? Lord L. mentioned also, that on one occasion, when Cooper dined with him, some one (whose name he would not give us) had the bad taste to relate before Cooper a circumstance which he said had been told to him as having occurred once in Congress. This was, that in the warmth of discussion one of the members walked across the floor, and spat in another's face. Cooper acknowledged that the story was true, but said, rather indignantly, "You should have added, however, in justice, that though he certainly did spit in his face, the other immediately knocked *him* down." Evening altogether very agreeable. Asked Fielding about the best word for *aditus* in translating what Tacitus says of the *portus et aditus* of Ireland being better than those of England; whether the "waters" was not better than the "approaches," and he said, "Certainly."

25th. After breakfast walked home, having

promised after some struggle to come again to-morrow. Found Bess returned from Spye Park, where she has been while I have been away. Delivered to her Lady L.'s pressing request that she would go there to dinner to-morrow and sleep; but my dear girl, from some difficulties about her toilette, and in fact from not being well enough for the effort, made up her mind not to go.

29th. Off at half-past ten by the "Emerald." On my arrival had a mutton chop and negus at Brookes's. My lodging at Sackville Street (which Fielding has again kindly accommodated me with) most comfortably ready to receive me.

30th. Disappointed of having Tom, the boys now not being allowed to come out on Wednesdays. Dined at Longman's: company, M'Culloch, Dr. Lardner, and a Mr. Murray. Talking of Professor Leslie; his review of some voyage of Humboldt's, in which the latter expresses great regret at not having had with him Leslie's differential thermometer: "Most sincerely do we join in this regret of Mr. Humboldt," writes the Reviewer. In talking of Sir W. Scott's rapid and careless manner of writing, Lardner mentioned that, in sending to him (Lardner) the MS. of his "History of Scotland," he begged that he would be so kind as to "throw in a few dates and authorities."

31st. Asked by Lord Essex to dinner. Company at Lord Essex's, Le Marchant, Grenfell, Rich, &c. Le M. told some stories of Erskine, rather amusing. His being sent for on some important case tried in the country; arriving the evening before the trial and finding Serjeant ——, the counsel who sent for him, waiting dinner for him. The Serjeant anxiously endeavouring to explain to him the merits of the cause; but Erskine impatient of his learned brother's prosing, and apparently much more interested in discussing several bottles of wine, which they finished between them. The Serjeant's uneasiness next morning; his sense of the responsibility he had taken upon himself in bringing down Erskine, and his panic at the failure which he thought could not but take place from Erskine's total ignorance of the case. Then his joyful surprise in court, at the luminous statement which broke forth from Erskine, showing that he had, at once, fathomed the whole question from the few hints to which he had the night before so impatiently listened; the complete triumph of the cause, and the gratitude of the party concerned to the Serjeant for calling in the aid of such a man.

November 1st. Dined at Holland House: company, Lord Melbourne, Charles and Lady Mary Fox, Le Marchant, and Bacourt, the French secretary. Some talk with Allen, after dinner, about my History. Suggested to me to dwell strongly on the causes which led to the cruelties of the Danes both in England and Ireland, namely, the resentment and hatred to Christianity excited in them by the barbarous conduct of Charlemagne towards the Saxons, with whom they made common cause. Recommended me to read Sismondi on this subject. Spoke of the system of clanship as the source of most of the evils of Ireland to this day; the Scotch, though once deeply imbued with the same principle, got rid of it, luckily for themselves, much earlier. The Teutonic tribes free from this spirit of clanship, and have prospered accordingly. Allen's well-known hatred of the Celts breaking out at every word. Spoke of Thierry's book; his account of the descent of William and the Normans well worth attending to. Talk with Lord Holland and Bacourt about Thierry and the other late French historians; how much the French have done in that line, and how well; the only department in literature, however, in which anything good has been done of late.

2nd. Some conversation after breakfast in the library. Found them inclined to decry Wordsworth, and said what I thought of his great powers, and of the injustice this age does him. "Ah, this is talking for candour," said Lady Holland. Soon after, taking a volume of Crabbe from one of the shelves, Lord Melbourne said, "I see there is a new edition of Crabbe coming out; it is a good thing when these authors die, for then one gets their works, and has done with them." Though this sounds insolent when written, it was said with so joyous and jovial an air, followed by that scarcely human though cheerful laugh of Lord Melbourne's, with his ejaculations "Eh! eh!" interposed at every burst, that it was impossible not to enjoy it as much as himself. On quoting to Allen at dinner what a French cabriolet-man once said to me,

that in England "*les soldats ne sont jamais pour le peuple*," Allen said, "On one great occasion they were." "Yes," I replied; "*Lillibulero:*" on which Allen said, not badly, "What different associations people remember events by! Most men couple the memory of the Revolution with the rights then acquired; Moore remembers it by a tune." I have generously put his joke in a better form for him than he gave it himself.

3rd. Went early to Mereweather's for the purpose of consulting him on my business with Power, having brought up the accounts, &c. with a view to having it settled somehow or other. Breakfasted with him, and talked over the whole matter. Advised me to lose no time in writing to Power on the subject. Seemed to think that my letter (May 1st, 1832), declaring myself satisfied with the accounts, would be fatal to me in a court of law, where the letter with which I had followed it up, on looking more accurately into the items, could not be produced; a jury would go no further. Wrote to Power, in the course of the day, to say that I had come up to town with some musical works for publication, but did not like to take any step towards that object till I had learned from him whether he was inclined to enter into a fair and equitable settlement of the differences between us. Dined at Byng's, who kindly asked Tom also: company, the two Dedels, Rich, and Luttrell. Luttrell's story of some Irish lady who had been travelling with her family, and on being asked whether they had been at *Aix*, answered, "Oh, yes! indeed; very much at our *ase* everywhere." Dedel told of the wife of some ambassador (I forget her name*) coming to dinner, and on her passing to the ante-room where Talleyrand was standing, he looked up and exclaimed significantly, "Ah!" In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table why he had uttered the exclamation of oh! on her entrance, Talleyrand, with a grave, self-vindicatory look, answered, "*Madame, je n'ai pas dit* oh! *j'ai dit* ah!" Comical, very, without one's being able to define *why* it is so.

4th. Mereweather having advised that I should get Rees to arbitrate for me in case Power consented to such an arrangement, went down to Paternoster Row, and begged of Rees to call upon Mereweather at his chambers on the subject, which he promised to do, declaring himself most ready to be employed in any way that would be serviceable to me. Letter from Clarke, Power's solicitor, to say that Power consented to an arbitration. Dined at Bryan's: no one but the George Bryans, and two young Irishmen, one of them, of the name of H., with some Irish drollery about him, as he proved by two or three imitations of Lord Blayney after dinner. His speech at a public meeting, proposing some person's health, and concluding with "I have only to add, Sir, that the Blayney steam packet sails to-morrow morning, with good accommodation for passengers, and all particulars about passage, &c. are to be heard of So and so." This packet was a speculation chiefly of my Lord's, which he took that opportunity of puffing, and the imitation of his manner of speaking was altogether very droll.

5th. Dined with George Keppel: company, Captain Ross (the nephew), Pigou, Cockerell, and Stevenson. Ross gave us a few interesting particulars of the late expedition; the manner in which they saw the savages amputate a man's leg above the knee, seating him on the ice with the leg through a hole in it, and then knocking him down so as to snap off the limb; the revolting ugliness and filth of the women: did not find the time hang heavy; the interest they took in their nightly observations occupied their minds. On one occasion they were all conversing together, and each man was required to tell what was the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to him; one of the party mentioned, as the most memorable thing in his life, his having once shaved the Duke of Devonshire. "Well, but you were at the battle of Waterloo?" Yes, he *had* been; but still the shaving of the Duke of Devonshire seemed to be uppermost in his mind. It was probably during the Duke's voyage to Petersburgh that this great event took place. Some conversation concerning the signs of the times, in which all seemed to be of opinion that some great and awful crisis was approaching in England, and those who took the most sanguine view of the matter did not deny that there was every appearance of a total change

* Not the wife of an ambassador, but the Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul.—Ed.

in our institutions, but thought that the country would subside quietly and by common consent into it. In the evening, all to the theatre.

9th. Had Tom out from the Charter House, and walked about with him a little. Dined at Lockhart's. Had asked Murray whether Lockhart would have any objection to my taking Tom with me, as I was, in a degree, pledged to him on Saturdays, and Lockhart's note, in answer, was, very good-humouredly, "Surely, we shall be delighted to have Tom Moore the younger, as well as Tom Brown the younger." Would not have asked this, however, had I known it was a dinner of company, which it turned out to be: the guests, Coleridge (who had been the temptation held out to me), Dr. and Mrs. Ferguson, a Miss Macgregor (I think), Murray, Lady Gifford, and three or four more whose names I forget. Was too far from Coleridge, during dinner, to hear more than the continuous drawl of his preachment; moved up to him, however, when the ladies had retired. His subjects chiefly Irving and religion; is employed himself, it seems, in writing on Daniel and the Revelations, and his notions on the subject, as far as they were at all intelligible, appeared to be a strange mixture of rationalism and mysticism. Thus, with the rationalists, he pronounced the gift of tongues to have been nothing more than scholarship or a knowledge of different languages; said that this was the opinion of Erasmus, as may be deduced from his referring to Plato's Timæus on the subject. (Must see to this.) Gave an account of his efforts to bring Irving to some sort of rationality on these subjects, to "steady him," as he expressed it; but his efforts all unsuccessful, and, after many conversations between them, Irving confessed that the only effect of all that Coleridge had said was "to *stun*" him,—an effect I can well conceive, from my own short experiment of the operation.

Repeated two or three short pieces of poetry he had written lately, one an epitaph on himself; all very striking, and in the same mystical religious style as his conversation. A large addition to the party in the evening, and music. Duets by Mrs. Macleod and her sister, which brought back sadly to my memory an evening of the same kind, in this same room, with poor Sir Walter Scott, before he went abroad for his health. One of the duets, in which the voices rose alternately above each other, Coleridge said reminded him of *arabesques*. With my singing he seemed really much pleased, and spoke eloquently of the perfect union (as he was pleased to say) of poetry and music which it exhibited: "The music, like the honeysuckle round the stem, twining round the meaning, and at last over-topping it." This "over-topping the meaning" not a little applicable to his own style of eloquence. After singing a good many songs, and hearing Moscheles play variations to the "Last Rose of Summer," made my escape with some difficulty amidst a general demand for more songs. In the course of his oratory to-day Coleridge said, "It is in fact the greatest mistake in the world to rest the authority of an ancient church upon any other basis than tradition;" upon which Dr. Ferguson turning round to me said, "That falls in with *your* views, Mr. Moore."

10th. Had promised Lord John to breakfast with him. Went first to Mereweather with my statements, and staid near an hour and a half talking over the business. Was with Lord John by eleven. A good deal of conversation about his Irish tour, with which he was evidently much pleased. Talked of his public dinner at Belfast; was told, after he had accepted the invitation to the dinner, that a great part of his company would be Repealers; was alarmed at this, but his informant assured him that he need be under no apprehension, as the most violent of them would feel themselves bound to behave well on such an occasion, and he could answer for there being nothing offensive to him in their proceedings. The result proved that the informant knew his men well. I said that, though often regretting I had not been with him in the North, it was, after all, as well, perhaps, that I was not, as ten to one but I should have got into some scrape at this dinner, either by saying too much or too little. Talked of patronage; the unlucky way, as I thought, in which the Whigs had managed it, and the character they had got of serving anybody but friends. Seemed struck with what I told him of the letters I received from C. and G. at the time of the excitement pro-

duced in London by the Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform; the letters having both of them expressed apprehensions of a coming crisis which was likely to end in revolution. "You have kept those letters, I hope," he said; and I answered, "that I had." A great point, evidently, with him and his brother ministers is to impress the notion that they *prevented* a revolution at that period, instead of originating (as was really the case) measures likely to *cause* one. Already they begin to look forward to posterity and its verdict. Told him that I thought any one who looked at the signs of the present times would say that the impetus towards revolution was rather accelerated than slackened. "Ah!" he said, "you are one of those who like grand scenes, who are always looking for the Fifth Act; but it won't come so soon as you think." *

Sat to Moore the sculptor. Dined with Rogers: company, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Byng, and Greville. Talking of words that had become degraded, Macaulay mentioned "elegant" as a word he would not use in writing, and all agreed with him, except Sydney and myself. "You'll stand by *elegant*, won't you?" says he to me, and on my answering that I would, "Here's Moore," he exclaimed, "as firm as a rock for *elegant*." All agreed that "genteel" was no longer fit for use, though the word *gentille* from which it sprung was still so graceful and expressive. In the course of the evening Smith said to me, "You'll be pleased to hear that there has been a very respectable captain of infantry converted by your book."

12th. Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne at Lansdowne House; no one but ourselves. In speaking of the knowledge of pictures that may be acquired by being merely conversant with them (without any natural taste or aptitude for the art), Lord L. mentioned that one of the best judges of paintings in Europe was the man at the head of the Monte di Pietà at Rome; pictures being the most usual article of deposit, and the ascertainment of their value being, of course, an important object. Dined with the Hollands at Lord Lilford's house in Stanhope Street. Such a fog that my hackney coachman was obliged to *coast* his way cautiously by the footway. Company, the Duke of Bedford, Baron Bulow, Bacourt, Le Marchant, &c. Had met the young married couple, Henry Fox and Lady Augusta, in the hall as I came in, and she knew me immediately by my portrait, she said. Somebody mentioned Canning having said, on being asked what was the German for astronomy (he knowing nothing about German), "Oh! *twinkle craft*, to be sure." Had a good deal of talk with Allen about my History. The hostility with which, in Ireland, the people of any one part of the country regard settlers among them from any other is an evident relic of the system of clanship. In talking of the papers that have remained so long unexplored and unarranged in the Council, Record, and State Paper Offices, he said that there really had not been yet a proper History of England. Hume was offered access to some of these documentary stores, but declined the search, saying that "Cadell, his publisher, could not wait so long." Lingard had added a great deal to the facts of English history; but his narrow, sectarian prejudices disqualified him from being a good historian. Agreed with me that, in my task, the earlier and the later periods of Irish history ought to be the main objects of my attention. Told me some anecdotes of Burns; his saying at some public dinner, during the feverish times of Jacobinism, on being asked for a toast, "I'll give you a Bible toast; the last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings." * On another occasion, having to give a toast before some high Tories, he said to the chairman, "You agree that Lords should have their privileges?" "Yes, certainly;" "Well, then, I'll give you the privileges of the Lords of the Creation."

13th. Had been asked to dine at Mildmay's to-day to meet the Lord Chancellor; but, Rogers having expressed a wish that I should meet Jekyll at his house, sent an apology to the Mildmays. Company at dinner, only Jekyll and son, Kenny, and Miss Rogers. Some good stories of Erskine told by Jekyll. His

* What I wished to impress upon Moore was, that imagination rather than sober common sense inspired his political prophecies.—Ed.

* (2 Kings, xxv. 30. "And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life.") The meaning of Mr. Allen evidently was that Burns wished to see an end of Kings; but it is curious that this last verse should be susceptible of a totally different interpretation.—Ed.

ignorance of French, and the adventures that happened to him during a trip to France in consequence. His asking some French people, to whom he and his companion the Serj^t^ had been introduced, to dine with them, and insisting on writing the notes of invitation himself. On the day fixed, which was Wednesday, nobody came. "This is all some mistake of yours, Erskine, with your French," said the Serjeant; but Erskine insisted that his notes were all right, and then, after a little pause, asked, "Isn't *Vendredi* French for Wednesday?" He had asked them all for Friday. * * * Before dinner Kenny talked a deal to me about my "Irish Gentleman," which seemed to have made a great impression upon him, though, as he said, "He still meant to go to church notwithstanding." On my telling him that it was but little read, I thought, in England, he said, "It is a book that will be read more and more every day."

14th. Had received a note from Barnes to ask me to go with him and Mrs. Barnes to Walter's place near Reading; answered that I would, if possible, follow them thither.—Found a note from the Lord Chancellor, at Brookes's, saying that he had but just heard of my being in town, and asking me to dine with him to-day, to meet only Lord Lansdowne and Drummond; was obliged to refuse, being engaged to the Longmans with Sydney Smith. A note from Sydney, fixing to call upon me, and containing a bill of fare which he has suggested to Mrs. Longman as proper for her entomological guests, to-day, Spence and Kirby; "to wit, flea-pâtés, earthworms on toast, caterpillars crawling in cream and removing themselves," &c., &c. Called upon me in a hackney coach. * * * Smith said, that where he felt he had a good and just claim, he considered it always a duty to himself and family to ask, and not let the world have to say, "If he *did* fall into adversity, that was his own fault." What he had hitherto done was all by his own exertions, as neither himself nor any of his brothers had received a shilling from their father. In talking of the fun he had had in the early times of the "Edinburgh Review," mentioned an article on Ritson, which he and Brougham had written together; and one instance of their joint contribution which he gave me was as follows:—"We take for granted (wrote Brougham) that Mr. Ritson supposes Providence to have had some share in producing him—though for what inscrutable purposes (added Sydney) we profess ourselves unable to conjecture." Company at the Longmans' (besides the entomologists), Spottiswoode, the Ormes, &c. Sung in the evening and came away early ish. The road up to Longmans' being rather awkward, we had desired the hackney coachman to wait for us at the bottom. "It would never do, (said S.) when your Memoirs come to be written to have it said, 'He went out to dine at the house of the respectable publishers, Longman & Co., and, being overturned in his way back, was crushed to death by a large clergyman.'" * * * In speaking of the situation of the Ministers and the probable effect of the Reform Bill, I said that every passing day but confirmed my first views with regard to the short-sighted rashness of the measure and the consequences that must ultimately flow from it.

16th. Started in the Reading coach at twelve. Two inveterate Tories my companions. One of them *acharné* against the Whigs, and his absurdity in proportion to his violence. The object of the Ministry, he said, was to lay England at the feet of France; they received their instructions from Paris, or "perhaps, from Rome." "The fellows at Brookes's Club, and Holland House settled everything." But the 'Times'" newspaper was the great object of his abhorrence. "If there is one corner in hell (exclaimed this wiseacre) hotter than another, it is reserved for the editor of the 'Times.'" He added, that it was "well known the 'Times' people received money from the French government for their labours, and were under the special direction of Talleyrand." I took but little share in the conversation, being employed (as far as amusement would let me) in reading the "Quarterly Review." Within a few miles of Reading the coach stopped, and the coachman, opening the door, asked if there was a Mr. Moore inside, as a gentleman wanted him. Guessing what this meant, I got out and found Barnes by the road-side waiting for me, *not* in the corner of hell, but of a Reading post-chaise which he had brought to take me the short way to Walter's. Left my friends in utter ignorance (at least *then*, I think) as to who I was, and proceeded with the con-

demned editor to Walter's. Received very kindly by the host and hostess, whom I now for the first time saw; the host himself a simple sensible-mannered person. Company, Dr. Mitford and his literary daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, and one or two others. * * * Apropos of the tragedy of "Rienzi," somebody was mentioning the other day, that the Master of the Rolls asked once, in a large company, during the run of that piece, whether there was ever such a person as Rienzi in existence? Singing in the evening; the governess of Miss Walter and myself the performers. The lady a very good singer and musician. My songs highly successful, and Miss Mitford profuse of compliments thereon.

17th. To church with the rest of the party, and heard a sensible and affecting sermon on the uncertainty of life, from Mrs. Hodgkinson's husband, a man turned eighty years of age, she being about fifty. Lunched at Hodgkinson's, and afterwards drove and walked about Walter's grounds with him and the ladies. None but themselves at dinner. More music in the evening.

18th. After breakfast Mrs. Walter took the Barneses and myself, in her carriage, as far on our way to town as Windsor. Took the opportunity of seeing the Castle, and, having lunched at the inn, proceeded in a chaise together to London. Found from Barnes that he was once in negociation, with Canning to become tutor to his son. Had found a note from Mereweather on my return home, saying that Power was not yet ready with his statement, and that he thought it would be better for me, perhaps, not to delay any longer in town, as I could easily come up again if necessary.

19th. To Paternoster Row. Went with Rees to the London Institution to look at some works on Ireland. Very civilly received by Mr. Upcott; showed me his autograph room; among other curious things was the identical note found in Felton's pocket when he stabbed the Duke of Buckingham; also a copy-book of William Pitt's when a child. Saw in a miscellaneous autograph book an engraving of myself, with a longish letter of my own annexed to it, which I did not venture to read. To have one's nothings demonstered in this way! Thence to the Charter House to see Tom. Dined at Rogers's; company, Kenny, Tom Campbell, Maltby, Miss Rogers and her niece. Campbell looking (for a gentleman in a wig) juvenile and fresh. Talking of dog-latin, gave specimens of a conversation he had heard (or heard *of*) between an Irish priest and a foreigner in Latin, one of them, speaking of a friend he had dined with, called him a "*diabolicus bonus socius*," and the other said, "*Vinciar habebatis bonum vinum*." Campbell defied us to find out what he meant, but I saw it immediately: "I'll be *bound* you had good wine." Kenny full of wonderment that I do not write an opera. Rogers and I adjourned to the Miss Berrys', where we found Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Canning, and Lady Caledon.

21st. Off in the "Emerald." * * *

30th. Strange letter from a man I know nothing about, asking me to lend him 10*l.* to enable him to go to Scotland. Launches out into praise of my "Anacreon," or rather Anacreon himself personally, saying what an excellent person he was, and concluding his panegyric by saying: "Poor Anacreon! if he was alive he would lend me 10*l.*," or words to that effect. In another part of his letter he says: "I shall always remain indebted to Anacreon and yourself;" but I was resolved he should not incur the latter burthen, and so politely answered that the narrowness of my own circumstances prevented me from complying with his request. Received a pressing letter since I came home from Napier of the "Edinburgh Review," entreating me to give him an article for his next number, and saying my last had done "admirably." Happening to quote this in a letter to Rees, was amused with the caution of his panegyric in return, for fear of *inflaming* my demand for the next service. "Your article was very neat." This, in fact, was all the praise the article deserved; but the evident *fear of price* that was hovering before the eyes of my correspondent, while he indited it, is not the less visible and amusing.

December 1st to 6th. Busy.

9th. Told Mereweather, in my letter either of to-day or yesterday, that I felt myself bound to immortalise him, in some way or other, for his good fight in the cause of my scribblings, and then added this doggrel—

Sing, Muse, the strife 'twixt Power and Right,
Nor make thy wonted jest of it:

For though good Tories* waged the fight,
And Tories much in Power delight,
Right had for once the best of it.

Made up my mind to return to town for the *dénouement* of this business, as there is much I can better communicate verbally than by letter.

12th. To Bowood to dinner, having arranged everything for starting from thence in the morning. Company, only Macaulay and Labouchere. Some talk with them before dinner; was glad to find *something* that Macaulay did not know, though it was nothing of more importance than the works of Miss Olympia Fulvia Morata, the author of the sixteenth century, whose "Life and Times" we found advertised in the newspapers of the day. Having read, to my shame, not only this lady's writings, but those of Alessandra Scala, Cassandra Fidelis, Laura Careta, and other Latin *blues*, I was able to show off to Macaulay in "all such reading as *he* never read." Talked then of Grotius (whom Macaulay seemed rather inclined to under-rate), of the two or three generations of Vossiuses, of Vorstius, and King James the First's Christian charity towards him, writing to the States that if "Vorstius should persist in his Arminian errors, he, the king, was firmly of opinion that burning was too mild a punishment for him." Macaulay mentioned a curious instance of plagiarism in "Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel" (*quære*): the famous couplet—

"likes to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land"—†

as taken almost verbatim, he said, from some lines under the frontispiece to Knolles's "History of the Turks."

13th. Up early; had breakfast, and started in the first coach for town.

17th. Wrote to Twiss to beg he would hasten what was yet to be done so as to enable me to get out of town, at least, by Wednesday. Went to Paternoster Row to report progress of my business. Found them engaged in an affair of their own; a case which they and the other booksellers had been trying to ascertain, whether an engraver had a right to retain to himself (as it is discovered Heath has been doing) proof copies of the prints he has been employed by publishers to engrave. Murray was put forth as plaintiff, and the case has been decided in their favour; but at the expense (such is law) of 600*l.*! Some of those who had signed an agreement to bear Murray harmless through his plaintiffship having shown indications of a wish to *shirk* their share, a meeting was, at the time when I called, in deliberation on the subject. Called upon Greville, according to appointment, at the Council Office, to see a catalogue which he is having made of State Papers in his office, some of which relating to Ireland, he is of opinion may be of use to me. Went with him from thence to be introduced to Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, who received me with much cordiality, and offered his services in any way that could be useful. Showed me the new volume of the State Papers (Irish) of Henry VIII.'s reign, which is now preparing for publication. Told me more in detail what Allen had mentioned of Hume's declining the inspection of the State Papers which was offered to him. It was Sir Joseph Aylott (the first person who presided over the State Paper Office, on its establishment in 1737,) that made the offer to Hume, and fixed a day for the commencement of their researches; but Hume did not come, and gave as a reason afterwards for his declining the proposal, that if he were to avail himself of these papers, his work, "instead of being only *aicht* volumes would extend as far as *aichty*." Went to Lady Blessington's, having heard that she is at home most evenings. Found her gay rooms splendidly lighted up, and herself in a similar state of illumination, sitting "alone with her glory," reading. It was like the solitude of some princess confined in a fairy palace. After I had been a few minutes with her, D'Orsay made his appearance.—Stayed about three quarters of an hour conversing, or rather listening, during which I heard a good deal about the magazine world, from her ladyship. Told me that her volume of the "Book of Beauty" had beat Miss Landon's in sale by 2000 copies.

18th. Called upon Mereweather: then to Paternoster Row. The Longmans very anxious that I should do something for the next

* Mereweather and Twiss — both Tories.

† ["But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land."
Part I. about line 200.]

"Edinburgh." Promised, if I *could*. Called upon Barnes. * * * In parting with him he expressed a hope soon to hear from me (meaning something for the paper), and said he was anxious that some more agreeable arrangement could be made for me with Walter. Told him that there had been an application made to me lately, through the Longmans, from a newspaper which is just now making great efforts to attract public notice; but that my own wish was to confine whatever I did in that way to "The Times." "The knowledge of such an application," said he, smiling, "would very much facilitate our making some better arrangements for you." This proves (what I had begun rather to doubt) that he is sincere in wishing to have some more liberal terms arranged with me than I have been *lately* working upon. The offer I here alluded to was from Stuart, the new editor of the "Courier." Called upon young Dalton at his office. Dined, Fielding and myself, at Murray's; company, the Lockharts, Sir C. and Lady Bell, Phillips the artist and his wife, Turner the artist, Henry Ellis. The day odd and not unamusing. Sung in the evening with considerable *éclat;* home early to pack.

19th. Off in the "White Hart" for home.

31st. To dinner at Bowood. The Nortons, young Harris (Lord Malmesbury's son), and the Kennedys.

1834

January 1st. Walked home from Bowood (where I had gone the day before) in order to scribble off the letter on the subject of Crabbe, which I had promised Murray for the "Life." Returned to Bowood to dinner; same party. * * *

9th to 18th. At work; and happy to be *allowed* to work. * * *

19th to 24th. Having finished the tenth number of the "Irish Melodies," which it was agreed Power was to have, wrote to Rees to say that I was ready with them, and begged him to apprise Power, that he too might be ready with his money. Mereweather advised that, for the final settlement of this business, as well as the delivery of the tenth number, I should myself come up to town, as soon as the deed of release was ready for signature. This, though most ruinously inconvenient to me just now, I resolved to do. Forget whether I mentioned a correspondence I have had lately with a Catholic divine, the Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, the opponent of Faber in what he calls (in his letter to me) the Strasburg Controversy. In one of his communications he tells of his having met at Dr. Baines's (at Bath) a Mr. Berry King, a Protestant clergyman, who had lately been converted to the Catholic faith, principally by his (Dr. Husenbeth's) controversial writings.

31st. Started in the Emerald coach, my companions being Warrener, his daughter, and a schoolfellow of hers. The father being outside all the way, I was left at the mercy of the school girls, and very amusing they were. Notwithstanding (or rather in consequence of) their horror of returning to school, their hatred of the schoolmistress, of the schoolfellows, and of all London, for their sakes we did little else than laugh during the whole of the way. Took up my abode in comfortable Sackville Street.

February 3rd. * * * Dined early with Rogers. Nobody but himself, his sister, and young Mason, for whom he has got a good situation (a writership, I believe) in India, and who is to sail in the same ship with Macaulay. Left early, and went to Drury Lane, partly to see Bunn, who wants me to write a prologue for "Sardanapalus," which he is about to bring forward in great splendour, and partly to see the last scene of "Gustavus Vasa." The finale at the end of the second act charming, and the repetition of the same air in the masquerade scene, (like a similar recurrence of a pretty melody in Massaniello), brought tears into my eyes. Did not see Bunn. Rogers, to-day, quoted as a fine specimen of Addison's humour, the parson threatening the squire, that if he did not reform his ways, he should be obliged "to pray for him on the following Sunday, in the face of the congregation."

4th. An invitation from Lady Macdonald to Rogers and me to go to the Horse Guards to see the Royal procession go to the House to open Parliament. Went together. The sight very splendid and amusing, and, strange to say, one I never saw before. Had been asked to dinner to-day by Lord Essex, by Byng, and by some one else, but sent to offer

myself to Bryan's, for the pleasure of meeting Corry. The George Byrans of the party. Day as usual. Went from thence to the Holland's (Burlington Street), having received a very kind note from my lady yesterday. Found only Lord Melbourne, and soon after came Talleyrand, who was full of the King's speech. Said it occurred to him, though perhaps, he added, to no one else, that in naming the foreign powers, the King paused a little before he said "France," and then laid a peculiar emphasis on it. Talked of Champfort; said he was one of those "*qui dansent toujours, et ne peuvent pas marcher;* that he was an enemy to *l'état social;* his talent was to *ramasser*. Wits of former times used to *gaspiller*, but our more modern ones "*ramassent et ne gaspillent pas.*" It appears that Talleyrand is constantly at the Hollands. "You are sure to be Talleyranded there," said Sydney Smith: a good verb.

5th. Was with Mcreweather at half-past nine (not having breakfasted), and sat looking over the deed with him till past twelve, when, hungry and weak, I flew to Brookes's, and had breakfast. From thence to Clark's, who had received the deed and sent it to be engrossed; promised to let Power know that I was ready to deliver the "Melodies," and receive the money to-morrow. Corry very anxious that I should dine at Dominick Browne's with him, to-day being his last. Had half promised Lord Essex, who reminded me of it at Brookes's, and told me I should not see Dominick till midnight, as Shiel's business was to be brought on in the House of Commons. * * * *

6th. Went to Paternoster Row to fix with Rees to meet Power at three. Rees came with me as far as Craven Street, where I left him, and proceeded to Brookes's to wait for the deed, which was to be sent there for my signature. A little after four R. brought it, and I got Paul Methuen to witness my signing it. Resolved to go down to the House, to see what more might occur about Shiel's business. Called at the Speaker's; saw her and afterwards him. Invited by her to dinner, with the prospect of the Speaker being let off early enough to join us at dinner. Did not decide, but went into the House. A shake by the hand from Peel at the door. The business got rid of for the moment by a motion of Stanley's. Lord Durham offered to bring me away in his carriage, but got engaged in conversation with some one, and in the meantime Lord Lansdowne asked me to walk homewards with him, which I did. Joined by the Duke of Richmond, who accompanied us as far as Whitehall.

7th. Wrote to tell Lady Holland that I would dine with her to-morrow, instead of to-day, Rogers having preferred that arrangement, in order that I might dine to-day with him. Called upon Sir Robert Peel, and found him at home. Delighted to find that he is unpledged to any one for his next turn at the Charter House, and will nominate Russell. Sat some time with him, talking of Shiel's case, and found his view to be the same as every one else's, that the mere expression of opinion in private different from those which a man, for the sake of his party, espouses in public, is too common, and indeed inevitable a circumstance to be dwelt upon with any severity. In alluding to the Coercion Bill (*apropos* of Shiel's manner of speaking of it at Brookes's), I mentioned myself having been open-mouthed against it at the time, and added that I disliked it the more as coming from men who had themselves opposed it, when, at least, as much wanting as it was now. To this Peel said nothing, but I thought he *looked* assent to the latter part. "No Government," as he said, "could be carried on without the occasional sacrifice of individual opinions to the general object of the whole." Told him what I heard Grattan once say, in talking of the pension which the Whigs proposed for Lord Erskine's son, though he had not served the full term of diplomatic service necessary to entitle him to it. "It *is* a job, but I'll vote for it." "Yes," said Peel, "he saw that though a departure from the strict rule, yet being the son of such a man, who had distinguished himself, &c. &c." Took me into another room, to show me what he said *I* ought to see, the original bust of Pope, by Roubilliac, which was done for Lord Bolingbroke. Told him that Rogers had a very fine *cast* of it; (which I find since is a mistake, as Rogers's is the original clay or model from which this bust was made, and is remarkable for the fine lines and markings with which it abounds, and which were afterwards softened down or omitted in the marble). Called at Lord John's, but did not find him.

Left word that I meant to leave town on Friday. Dined with Rogers and his sister, and accompanied them afterwards to the Adelphi to see the Revolt of the Naiads. Came away before the last piece, and was nearly lost in the fog: never have seen any thing like it; people standing in all directions, asking each other, "What street is this?" Was lucky enough to get hold of a poor sweeper of crossings, who had a nearly burnt-out link, with which she lighted me home. A message from Lord John, to ask me to breakfast with him in the morning.

8th. With Lord John at half past ten; had not long to stay with him, as I was obliged to be back at Brookes's at half past eleven, to meet Hume, and introduce Tom to him. Lord John talked of my "Irish Gentleman," and mentioned the new answer to it, by Philalethes Cantabrigiensis, who, it appears from what Lord J. said, is no less a personage than Maltby, the Bishop of Chichester.* Have often said in fun that I would not condescend to reply to any one *under* a bishop, but little thought I should *really* arrive at the honour and glory of having an episcopal opponent. Hume came to me at Brookes's. Went with him to Moore's to show him my bust; called at Douglas's. Obliged to leave me before Tom came, which I was sorry for.

Have not mentioned, I believe, the present or rather anticipated legacy (100*l.*), which Hume has lately given to Tom, about a month or so since, and which, after a momentary hesitation, I allowed Tom to accept. Hume is one of my oldest friends, and with the exception of the great wrong he did me, at the time of my quarrel with Jeffrey, in first abetting and aiding my appeal to arms on that occasion (a most unnecessary stimulus), and then leaving me to get out of the fuss and ridicule which ensued as best I could; except this (and it is no small exception), I have ever found him kind and friendly; and there has appeared, of late years, a degree of anxiety on his part to get over the coldness I could not help exhibiting towards him, which (long before this kindness of his to Tom) had softened and subdued me. His letter in announcing his intention to present the sum in question, while he was yet alive, instead of leaving it as a legacy, was friendly, playful, and in good taste; and I was anxious that Tom should in person thank him for the gift; but Hume could not wait. Joined by Tom, and met Woolriche, who promised to take him, some Sunday, to dine with Hume, at Hanwell. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Creevey, Hallam, Luttrell, Rogers, Woolriche. Lord H. mentioned that he had a letter from Martinez de la Rosa, the new minister of Spain, on the present prospects of that country, and *with* it, a copy of a new edition of his poems! Creevey shrewd and amusing. Woolriche spoke to me after dinner about Tom; said what a handsome boy he was, and how much pleased he was with his manner.

9th. Off in the "Emerald" for home. A madman, and his keeper, and son, my companions: the poor man's hands tied together, but very harmless. Got rid of them a little beyond Newbury.

10th to 28th. Hard at work during this whole month, though a good deal plagued and interrupted by the return of a weakness in my eyes, which came on before I went to town, but was much better during my absence from home and from work. Received copies of the Melodies and the Songs of the Anthology from Power, with a civil note.

March 1st. Have not dined from home anywhere since my return from town. Received from Lady Holland, with a very kind note, one of those shades for candles which I have vainly endeavored to find in town, she alone having the pattern for them. * * *

6th. Returned home from Lacock after breakfast; Horatia and Mademoiselle walking as far as Spye Gate with me. Found from Lady Elizabeth, by the by, that the Archbishop of Dublin was, at first, supposed to have been the author of the answer to my book; but Lady L. had written down to say that it was not by him. It is probably, after all, no bishop at all, but merely somebody who *wants* to be a bishop.

8th to 13th. On the 8th Hughes came to see us, and stayed till the 10th. Received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Yates, a Unitarian, sending me a controversial pamphlet he has just published, in defence of Socinus, and saying it "may possibly not be wholly devoid of interest to a theologian of such extensive erudition and inquiry as yourself."

* A mistake—the real author was Dr. Thayer, the late Bishop of Lincoln.

14th to 17th. A letter from Tom, telling us of Lady Holland having sent an order for her box to Mrs. Admiral Douglass (whom she is not acquainted with) last Saturday, and begging she might take Tom, who she knew dined there that day, to the play with her. This is really very kind of my Lady, and very thoughtful. A letter also from Hume, proposing to take Tom to the St. Patrick's Day dinner; but this I declined, thinking him too young for such public meetings yet awhile. All very kind, though.

20th. A beautiful present from Mr. Costello, of a cup formed out of the calabash nut, which he brought some years ago for me from Bermuda; taken from the tree which is there shown as one I used to sit under while writing my poems. The cup very handsomely and tastefully mounted, and Bessy all delight with it.

21st to 25th. Received from Nell a copy of a letter written by a Catholic priest, the Rev. Mr. Kerry, to some one who had lent him Archbishop Whately's book (as they call it) in answer to the Irish Gentleman. Praises the book for its ingenuity, playfulness, &c., but adds, "when we come to consider it as a work of religious controversy, or an answer to the 'Travel of an Irish Gentleman,' we can see nothing but a sophistical effort to divert the attention of the reader from the strong arguments and legitimate deductions with which that work is replete."

26th. Set off, Bessy and I, on a visit to Farley Castle, to take our last view of poor Eliza, who marries and goes to Bombay next month. The Houltons' carriage waiting for us at Melksham. Company at dinner: the bridegroom, Jackson, and his brother, Mrs. Day, and Mrs. and Miss French. Music (and as usual charming music) in the evening. The trios between Eliza, Catherine, and Flora, and Eliza's own chaunts with Catherine, delicious.

27th. Copied out some pages in the morning, and began a squib for "The Times." Much the same party at dinner, and the same sweet strains again in the evening.

28th. To Church. Eliza at the organ, and assisted by the other girls in singing the chaunts. An excellent sermon by Jackson, who appears a sensible, amiable man. The whole thing interesting and touching.

30th. After church, Bessy and I set off with Fielding, in his carriage, for Lacock, where we dined and slept. Talk with Talbot about the origin and divisions of languages, the confusion of Goths and Celts, &c. Not very clear on the subject, nor indeed is any one. Speaking of Boileau's lines —

> "Louis les animant du feu de son courage,
> Se plaint de sa grandeur qui l'attache au rivage,"*

we tried to cobble out among us a translation of them:

> "Louis, all fire, laments his royal rank,
> Which, spite of courage, *nails him* to the bank."

31st. Returned home, the Fieldings' carriage bringing Bessy as far as Spye Park; the poor Doctor lying dangerously ill at Bath.

April 1st to 5th. Dr. Starkey dying. On the 3d John came with the intelligence of his death, and to request Bessy to go on before him to the Park, to break it to Mrs. Starkey.

6th. Walked to Fieldings' to dinner; John Starkey part of the way with me. Strangways at dinner. Horatia and Mademoiselle at the harp and pianoforte in the evening. Slept there.

7th. Talk, at breakfast, of the difficulties of the French language; the grammatical incorrectnesses that occur in the best poets. Several pointed out by St. Marc, even in Boileau. Boileau's "*C'est à vous, non esprit,*"† &c. The "*Grammaire des Grammaires,*" which was to settle every thing, is convicted of errors often itself by the "*Dictionnaire des Difficultes,*" &c. The grammatical error in Gillebert's pretty lines upon Ovid's "Art of Love,"

> "C'est le plus agréable guide,
> Qu'on *peut* choisir pour s'égarer."

Whimsical varieties in French pronunciation. Mentioned that Mademoiselle de Souza always says *Champ Elysees*, i. e., without pronouncing the letter *s*, as most people do between the two words. I remember the old Duc de L'Orge used to pronounce the *p*, at the end of beaucoup, strongly. Walked home.

11th. To Locke's, Bessy and myself. Large dinner; the Scott's, Awdreys, Captain Hay (Lord Errol's brother), the Bouveries, &c. Sung in the evening with Anne Locke and alone. Slept there.

* Boileau's Fourth Epistle, "Au Roi."
† Boileau's "Ninth Satire."

12th. Walked home after breakfast to work. Returned to dinner; only themselves. Slept.

13th. Home. * * *

May 5th. A visit from Brabant, who has just returned unexpectedly from his German tour. Had seen his dear Gesenius, and shown him my article on German Protestantism (not forgetting, of course, his own share in it), wherewith, he says, Gesenius was much pleased. * * * A column of extracts in "The Times," from my article on the "Round Towers," given as from "an able and lively article in the last 'Edinburgh.'"

15th. Tom arrived from school, looking well, and grown taller.

20th. To Bath, to meet my sister Ellen (who has written to say she sails from Dublin to-day), and to dine with the Crawfords, in pursuance of a long promise. Wrote yesterday to them. Went by the Devizes coach, being driven to Melksham by Tom, in his mamma's donkey carriage. Drove out with Mrs. Crawford, and went to see Prior Park, where I had never before been. Much interested, both with the beauty of the place, and the *Old Light* institution there. Bishop Bains, at present in Italy; but Manners, the musician, having made me known, Mrs. Crawford and myself were escorted through the establishment by some young priests with most marked kindness and attention. Could not do otherwise, of course, by the "Irish Gentleman." One of these young men, a highly intelligent and accomplished person,—his name Hogan,—had passed a great deal of time in France and Italy, and his manners those of a high-bred gentleman. In looking over their library, remarked "Bayle's Dictionary" among the books. "This," I said, "is quite right; this is the true *fearless* spirit." "We have also," he rejoined, smilling at my remark, "a very fine copy of Voltaire." His own study, which he took us to, full of the best and most recent works on physiology and mathematics, which are his principal line of reading. Took the opportunity of looking over some of their theological books in order to ascertain a point connected with the life of St. Columbanus, which I am just now employed upon—a point relating to the qustion of "The Three Chapters." The young priest begged me to make use of any of their books I might want, and I accordingly brought away with me a volume of "Dupin," and of the "France Littéraire" of the Benedictines. Company at Crawfords to dinner, Mr. West, and Mr. Musgrove; the latter author of a translation of Camoens. Some singing in the evening.

21st. Received two books more from my friend at Prior Park, with passages marked in them relating to Columbanus. One of the books Ceillier's "History of Ecclesiastical Authors." Extracted from this and the others what I wanted, and returned them to Mr. Hogan with a note, in which I mentioned, that the only difficulty these books had not solved for me, was the cause of the revival of the "Controversy of the Three Chapters" at the beginning of the seventh century, when Columbanus was at the Court of Milan; that controversy having been, as I thought, set to rest in the middle of the sixth century. Walked about Bath; called on the Prowses, &c. Dined with the Miss Crawfords (the Doctor and Mrs. C. being engaged out), and had barely finished when a messenger came to announce Ellen's arrival at the York House. Hastened away, and found my dear little Nell quite well. Ordered a chaise, and off for home.

22nd. A letter from my friend of Prior Park, containing some notices he had collected for me on the subject of the Three Chapters, all intelligibly and clearly arranged.

* * * * *

June 12th. Called upon Brabant, and requested that he would see Mrs. Moore, which he promised to do. Mentioned in the course of our conversation, that Sir Astley Cooper had, in *one* year, made 24,000*l.*

13th. A letter from Sir Robert Peel, to say that he had the power, he believed, of making an exchange of his appointment for the Charter House, so as to bring in Russell immediately.

29th. An answer from Lord John Russell, to a letter which I wrote him in the course of the week, relative to his speech on Monday last; in that letter I said pretty much as follows:—"I cannot help hastening to tell you that you have relieved me from a most heavy weight of suspense and anxiety by your noble speech of Monday last. *Je reconnais mon sang*, if I may apply such a quotation *roturier* as I am, to the blood of the Russells. But *I do* recognise in that speech all that I have ever admired and loved in you; and let what

will happen with others, you at least come safe and unsinged out of the furnace; and a devil of a furnace it is, to be sure. *Macte virtute* is all I have now time to say. The character of one such man as you, is worth all the convocations of bishops and parsons, that ever were yet—convocated. I have no other word for it," &c. &c. Lord John, in his answer, says, "You cannot doubt that I am very much gratified by your letter. My friends, in general, I am glad to say, both in the House and out of it, cheered me on with more praise than I deserved, and I believe, by dint of encouragement, they will at last make me, what by nature I am not, namely, a good speaker. But there are occasions on which one must express one's feelings, or sink into contempt. I own I have not been easy during the period for which I thought it absolutely necessary to suspend the assertion of my opinions, in order to secure peace in this country. If there is no hesitation or shrinking among us at the helm, we shall still pass through the straits in safety; but if there is, I see no sea-mark which can afford hope to the country." He is a noble fellow, Lord John, and (putting my private feelings for him out of consideration) is one of the very few public men,—perhaps with the exception of Abercromby, the *only* one,—about whose course I *now* feel the slightest anxiety or interest.

July 6th to 8th. Alone and hard at work. Have returned again to the commencement of my Irish History, and am (for the fourth or fifth time, I believe) remodelling and reconstructing: have some reasons to alter my views, too, respecting the Milesian colonisation. All this will occasion immense difficulty and, worst of all, delay; and I have besides, within this week or two, pledged myself to the Longmans to have the work out by the first of January. How I can manage this, and yet take my intended trip, in the interim, to Ireland, is to me at present inconceivable. Delightful and long letters from my sweet Bess, who is making the most of her short visit.

9th. Bessy to be at Buckhill this evening. Walked to Bowood to look over some books, and found Guthrie. Some talk about the new crash in the ill-fated Ministry, which, from the intelligence he has received, he thinks is at an end. How rapidly and truly they have confirmed all my worst predictions of them! but I cannot think they are even yet out of the scrape. I have always said that they were like Mazeppa, tied fast to the mad horse they had let loose, and must see its course out. Went on to Buckhill, where I dined, and immediately after, Bessy and Ellen arrived. Came in the fly home with them, and had a long account of all their doings in town.

10th to 12th. "All worky, worky," as the negro says, without any change or incident worth noticing, except that I found myself obliged to give up my intention of visiting Ireland this year, from the want both of time and money for such an indulgence.

13th. Received the following curious letter from Con. Lyne, the Irish barrister. I was fully prepared for the effect which those verses of mine in the last Melodies, "The Dream of those Days," * would, I know, produce on the minds of O'Connell and his worshippers, and the consequent unpopularity I should be exposed to. Con.'s letter was as follows:—

"Private and confidential. 12th July, 1834.

"My dear Moore,—I have this moment been with O'Connell, and found him in a state of indescribable excitement at the perusal of one of your last melodies,—Air, 'I love you above all the rest.' He construes it to contain, as levelled against him, a charge of 'dishonour' and ingratitude, in return for the blessings of emancipation. I have in vain endeavoured to put every thing *mitiore sensu*, but in vain. He continues to almost rave at what he considers a most foul attack upon him. The *note* is what seems to gall him most. Would that you could send me an alleviating word of explanation.

"Believe me, dear Moore,
"Most truly and sincerely yours,
"Cornelius Lyne."

My answer (which I kept no copy of) was to the purport that I was not surprised at O'Connell's feeling those verses, as I had felt them deeply myself in writing them; but that they were wrung from me by a desire to put on record (in the only work of mine likely to reach after times) that though going along,

* "Tho dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er."
Moore's *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. p. 103.

heart and soul, with the great cause of Ireland, I by no means went with the spirit or the manner in which that cause had been for a long time conducted. "You will recollect," I continued, "that these verses are addressed to Ireland; but I admit that O'Connell had every right to take them directly to himself, as he is, and has been for a long time, to all public intents and purposes, Ireland; and I look upon this as one of the most fatal consequences of his extraordinary career. In a great degree by the predominance of his talents, but, at least in an equal degree, by other qualities, he has cleared away from around him all independent and really public-spirited co-operators, and stands alone, the mighty Unit of a Legion of Ciphers; as, without meaning any offence to him, I must consider the great majority of those who now support him in Parliament. This alone is in itself sufficient to lower the standard of public men in Ireland; but there is also another point on which, giving him full credit for moral and conscientious scruples on the subject, I cannot help thinking that O'Connell has done more to lower the once high tone of feeling in Ireland, both public and private, than a whole life of political service, even such as his, can repair. But neither on this, nor on some other points which occur to me, shall I now dwell any further than merely to say, that in those verses, such as they are, *liberavi animan meam*, and that I shall not the less continue to declare, as I have ever done, my own warm and deep admiration of O'Connell's talents and energy, and my ardent wishes for his success in every measure by which I think the *real* interests of Ireland will be benefited." I then concluded with some civil expressions to Con. himself. In the passage alluding to O'C.'s vow against duelling, I should have wished to explain that I could not possibly mean to find fault with his resolution on this subject, but with his having set the example of excmpting the practice of personal abuse from that responsibility to which the code of *gentlemen* had hitherto subjected it. The power of bullying with impunity is one of the last that a friend to civilisation in Ireland would wish to see popularised among its gentry. It was in my mind to add something of this kind, but I thought it as well not to dwell irritatingly on a point that must be so sore with him. The annual stipend, too, from the begging-box, was another of the features of his patriotism, which I forbore to touch on for the same reasons.

14th. I find, in my sketch of the substance of my letter to Lyne, I omitted a very principal part of the contents. After referring to the manner in which O'Connell had cleared the stage of all other performers but himself, I went on to say, that the immense power which resulted from such a position to the individual who occupied it could not in the nature of things be otherwise than abused; and it was against such abuse of power, let it be placed in what hands it might, I had all my life revolted, and would still to the last revolt. "It was on this principle," I added, "that I have lately turned against some of my own most valuable and still-valued friends, because I saw that power had perverted their better natures, and that they were not the same men *with* it as *without*."

15th to 17th. At work at the early part of my "History," which I have entirely remodelled, and consequently improved. In a work of this kind, one ought to write it entirely through *first* (in order to become a master of the subject), and then begin *de novo*. This I am in a great measure doing. Have made up my mind to go to town for a week or two, in order to consult books at the British Museum. I have already mentioned, I believe, that, after much thought upon the subject, I have seen reason to abandon entirely the old Milesian story, which is not tenable, I find, in any way (except as to the general tradition of an early Eastern colonisation), and to adopt very much the views of Pinkerton and others, in considering the Scots as a Gothic colony. This is very far from being the popular view of the subject; but much as I like to be popular in Ireland, still "*Magis amica veritas*." My sortie upon O'Connell will be no small trial of the grounds I stand upon with my countryman. My own opinion is, that it will throw me into the shade for some time; but there will, perhaps, be the more light upon my *grave* for it afterwards, if that's any comfort.

24th. A visit from Bowles. His account of his writing his verses on the Westminster Abbey Festival, while the music was going on, walking off with them between the acts to Nicholls, the printer, and having them in type before dinner, all amusingly characteristic of

the man; the verses, too, being some of his best.

26th. Packing up for town. Forgot to mention that I had another letter from Con. Lyne, saying that he had not shown my letter to O'Connell, having consulted Fitzsimon (O'Connell's brother-in-law) on the subject, whose opinion it was that he had better not. My sister Ellen had a letter from her friend, Mrs. Meara, this morning, full of sorrow at the attack on her dear Dan, which she had heard of from Fitzsimon, who had arrived in Dublin, and who told her he had never seen O'Connell so suddenly or violently agitated as he was on reading my verses. He was actually, as she says, moved to tears. This all tells well for Dan; and I have little doubt that he himself, in his calmer moments, feels ashamed of the mountebankism to which his position sometimes drives him. Lyne having, in his last letter, expressed the regret he felt on finding that "I identified O'Connell with those pseudo-patriots whom I so severely and eloquently denounced," I thought it right to remind him, in my answer, that I had confined myself entirely to O'Connell's *manner* of conducting the cause, and had not said a word about his intentions or want of sincerity. I then went on as follows: "A gallant and intelligent friend of mine, in writing to me lately, says, 'O'Connell is working well; it were to be wished that he did his work in a nobler manner; but still he does it.' This (I added) is perhaps, after all, the true state of the case, and it is very possible that no other manner of working the cause would be half so effective. But I don't like it, nor ever have liked it, since that disgraceful day, as I must ever consider it, when O'Connell knelt with his wreath before George the Fourth. Byron felt this as if he was himself an Irishman, and so his poem on the subject shows."

27th. Walked in to Devizes, and dined and slept at the Scotts. Talked of an article in the "Monthly Review," upon Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, written (as Scott said) by Mackintosh, in which, after quoting the passage where Gibbon characterises the different historians who had preceded him, "the careless, inimitable beauties of Hume," &c. &c., Mackintosh proceeded, according to Scott, in a strain of eloquent comment which was not inferior to the best flights of those whom he criticised. Begged me to find out this number of the "Review," and get transcribed for him the passage in question.

29th. To breakfast at Rogers's, where we had Lord Lansdowne, Whishaw, and afterwards the Duke of Sutherland, whom Rogers had asked and forgot, till Lord Lansdowne informed him that he was coming. "Asking Dukes and forgetting them," as I told Rogers, "is now-a-days the poet's privilege." Conversation agreeable. The great Correggio just purchased by the Government is pronounced, it seems, by some critics *not* to be a Correggio; such is the uncertainty of all *picture* knowledge. Rogers, too, showed me after breakfast a small picture of Ludovico Caracci's, for which he himself gave twenty-five louis at Milan; while Lord Lansdowne, for apparently the same picture, gave, some years since, more than 500*l.* in London. Wishing to compare the two, Rogers one morning, having some artists with him to breakfast, wrapped up his Caracci in a napkin, and all went off together to Lansdowne House (the Lansdownes being out of town) for the purpose of comparing the two pictures, when, as he told me, the only difference the artists could see between them was a somewhat greater degree of finish in some parts of his.

30th. Went to the British Museum, where I stayed most of the day. Dined at Lord Essex's; company, Rogers and Miss R., Miss Stephens and niece, Calcott the painter, Lieut. Drummond, and Rich. Talk with Lord Essex in the evening about Lord Grey; his lamentations at Lord Grey's being out of the Ministry. Endeavoured to convince him that Lord Grey, on the contrary, is in high luck to get so well and so untarnished out of the scrape. It has long been my opinion, that one of the curses of the position in which these men have placed themselves is, that they are *doomed* to stay in,—inevitably doomed to abide the issue of what they so rashly commenced; and their late readiness to tumble out (from sheer weakness and disunion), and yet *not* tumbling out, seems to confirm this view of the fatality that awaits them. Received a message from Lord John before I went to dinner, asking me to breakfast with him on Saturday.

August 3d. Took the boys to breakfast at Rogers's, where he had Hughes the American.

Some discussion about the existence of slavery in America, and the sort of incubus it is on the breast of that country. Difficulty of shaking it off; "the highest *gentlemen*," Hughes said, are to be found in the Slave States, and seemed to argue as if they were the more high and free-minded from having slaves to trample upon. Rogers opposed to this the instance of England; but certainly almost all free nations have had some such victims to whet their noble spirits upon and keep them in good humor with themselves. The Athenians had their οικεται, the Spartans their Helots, the Romans their *Servi*, and the English, till of late, their Catholic Irish. * * *

Dined with the Speaker: company Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Horace Twiss and his wife. In talking of the late defeat of the Ministers in the House of Commons, by which the Tithe Bill was carried, the Speaker showed a good deal of fairness. Mr. Fitzgerald had coarsely enough remarked that, at last, there could be no doubt of Lord Althorp's dishonesty, as he had evidently suffered himself to be out-numbered on that occasion; to which the Speaker replied, that such was at first his own impression; that —— of the Treasury had come to him full of anxiety on the subject, confessing that it looked very ill, but assuring him that it was contrary both to the wishes and efforts of the Ministers, that the opposition to their bill had succeeded. "I told ——," continued the Speaker, "what my own impression had been, adding that of course his declaration on the subject had removed all my suspicions; and it certainly shows one may be led by appearances to form a wrong judgment, for I happen to know since then, that there were very pressing notes from the Ministers to several of their supporters, requesting their attendance and vote on that question."

5th. Breakfasted at home, and afterwards called upon M. de Bonnechose, Librarian to the King of the French. Talking of the state of France, I spoke of the "strong government" which they had now brought upon themselves; and his remark, in return, was, that the government was certainly strong, but that a day or hour might overturn it, so entirely did it depend upon the balance of public opinion. Said that France was never before in possession of real freedom, and quoted what Casimir Delavigne remarked to him, one day, during the *état de Siège* importing (for I forget the exact words) that people at a distance, observing such an outward mark of despotic rule, could little conceive, what was yet the fact, that true liberty, for the first time, prevailed *within*. This is just intelligible; but it must at the same time be acknowledged, that sieges of Paris, press prosecutions, domiciliary visits, &c., are rather a novel mode of carrying on a free government. Spoke very flatteringly of my European reputation. Dined with Rogers and his sister, and in the evening went all to the Opera: I to my stall, where I was soon joined by Lord Lansdowne.

6th. Out early for the purpose of seeing Rogers off on his tour. Met him in his carriage, in St. James's Place, quarter past nine, and got in with him. Had wished me to go as far as the Lakes with him, and I should have liked it much could I have spared the time. Left him in the New Road, and went to Moore's (the sculptor) to breakfast. A large party of Irishmen assembled, chiefly artists. Maclise, who painted my Mokanna; Doyle and his brother-in-law, Rothwell, Moran, and one or two more; among whom was a young man connected with "The Spectator" newspaper. Clever fellows most of them, and the conversation agreeable. To British Museum. Dined at Bailey's in Seymour Place; company, Bruce, Bailey, Sir R. Vivian, Elwyn, Quintin Dick, and one or two more. Talking of extempore oratory, mentioned what Brougham says in his inaugural Discourse that, "that man will always be the best extempore speaker, *when* necessary, who has been most in the habit of preparing himself seduously for premeditated speaking." One would think, on the contrary, that a habit of preparing sedulously would beget a fastidiousness fatal to extemporaneous flow. Cicero's only extempore speech (that for Marcellus) his best; but have we the speech as he spoke it?

7th. To breakfast with Lord Lansdowne: none but ourselves. Met Dr. Hume on my way, who was coming to me with a very pretty trinket (a flower-holder, to wear on the breast) as a present for Bessy. Proposals for publishing by subscription a Latin translation of the Irish Melodies; a strange project! I remember once a M. Paeodsky, a Hungarian nobleman, coming over to Dublin

(of all places) to publish a translation of Ovid's Epistles into Greek. The Irish Melodies, in Latin, seems hardly a more promising speculation. Dined at Paternoster Row.—Barnes, Stuart (of "The Courier"), Col. Torrens, M'Culloch, Phillips the painter, and a few more. In talking of the attempt that had been made to take my portrait, Phillips said, that what the public expected naturally to see in a portrait of me was the gay fancy and wit which they had been accustomed to associate with my writings, and that it was the effort to give this which made my portraits unlike me; whereas the character of my head was deep thoughtfulness. In the course of the day, Phillips related a circumstance, as having happened to Lord Castlereagh, which was evidently a *rifaccimento* of a story which I have often told of an event that occurred to myself. People are so fond when they meet with a stray story of getting some *high peg* to hang it upon. I have not time now to relate the particulars, but it was concerning a dead robber whom my uncle and myself found lying on the road, in returning early one morning from Sandymount to Dublin. He had been shot just under the eye, and there was no other mark than the small hole through which the bullet had entered. An old woman who was looking down at the body at the same time with us, said, "It was the blessing of God it didn't hit his eye." Phillips's story was almost word for word the same, and on my telling mine the whole company agreed that the other must have been a mere transfer of my adventure to Lord Castlereagh. * * *

8th. To Evans's, the bookseller, who showed me an autograph of Napoleon's letter to Louis XVIII. when the former was First Consul, and when Louis addressed a sort of canvassing letter to him: "You must not think," says Napoleon in his answer, "of coming into France. If you do, *vous marcherez sur cinq cent mille cadavres.*" He then adds, "You may be assured of my doing all in my power *pour assurer la tranquillite de votre rêtraite.*" One of the sentences is dashed out impatiently with the pen, and another interlined, but not legibly, that which was meant to be expunged being by far the more legible of the two. Might not this have been his rough copy? * * * *

Engaged to dine at Murray's at Norwood. Called for by the Lockharts, in an open carriage, between five and six. Found no one but Murray's own family. A good deal of talk about various things. Sung for them in the evening. My last number of Melodies produced, which led me to tell them the effect of the verses on O'Connell. On my saying that it remained to be seen whether he would attack me in consequence, Lockhart said, "No; he will not attack *you:* yours is a weapon he will not like to encounter."

10th. Breakfasted at home, and went to the Warwick Street Chapel; had seen Howard a day or two since, and told him I would come to his pew. A noble mass of Beethoven's, and a most benevolent sermon, recommending kindness and charity towards all persons without any distinction of sects. How unlike the damnatory tirades of our B. preacher! In coming out, a gentleman introduced himself to me, whom I found to be O'Dwyer. Walked some time with him. Spoke of my verses; had seen my letter to Con. Lyne, and on my saying that I was perfectly prepared for the unpopularity that must follow such a step, he answered that, "Had I made my charge less general, that would not, he thought, have been the result;" implying, of course, that, as it is, I must expect to fall into eclipse. Well, so be it! "and more true joy Marcellus exiled feels, than Daniel," &c., &c. Called on Mrs. Shelley; not at home; but found Ruthven; another of the Tail, waiting for her.—Have just thought, by the bye, of a good motto for O'Connell from Persius, *Caudam jactare popello.* † * * * Talk with Allen of my "Irish History,"—of Thierry's "Descent of the Normans," which he and Lord Holland praised so much and recommended to me, but which appears to me, as far as I have read of it (first vol.), to be a showy superficial book; built upon a theory, too, which, though imposing, and perhaps borne out at the commencement of the history, becomes ridiculous from its forced application as he goes on.—Told my opinion of it to Allen; but, of course, without much changing his.

11th. Dined at Lady Blessington's: company, D'Orsay (as master of the house), John Ponsonby, Willis the American, Count Pahlen

† Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello
Desinis. *Persius*, iv. 15.

(whom I saw a good deal of when he was formerly in London, and liked), Fonblanque, the editor of "The Examiner," and a foreigner, whose name I forget. Sat next to Fonblanque, and was glad of the opportunity of knowing him. A clever fellow certainly, and with great powers occasionally as a writer.—Got on very well together. Broached to him my notions (long entertained by me) respecting the ruinous effects to literature likely to arise from the boasted diffusion of education; the lowering of the standard that must necessarily arise from the extending of the circle of judges; from letting the mob in to vote, particularly at a period when the *market* is such an object to authors. Those "who live to please must please to live," and most will write down to the lowered standard. All the great things in literature have been achieved when the readers were few; "fit audience find and few." In the best days of English genius, what a comparatively small circle sat in judgment! In the Italian Republics, in old Greece, the dispensers of fame were a select body, and the consequence was a high standard of taste. Touched upon some of these points to Fonblanque, and he seemed not indisposed to agree with me; observing that certainly the present appearances in the world of literature looked very like a confirmation of my views. Some conversation after dinner about poor Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons." All pronounced the work bad.

12th. Breakfasted at home; made some calls; at Shee's. Showed me a new work, "Naval Recollections," in which there is mention of me, and such as pleases me not a little. The author, it appears, was midshipman on board the "Phaeton" frigate in which I went to America, and describes the regret of the officers of the gun-room when I quitted the ship, adding some kind things about their feelings towards me, which I had great pleasure in reading. To have left such an impression upon honest, hearty, unaffected fellows like those of the gun-room of the "Phaeton," is not a little flattering to me. I remember the first lieutenant saying to me, after we had become intimate, "I thought you, the first day you came aboard, the damnedest conceited little fellow I ever saw, with your glass cocked up to your eye;" and then he mimicked the manner in which I made my first appearance. Called upon Miss Costello, who repeated her desire that I would allow her to dedicate her book to me. Of course, accepted the honor.

Went from thence to the Hollands, where I found a scene that would rather have alarmed, I think, a Tory of the full dress school.—There was the Chancellor in his black frock coat, black cravat; while upon the sofa lay stretched the Prime Minister, also in frock and boots, and with his legs cocked up on one of Lady Holland's fine chairs. Beside him sat Lord Holland, and at some distance from this group was my Lady herself, seated at a table with Talleyrand, and occupying him in conversation to divert his attention from the Ministerial confab at the sofa. Joined these two, being the first time that I was ever regularly introduced to Talleyrand. Was very civil; said Mr. Moore was *très connu en France*. Lady Holland mentioned my having lived at Meudon for two or three summers, which brought on some conversation about that neighborhood. A book lying upon the table which she had been recommended, and had sent to Paris for it, but would not now read it. This book was Leroy's *Lettres Philosophiques sur l'Intelligence et la Perfectibilité des Animaux*. Talleyrand strongly advised her to read it, and said (in French, for he never speaks English), "lend it to Mr. Moore, and I am sure, after he has read it, he will be of my opinion about it. I remember, when a young man, going *à la chasse* with that Monsieur Leroy, who was Lieutenant des Chasses du Parc de Versailles; and the Abbé Condillac* was also of the party." Joined afterwards the Cabinet on the sofa.

13th. My last day. Asked by Lord Dacie to meet the Duke of Norfolk at dinner, and congratulate him on his ribbon, which he received this day. Told me I should meet also Lord Lansdowne and Lord Auckland. Was sorry to give up this party, but had fixed to take the boys (whose holidays end to-day) to dine with Edward Moore, and go to some theatre afterwards, so preferred disappointing myself to disappointing them. Went for them to the Charter House. Dined between five and six, and all went to the Haymarket, where we were a good deal amused. Home and packed.

* Condillac, I see, also wrote "Sur les Animaux."

14th. Started with the two boys in the Emerald, for Bath, where Bessy and Ellen were to meet us. Arrived between eight and nine. Found Bessy with the Prowses; had tea there. Slept at the York House. Bessy, &c. being lodged at the Prowses'.

15th. Called with Bessy at the Crawfords'; Mrs. C. away. in Paris. Lent us their carriage to go to Prior Park. Received very kindly by my intelligent friend the young priest. When we arrived at the front door, found that service was going on within, and remained there some time listening to the sounds of the organ, and some sweet boys' voices, while the beautiful sunny prospect was before our eyes. Nothing could be more delicious. Bessy and Ellen quite enchanted. Walked with the priest through some of the grounds. Mentioned a theory broached in a late work of some friend of his, that the imaginative and ratiocinative faculties have never flourished at any one period together. But Bacon and Shakspeare, who were contemporaries, are a sufficient answer to this notion.

16th. Saw our dear Nell off in the coach for Bristol, from whence the packet was to sail at four, and started with the boys and Bessy Prowse for Sloperton. Some verses have appeared in the "Dublin Register" attacking me for my allusion to O'Connell in "The Irish Melodies." Forgot to mention what Rogers told me in town, and which gave me great pleasure. of Lady W. Russell speaking to him lately of Lord John's great "admiration" of me.

24th. Dined at Bowood: none but ourselves and Guthrie. Conversation after dinner; the want of commanding talent that is now perceptible in every walk of intellect and in every country. The new and forced style of writing that has become popular both in England and France. What happened in the decline of ancient literature, in the time of Seneca, Lucan, and later, when men, with the best models of writing before their eyes, and fully able to appreciate those models, yet sunk into a false and wretched style themselves, till at last the true light became extinct. The same sort of darkness likely to come again over the world. In Italy, men seated among the wonders of their ancient painters, yet produce nothing but monsters themselves, and seem to have wholly lost the tradition of the art. All this excites awful reflections, as showing that, even without the aid of barbarians, another eclipse may come over the nations.

29th. * * * Talk with Lord L. about Coleridge; was much struck with Lockhart's article upon him, and the extracts; but surprised at Coleridge's conversation being brought into competition with Mackintosh's, as he well might be. Coleridge, in general, all mist and maze, and never by any chance talked "like folks of this world."

30th. Walked home after breakfast, Brabant part of the way with me. On my mentioning the accurate account kept of eclipses by the Irish annalists, so early as the seventh century, suggested that it would be curious to compare their observations with those of foreign astronomers; and see, by comparison of latitudes, whether the Irish records were made at the time and on the spot, or merely copied at a later period from the foreign lists.

September 16th. Sydney at breakfast made me actually cry with laughing. I was obliged to start up from the table. In talking of the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other, cranes and crows, &c., showing that they must have some means of communicating their thoughts, he said, "I dare say they make the same remark of us. That old fat crow there (meaning himself) what a prodigious noise he is making! I have no doubt he has some power of communicating," &c. &c. After pursuing this idea comically for some time, he added, "But we have the advantage of them; they can't put us into pies as we do them; legs sticking up out of the crust," &c. &c. The acting of all this makes two thirds of the fun of it; the quickness, the buoyancy, the self-enjoying laugh. Talking of Bayle after breakfast, was surprised at Sydney's low opinion of him. Said that you found everything in Bayle but the thing you wanted to find. Spoke of Servetus; Sydney evidently ignorant of his history, and asked me afterwards whether it was Calvin or Luther that had him burned.

Walked with him about the grounds; his conversation, as is usually the case in a *tête-à-tête*, grave and sensible. Discussed O'Connell's character, and though, for the pleasure of the argument (which Sydney delights in) questioning most of my opinions,

yet upon the whole I found he agreed with my views. Mentioned his first interview with Dan, who had called upon him, and he went to return the visit. Found some people there, to whom O'Connell presented him, saying, "Allow me to introduce to you the ancient and amusing defender of our faith;" on which Sydney laughingly interrupted him, saying, "of your *cause*, if you please, *not* of your faith." Walked a little with Luttrell afterwards. Talked of prosody; whether the ancients themselves did not, even in *prose*, attend more to accent than to quantity. Mentioned the *dactylic* passage quoted from "Demosthenes" by Longinus, which Luttrell remembered and quoted. Sydney, at dinner, and after, in full force; sometimes high comedy, sometimes farce; both perfect in their ways. Describing a dinner at Longman's; Rees carving *plerumque secat res.* Talking of the bad effects of late hours, and saying of some distinguished diner-out, that there would be on his tomb, "He dined late"—"and died early," rejoined Luttrell.

Sydney asked me whether he was likely to find a good account of Servetus in Bayle, and I said, most assuredly; it was just the sort of subject on which Bayle would be quite *at home*. "Very well," he answered, "I shall make that the test of my judgment of him."

17th. Sydney triumphing in the confirmation he had found of his opinion of Bayle; there was no *article* on the subject of Servetus, in the Dictionary. This is quite true, and certainly singular. There is not even any mention of Servetus, that I can find, except once, briefly, in an article on Ochinus. I had said, I believe, to Sydney, "at all events you will find plenty about him in the 'Œuvres de Bayle,'" and there I was right. In the *Réponse du Nouveau Converti*, tom. ii., Bayle is, as I had answered for, quite at home on the subject. I remember, years ago, Dumont praising Castalion as one of the first, if not the first, advocate for religious liberty; but assuredly his silence on Servetus's case told badly for his sincerity in the cause. (See this article of Bayle.)

Lord Lansdowne having, some time since, expressed a wish to see Prior Park, we agreed that, if to-day was fine, he and I should go there. Sydney charging me with a design upon Lord L's. orthodoxy, and recommending that there should be some sound Protestant tracts put up with the sandwiches in the carriage. The day delicious, and what with the open carriage, the four fleet horses, and agreeable conversation all the way, nothing could be more agreeable. Left the horses at Bath, and put on a pair of posters to take us up to the Park. Had given my friend the young priest notice of our coming, and he was prepared to receive us. My account of his manners, intelligence, &c., to Lord Lansdowne having been (as he richly deserved) highly favourable, I was delighted to observe that without the least effort, he came up fully to all I had said of him. Lord L. delighted with both the place and the priest. In looking over different books in his own study, the quiet with which he waited till we made our remarks on them; and then the intelligence and perfect knowledge of the subject with which he gave his own, was all very striking. Got back, after a very agreeable day, just in time to dress for dinner. Luttrell has given me a translation into French of the Irish Melody, "Rich and Rare," which my tall admirer the young Belgian has sent him. On leaving Prior Park, Lord Lansdowne said to me, and repeated the same to Sydney afterwards, "If I had been a Protestant old lady, that place would have alarmed me not a little."

18th. At breakfast Sydney enumerated and acted the different sorts of hand-shaking there are to be met with in society. The *digitory* or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts his fore finger, and says, with his strong northern accent, "How *arrre* you?" The *sepulchral* or *mortemain*, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open hand flat and coldly against yours. The *high official*, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead. The *rural* or *vigorous* shake, &c., &c. In talking of the remarkable fact that women in general bear pain much better than men, I said that allowing everything that could be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility. This theory of mine was immediately exclaimed against (as it always is whenever I sport it) as disparaging, ungenerous, unfounded, &c., &c. I offered to put it

to the test by bringing in a hot tea-pot, which I would answer for the ladies of the party being able to hold for a much longer time than the men. This set Sydney off most comically, upon my cruelty to the female part of the creation, and the practice I had in such experiments. "He has been all his life (he said) trying the sex with hot tea-pots; the burning ploughshare was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tone in a *tête-à-tête*. 'Bring a tea-pot.'"

Came away soon after breakfast; Sydney, who was to go next day, offered to take me with him, and it would have been a most easy, as well as delightful opportunity of paying my long-promised visit to his parsonage, but my time would not permit. Came away soon after breakfast. Made me promise to bring Mrs. Moore and the boys some time or other. During my drive yesterday with Lord Lansdowne, in talking of public speaking, I asked him whether he had ever experienced that sort of bewilderment in delivering himself, which he might have observed come over me at the Devizes dinner, and which I had once before experienced for a few moments during my speech at the Revolution Meeting in Dublin some years since, but recovered myself on that occasion almost immediately. He said, to my surprise, that he hardly ever spoke in the House without feeling the approaches of some such loss of self-possession, and found that the only way to surmount it was to talk on, at all hazards. He added, what appears highly probable, that those *common places* which most men accustomed to public speaking have, ready cut and dry, to bring in on all occasions, were, he thought, in general used by them as a mode of getting over those blank intervals, when they do not know *what* to say next, but, in the mean time, must say *something*. Mentioned instances of breaking down in speaking, and how painful it was not only to the sufferers themselves but to the witnesses. * * *

21st. Having promised to return to Bowood to meet Lord John, who was expected to-day, walked over to dinner, but found he was not to come till to-morrow. A large party; besides the Lysters and Luttrell, there were Lord Auckland, Captain Elliot, Admiral Dundas, Lord King, Captain Simpson, and the Bowleses. Bowles having preached in the morning, taking for his subject one of the cartoons in the chapel given by the King to Lord Lansdowne. * * *

22nd. * * * Mentioned Lady ——, (I forget who) saying, "Oh, you know there's high water at Westminster Bridge, every day, at twelve o'clock." On which somebody gravely answered, "There has not been *hitherto;* but I understand the present Lord Mayor means to regulate it so."

25th. Lord John offered to walk with me and see Bessy. A good deal of interesting conversation on the way: full of his usual manly frankness. Told him how much I was in hopes that they would all have got out at the crisis; and he said it was their own hope also. Described his calling upon Lord Melbourne on the subject, and being joined there by Lord Althorp; their all wishing that the King would send to Peel, but, of course, could not propose it, as such a step would give the Tories the power of saying "It was really not our desire to undertake the government under such circumstances, but as these gentlemen confess themselves unable to carry it on, why," &c. &c. Spoke of the King, and how well he deported himself on some of these difficult occasions. What he said to Lord John himself, when having asked for an audience, Lord John begged that his Majesty would give him leave to make some explanation in the House, in answer to Stanley on a point personal to himself. The King in granting the permission, said he had only two suggestions to make, one as to the *matter* of the explanation, and the other as to the *manner*. That in the first place, there should be no more particulars entered into than were absolutely necessary for Lord John's purpose; and next that the *manner* of the explanation should be in no ways offensive to Mr. Stanley. Described a scene at the levee, after it was known that Stanley meant to resign. Lord Melbourne, Lord John, and Stanley being together, laughing at some ridiculous story Melbourne was telling them, while the Tories, who were looking on, supposed from their good humour together, that all was made up. In a few hours after, however, Stanley's speech showed them how mistaken they had been. Stayed some time at Sloperton, and returned to Bowood to dinner. Mr. Barry, the architect, and Mr. Austin added to

the party. Lord John very kindly told me that, as long as he was allowed to remain at the Pay Office, he hoped I would always make that my head quarters when I came to town. * * *

27th. Received a letter a day or two since from Con. Lyne, dated from Derrynane Abbey; in which, after referring to his former resolution (adopted on the advice of Fitzsimon) *not* to show my letters to O'Connell, he proceeds thus: "Since then I had been on a visit with my excellent friend Dr. Sandes of our University; I read to him your letters; and he was of opinion I should show them to O'Connell; that they would disabuse him of any false notion he might entertain as to their contents; and in conformity to that opinion I, to-day, upon O'Connell again referring to the subject, read them to him, and I am rejoiced to say the effect Dr. Sandes contemplated followed; that it went to mitigate and considerably to reduce all personal resentment on the subject. He does not find one fact stated by you which would lead him to regret the course of management he has adopted in advocating the cause of Ireland. As to the present of the garland to George IV. he used it as a means of enlisting the King's feelings on the subject of Emancipation, and it was followed by the publication of Lord Sidmouth's letter. He feels no compunction on the consequences of his 'vow,' however insulting they may have been to himself personally. He thinks and regrets much that you should have betrayed great apathy in the cause of Ireland ever since the measure of Emancipation was effected. The post-boy is mounted and going to start, so I must hastily conclude this incongruous note, but I write it with more than ordinary pleasure. Believe," &c. &c.

In answer to this I wrote to the following purport. It was a great relief to my mind to learn that O'Connell had read those letters; for however my differing with his views might offend him, he would see at least that it was not without reflection I differed, nor without a deep and due sense of his great talents and services in our common cause. "I will confess to you (I went on to say) that much as I have always been in the habit of speaking freely of public men, this is the first time it has ever cost me a pang to do so. The cause, the man (for I have ever personally liked O'Connell), the risk I ran and still run of losing by this step that popularity among my countrymen, which is the only reward that remains to me for some personal self-sacrifice; all this, I own, made it a painful and a bitter effort; but I should not have stood so well with my own conscience or self-respect, had I shrunk from it. The feeling began, as I have already told you, as far back as the visit of George the Fourth to Ireland, when I was living in Paris, and when Byron sent me those truly Irish verses of his, which I got printed at a French press, and distributed among the faithful. It was curious enough that while *he* vented his Italian feelings on the Irish, I discharged at the same time my Irish rage on the Neapolitans, in verses which you may perhaps have seen: 'Aye, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are.' With respect to what O'Connell says of my lukewarmness in the cause of Ireland, since the grant of Emancipation, he seems to have forgotten already the praises which he himself, under his own hand, bestowed upon me for the 'courage' of my 'Life of Lord Edward,' and the 'treasonous truths,' which he said that work contained. He little knew the extent of the courage he thus praised. It is easy to brave a *public;* but it was in defiance of the representations and requests of some of my own most valued friends that I published that justification of the men of '98—the *ultimi Romanorum* of our country. He appears also to have forgotten my last work, which, though as regards the rest of the world theological, is in its bearings on the popular cause of Ireland deeply political, and so was viewed by enemies who understood me, as it appears, far better than O'Connell. No, I have little fear that the historian (if he ever meddles with such 'small deer' as myself) will say that, hitherto, at least, I have shown any apathy in the cause of Ireland. How far the chill of years, increasing hopelessness as to the result, and such instances of injustice to my humble efforts as O'Connell has here set the example of; how far these combined causes may palsy me in years to come, I know not. But we must only hope for the best; and in the mean time, wishing you, my dear Lyne, among other blessings, less prosy correspondents than myself, I am," &c. &c.

October 1st to 4th. The Lansdownes gone on their trip to Brussels and Paris. Lady L., before she went, called and left for Bessy a beautiful tube rose, and heaps of flowers for her baskets.

5th to 7th. Sent to "The Times" a parody on "Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses," in reference to a passage in the Bishop of London's late Charge, "We want more churches and more clergymen," but they did not insert it, Barnes's *locum tenens* being, I suppose, scrupulous on account of the amatory nature of the song, and the bringing Clocs and churches in such close oseulation together. After waiting for some days, sent the verses with a note to Fonblanque of "The Examiner," who wrote me a very cordial answer, in return; saying, that much as he prized my verses and the distinction thus conferred on "The Examiner," he still more valued the kind feeling expressed by me, &c. &c. Had told him the fact of the verses having been declined in the usual quarter through which I discharged my squibbery. * * *

29th. Being at Joy's, employed myself looking over the books till luncheon, after which we started with Mrs. Houlton and Catherine for Farley, which we found looking in full autumnal beauty. No company at dinner but a Mr. Langford, an intelligent young man, who has been a good deal in India. Some conversation with him on the subject, from which I found that he is strongly impressed with the idea of a European colonisation of India, in old times, like that of Odin. Says that the appearance of the people, in some parts, strongly bears out this opinion; and that Todd, the author of the splendid book on India (in which, certainly, many of the architectural drawings appeared to me, in the short glimpse I had of it, to be thoroughly European), is employed on a work enforcing this notion. Music in the evening.

November 2nd to 9th. As I have now nothing very particular for my daily records, I shall retrace my steps a little, and set down a few things that had escaped my recollection. During my visit to town, Rogers, one day, in speaking of Brougham, and remarking how well he often put some points in his speeches, gave as an instance what he had said in a late speech, on the subject of very young men, at College, signing the Thirty-nine Articles; viz. that "they swallowed them first and digested afterwards." On hearing this, I could not help putting in quietly a claim for my own property, which the thought in question decidedly was; as not more than a week before Brougham made this speech, my verses on Phillpott's famous explanation of the *signing* had appeared in "The Times;" and that Brougham must have read these verses, his immediate interest in the subject was a sufficient guarantee. In that short squib were the two following lines:—

> "Both in dining and signing we take the same plan,
> First swallow all down, then digest—as we can."

When I mentioned this, Rogers seemed a little ashamed of himself, and took an opportunity afterwards of noticing the circumstance to Miss Rogers. It is too hard, when a great gun like the Chancellor condescends to discharge one of my pellets from his muzzle, that the original *pop-gun* should be thus forgotten. But so it is; station makes all the difference, even in a joke, and Shakspeare was for once wrong, when he said, "a jest's prosperity lies not in the tongue of him who makes it," for it does sometimes lie wholly there. While Corry was with me, during his late short visit, he mentioned some reader of my "Irish Gentleman" having expressed either wonderment or curiosity to him (I forget which) as to my being a Catholic,—or a Protestant, for I forget which also. But it is an odd thing that people will identify an author with his hero, let the hero be ever so obviously and (in this case) declaredly a fictitious one. I am not (unluckily for myself) one or two-and-twenty like my "Gentleman," nor do I live up two pair of stairs in Trinity College, nor have I been to Germany to consult Scratchenback. Why the deuce then must I *be*, or have *done*, any of the other things that my Irish hero *was* or *did?* All I have said in that book of the superiority of the Roman Catholic religion over the Protestant in point of antiquity, authority, and consistency, I most firmly and conscientiously believe; being convinced that the latter faith is but a departure and schism, widening more and more every day, from the system of Christianity professed by those who ought to know most about the matter, namely, the

earliest Christians. Thus far, my views agree with those of my hero, and I was induced to put them so strongly upon record from the disgust I feel, and have ever felt, at the arrogance with which most Protestant parsons assume to themselves and their followers the credit of being the only true Christians, and the insolence with which weekly, from their pulpits, they denounce all Catholics as idolaters and antichrist.

10th to 23rd. Hard at work. Nothing else of much moment to *me*, at least, but to my noble and right honourable friends, the Whigs, a most important event has happened, namely, their being suddenly turned out of office by his Majesty, after four years of dominion; during which more has been done to unsettle, not merely institutions, but principles, than it will be in the power of many future generations to repair. The curious part of the case is, that in the process of converting the great mass of the nation into Radicals, they have most of them transformed *themselves* into Tories. I was among the few (of my *own* party) who foresaw what would be the result of their mad rush into Reform, as may be seen from what I put down of my thoughts, in this Journal, at the time. The country is now fairly in for revolution, and stop it who can.

24th. Bessy went to Devizes for a little shopping, and to stay the night. My poor sister Kate, who, for many years, has been an invalid, now lies, I fear, in her last illness. Our accounts from dear Ellen, who is employed watching over her night and day, leave but little hopes of any other result. * * *

December 4th. A small plate of nice raspberries and cream brought up to me by my sweet Bess, being the third or fourth treat of the same kind I have had from our own garden within the last fortnight or three weeks; such has been the extraordinary mildness of the season. A visit from Lord Lansdowne. Walked about the garden with me for near an hour, talking chiefly of the late changes. "Well," I said, "you are now a free man." "Yes," he answered, "and *you*, at least, will not *condole* with me on my freedom." I have never, indeed, made any secret to any of them of my feelings of distaste at their being in office, nor of the little concern it would give me to see them out.

6th. Had written to Barnes, sending him a scribbled copy of a thing I had intended for the paper, but changed my mind while writing it; this being a crisis rather too serious for badinage. Told him my reasons for wishing it not to be published, and added, that though, as he well knew, I was but little disposed to take part with my friends, the Whigs, while in, yet that now they were out, and in their natural position, they would become, I thought, the true rallying point of the country, and that so he would himself, before long, discover. In his answer, which I received today, he but too truly points out the weak and helpless condition to which the Whigs had dwindled of late, adding, 'Your attachment to them when out—an attachment which you certainly are not forward to express to them when *in*—does credit to your disinterestedness and manly feeling." He then expresses great anxiety that I should do something for the paper, choosing other subjects, of course, than those which I thought might, in any way, offend my Whig friends; at the same time adding, that if I could not even thus far assist them at present, his feelings towards me should still remain unaltered, &c. &c. Nothing, indeed, could be more kind and gentlemanlike than his note.

8th. After breakfast Lady Lansdowne would make me sit down to the piano-forte to sing for Lady Kerry, who, it appears, was most anxious to hear me. Happened to be in good voice, and was not ill-pleased to hear *myself*, having seldom now any time for that indulgence at home. Lord L. offered to walk part of the way home with me, and Senior and Van de Weyer (the Belgian minister) joined us.

13th. The dear boys arrived from school. Tom looking remarkably well; Bessy with a little cold.

18th to 31st. From this time my journalizing has been far more interrupted and neglected than ever I remember it to have been since I began the task; the pressure of my "History" on one side, and the demands of society on the other, leaving me no disposable leisure whatever. About the middle of this month my poor sister Kate was released from her sufferings.

1835.

January 17th. Went frequently to Bowood. Had a long walk one day with Hallam, Lord L., and Sir A. Malet. A most agreeable *tête-à-tête* or two with Hallam, who is full of information, but have had no time to take notes.

20th. Had promised Lord Lansdowne to come over and meet Lord John when he arrived. Though run to the last extremity now for time, I must be hard pressed indeed when I could not find a moment for "Johnny." Found when I arrived at Bowood that he was not to come till to-morrow. Hallam there still, and Luttrell.

21st. Walked home after breakfast to work, and returned to dinner. Lord John just come. Highly pleased with the result of his election in Devonshire, and with all he had seen there. I had written to him immediately after the turn out of the Ministry, to say how much I rejoiced at the event: that nothing, I thought, could be more fortunately contrived for the future interests of the party than the moment and the manner of their ejection; as they would have been sure, before long, to have tumbled out, *proprio motu*, upon some not very popular grounds, perhaps; whereas now the responsibility all lay upon other shoulders, and they would be sure to be *relevés* in popular esteem by the event. This, if not in words, was at least the substance of what I wrote to him, and I added, in a postscript, that Mrs. Moore could not at all understand my being so glad at the turn-out. In a letter he wrote to me from Devonshire, he said, "I confess that I too was, like Mrs. Moore, somewhat puzzled by your congratulations, but, from what I have seen since I came among the people here, I am inclined to think you were right." He repeated the same thing to me now, and said that he had found many persons who, it appeared, had not been altogether pleased with him, as a Minister, now full of zeal for him as a popular candidate. * * *

February 1st. A most urgent note from Lord L. (whose mind has, on many points, all the eagerness and freshness of a boy's), endeavouring to make out to me that, by calling *late* for me on the one day, and depositing me at home at an early hour on the next, I should really lose no time whatever by our expedition. Nothing could be more nice and playful than his attempts to convince me on the subject, and it went to my heart rather to disappoint him; but I felt that it would be a sure loss of two days to me, and pledged as I was now to a fixed time of publication, it was quite impossible for me to spare so much.

10th. Asked to Bowood for to-day to meet Lord Ebrington at dinner, but found on arriving that he was still detained in Devonshire. No one beside themselves, except Guthrie. Day very agreeable; slept there.

11th. The Longmans beginning to be alarmed at the state of my progress in the printing, and though working from morning to night, and despatching my corrections far more rapidly than I ought, am beginning myself also to be apprehensive that it will be impossible for me to be ready in time. Wrote to ask them whether, by any good chance, there was not some other "monthly gentleman" they could put in my place; but they answered "No; that Dr. Lardner, who was now in Paris, had depended upon my being ready; that my book had been very extensively advertised, and they had no other to substitute instead of it." Nothing left for me, therefore, but to run up to town, and see what I could do by working on the spot. Very worrying all this, and for the first time in my literary life making me feel myself a thorough *hack*. As I wrote to Rogers, some time since, "Had I anticipated this sort of thing, I would have seen Dionysius the Tyrant with his dead namesake before I would have tied myself to such a task." * * *

17th. "Hard pounding, gentlemen," as the Duke of Wellington, we are told, said at Waterloo. "Hard scribbling," say I. Had brought up a large box of books with me, and the facility of access to others here, as well as the proximity to the Devils, very convenient. Again dined with *Co.*; all very civil and kind.

18th. Dr. Lardner made his appearance, and the matter beginning to look serious, a consultation was held by us all in the little back parlour. I ought to have before mentioned, that when I came up to town I was under the apprehension, not only that there would not be time to print all I had written, but that I had not even written a sufficient quantity

for the average size of these Lardner volumes. This apprehension, however, had been dispelled by Rees informing me, on my arrival, that there was copy enough to print out to the amount of between 320 and 330 pages. It now appeared, however, that, calculating the notes to be in the same proportion as they had been hitherto (which was not likely to be the case), the whole of what was in hand would not make, at the utmost, more than 300 pages. What was then to be done? Lardner suggested that the volume should end abruptly, and the remaining pages be carried on into the next volume, so that they might be divided afterwards, on being bound up anew. But this was pronounced clumsy, and, indeed, impracticable. The whole thing was, of course, most disagreeable to me, who was the cause of all the difficulty; and I felt the more sorry, I must say, from the exceeding good temper and good nature with which they all bore it. I had suggested that, in an advertisement prefixed, I should take the whole blame of the deficient quantity on myself, but what rendered such deficiency particularly unlucky at this moment was, that the last volume also ("Lives of Eminent Persons") had been very much under size, and had been complained of accordingly by the cyclopædian readers. At last, after much deliberation and suggestion, it came out that what I had proposed from the country, — namely, that they should put some other "monthly gentleman" in my place, — *was*, after all, practicable, and would be adopted. They had, it appeared, a volume of the "Germanic Empire" in readiness, and, to my great joy, now agreed to produce it instead of mine. The only thing at all to be blamed in them was, that they did not do this from the first; but Longman, it appeared, had been particularly anxious to have my volume out. Felt myself comparatively now a free man (though aware that it would still require my utmost exertions to be ready even for the first of April), and towards five o'clock sallied out for a walk towards the West End.

I had begged of the Lansdownes (who came up to town the day after I left them) not to mention my being in London to *any one*, as I meant to remain buried in the Row till my task was finished. One of the first persons I now met at Brookes's was Lord Lansdowne, who burst out into exclamations on seeing me, "What, you! the recluse of the Row, that wasn't to be seen or heard of; that gave me such injunctions of secresy," &c. &c. He would hardly let me tell him the real circumstances of the case, so amused was he at my apparition in this very centre of the London world, after all my repeated and earnest injunctions.

19th. At work all day, but with somewhat less painful urgency. Towards evening set out for the West, intending to dine at Brookes's, if I met with nothing better. Found there a great number assembled, peers and others not members of the House of Commons, waiting the result of the great trial of strength this evening on the question of the Speakership. Immense anxiety, and reports of the progress of the debate coming in from time to time. Post hour at length approaching, and the letters still kept open for the chance of the news arriving in time to be communicated to country friends. But no intelligence arrived, and many sat down to seal their letters, when a young fellow (Dundas, I believe,) came running breathless into the room, and cried out, "Won it by ten! won it by ten!" He was soon encircled, and questioned, and pulled about by one and another, while the whole party hurrahed and shook hands, and were as uproarious as a party of school boys. Instantly all the letters that had been sealed were again opened, and every one sat down to communicate the joyful news to his correspondent; but had not proceeded far, when a sort of panic of doubt seized them all at the same moment as to whether the news just brought might be depended upon, Dundas's only authority for it having been a man whom he saw running into Abercromby's house (not far from Brookes's), and shouting upstairs to Mrs. Abercromby, "Won it by ten." All now sat looking at each other, bewildered with the unfinished letters before them, and even our enthusiastic informant himself was beginning to be infected with the general distrust, when a whole party from the House came trooping in (Denison, the mover of Abercromby, among the rest), and no doubt was any longer left of the victory. Denison himself was hurrahed, and hugged, and twirled about like a top, and the whole group gave one as little notion of a party of grave and mature legislators as can well be conceived. The cry was then, "Let's

all dine here." Some scruples were stated by one or two as to not being dressed, but these were soon overruled, and frock coats were the order of the day. I had before agreed with Lord Ducie to join him at the House dinner here, which had been prepared only for nine or ten persons; but we now sat down a party of more than thirty (the waiters having added what they could to the repast), and Denison was put in the chair, with the Duke of Argyle on one side of him, and Lord Ducie on the other. I got seated between young Moreton and old Sir R. Heron. Toasts were drunk with hip, hip, hurra, &c. and all was very merry. On our adjourning to the other room, found a number of the members assembled; among others, Lord Lansdowne, who said to me, "Why, you are the greatest *party* man going." He had asked me in the morning to come to dine at Lansdowne House on Sunday or Monday next. Rogers also among the assembled politicians.

20th. After some hours' work, set off westward. Wrote my letters at Brookes's, and from thence to Rogers's; a good speculation, as it turned out. His servant, on opening the door, asked eagerly, "Are you come to dine here, Sir? Mr. Wordsworth is coming." Found that Rogers, though engaged out himself, had asked Wordsworth and his wife, who are just arrived in town, to dinner. Mrs. Wordsworth not well enough to come, but Rogers, W., and myself sat down to dinner at half past five, and our host having done the honours of the table to us till near seven o'clock, went off to his other engagements, and left us *tête-à-tête*.

My companion, according to his usual fashion, very soliloquacious, but saying much, of course, that was interesting to hear. In one of my after-dinner conversations with the people of the Row lately, they had told me that they were about to publish a new volume of poems for Wordsworth, and that an interest was evidently excited by their announcement, which showed that the public were still alive to the claims of good poetry. They then expressed a strong wish that I would undertake a new poem; and on my saying, that I doubted much the power of any poet at this moment to make an impression upon the public, dosed as they had been with rhymes so *usque ad nauseam*, they all agreed, to my surprise, in declaring that a poem from me would be as successful a speculation just now as any they could name, and all concurred in urging me to think of it. This, of course, was agreeable to me to hear; though I confess I am not the less sceptical as to the soundness of their opinion, men of business being (from their speculation, I suppose), the greatest of all castle-builders: we poets are nothing to them. Told as much of this to Wordsworth as he himself was concerned in, sinking or softening down my own share in the honour, though Rogers (who was by part of the time) *would* try and fasten upon me some little self-ostentation on the subject. This led to Wordsworth's telling me, what certainly is no small disgrace to the taste of the English public, of the very limited sale of his works, and the very scanty sum, on the whole, which he had received for them, not more, I think, than about a thousand pounds in all. I dare say I must have made by my writings at least twenty times that sum; but then I have written twenty times as much, such as it is. In giving me an account of the sort of society he has in his neighbourhood in the country, and saying that he rarely went out to dinner, he gave a very intelligible picture of the sort of thing it must be when he *does* go out. "The conversation," he said, "may be called *catechetical;* for, as they do me the honour to wish to know my opinions on the different subjects, they ask me questions, and I am induced to answer them at great length till I become quite tired." And so he does, I'll warrant him; nor is it possible, indeed, to edge in a word, at least in a *tête à tête*, till he *does* get tired. I was, however, very well pleased to be a listener.

Spoke of the immense time it took him to write even the shortest copy of verses,—sometimes whole weeks employed in shaping two or three lines, before he can satisfy himself with their structure. Attributed much of this to the unmanageableness of the English as a poetical language; contrasted it with the Italian in this respect, and repeated a stanza of Tasso, to show how naturally the words fell into music of themselves. It was one where the double rhymes, "*ella*," "*nella*," "*quella*," occurred, which he compared with the meagre and harsh English words "she," "that," "this," &c. &c. Thought, however

that, on the whole, there were advantages in having a rugged language to deal with; as in struggling with words one was led to give birth to and dwell upon thoughts, while, on the contrary, an easy and mellifluous language was apt to tempt, by its facility, into negligence, and to lead the poet to substitute music for thought. I do not give these as at all *his words*, but rather my deductions from his sayings than what he actually said. Talked of Coleridge, and praised him, not merely as a poet, but as a man, to a degree which I could not listen to without putting in my protest. * * * Hinted something of this in reply to Wordsworth's praises, and adverted to Southey's opinion of him, as expressed in a letter to Bowles (saying, if I recollect right, that he was "lamented by few, and regretted by none,") but Wordsworth continued his eulogium. Defended Coleridge's desertion of his family on the grounds of incompatibility, &c. between him and Mrs. Coleridge: said that Southey took a "rigid view" of the whole matter: and, in short, made out as poor a case for his brother bard (and proser), as any opponent of the latter could well desire.

In speaking of Byron's attacks upon himself, seemed to think they all originated in something Rogers told Byron of a letter written by him (Wordsworth) to a lady who applied to him for contributions to some miscellany. Being in a little fit of abstraction at the moment, I did not well attend to the particulars of this anecdote; but it seemed to imply such gratuitous mischief-making on the part of Rogers, that, imperfectly as I had collected the facts, I pronounced at once that Wordsworth must have been misinformed on the subject. He said he would ask Rogers about it, and I intended to do the same, but it went out of my mind. In remarking upon the causes of an author's popularity (with reference to his own failure, as he thought, in —that respect), he mentioned, as one of them, the frequent occurrence of quotable passages, —of lines that dwelt in people's memories, and passed into general circulation. This, he paid me the compliment of saying, was the case very much with my writings; but the tribute was a very equivocal one, as he intimated that he did not consider it to be the case with his own,—and one knows well what he considers the standard of perfection. I did not like to appear to bandy compliments, otherwise I could have contradicted his notion, that there were not many lines of his widely and popularly remembered. And here I do not allude to those which are remembered only to be laughed at, such as—

> "I've measured it from side to side,
> 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide;"

or the doggerel of Peter Bell, &c. &c., but to such touching things as, "Thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and the imaginative line, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," as well as several others of the same character that have spread beyond the circle of his devoted admirers, and become universally known. The night desperately wet; and Wordsworth, having to go but as far as Jermyn Street, while my destiny was the Row, very good-naturedly undertook to send me a hackney-coach (there being no servant to go for one), which he luckily succeeded in, and I got snug home. On the subject of Coleridge, as a writer, Wordsworth gave it as his opinion (strangely, I think), that his prose would live and deserved to live; while, of his poetry, he thought by no means so highly. I had mentioned the "Genevieve" as a beautiful thing, but to this, he objected: there was too much of the sensual in it. * * *

23rd. * * * Went from Lord Essex's to the Hollands. Found there Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne, Cowper, Granville, Lord J. Russell, Duke of Richmond, &c. &c. It was amusing to see the Duke of Richmond with Lord John, whom he had not met for some time, and whom he patted on the back and played with like a school-boy, quizzing him good-humoredly upon some of the points on which they now differ in politics. It softens one's view of the public drama to see such goings on behind the scenes. * * *

24th. * * * Dinner at Rogers's: company Sydney Smith, Eastlake the painter, and another artist whose name I cannot now recall. Eastlake told of a dinner given to Thorwaldsen the sculptor, at Rome, Wilkie presiding in the chair, and making a very eloquent speech on the occasion, which it seems he is very capable of, though so tiresomely slow of words in society. In speaking of Thorwaldsen, he described him as "coming from the north to warm the marbles of the south with his genius;" and this poetical flight being

very much applauded, Thorwaldsen, who sat next to Eastlake, begged that he would interpret it to him. "He speaks of you," said Eastlake, "as a great artist *chi è venuto dal settentrione per riscaldar i marmi.*" "*Riscaldar i marmi!*" exclaimed Thorwaldsen, puzzled at the metaphor, "*che vuol dire?*" "*Col suo genio,*" continued Eastlake, which at once solved the difficulty, and very much to the great sculptor's satisfaction. "*Ah, sì,*" he replied. Canova said of the numerous portraits painted of himself, that they were all different; and the reason was, that each artist mixed up, unconsciously, something of his own features with the resemblance. On Eastlake's mentioning this to Thorwaldsen, the latter said this was particularly the case with the heads done by Canova, as they were all like his own,—"*fin' ai cavalli.*"

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27th. At work as usual in the morning. Dined at Holland House, and arrived but just as they had sat down to dinner, their hour being very early,—soon after six. Found there Burdett and Lord Plunket, and, about the middle of the dinner, came Lord John, in his frock coat, from the House, not having had time to dress. Talked of (what has been lately, it seems, mentioned in the House, though I do not remember to have ever before heard of it), the curious and disgraceful circumstance of our famous M'N——, in Dublin, having been for many years in the pay of the Irish Government, and regularly reporting to them the proceedings of the Liberals and United Irishmen he habitually lived with. Lord Plunket seemed to admit that there was no doubt of the fact. Lord Holland amused with my saying how much I used to look up to this L—— M'N——, on account of some songs in a successful opera which he wrote,—"Robin Hood." I remember "Charming Clorinda" was one of the songs I used to envy him being the author of. M'N—— was lame (having a dislocated hip), and Lord Plunket told the story of a limping man asking Keller (I think) one day, in the Court, "Did you see M'N—— go this way?" "By G——, I never saw him go otherwise," answered Keller. It is said to have been in a duel that M'N—— received the wound in the hip that lamed him; and, on a subsequent occasion, when he was again going out to fight, a friend of his, when he was on the way to the ground, called him back and said gravely to him, "I'd advise you, Mac, to turn the other hip to him; who knows but he may shoot you straight." Mentioned this as a pendant to Lord Plunket's story. Was much struck by the strongly Irish manner of Lord Plunket; either this manner has increased, or else he was now under less restraint than on former occasions when I have met him; but it sounded in my ears *Dublin* all over. Some badinage of my Lady with Sir Francis, on his late librations in his political orbit.

We then passed to still higher ground, Rogers's good and kind qualities, the services he renders to people in distress, which I believe to be frequent. I mentioned the readiness with which he once advanced 400*l.* to Campbell to enable him to purchase a share in "The Metropolitan;" which circumstance Campbell himself told me, and which I believe I have mentioned in this Journal.—Campbell found afterwards that the speculation would not be to his advantage, and returned the money. I then adverted to my own experience of R's kindness in this way, saying (what is the simple fact) that he is the only man to whom when in want of money, I could bring myself to apply for assistance; that I *have* so applied, and of course not in vain. When I began saying that he was the only man to whom I could, &c. &c., Lady Holland said, "Yes, you little proud thing, every one knows that!"

Hobhouse came in the evening: had some talk with him. Told me that Byron's monument had arrived, but remained still packed up, the authorities of the Abbey still refusing to give it admission. To place it where Byron is buried would, he thinks, be throwing it away; but I don't know whether, after all, it is not (next to the Abbey) the best place. Burdett very kind and cordial in asking me to be a frequent visitor when his family comes to town, and to dine there whenever I have no other engagement.

28th. * * * Forgot to mention that I breakfasted in the morning at Rogers's, to meet the new poet, Mr. Taylor, the author of "Van Artevelde:" our company, besides, being Sydney Smith and Southey. Van Artevelde, a tall, handsome young fellow. Conversation chiefly about the profits booksellers

make of us scribblers. I remember Peter Pindar saying, one of the few times I ever met him, that the booksellers drank their wine, in the manner of the heroes in the Hall of Odin, "out of authors' skulls."

March 1st. Wretchedly wet day. Hard at work in Paternoster Row, as was also Tom at his Sunday exercise, I occasionally helping him. Dined at Rogers's, to meet Barnes: an entirely *clandestine* dinner. None of our Whig friends in the secret; and R. had been a good deal puzzled as to who he should ask to meet him. Tried Lord Lyndhurst, with whom Barnes is intimate; and he would have come had he not been engaged. Could then think of none but Turner the painter; and he, Barnes, and myself formed the whole of the guests. * * * Had some talk with Turner in the evening. Mentioned to him my having sometimes thought of calling in the aid of the pencil to help me in commemorating, by some work or other, the neighbourhood in which I have now so long resided. The recollections connected with Bowood (where so many of the great ones of the time have passed in review before us—Byron, Madame de Stäel, Mackintosh, &c.); the ancient and modern associations that give such a charm to Lacock Abbey; the beauty and music of Farley Castle; the residences of Bowles and Crabbe; the Druidical vestiges in so many directions,—all would afford subjects such as might easily be rendered interesting, while the natural beauties of this immediate neighbourhood, though hardly worthy, perhaps, of the pencil of a Turner, would supply scenes of calm loveliness, to which his fancy could lend an additional charm. All this I now put down here rather as what was *in* my *mind* to say to him than as what I actually did say; for he interrupted me by exclaiming, "But Ireland, Mr. Moore, Ireland! There's the region connected with your name. Why not illustrate the whole life? I have often longed to go to that country; but am, I confess, afraid to venture myself there. Under the wing of Thomas Moore, however, I should be safe." * * *

5th. Had now seen my volume through the press as far as the 300th page, and made up my mind to do the rest at home, having still to write as much as would fill between twenty and thirty pages more. Called at the Charter House to take leave of the boys.—Saw Saunders, and had some conversation with him about Tom, whom he said he could now pronounce to be very much improved in every respect. The having his brother with him had, as he (S.) anticipated, steadied him; and being a boy of good principle, there was now, he thought, everything to hope from him.—Asked me what my intentions were respecting him, as it would be now soon necessary to decide, in order that he might regulate the remaining course of Tom accordingly. The sum allowed at college from the foundation was at first about 80*l.* a year, and afterwards about 100*l.*, making an average altogether (as I understood him) of 100*l.* a year. To this he added, to my astonishment, I should have to add 150*l.* a year: and gave it, as his opinion, that a boy ought not to have less! He must surely give me credit for having far more than I have or ever *shall* have to talk thus to me. But such is the ruinous system of English schools and colleges; the chief, and often the only thing they teach a youth is extravagance; and, from what I can learn, the tutors are among the foremost in encouraging this wasteful and demoralizing system: they seem to take a sort of vulgar pride in the style of living of their pupils. Endeavoured, without making too great a parade of my poverty, to let him understand how inconsistent with my humble means, or prospects, was the allowance of 250*l.* a year for my son's maintenance in college. * * *

Some talk with —— about the present state of affairs. * * * On the whole, I must say, that the Whig party is fast losing, in my eyes, those claims to respect which I was once inclined to allow them. It has been, indeed, one of the natural consequences of the Reform Bill, that, in proportion as it has reduced the power of the Tories, it has improved, of course, the chances of the Whigs in all future struggles between them for power; and this change in the relative position of the two parties is bringing rapidly into play some of the most disagreeable characteristics of both. Long possession of place, and the apparent certainty of its future tenure, gave to the Tories all that repose which a consciousness of power usually generates; they could afford, from their feeling of security, to be civil, and even liberal; and their elevation being not

from birth, but position, and therefore accessible to all, was more intelligible, and therefore less offensive than pretensions derived from the Herald's Office. On the other hand, the Whigs were surrounded, from their political position, with extrinsic advantages and associations which threw into the shade or rendered inactive all that was intrinsically unpopular in them. The aristocratic pride which is chiefly found among that party was a good deal softened down, and even lost sight of, in their habitual advocacy of the cause of the people, and the intimate connection with popular leaders to which it introduced them; while the little chance there appeared, for many years past, of their being ever called to the direction of public affairs, made them far more efficient and thorough-going, as democratic leaders, by rendering hopeless all that sort of speculation on the possible turn of events which makes politicians in general far-sighted and cautious, and leads them to *lace* in and shape their opinions while in opposition so as to fit them for future entrance into the narrow portals of power. All this is now changed, and, as far as regards the *individuals*, by no means for the better. In losing their power, the Tories have also lost temper; and (as happens with many other offensive things when disturbed) all the worst odour of their political doctrines is brought out by the alarm and agitation into which they have been thrown.

On the other hand, the short taste of the sweets of power with which the Whigs have been regaled has evidently intoxicated the whole party; and their bearing in authority, from wanting that mellowness which a long course of possession gave to the others, has the misfortune of being neither imposing nor conciliatory; but while it reminds one constantly of their station, too often fails, at the same time, to inspire much respect for it. When I say this I mean it of the party generally, and of almost all the *under-strappers*. Some of the leaders—as, for instance, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John, and, I may add, perhaps, Lord Melbourne,—furnish exceptions to the remark, though even they are far better men *out* of office than *in*. The aristocratic prejudices of the party have already been shown in their choice of the materials of their ministries; and the same patrician exclusiveness which drove Canning to adopt early the resolution of keeping clear of a party, by whose lordly branches he foresaw he would be overshadowed, still exists in full pride and force. Neither Canning, indeed, nor Peel, would have ever risen to be Prime Ministers, had they first started into political existence under the "umbrage broad" of the Whigs. What! the son of a cotton-spinner take the *pas* of a Lord Morpeth or a Lord Duncannon! Impossible! We shall before long, however, see what it will all come to; even in our own times we shall, I think, see the *dénouement*.

6th. Had promised Lady Holland to dine there to-day, but meaning to be off to-morrow, and having still quantities of things to do, thought it best to send an excuse. Breakfasted with Willis for the purpose of making some arrangement with him respecting my future Musical Works. On coming to talk with him, however, found his views to be very narrow indeed, his plan having always been (with Mrs. Hemans and others) to publish on *shares* with the author, and to take such a large share for himself as to leave almost nothing for any one else. He was, however, very fair about it; seemed himself to think that it was a plan I could not be expected to enter into, and finally advised that I should try Messrs. Cramer and Addison, as far more likely to suit my views. Played over for him some of the set I meant to dispose of, and he was evidently much pleased with them, saying that he hoped I should be able to manage to let *him* have two or three of them to publish.

Went from thence to Cramer and Addison's, and had a long talk with the latter. Nothing could be more frank or forthcoming than his manner. Urged much my naming a price for the things myself, and said that I ought to do as the great painters do, who fix a certain sum for a picture, below which they will not descend. Told him (what is the fact) that I never yet had set a price upon any work of mine, and did not well know how to begin now. After a good deal of conversation our interview ended in my leaving the songs (eleven in number and one to be added) in his hands, without the price having been settled; nor any other agreement made except that I was to draw, as I myself proposed, upon account, for 100*l*., at three months, leaving the

rest to be arranged at some future period. This is always the fate of poor devils like myself, who, being in want of immediate supply, are unable to hold out for good terms. A man who did not so much want the 100*l.* at the moment, would have gained twice as much in the end. It made my heart, however, a good deal lighter, to be thus enabled to meet the little demands upon me at home. After having performed different commissions, dined quietly with Rees, packed up the books I wanted to take down with me, and got home early.

7th. Started in the "Emerald" for home.

8th to 20th. Set in hard at work at the remainder of my volume, never going beyond my garden, nor, indeed, tempted to go further; this neighbourhood, in the absence of the Lansdownes and the Fieldings, being to me always a *mare mortuum*.

21st. Sent up the last corrections. Had begun a short preface to prefix to the volume, but had not time to finish it, and so was obliged to let it go *without*. The following are a few of the sentences which I had sketched out.

"The following passage, which occurs in the advertisement prefixed to Sir Walter Scott's History of Scotland, I here transcribe with a feeling of pride as well as of grateful and mournful recollections:—'The author was invited to undertake this general sketch of Scottish History in connection with a similar abridgment of English History by Sir J. Mackintosh, and a History of Ireland by Thomas Moore, Esq. There are few literary persons who would not have been willing to incur much labour and risk of reputation, for the privilege of publishing in such society.' What this great man thus condescended to say, in that spirit of courtesy and good nature which formed so amiable a part of his character, it will easily be believed that I can assert with perfect sincerity and humility, namely, that the distinction of having my name connected, however unworthily, with those of two such associates was not the least attractive of my motives for undertaking it," &c., &c. I then proceeded to say that as far as this volume was concerned, I felt a hope that my labour would not appear to have been misemployed; and having shown how much had been already written on the subject of Irish antiquities, and still how little was as yet known of them, from the scattered and indigested state in which all this information lay, I came to the conclusion that in laying these materials in a collected and intelligible form before the public, I was supplying what might be called a want in historical literature, and then meant to add that "to be able in these times, to produce a book that is really wanted, is one of the rarest of all the triumphs of literary success."

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27th. A letter from my friend, the priest at Prior Park, who, it appears, has not received my book, though I ordered one of the first copies to be sent to him. In his letter he says, "In a hasty glance I have taken of your book, it struck me that you have adopted the common opinion in this country, of the doctrines of Spinoza being atheistical. Dugald Stewart, in his dissertation, prefixed to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' is very indignant that a professor of theology (Dr. Paulus) should have been the editor of his works (in 1802). The truth is, that the doctrines of Spinoza, as well as those of a man of great genius, though more unfortunate, Giordano Bruno, are quite the reverse. As philosophical systems I might regret both, but not on account of their atheistical tendency." In answering him, I said that "I certainly *was* under the impression very generally received, not only in this country, but among the learned of the continent (as Bayle's elaborate article on the subject proved) that the system of Spinoza was tantamount to Atheism; but that I should be very glad to find myself in the wrong, as Spinoza, from all the accounts of him, seemed to be a very good sort of a man, and, though evidently vain of his strange opinions, appeared to be conscientious in maintaining them." I might have added that the circumstance of Dr. Paulus (one of the German rationalist school), editing the works of Spinoza, would not much alter my notion of their orthodoxy.

A nice letter within these ten days past from my good, kind, and intelligent old friend, Mary Godfrey. In a former letter of hers, she had, after taking her usual Tory view of public affairs, said laughingly, that she was "sure I didn't agree with her, for I had always been fond of mischief in these matters." In my answer to this, I reminded her of what I had

written to her a few years since, when the Reform fever was at its height, and when I expressed the surprise with which I contemplated the career of my Whig friends "dancing so gaily down the precipice." In reference to this, she says in her last, "I remember your just remarks upon the Reform question, and what you say now upon the state of things is very striking." Had a letter also from Mackintosh's son, requesting me to contribute some remarks or recollections respecting his father, to the Memoir he is now employed upon. I thought at first that I had some memorandums of his conversations which I might communicate; but on looking over them, found that it would be hardly worth while.

28th to 30th. Am having down folios in abundance for my task, chiefly relating to the Danish part, Snorro, Torfæns, Langbecius [Langebeck] &c. &c. Forgot to mention a note from Napier, to whom I sent a copy of my volume. He says, "I need not say how much I am flattered by your present, and your friendly remembrance of me; you know I have the sincerest regard as well as admiration for you."

The day I met Wordsworth at dinner, at Rogers's, the last time I was in town, he asked us all in the evening to write something in a little album of his daughter's, and Wilkie drew a slight sketch in it. One of the things Luttrell wrote was the following Epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus:—

"Killed by an omnibus—why not?
So quick a death a boon is.
Let not his friends lament his lot,—
Mors omnibus communis."

As an instance of very close translation, he gave me the following of his own, from the well-known Greek Epigram Χρυσον ανηρ ευρον, &c.,—

"A thief found gold and left a rope, but he who could not find
The gold he left, tied on the rope the thief had left behind."

The following are the passages I alluded to, in a former part of this Journal, as having given me such pleasure, when Martin Shee showed them to me in Captain Scott's "Naval Recollections." My having made myself so popular among those rough hearty tars, is a pleasanter testimony to me than many from far more refined but less natural quarters. Bessy copied it from the book for me:—

"We were soon ready for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merry and suite on board (the Phaeton). Mr. Moore, the famous modern Anacreon, likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September, and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Pico. In this situation the Phaeton is depicted in the frontispiece of Moore's 'Poems,' published soon after that gentleman's return from America. I was too young to appreciate his poetic powers (I even doubt whether I had heard of them), but I remember perfectly well that he appeared the life and soul of the company, and the loss of his fascinating society was frequently and loudly lamented by the officers long after he had quitted us in America." In a subsequent part, he says, "Mr. and Mrs. Merry left the Phaeton under the usual salute, accompanied by Mr. Moore, to the great regret of all those who had largely shared in the pleasure to be derived from the brilliancy of his wit and humour. The gunroom mess hailed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow."

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May 3rd. Bowles, who has not preached for a long time, was induced, by Mrs. Moore's entreaties, to give us a sermon this morning; and we were all much interested by his discourse. The manner in which it was delivered was very touching, and the feeling throughout *christian* in every sense of the word. Took a solitary walk before dinner, and found some very pleasant paths across the fields. Hughes at dinner. Sung with Callcott in the evening, to Bowles's great delight, some beautiful things out of Latrobe's Collection; a Benedictus of Mozart's, an Agnus Dei of Haydn's, &c.

6th. Received a letter from Rees, who had kindly undertaken to negotiate with my new people, Cramer and Co., the price they were to give me for the twelve songs they have in their possession, and six more I mean to furnish them with. After some valiant attempts of his to get a much larger sum than I should have thought of naming myself, they proposed to give at the rate of 15*l.* per song, which, in the present depressed state of the musical trade, is more than I expected.

7th. A letter from Lord John Russell, written, as appears from the date, on Sunday last, the day preceding that of the election, on which so much now depends. This letter, so honourable to him in every point of view, is as follows:—

"My dear Moore,—I have been too busy since I last saw you to be able to write on any but public concerns. Having, however, a little time to spare to-day, I wish to consult you on your own private affairs. I am now in a better position than I formerly was for serving my friends. Still there are very few opportunities of finding any situation that will suit a gentleman who does not belong to a profession. It has occurred to me, that a pension for one or both of your sons might be a source of comfort to you in days of sickness or lassitude. But, perhaps, on the contrary, the offer might be displeasing to you, and I do not like to speak to Melbourne upon it without consulting you. If you have anything else to suggest which is more agreeable to your wishes, pray tell me freely as an old friend, and I will answer you as a friend, and not as a minister." * * *

9th. Answered Lord John's letter, as well as I can recollect as follows, not having kept any copy of my answer:—"My first feelings on receiving your letter yesterday were those of surprise, joy, and thankfulness. I had long, indeed, given up those dreams which may in former days have haunted me with respect to my chances of being ever thought of by my great friends in the way of place or office; partly because time and other circumstances have made me a different person to serve, and partly because I began to suspect that what Swift says in one of his letters might possible be the truth. 'I never,' he says, 'knew a Ministry do anything for those whom they had made the companions of their pleasures.' You have shown, however, that this is not the case; and I feel most gratefully, I assure you, your kindness in thinking of my poor wants in the midst of so many cares and distractions of your own. With respect to the manner in which you propose to serve me, by procuring pensions for my two boys, you have perhaps chosen the only mode of affording me pecuniary help which I should not instantly decline. I do not know whether I have told you, that when my father died, Lord Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent very kindly to me to offer a pension for my mother. This, however, coming as it did from a party adverse to my own political opinions, I thought it right to decline, and the Lansdownes, among others, were of opinion that my doing so was foolish. That I want help is but too true. I live from hand to mouth, and not always very sure that there will be anything in the *former* for the *latter*. You may have some notion of my means of my going on when I tell you that for my last published volume I received 750*l*., and that I was two years and a half employed upon it. You should not have been annoyed at this View of the Interior, but for your own kind consideration of my wants; so you see what you have brought upon yourself. But to come to the point; to *be*, or *not* to be a pensioner, that is the question. If only myself, or even my other self into the bargain, were concerned, I think I should not hesitate as to the answer I would give; but I confess the responsibility of refusing such timely aid for my two poor boys is more than I can take upon myself to encounter. All I can say, therefore, at present is, that I leave the matter entirely in your hands, begging you to think, feel, and act for me in that capacity which you have always shown yourself so worthy to fill, of a sincere, warm friend. You may even, I think, call Lord Melbourne also into council, as I have known him at least long enough to count a little upon his goodwill. Whatever you and he think I *may* do, I *will* do. Ever," &c. &c.

16th. A letter from Lady Lansdowne, in which she praises Mrs. Norton's novel as most excellent, and offers to lend it to Mrs. Moore, saying, that she is sure I shall like it whenever I can spare time to read it. A note, also, from Lord John, enclosing me one to himself from Lord Melbourne. The former is as follows:—

"My dear Moore,—I send you Melbourne's reply to my note, enclosing yours. His reasons for preferring the father to the children are perhaps good; at all events, I believe him to be strongly impressed with them, as he urged the same thing to me in conversation.

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"J. Russell."

The following is Lord Melbourne's letter to him:—

"My dear John,—I return you Moore's letter. I shall be ready to do what you like about it, when we have the means. I think whatever is done should be done for Moore himself. This is more distinct, direct, and intelligible. Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this;—You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.

"Believe, &c.,

"MELBOURNE."

17th to 20th. A letter from Lord Lansdowne, in reference to a paper which I sent him some time ago, forwarded by Brabant from Germany, containing the opinion of Dr. Paulus, the famous German Rationalist, on the subject of the Irish Church surplus, which opinion Dr. P. wished to have conveyed either to Lord J. Russell or Lord Lansdowne. The Doctor therein quotes Sekenkt, Brænier, the decretal of Gratian, and other such authorities, highly worthy (as he evidently thinks) of being taken into consideration by the Ministers of Great Britain. As Brabant is a little crazy about every thing German, I had begged of Lord L. at least to acknowledge the receipt of the paper, which he does in this letter, adding, "Though I am afraid the name of Paulus would not necessarily propitiate our high churchmen, however great his authority, and his best chance with our Tory Lords would be their never having heard of him, still the authorities he quotes are doubtless valuable and authentic. But the real gist of the question neither these nor any other admitted precedent can really affect. If it was only necessary to prove that pious uses extended to education, the Church, if they resisted, would have the worst of it; and a cloud of arguments may be produced, which they can only meet by contending that *piæ causæ* imply at least pious education, and that no education is pious which admits of false doctrine being taught. There is our difficulty with the Protestant public here, whose attachment to their own Church is far surpassed by their hatred of another.

24th. Had fixed to go to-morrow (Tom and I) to Farley, Bessy having refused, and meaning only to go to Bath. A note in the evening from Corry, from the Bear Inn, Devizes, just arrived from town, and offering to come over to breakfast in the morning. Wrote to him the actual state of affairs.

25th. Off early in the donkey chaise for Melksham to take the coach for Bath, Tom riding. Too early by near an hour for the coach. Walked on. Found Corry, as I half expected, in the coach, and who should be on the top but H. B—— (the famous caricaturist). Invited him inside with myself and Corry, to whom I introduced him. A good deal of talk; Corry full of all he had seen in town. Corry and I called at Crawford's; saw Mrs. Crawford, who flew off on the subject of her brother's (Lord Heytesbury's) late *estoppel;* very indignant, and no wonder. Rejoined H. B——, whom we found gazing very intently at one of his own last productions (The Merry-go-round) at the window of a print shop. Corry, who thought it was the first time he had seen it, very amusingly undertook to explain it to him. "This, you see, is Lord John Russell," &c. Not knowing what might be the present state of H. B——'s secret, I took him aside, and asked him whether it still continued to be as well kept as when I was last in town. He answered that it *was*, most marvellously so: that the *name* had got about a little, but nothing more. I then said that I would myself of course continue to respect the secret, as I hitherto had done, but that otherwise it would have given me great pleasure to let Corry into so amusing a mystery. Corry gave us luncheon (his dinner) at the York House, after which we all separated; Corry in the mail to Cheltenham, and I, with Mrs. Houlton, in her carriage, to Farley, Tom having rode thither direct. Company at dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Mee, Wilson, the Vivians, &c. Music in the evening. Mrs. Vivian at the guitar, as charming as ever. Sung with her and Catherine several Italian things, and my own songs in abundance.

28th. Houlton very kindly begged me to accept of the copy of "Strabo" I have had on

loan from him for some time past,—the fine Amsterdam edition, 1707, bound in vellum and gilt. Soon after breakfast set off in the carriage with the Vivians to join Bessy in Bath. Walked about with her and the boys, called upon Mrs. Crawford, &c., and set off all for home between 3 and 4. Forgot to mention, among the things Corry told me, his having called upon O'Connell, and in the course of conversation having alluded to the differences that had arisen between him, O'Connell, and two of his (Corry's) friends, meaning Maurice Fitzgerald and myself. As far as I could collect from him, O'Connell got rid of *my* part of the matter with his usual adroitness, complaining that I had linked my attack upon the poor Catholics (as he chose to call it) with "immortal verse."

June 1st to 9th. Working away both at my Second Volume and my Fudge affairs, which is, I think, turning out far more promisingly than I expected. Received a copy of an Italian translation of the "Loves of the Angels" (published at Milan), by Signor Andrea Maffei, accompanied by a letter from the translator, addressed, "Per *l'illustre e nobile Signore Tommaso Moore*," and full of all sorts of flattering things about my *Divino Poema*.

Was reminded by Corry the other day of a few old jokes and stories, some of them not bad. Among other happy sarcasms of Redmond Barry on John Crampton, he said once in answer to Corry, who was praising Crampton's performance of some particular character a night or two before, "Yes, he played that part pretty well; he *hadn't time to study it!*"

10th. The boys' holidays being at an end (much to our regret), I went with them into Devizes to see them off by the "Emerald." Both are improving, thank God, in every way that we could desire. Having started them between eleven and twelve, went to call on the Scotts and the Nugents, who have been with them some days. Had agreed to return to an early dinner with the Hugheses, and to be taken home by them in the evening, but was persuaded by the Scotts to dine there instead. Day very agreeable, and got also taken home, as aforesaid, by the Hugheses, the weather being far too hot for much walking.

Have had some correspondence lately with a genuine Irishman of the old bitter anti-English breed, a Mr. ——, a barrister, and the author of some works. In his first note (which I cannot now find) expresses his concern at seeing me *praised*, in an English newspaper, for having discarded the old Milesian Story of the Irish; and added, that coupling this with what I had before done respecting the "Irish Melodies," he could not but feel some apprehensions for my future fame. In answering, and thanking him for a copy of his book he had sent me, I took the opportunity of mentioning, that the article (in the "Morning Chronicle") which he had seen was extracted from an Irish liberal paper (the "Dublin Evening Post"), and that I was glad to say both the "Northern Whig" and the "Freeman's Journal," two other liberal Irish papers, had taken the same manly and sensible view of my manner of treating the Milesian Fable; so that whatever alarms he might have done me the honour to feel respecting my reputation on this score might be set thoroughly at rest. Received a long reply from him (accompanied by two more of his own publications), from which it appeared that his allusion to my conduct respecting the "Melodies" had reference to the opinion I expressed (in my "Introductory Letter") of the comparatively modern date of most of our popular Irish airs. Coupling this opinion, he says, with my attack on the "Old Don" (Milesius), he considered that "further sacrifices were about to be made to English feelings in the intended 'History,' and being of the common-sense opinion that the English, Scotch, and Welsh are *right* in retaining as embellishments round their history many national and aërial stories, that will not stand too close an examination, &c. &c., he sees no liberal-mindedness in yielding such points for Ireland, except where it is decidedly requisite to detect such errors," &c. &c. Having gone on at some length in this strain, he refers me for his opinions on Irish music to a letter inscribed by him in the "Dublin Penny Journal" some time since, and which he sends me. All this he concludes very civilly by offering to furnish me, in the course of my task, with all the assistance which his long researches among old Irish records may have put it in his power to afford. In my answer took care

to notice the confusion into which he has evidently fallen, in classing such national remains as the Border Songs and stories of Scotland, and the legends of England respecting Arthur and the Round Table, &c., with the mere downright and unromantic fictions of the Milesian fables; whereas (as I told him) the true English and Scotch counterparts to these latter figments are to be found in the story of the descent of the Britons from King Brute, and the long-exploded "Forty Kings of the Scotch."

12th to 30th. Had two amusing visits from Bowles. His profound astonishment at a card I showed him from the Duchess of Kent, inviting me to meet their Majesties the 25th of this month. "Good God, what an honour! You mean to go up, don't you?" His surprise on my telling him that I hadn't the slightest notion of doing so. Went to dine one of these days at Hughes's at Devizes. Was taken by Reverend neighbour Money in his gig, and returned with him at night. Our chief guest Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's. An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half an hour too long." It is possible this joke may be even older than Barnes himself, but I don't remember ever hearing it before.

Aug. 2nd. A letter from Lord John, telling me of a place just vacant, by the death of Mr. Lemon, in the State Paper Office, and making me an offer of it. Wrote to decline the kindness, but have not time just now to state the why or the wherefore. * * *

7th. To Liverpool by the railroad; a grand mode of travelling, though, as we were told, ours was but a poor specimen of it, as we took an hour and a half to do the thirty-two miles, which rarely requires more than an hour and a quarter or twenty minutes. The motion so easy that I found I could write without any difficulty *chemin faisant*. Went to the Post Office for a letter I expected from Lord Lansdowne, enclosing an introduction which I had asked him to favour me with to some of his acquaintance in Liverpool. His letter, which I found waiting for me, contained one addressed to Mr. Currie, the son of the late literary Dr. Currie, and was also filled with matter far more important, which I shall here transcribe. I have already mentioned my having received before I left home a letter from Lord John, offering me the place of Head Clerk in the State Paper Office; salary 300*l.* a year, with coals, candles, &c. Lord John himself, in making this offer, expressly stated that he did not advise me to accept it (I cannot now find his letter); and the reason I gave for my refusal of it was, that the duties of the place, while they would occupy the whole of my time, would give me not near so much income as I was now making in a far more agreeable manner. To this correspondence Lord Lansdowne alludes in the letter I received from him at Liverpool, which, after a few words relating to the introduction of Mr. Currie, thus proceeds:—

"I now turn to a very different subject. Not having seen J. Russell that morning, I did not know when I wrote some hasty lines to you from the House of Lords that he had written that day to offer you the head clerkship of the State Paper Office. He has shown me this morning your letter wisely, I think, declining it. But the circumstance induces me no longer to delay writing to you, though I had intended waiting till I could see and talk to you at leisure. Various circumstances, at the same time, indicate that our ministerial life is more uncertain than ever, and I could not therefore forgive myself for not pressing what I am about to state on your consideration.

"Immediately after the Administration was reconstructed, I had some conversation with Melbourne about giving you a pension, which I was sure ought to be official, and *equally convinced* you ought to accept. He showed himself most willing, but told me there were no means left at our disposal. On reverting to the subject again within these few days, I recollected there was now or might be very soon an opportunity.

"Now let me implore of you to authorise me to bring this to a point. Let me ascertain whether, as I believe, the means now exist, and bring Melbourne to a point upon it. No hu-

man being can blame either the Government for giving or you for accepting. The Administration is one of a more popular character as respects your Irish opinions than any which has existed or is likely to exist; and your literary reputation is so established that there is not a country under the sun where literary rewards as distinctions exist, in which you would not be recognised as the first and most deserving object of them. I say nothing of your own particular feelings, but as far as public decision goes, I speak most confidently; indeed, much more so than I should with respect to such an appointment as that lately filled by Mr. Lemon, which was one of laborious detail. Let me therefore hear from you without delay. Indeed, though much hurried, I could not allow the day to pass without writing, and I will answer for Melbourne doing all that is possible; indeed, John told me he could now authorise me to say so distinctly. Yours ever, Lansdowne." * * *

8th. Landed at Kingston about seven, and proceeded to Salt Hill, the new tavern, where we breakfasted (in company with Sir Thomas Brisbane and Kane), dressed, and were then transported along the railroad to Dublin. Nothing could look more prosperous and *riant* than the whole of this approach to the metropolis. Left Hume at his brother's in Kildare Street, and proceeded to dear Nell's (11 N. Cumberland Street), where I found not only a warm welcome, which I was already sure of, but also rooms prepared for me as nice and comfortable as any lord could give me. This a most welcome surprise, as I had fancied she could not lodge me, and the being thus with *her* and at *home* makes all the difference in my comfort. She gives me her own bedroom, but has been accommodated with another one over it, for herself. Lay down on the bed for a couple of hours, which a good deal refreshed me, and then sallied forth, Hume anxious for me to go and dine at Salt Hill with his brother, but I preferred a quiet dinner with Ellen at the Mearas. Milliken (whom I called upon before dinner) mentioned that he had received 50 copies of the Fudges this morning, and had already sold them all. * *

10th. Opening of the Meeting of the British Association; early in the field, getting tickets, &c., &c. Visited some of the sections, but found the interesting ones crowded and the others dull. Dined at the ordinary at Morrison's. Near 300 people; Phillip Crampton in the chair. Sat next to Lord Cole, whom I have quizzed in rhyme, but nevertheless got on as friendly with him as if nothing had happened. Broke up early to attend the meeting at the Rotunda; found myself promoted to the platform, among the *savans*. Walked through the room afterwards with Crampton to look for Nell, but could not find her, and almost lost myself in the crowd of gazers that surrounded me. It is most certainly a feeling of no ordinary kind that my countrymen (and to do them justice, country-*women* also) entertain towards me, and I should be worse than stock or stone if I were not *sensibly* alive to it. Came away early.

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13th. Drove about a little in Mrs. Meara's car, accompanied by Hume, and put in practice what I had long been contemplating—a visit to No. 12. Aungier Street, the house in which I was born. On accosting the man who stood at the door, and asking whether he was the owner of the house, he looked rather gruffly and suspiciously at me, and answered "Yes;" but the moment I mentioned who I was, adding that it was the house I was born in, and that I wished to be permitted to look through the rooms, his countenance brightened up with the most cordial feeling, and seizing me by the hand he pulled me along to the small room behind the shop (where we used to breakfast in old times), exclaiming to his wife (who was sitting there), with a voice tremulous with feeling, "Here's Sir Thomas Moore, who was born in this house, come to ask us to let him see the rooms; and it's proud I am to have him under the old roof." He then without delay, and entering at once into my feelings, led me through every part of the house, beginning with the small old yard and its appurtenances, then the little dark kitchen where I used to have my bread and milk in the morning before I went to school; from thence to the front and back drawing rooms, the former looking more large and respectable than I could have expected, and the latter, with its little closet where I remember such gay supper-parties, both room and closet fuller than they could well hold, and Joe Kelly and Wesley Doyle singing away together so sweetly. The bedrooms and garrets were

next visited, and the only material alteration I observed in them was the removal of the wooden partition by which a little corner was separated off from the back bedroom (in which the two apprentices slept) to form a bedroom for me. The many thoughts that came rushing upon me in thus visiting, for the first time since our family left it, the house in which I passed the first nineteen or twenty years of my life may be more easily conceived than told; and I must say, that if a man had been got up specially to conduct me through such a scene, it could not have been done with more tact, sympathy, and intelligent feeling than it was by this plain, honest grocer; for, as I remarked to Hume as we entered the shop, "only think, a grocer's still." When we returned to the drawing-room, there was the wife with a decanter of port and glasses on the table, begging us to take some refreshment, and I with pleasure drank her and her good husband's health. When I say that the shop is still a grocer's, I must add, for the honour of old times, that it has a good deal gone down in the world since then, and is of a much inferior grade of grocery to that of my poor father, who, by the way, was himself one of nature's gentlemen, having all the repose and good breeding of manner by which the true gentleman in all classes is distinguished.

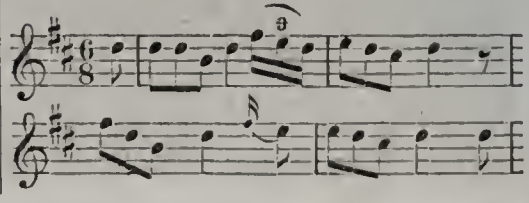
Went, with all my recollections of the old shop about me, to the grand dinner at the Park: company, forty in number, and the whole force of the kitchen put in requisition. Sat at the head of the table, next to the carving aide-de-camp (Lady Emily Henry's son), and amused myself with reading over the *menu*, and tasting all the things with the most learned names. Had Hamilton, our great astronomer, at the other side of me, and, ignoramus as I am, got on very tolerably with him.

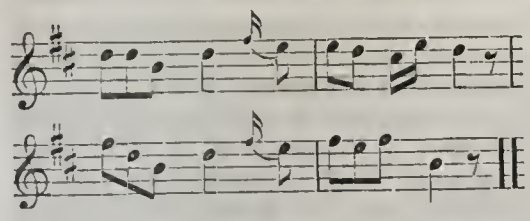
14th. A note from the Lord Lieutenant this morning, saying: "Dear Moore,—If you like to dine quietly at half-past six, I shall have more opportunity of talking to you then than at those gigantic boards. There will be nobody but Wilkie, as I am going incog. to the play as soon as it is dusk; and then you can revert to the Rotunda if you like it. Ever yours, Mulgrave." Told Liddel (who gave me the note) of my engagement to a private dinner at the Provost's [Dr. Lloyd]. Forgot to mention that I called to leave my name at the Provost's, his civility to me since I came having been most marked and liberal. Found himself in the court-yard, and he took me into the house with him. In referring to his speech the other night at the Rotunda, on the reconcilability of geology with the Mosaic account of the Creation, of which there appeared a report since in the newspapers, and which I now praised to him, he said that he was glad it met with my approbation; that he knew I was a theologian myself; and though we differed very much on some points, it gave him pleasure to be praised by me. This all very good-tempered and handsome of him. * * *

Was introduced to a gentleman (I forget now his name), and to his wife and daughter, who told me that they were in possession of a very curious relic of my younger days, namely, the first notation I made in pencilling of the Canadian Boat Song, in going down the river St. Lawrence. Told them that I had not been in the least aware of the existence of such a thing, and that it would be as great a curiosity to myself as it would be to any one else. On my expressing a wish to see it, told me that they would bring it down for the purpose; and appointed Milliken's, next day, at one o'clock, for our meeting.

15th. Called at one o'clock at Milliken's, according to appointment. The gentleman himself came alone, bringing the autograph, which is *bonâ fide* my own. One of my travelling companions (for we were three) in going down the St. Lawrence, was Hackness, the son of a rich merchant in Dublin, and is now, I believe, dead. To him I made a present of a book which I had with me to read on the way, "Priestley's Lectures on History;" and on a fly-leaf of this book was written the notations of the air, and the French words as follows, for I took a hasty copy of them:—

"En revenant d'un boulanger
Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très bien montés."





Then follows (written at the same time, and in peneilling also), the air as it *now* is (in one flat), and with the English words of the first verse written under the musie. This all eonfirms me in an impression whieh I have always entertained, though not strongly enough to allow me to lay elaim to the air, that the musie of the Canadian Boat Song is in reality my own, having been merely suggested by the above wild, half-minor melody. As the gentleman wished me to attest the authenticity of the autograph, I put under it the following: —"Written by me, in deseending the River St. Lawrenee, during my tour through Ameriea. Thomas Moore."

The play-bill of to-day and yesterday having announeed the entertainments of this evening to have been seleeted by me, &e., &e., went to look at the box-book, to see what sort of promise it gave. Numbers of names down, but none of any persons that I knew. The Great Lion Feast of to-day being the dinner given in the College Hall by the Provost and Fellows of the University, went there in time to be present at the *knighting* of Professor Hamilton, whieh took plaee in the noble library, where the eompany assembled before dinner. The whole thing well judged and well done. From thenee proeeeded to the dining hall, my tieket being for the Lord Lieutenant's table, where the seleet were stationed. Got between Babbage and Col. Colby, the latter of whom, by the way, had sent me, on my arrival in Dublin, the first published volume of the Ordnanee Survey, got up under his direetion; a work whieh promises to be very useful. Found Babbage very off-handed and agreeable. As soon as the eompany rose, which was not till near ten o'eloek, set off for the theatre, aeeompanied by Hume. Overtook Col. D'Aguilar, who joined us, and all went to Caleraft the manager's box, whieh I had bespoke for my *first* show-up. Found that the audienee had been getting rather impatient at the long delay of my appearanee. Shouts of "Moore!" and rounds of applause on my first showing myself; but it was evident they thought the plaee I had fixed upon too retired; and many eomieal *hints* of this feeling were given to me from the galleries; sueh as "Tom, don't be shy!" "Come, show your Irish faee, Tom; you needn't be ashamed of it!" This latter appeal gave me an opportunity of making what the aetors eall "a hit," for I immediately stretehed forth from the box, and, in a very sineere fit of laughter, bowed round to the whole house, whieh produeed peals of laughter and plaudits in return. Thinking it was now time to put myself more *en evidence* before them, I went down to the pit-box taken by the Mearas for themselves and my sister, and planted myself by the side of Ellen, in the front row. Then eame, indeed, the real thunder of the gods. The people in the pit stood up and hurrahed; and many of them threw up their hats, trusting to Providenee for their ever returning to them again. I then saw, to my horror, that there was a general expeetation I should make them a speeeh; but, thinking it impossible that I eould be heard, I resolved to make *that* my exeuse —at least to those near me. But, to my still greater eonsternation (for I really knew not what to say), I found, on the very first opening of my lips, that the whole house, by one eommon and instantaneous eonsent, beeame as mute as a ehurehyard. I had nothing for it, however, but to go on and plead, in the very faee of all this silenee, the impossibility of my voiee being heard through sueh a space, adding only that they eould not doubt how mueh I felt their kindness, and how mueh I should *ever* feel it. I then sat down amidst as many and hearty plaudits as ever erowned the most sublime oration. Numbers in the pit erowded towards the box to shake hands with me; and as I was obliged to stoop down to reaeh their zealous grasps, Ellen was afraid, as she told me afterwards, that I should be pulled over by them into the pit. The faree, whieh had been interrupted all this time, and the aetors left standing on the stage, to gape at *our* performanee, was now suffered to proeeed; and after remaining about ten minutes longer, I thought it as well to take my leave. A number of persons rushed out of the boxes to meet me in the

lobby; and being cheered and bowed along by them most cordially, I got to the carriage that was waiting for me, and dashed off at full speed to the Park, where I had been invited to stop by the Lord Lieutenant. Found them nearly on the point of sitting down to supper. Took my place next Lady Campbell, with whom I had some conversation respecting my "Life of Lord Edward," there having occurred some awkwardness between her and me on that subject. * * * After supper I sat down to the pianoforte, and sung some songs, wherewith they were all pleased to be pleased. Returned home as rapidly as I came (about one o'clock), with the hope of catching another supper-party, namely, Nell and her companions, from the play, which I accordingly did; for there were assembled there Mulvany and his pretty sister, and Georgiana O'Kelly; and so, with them and plenty of laughing and soda water, I concluded the gaieties of the night. Forgot to mention that, before dinner, I was present at the Royal Irish Academy, when Swift's skull (as it is supposed to be), lately *déterré*, was placed in the hands of Dr. Combe. The exceeding depression of the front region of this skull (so inconsistent with what phrenology would expect in the head of Swift) was accounted for, according to Combe, by the long period during which Swift's mind was deranged; such a depression of the bone being, he says, a frequent consequence of a disordered brain. This the anti-phrenologists (Dr. Greaves and others) denied, and appealed to the testimony of keepers of lunatic asylums for the fact of no such change ever occurring in their patients. In addition to this phenomenon in the skull of Swift, Dr. Combe found also the animal organs, combativeness, destructiveness, &c., so strongly developed in this supposed skull of Swift, that it was his opinion, if the owner of that skull had been born in a low sphere of life, he would most probably have been led by his natural propensities to the gallows. On his mentioning that the organ of benevolence in this skull was remarkably small, I asked him where that organ lay; upon which he placed his hand somewhere on the top of my head, saying, "There," adding, "and, by the way, you have it to a very considerable degree." This, I suppose, is what forms the counterbalance to my organs of combativeness and destructiveness, which Deville told me (without at the time knowing who I was) were of as great magnitude as in any head he had ever put out of his hands. * * *

18th. * * * Dined with the Reverend Mr. Cooper and the clergy of Marlborough Street, who had asked Hume also along with me. A large party, consisting of Archbishop Murray, a good many priests, and a few laymen. Nothing could be more hearty and jovial than the dinner. A good deal of singing by the Reverends; one gave an Irish melody not badly, and Tom O'Meara (who was of the party) sung verses of his own, in honour of me and my "lovely wife," got up for the occasion. The Archbishop, a mild, quiet personage, had listened to O'Meara and myself discussing the merits of Lysaught's and Captain Morris's drinking songs with most gentlemanlike patience. Had sent an apology to Miss Farrel's evening party, and got home early.

19th. Went with Dr. O'Beirne to see the House of Industry and Lunatic Asylum. The day desperately hot, and myself not in the best eue for such an operation. Introduced to Major Edgeworth, who presides over the Institution. Nothing can be more neat or more admirably managed. Some of the lunatic cases very frightful, and will long haunt me. In the room where the bad female cases were, was surprised to see, among the desperate specimens of the sex there assembled, a young and rather good-looking girl, with her hair in very neat order, and looking like a milliner's apprentice. She sat quietly by herself, and I at first took her for one of the attendants of the place; but Major Edgeworth, having prefaced his account of her by saying, "She is no more insane than you or I," told me that, in consequence of having been seduced and deserted, the poor girl had taken an immense quantity of laudanum, with the determination of destroying herself. When with difficulty recovered from the effects of this, she again took an opportunity of attempting her life, and still persisted in her resolution not to live. Her friends then adopted the strange step of placing her among these desperate women, where, whatever madness there may be in her already will be sure to be made worse.

On Major Edgeworth saying to her, "I hope you feel comfortable," she answered mildly, "*Not* very, sir." I could not bring myself to speak to her. Saw in the Lunatic Asylum, Mason, the man who assassinated Sneyd. Glad to escape from it all home; and finding Mrs. Cuming with her carriage in Cumberland Street, waiting to take Nell and me to pass the day at her country villa, set off, delighted to get a little fresh air and rest. I had myself proposed this plan to the Cumings, and they very promptly and hospitably accepted of me.

20th. Walked about the grounds, and went with Mrs. C. through her pretty garden; after which she took Nell and me into town. With Ellen's assistance looked over the letters, cards, &c., that have accumulated upon me, and found them quite awful. Dined with Arthur Hume out at Salt Hill; a large male party. Philip Crampton, Tom Hume, Tickell, Dr. Madden, old Casey, Meara, Captain Hume, &c. &c. Learned from Dr. Madden that *he* was the person (being then a boy and apprentice at Planché's, our Paris apothecary), who sent to us once, very much to Bessy's and my amusement, an inscription in honour of my genius, written neatly round the cover of a box of pills. Told me of the strong enthusiasm which he at that time felt about me; that he used to walk out to where we lived in the Allée des Veuves, merely to have the pleasure of looking at the house where I resided. Old Casey still very agreeable, and far better worth listening to than many of the young snipper-snappers of his profession who were now showing off before him, and apparently tolerating his senilities. * * *

24th. * * * Before I left home, this morning, received the following letter from Lord Lansdowne. It ought to have been mentioned, when I noticed the receipt of his former letter to me at Liverpool, that I wrote a hasty answer to that communication from Mr. Currie's office, in which, expressing the gratitude I felt both to him and to my other kind friends, Lord John and Lord Melbourne, for their thoughtful attention to my interests, and adding some apology for the hurry in which I was obliged to write, I said that, with respect to the mode of providing for me which he suggested, I should trust myself entirely to his guidance, convinced that what *he* thought right and honourable for me to do could not be considered otherwise by the public in general. The following is his letter of this morning:—

"London, August 22d.

"My dear Moore,—I lost no time in getting the business completed after I got your answer to my letter, and the grant of 300*l.* per annum is actually made, and has been mentioned by Lord Melbourne to the King, who made no objection. I should tell you it is the first pension granted since the Administration has been reconstructed, and, together with one to the same amount to Lady Napier, whose husband died, as you know, in the public service in China, about to be granted, will exhaust the whole means now at the disposal of Government. Indeed, I hope for the future, pensions will speak for themselves, and only represent the merit of those who have them; and as such you must consider yours, which would be due from any Government, but much more from one some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends. I have no time for more. We see no prospect of escape at present, thanks to the House of Lords.

"Yours, ever most truly,
"Lansdowne."

Scribbled a few lines before I left home to my sweet Bessy to inform her of this good news.

25th. * * * After breakfast the landau and four was again at the door, and with a most clear morning, promising a delicious day, we set off for the Vale of Avoca and the Meeting of the Waters, Kennis's two sons being now of the party. I had not been in this beautiful region since the visit (ages since, it seems) which gave birth to the now memorable song, "There's not in this Wide World," &c. How wise it was of Scott to connect his poetry with the beautiful scenery of his country! Even indifferent verses derive from such an association a degree of vitality which nothing else could impart to them. Felt this strongly to-day while my companions talked of the different discussions there were afloat as to the particular spot from which I viewed the scene; whether it was the First or Second Meeting of the Waters I meant to describe, &c. &c. Told them that I

meant to leave all that in the mystery best suited to such questions. Poor William Parnell, who now no longer looks upon those waters, wrote to me many years since on the subject of those doubts, and mentioning a seat in the Abbey churchyard belonging to him, where it was said I sate while writing the verses, begged of me to give him an inscription of two lines, to that effect, to be put on the seat. "If you can't tell a lie for me," said he, "in *prose*, you will, perhaps, to oblige an old friend, do it in verse." Nothing could be more favorable than the weather during our drive through this lovely scene; and I confess I could not help looking upon it with a degree of *pride*, and almost *ownership*, feeling that my property in it might be, perhaps, durable as its waters. What would the squires have said if I had thus compared properties with them?

After I had feasted my eyes as much as the time would admit of in this enchanting place, we proceeded on to Gorey, where I was to take the coach for Enniscorthy. Arrived just in time; and having bid adieu to the landau and my companions (leaving even Hume behind), I went on to Enniscorthy, doubtful which was to be my route after. When we arrived at the inn door, a girl ran breathless out, asking if Mr. Moore was in the coach. I then found that Boyse was there waiting for me, and that his plan was for us to dine and sleep there, and proceed to Bannow in the morning either direct or by way of Wexford. Found myself not in the least degree disappointed in the highly favourable impression which Boyse's letters had given me of him. Evidently a well-informed, off-hand, gentleman-like person. A very agreeable dinner together, during which he detailed to me a good deal respecting the preparations made for receiving me at Bannow, expressing his regret, however, that this being the critical time of the year, when the people were getting in their harvest, the multitudes that otherwise would have flocked to meet me must necessarily be much diminished. Before dinner had a most delicious walk by myself along the banks of the river Slany, which, for two or three miles out of the town, are full of beauty, and this sunny evening was quite worthy of them. It was likewise delightful to me to be *alone* in such a scene, for it is only alone I can enjoy Nature thoroughly; men and women disturb such scenes dreadfully.

26th. After breakfast set off for Wexford in a chaise and four, Boyse thinking we should have full time for my visit to the corn-market (an old recollection of mine) before we proceeded to our Bannow friends. The weather still most prosperous. While horses were getting ready, Boyse and I walked to the corn-market. It was when I was quite a child, that Mr. and Mrs. Redmonds, old friends of our family, took me down to Wexford to see my grandfather, Tom Codd (my dearest mother's father), and I have a strong recollection of my going to a ball there one night, and coming home from it *alone*. This appeared to me as a child a most manly and independent achievement; but I have always suspected since that the Assembly Rooms must have been very near my grandfather's house, and this I now found to be the case, not more than a door or two lying between them. So mighty do small things appear to the child!

While I was looking at this locality, a few persons had begun to collect around me, and some old women (entering into my feelings) ran before me to the wretched house I was in search of (which is now a small pot-house), crying out, "Here, Sir, this is the very house where your grandmother lived. Lord be merciful to her!" Of the grand*mother* I have no knowledge, for she died long before my youthful visit here; but I have a pretty clear recollection of little old Tom Codd, my grandfather, as well as of some sort of weaving machinery in the room up-stairs. My mother used to say he was a provision merchant, which sounded well, and I have no doubt he may have been concerned in that trade, but I suspect that he was also a weaver. Nothing, at all events, could be more humble and mean than the little low house which still remains to tell of his whereabouts; and it shows how independent Nature is of mere localities that one of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures (that ever it has been *my* lot to know) was born under that lowly roof.

Wrote a hasty letter to my sweet Bess before we started, and then set off in gay style, rosettes at the ears of the horses (four very dashing posters), cockades in the hats of the

boys, &c. Several groups whom we saw in the fields on our way, too hard at work at the harvest to join our sport, stood up and cheered us heartily as we passed. As we approached Bannow, Boyse was evidently anxious lest the doubt that had existed as to my time and way of coming might have caused a dispersion of the multitude, and so produce a failure in the effect of the cavalcade. We now saw at a distance a party of horsemen on the look-out for us, bearing green banners, and surrounded by people on foot. This party, which turned out to be a mere detachment from the main body, now proceeded in advance of us, and after a short time we came in sight of the great multitude—chiefly on foot, but as we passed along we found numbers of carriages of different kinds, filled with ladies, drawn up on each side of the road, which, after we had passed them, fell into the line and followed in procession. When we arrived at the first triumphal arch, there was the decorated car and my Nine Muses, some of them remarkably pretty girls, particularly the one who placed the crown on my head; and after we had proceeded a little way, seeing how much they were pressed by the crowd, I made her and two of her companions get up on the car behind me. As the whole affair has been described in print (diffusely and enthusiastically enough, Heaven knows!), I shall not here waste time and words upon it, though certainly it would be difficult to say too much of the warmth and cordiality of feeling evinced by the whole assemblage, as well as the quickness and intelligence with which the very lowest of them entered into the whole spirit of the ceremony. In advance of the car was a band of amateur musicians, smart young fellows, in a uniform of blue jackets, caps, and white trowsers, who, whenever we stopped at the arches erected along the road, played some of the most popular Irish Melodies, and likewise more than once, an air that has has been adapted to Byron's "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore." As we proceeded slowly along, I said to my pretty Muse behind me, "This is a long journey for you." "Oh, Sir!" she exclaimed, with a sweetness and kindness of look not to be found in more artificial life, "I wish it was more than three hundred miles." It is curious, and not easy, perhaps, to be accounted for, that as I passed along in all this triumph, with so many cordial and sweet faces turned towards me, a feeling of deep sadness came more than once over my heart. Whether it might not have been some of the Irish airs they played that called up mournful associations connected with the *reverse* of all this smiling picture, I know not, but so it was.

When we arrived in front of the Graigue House, the speeches from Boyse and myself (as reported) took place; Boyse very eloquent, and evidently in high favour with the people. I then went with him to his new house, or rather the few fragments of the old one he has left standing; the offices being all that are as yet built of the new. He had told me before I came that I was literally to dine in one cock-loft and sleep in another; but I found he had given me up his own bed-room, which was on the ground-floor, and left standing quite alone, all around it having been thrown down. It was, however, made very comfortable by dint of green baize curtains, &c. &c. Was now introduced to his mother, a very fine handsome old lady, about eighty-one or so; and his maiden sister, a nice, intelligent, and very amiable person; and likewise a little round, joyous girl, their niece, between fourteen and fifteen years old, who, I was told, could not conceive what sort of a thing a *bard* was, never having seen one, and had been, accordingly, most anxious for my arrival. Old Mr. Boyse (about the same age as the mother) was confined to his bed with illness, and I did not see him all the time I remained. Before dinner Miss Boyse drove me in her pony chaise to see the grounds of the Graigue House, a new property they have lately purchased, and the same that Boyse wrote last summer to offer to me and my family in case I should wish for a quiet retreat for two or three months. We fancied it, from his description, to be a small cottage overhanging the sea; but it is, in fact, a large house with extensive pleasure-grounds, and the walk to the sea (a sort of garden walk all along) is not less, I should think, than three quarters of a mile in length. Miss Boyse, her niece, and I took this walk after dinner, and the open breathing-space over the sea felt highly refreshing.

27th. Prepared, while dressing, my short

answer to the deputations which, I understood, were to wait upon me. Found that there had been bonfires lighted in various directions during the night. Proceeded towards twelve o'clock to Graigue, where we found a great part of the crowd of yesterday reassembled in their gayest trim, this day being devoted to a *fête* for the lads and lasses on the green. Went through my reception of the different addresses very successfully, and (as Boyse told me afterwards) spoke much louder and less *Englishly* than I did the day before. I find that the English accent (which I always had, by the by, never having, at any time of my life, spoken with much brogue,) is not liked by the genuine *Pats*. Among other introductions I was presented in form to the reverend president of Peter's College and a number of Catholic clergymen who accompanied him. Just as I was approaching this reverend body, I saw among the groups that lined the way, my pretty Muse of yesterday, and her young companions, still arrayed in their green wreaths and gowns. Flesh and blood could not resist the impulse of stopping a minute to shake hands with a few of them, which I did most heartily, to the great amusement of all around, not excepting the reverend president himself, who had been approaching me with a grave face when I was thus interrupted; and who, immediately joining in the laugh, said, very good humouredly, "I like to see *character* display itself."

After these ceremonies were over, Boyse took me in his curricle to see some points of view in his immediate neighbourhood; not the most agreeable part of our operations, as I saw he was not much in the habit of driving, and one of the horses was what is called "an awkward customer." After driving about a little (the roads being like avenues, and everything, in short, wearing a face of comfort and prosperity) we went to the house of an honest Quaker, Mr. Elly, one of those most zealous, Boyse told me, in organizing all the preparations for my reception. There we found a large party assembled, and a *déjeûner* prepared; the young amateur band being in attendance, and playing occasionally my songs. The situation of the villa, commanding a view of the Tintern shore, appeared to me, except for the want of trees, very beautiful, and a large flag waving from the top of the house displayed the words, "Erin go bragh, and Tom Moore for ever." The *déjeûner* (*i. e.* the eating part of it) was provided, ungallantly enough, for the males alone; an anomaly, of which I had already witnessed another instance at the Zoological Gardens, in Dublin, where it was not till after the men had feasted that the ladies were admitted into the gardens. Dined, as the day before, with Boyse's family party, and all went afterwards to the *fête* at Graigue, where we found them in high dance and glee. The music being very inspiring I took out my young Muse (Boyse having, in spite of his lameness, turned out with another), and after dancing down a few couples, surrendered her (very *unwillingly*, I own) to her former partner. Should have liked exceedingly a little more of the fun, but thought it better, on every account, to stop where I did. Among other reasons, I feared that Boyse might think it necessary to go on as long as *I* did.

Two very nice Quaker young women were among the crowd looking at the dancing, and as I had taken some pains to place them where they could have a good view, one of them, encouraged by this attention, said to me, very modestly, "If it would not be asking too much, I should like to have two lines of thine, with thy name to them." Promised, of course, that she should have them. In the course of the evening a green balloon was seen ascending above the dancers' heads, with "Welcome, Tom Moore," upon it. When it grew dusk, Miss Boyse, her niece, and myself, came away, leaving the dancers to keep up the *fête*, as they did, I believe, till near morning. Wishing for a solitary walk to the sea, I asked Miss Boyse to direct me to the path we had taken the evening before; but, with my usual confusion as to localities, I missed the right way, and could find nothing but those smooth roads which I had admired so much in the morning, but felt *now* rather inclined to anathematise, having seldom ever thirsted more keenly for actual beverage than I did at that moment for a draught of the fresh sea air. In the course of the day the letters I am about to transcribe were sent to Boyse and myself, by express, from Wexford; and I really think them worth preserving, as proving to what a pitch enthusiasm may be excited by seclusion from the world, and how strongly the current

of natural feelings, when repressed in one direction, is likely to break out in others. * * *

I should have mentioned that the lady from whom these letters came is Superioress of the Presentation Convent, at Wexford, and that I had already been made acquainted with her enthusiasm on the subject of Music, by a short correspondence which I had with her about a year or two since. The following is her letter to me on the present occasion, written in a very feminine and lady-like hand: — "Dear Sir, — It is impossible to restrain the expression of joy and happiness your arrival at Bannow has excited. I feel that I would be deficient in all that is due to the great and gifted, and should reproach myself for ever with ingratitude, if I did not approach you (at least by letter) amongst the foremost of the countless numbers who pay their homage to your personal worth and matchless talents. Accept then, Dear Sir, the best and warmest welcome of my little community united with mine; for welcome, and a thousand times welcome, you truly are to this country. It is a singular pleasure to me, and I am proud to enthusiasm of the privilege which brings me a degree nearer to you, by being attached to Dublin and to Wexford by precisely the same ties. Would that I could acknowledge, as I wish, my sense of the lustre your birth has shed on both places. Permit me, then, to beseech you *not* to leave this country without coming to the convent. Oh! do not deprive *us* of the pleasure of seeing you, as from our peculiar situation it may never again be possible to us. I feel so selfish in your regard that I could wish you to come here before you go to any other place in Wexford. My acquaintance with your sister, and some of her most intimate circle, makes me feel towards you quite otherwise than a stranger, and I am presumptuously inclined to wish that I could supply, in their absence, the attentions of all. But I must owe all and every thing to your kind condescension, which shall be a source of everlasting happiness to me, and of gratitude to you. * * Believe me, with all the respect and esteem of which I am capable, your admiring friend."

28th. Either this morning or yesterday, I forget which, was taken by Boyse to a spot which he had fixed upon for the erection of a tower in commemoration of my visit to Bannow. Went through the ceremony of laying the first stone, soon after which my excellent host and myself set off together in a chaise and four for Enniscorthy. To avoid the bustle of the inn, went to a private house which Boyse sometimes uses as a lodging. Received visits there from a few people; among others, the Mayor and a Mr. Cooper, an old friend, as it appeared, of our family; also a young musician, Mr. White (with whom I had once some correspondence), and the editors of the two liberal Wexford papers. I then set off to pay my visit to the fair writer of the foregoing letters; and a very fair and handsome person I found her, little more, I should think, than thirty years of age, and becoming her abbess's dress most secularly. Whether she expected to be complimented on her good looks, I know not; but I felt that it would be bad taste to do so, and, at all events, did not venture it. After showing me their small pretty chapel, the superioress led me to a new organ, which was soon to be put up there, and asked, as a favour, that I would play *one* short air upon it. If I could ever, at any time, bring myself to *volunteer* my voice, I should have done so on this occasion; and the thought crossed me that I *ought*. Indeed, if she had said but a word to that effect, I should most certainly have sung; but she asked me only to play, and I played the air, "Oh, all ye angels of the Lord!" which seemed abundantly to satisfy her, as her utmost wish appeared to be that I should have *touched* her organ. I then followed her to a small nice garden (for all was in miniature), where I found the gardener ready prepared with spade, &c., in order that I should plant with my own hands a *myrtle* there. "Oh, Cupid, Prince of Gods and men!" planting a myrtle in a convent garden! As soon as I had (awkwardly enough) deposited the plant in the hole prepared for it, the gardener, while filling in the earth, exclaimed, "This will not be called *myrtle* any longer, but the *Star of Airin!*" Where is the English gardener that would have been capable of such a flight? Dined with Boyse at his lodgings, and started in the mail for Enniscorthy at five or half-past five, having got rid of a crowd of old beggar women at the door by throwing a few shillings among them for a scramble, notwithstanding the pathetic entreaty of one poor old woman (which dwelt in my ears for some time), "Ah! *don't*

make a scramble of it." She felt, I suppose, that she had no chance in such a struggle.—Found the coach stuffed with the children of the propietor of the mail, himself being outside, all come to escort my *bardship* a few miles out of town. Got to Enniscorthy about eight. Walked to take a peep at the memorable Vinegar Hill, and then to bed early.

29th. Started in the coach for Dublin about ten, and was lucky in my company; a very pretty young girl (who turned out to be a daughter of Alderman Lamprey's) and a musical aunt (a great singer of the "Melodies") being my companions. I was, of course, as great a Godsend to them as they were to me; and accordingly we made much of each other. A few other acquaintances dropped in, on the way, all knowing me, but I wholly in the dark about them. Got out for a short time to take a peep at the famous waterfall, Pol a Phuca, and arrived in Dublin between six and seven. Nell at the Mearas, whither I went and dined.

30th. A charming letter from my sweet admirable Bessy about the new accession to our means, which made me by turns laugh and weep, being, as I told her in my answer, almost the counterpart of Dr. Pangloss's

> "I often wished that I had clear,
> For life three hundred pounds a year."

I cannot refrain from copying a passage or two, here and there, from her letter, which she wrote before mine, conveying the intelligence of the grant, reached her.

"Sloperton, Tuesday night.

"My dearest Tom,—Can it *really* be true that you have a pension of 300*l.* a year? Mrs., Mr., two Misses, and young Longman were here to-day, and tell me it is really the case, and that they have seen it in two papers.—Should it turn out true, I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, or to a Higher Power. The Longmans were very kind and nice, and so was *I*, and I invited them *all five* to come at some future time. At present, I can think of nothing but 300*l.* a-year, and dear Russell jumps and claps his hands with joy. Tom is at Devizes. * * * The Pugets did not come to tea yesterday, Louisa being ill. To-day they sent me some beautiful flowers. If the story is true of the 300*l.*, pray give dear Ellen twenty pounds, and *insist* on her drinking five pounds worth of wine *yearly*, to be paid out of the 300*l.* a-year. I have been obliged, by the by, to get five pounds to send to ——. * * * Three hundred a year, how delightful! But I have my fears that it is only a castle in the air. I am sure I shall dream of it; and so I will get to bed, that I may have this pleasure *at least*; for I expect the morning will throw down my castle."

"Wednesday morning.

"Is it true? I am in a fever of hope and anxiety, and feel very oddly. No one to talk to but sweet Buss, who says, "Now, Papa will not have to work so hard, and will be able to go out a little." * * *

"You say I am so 'nice and comical' about the money. Now you are much more so (leaving out the 'nice'), for you have forgotten to send the cheque you promised. But I can wait with patience, for no one teases me. Only I want to have a few little things ready to welcome you home, which I like to pay for. How you will ever enjoy this quiet every-day sort of stillness, after your late reception, I hardly know. I begin to want you very much, for though the boys are darlings, there is still * * * How I wish I had wings, for then I would be at Wexford as soon as you, and surprise your new friends. I am so glad you have seen the Gonnes; I know they are quite delighted at your attention. Mr. Benett called the other day on my sons.

"N. B. If this good news be true, it will make a great difference in my *eating*. I shall then indulge in butter to potatoes. *Mind* you do not tell this piece of gluttony to *any* one."

September 2nd. A last sitting to ——; he has had, indeed, but two before, and in all three I had a sculptor (——) working at me on the other side, chisel and pencil both labouring away. Having nothing in my round potato face but what they cannot catch,—*i. e.* mobility of character,—the consequence is, that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two very disagreeable things,—a *caput mortuum*, or a caricature.

3rd. Busy preparing for my flight, and poor little Nell sadly assisting. A last sitting to ——, and various calls. Took leave of Crampton, who made me the bearer of two beautiful tabinets to Bessy. Had an early dinner from

Arthur Hume at the Kildare Street Club, and started for Kingston in his carriage about four. A good many of Ellen's acquaintances (who were in the secret of my departure) assembled on the pier to bid me good-bye; among others, Miss ——, the daughter of the lady who so gallantly sheltered Lord Edward in her house on the canal. Found there also young Emily Napier, who had come to see her brother Johnny embark. Told her who Miss —— was, and introduced them to each other. Emily delighted to make the acquaintance, and happening to have two of Lord Edward's grandchildren with her (Lady Campbell's boys), brought them forward and presented them to her; on which Miss —— (as I have heard since, for I had gone on board at the time,) burst into tears at the recollections which the likeness of one of the boys to Lord Edward had brought back. Hume having made no proper provision of berths, and the number of passengers being immense, I had every prospect of being doomed to the fore-part of the ship for the night, but a young gentleman (a friend of Meara's), who was on board, having very kindly insisted on my accepting his sofa in the best cabin, I got through the night very comfortably and without any sickness.

4th. Landed at Liverpool, the rain coming down very briskly. * * *

5th. * * * Walked afterwards with Hume and young Cooper, to show the former old Mayfield Cottage, where "Lalla Rookh" was written. Hume much interested as well as surprised to see the small, solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage where all that fine "orientalism" and "sentimentalism" were engendered. It has for some time fallen into low farmers' hands, and is now in a state of dirt and degradation; yet there, once, the luxurious Rogers passed a few days with me; there poor Stevenson composed one or two of his sweetest things; and there (still more extraordinary) I remember giving a dinner to Sir Henry Fitzherbert, the then High Sheriff of the County, and some other provincial grandees. Returned to our chaise, and proceeded to Alton Towers. The approach to the house by a winding avenue of, I believe, three miles in length, most striking and picturesque. Found a magnificently dressed porter at the entrance, who, throwing open the gates, discovered a harper *en costume* seated within, and playing, in honour of my arrival, one of the "Irish Melodies." Lord Shrewsbury himself soon made his appearance, and, after a most kind and hearty welcome, conducted us to the ladies, Lady S., her daughter, and sister. After a little time, walked out with them through the gardens and pleasure-grounds, and, the weather having again become delicious, saw in perfection some of the principal features of this odd as well as beautiful place. Was introduced to my correspondent, Dr. Rock (Lord S.'s chaplain), who, I remember, commenced the first letter he wrote to me by saying, "All the world knows that you are acquainted with the *Captain* of my family, but this is the first time, I dare say, that the Doctor of the name has been introduced to your notice." No addition to the party at dinner, except a Mr. Jones, the Protestant vicar or curate of the place.

6th. Service this morning in the handsome chapel, most splendidly and touchingly performed, a fine organ, good and well taught voices, the decorations of the altar, of the priest, the attendant boys, all grand and tasteful. As usual, could not resist crying at the music, the female voice, which over-topped all the others, being most touching as well as clear and strong. An old Ashbourne acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Dewes (now Mrs. Granville), was seated beside me during prayers. Went out in the carriage with the ladies, a fat coachman on the box driving four-in-hand down those almost perpendicular hills; rather nervous work, but seeing my companions did not mind it, "kept never minding" too. Dinner as before, with Parson Jones, as before, also. Evening service in the chapel; the chanting very well done. Sung to them afterwards, and Lady Shrewsbury and her sister sung a song of mine, ("Oft in the stilly Night") as a duet.

7. Much pressed to prolong my stay, but had announced from the first that I had promised to pass this day with the Coopers, and then speed home as fast as possible. Found that I had two very flattering tasks to perform before my departure, one of which was to plant with my own hands in my Lady's garden, a sprig of ivy which had been plucked from Petrarch's tomb at Arqua, and the plant-

ing of which had been reserved for my visit hither; the other to choose from a large number of new kinds of dahlias one that was to bear my name. Showed me after breakfast some pieces of poetry, written by their newly married daughter, the young Princess of Sulmona, (married to the heir to the present Borghese, who will have, it is said, near 100,000*l.* a year), far beyond the usual standard of young ladies' poetry; also some letters from herself and her husband, full of love and happiness, and very prettily expressed. Lady S. having declared her intention to convey us, herself, to the Coopers, we set off after luncheon, and were deposited by her in grand style at my friend the honest cotton spinner's door, who himself received me on my alighting from the carriage. Passed a very cordial and heart-warming evening with them, talking of old times and old recollections, which to me was worth a thousand such pompous days as the two last.

10th. Off in a fly for dear Sloperton, where we arrived to breakfast, and found Bessy and the boys quite well and anxiously expecting me.

17th. Bessy being anxious for a little excursion from home, went to Bath with her and the boys to a grand show of dahlias, and from thence to the Napiers, at Freshford, where we dined and slept. Mrs. Napier showed me the sort of work she performs for Napier, which is to be sure most laborious as well as invaluable towards such a task as his. Besides copying out over and over (which I had known of before) all the successive sheets of his work, as he writes and corrects them (thus furnishing him with what are tantamount to so many proofs from the printer), she also reads over the various letters, in different languages, which he has to consult, making a *précis* of the substance of each, with dates, names, and all that is required to *possess* him with the subject. Such an assistant is beyond price. * * *

October 15th. To dinner at Scotts, to meet Luttrell, the Nugents, and the Macdonalds. Luttrell and Nugent had remarked, a day or two since, to me how much "The Times" had fallen off in its power of writing; how it twaddled, &c., &c. Macdonald, who is on the other side of politics, now said to me, "How wonderfully the fellows of 'The Times' write! —there never was to be sure so powerful a paper." "Then you think," I said, "that it is far more ably written now than it used to be?" "Oh, much," he replied. Thus it is that people allow their judgment to be discoloured, if not wholly obscured, by their party prejudices. The fact is, that "The Times," being still conducted by the same men, shows equal power on their new side as on the other, their real opinions, whatever they may be, standing but little in the way of their good writing. * * *

24th. A visit from Bowles, bringing with him Mr. West, a young man who has been a pupil of the Academy of Music, and has set an oratorio of Bowles's, "The Ark." Played over for me one of the choruses, which I thought very good; the words being admirably adapted for musical effect. Bowles spoke of the delight it always gave him to come and see Bessy and me; we "met him with such cheerful faces." Received one of these days a copy of Manzoni's book "Sulla Morale Cattolica," sent to me from Italy by Madame Durazzo through the hands of Ponsonby. Mazzoni (like another less celebrated novelist Griffin, the author of the "Collegian,") has left off novel writing as a task unfit for a good Christian. Have seen two or three times Dr. Brabant, since his return from Germany. In speaking of the numbers of persons famous in England of whom little was known *out* of it, he said, "There is one name which was always sure, whenever I mentioned it, not only to be well known but to be hailed with eagerness and curiosity, and that is *Tom Moore*, as they all call you." Their having this familiar name so pat on their tongues, he attributed to the popularity among them of Lord Byron's lines, "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore."

25th to 31st. Nothing much worth observing. Found the following fragment of some verses which I began, I believe more than a year since, when Louis Philippe was but on his way to the Grand Monarque tone which he is assuming now:—

PROGRESS OF REFORM.

The current sweeps on, and we're borne in its track,
Every beacon on shore is but glimps'd at, and gone;
The desponding look down, and the timid look back,
While Hope points to Liberty's star, and looks *on!*

Blest dream! oh, for once may it not be a dream;
For once in thus grasping at Liberty's wreath,

May we find not, like France, that though flowery it seem,
It is bristling with tyranny's thorns underneath.

November 7th. To Bowood, where I found, besides Lord John and his pretty little wife, Bobus, Smith, and Sneyd. Lord and Lady Kerry, too, arrived from town just as we were going to dinner. Bobus highly agreeable. Sung a good deal in the evening.

8th. Bobus gave a new and better reading of Jekyll's joke respecting the day the ceiling fell down, during dinner at Lansdowne House; Jekyll himself having escaped dining there by and engagement to meet the judges. "I had been asked," he said, "to *Ruat Cœlum*, but dined instead with *Fiat Justitia*." Talking of Kean, I mentioned his having told me that he had eked out his means of living before he emerged into celebrity, by teaching dancing, fencing, *elocution, and boxing*. "Elocution and boxing! (repeated Bobus) a word and a blow." Prayers in the chapel at three. Guthrie too ill to preach. Two very beautiful things played by the organist, Combes, which I found, on asking him afterwards, were a Dona nobis Pacem of Mozart, and an air of Schroeder. The latter Lady Louisa promised to write out for me.

After prayers a long walk with Lord John, Lord Lansdowne, and Sneyd. Various subjects talked of, and all agreeably. The French language so much altered as to have completely changed its character; the simplicity and *naïveté* it had in the times of Montaigne, &c. all gone; no longer a language for poetry, but admirable for science and logical discussion from its terse clearness. The style of the French newspapers excellent, and their abstinence, almost universally, from all merely personal attacks and private slander, highly honourable to them; so unlike the character of the English press. In speaking of the simple force of old French writers, I quoted Montaigne's saying in reference to his own habit of walking about when he composed, "*Mes pensées quand je les assis, dorment.*" Lord L. also mentioned a compound word used by Montaigne, as full of strength, "*Prime-sautier;*" but I question if the word was remembered by him correctly, and it must be, at all events, I think *Prime-sauteur.**

* See Dict. de l'Académie Française, *Prime-sautier*, adj. (Esprit,) qui saisit et rend les idées avec promptitude, sans passer par les idées intermédiaires.

At dinner the same party. A deputation, in the course of the day, to Lord John, from Bristol, bringing him the address that is to be presented to him.

9th. All very anxious I should stay to dinner to-day, but could not manage it, having to start with Bessy early in the morning for Bath. Lord John had offered to take me to Bristol, but it was now fixed he should pick me up on his way, at Bath. Walked with me part of the way home. Talking of Peel, on my saying that I liked him he said, "So do I," and mentioned how kind he had been on the subject of his marriage; not only alluding to it very cordially in one of his speeches, but coming up to him in the House, and shaking hands with him in a very friendly way, saying that he heartily congratulated him, having known Lady John some time, and having always thought her a very charming person; or words to that effect, for I forget the precise terms. Lord John added, as an odd thing, that O'Connell should have come up to him almost immediately after (the two extremes), and in the same hearty manner shaken hands with and congratulated him. Was half inclined to go on the whole way with me, but recollected that he could not well spare the time.

Found, on my return, that Bessy was engaged at the school-room, at Bromham, helping to distribute some clothing to the poor; so that it was lucky Lord John did not come on to see her. I have omitted to mention in the proper place, some correspondence which I have lately had with Meara of Dublin, on the subject of an extract from Willis the American's book, which had appeared in the "Quarterly," and the newspapers, professing to give an account of my conversation one day, at Lady Blessington's respecting O'Connell. The substance of what I wrote to Meara was, that my first impulse on seeing this extract was to take notice of it in a letter to some newspaper; but that on second thoughts, it appeared to me that such a course would do more harm than good, as I could not deny the opinions attributed to me respecting O'Connell to be substantially mine; namely, that in separating the privilege of abuse from the responsibility which gentlemen had always attached to it, he did what I must ever disapprove; and that however well deserved

by his services to Ireland was the tribute paid to him by the nation, and however honourable to the hearty people who bestowed it, I must ever think that the "annual *quête* for its collection threw an air of mendicity round it, not very creditable." All I could conscientiously contradict in Willis's statement, was the coarseness of the language attributed to me, and which it was neither my nature or habit to use. I doubted much whether under any degree of excitement I could bring myself to call a man "a coward" even to his face, but certainly never *behind his back* could I be capable of so styling him. I added that Meara might make whatever use he pleased of my letter. In reply to this, he owned that he could not well show what I had written, on account of the manner in which I had spoken of what the O'Connell family felt sor estupon, namely, the tribute; and it is amusing enough that, even of this part, he is willing to leave what *I* think contains the whole sting, and proposes instead of the following passage, "the annual *quête* for its collection throws an air of mendicity around it not very creditable," to read "the annual *quête* for its collection throws an air of mendicity around it, which *must render it less agreeable to Mr. O'Connell's family.*" Poor Meara! he would leave the statement in full force, and only omit the obvious conclusion from it. Wrote to him to say, that the whole matter had better rest as it was; that the Irish newspapers had, with great delicacy, refrained from stirring the subject, and we could not do better than follow their example. The above is all from memory, but I believe substantially correct.

10th. Started with Bessy for Bath, in a fly. After shopping a little with her, called at the York House, and found Lord John had arrived. Took Bessy to call upon him, and shortly after he and I set off for Bristol, with a turn-out of four greys. As we approached Bristol, met a small crowd of fellows who wanted to take the horses from the carriage, but we bid the post-boys drive on and escaped them. A good number of people collected round the door of the Gloucester when we stopped, and some of them, I found, took me for the great little secretary. "No, that's him with the white hat." Found all bustle within; accompanied Lord John to the private room prepared for him, and had my share of all the presentations that were made of strangers, dinner-officers, &c. &c. Were rather anxious as to Lord Ebrington, who had not yet arrived. While Lord John was gone to dress, the Bishop came to pay his respects, *not* to dine. Had some conversation with him, as also with the rector (who came on the same errand), Mr. Taylor, who announced himself to me as the husband of Curran's daughter, and said that the last time he and I met was at Curran's funeral. Lord Ebrington at length arrived. Could collect from the Bristolians I talked with, that nothing could well be more bitter and *internecine* than the state of feeling between the two parties among them at present. No bells were suffered to be rung during this day, and one hot churchman had got the bell ropes of two steeples in his house to prevent the possibility of a single ring for the Radicals. Placed at dinner within a few of Lord John, and next to the principal getter-up of the feast, a very gentleman-like and sensible person, Mr. Saunders; the same who had come in his own carriage to Bowood on Sunday with the address. Lord John's first speech lasted an hour and a half; a good deal of the earlier portion of it languid and ineffective; but he improved considerably as he went on, and his contrast between the policy of the Duke of Wellington and that of the Whigs, in their respective modes of dealing with Ireland, was as happily expressed as it was true and convincing. "The Duke of Wellington stood out against the appeals of argument, but yielded to threats; we resisted intimidation and violence (*e. g.* the Coercion Bill), but yielded to argument." I give this, not as his exact words, but as the substance of his reasoning.

Had been told that my health was to be given after that of Lord Mulgrave, but from the length of time the speeches occupied, there appeared every chance of my getting off altogether. Lord John having beckoned me to come to him, said that his own wish was to retire immediately after the health of Lord Mulgrave, but that in that case the people would be disappointed of my speech, which they would not like, and asked whether I could not rise and speak to the toast of Lord Mulgrave. I begged of him not to mind me at all; that I should be most ready and wil-

ling to start with him the minute after Lord M.'s health was given, and right glad to escape from the operation altogether. This was quite true at the moment, but it was as well that matters took a different turn, as both myself and my speech were most uproariously cheered, and I had an opportunity of performing a feat which requires some little courage; namely, that of lauding the English aristocracy before an assembly of Radicals, and that at a moment when the popular current runs all the other way. They took it, I must say, with most exemplary good humour, and I was prepared with a tolerably strong infusion of radicalism at the end, which washed down the whole dose comfortably. While we were out on the landing, waiting for our great coats, &c., there were some ladies (who had been in a small music gallery during the speaking), who rather put my Irish modesty to the blush (and I suspect they were Irish themselves) by their *empressement* about me.

Got away in the midst of shouts and crackers, our four greys standing the hullabaloo most marvellously, though a gig and horse in a fugitive state but just barely cleared us as we departed. Some talk on the way about reporting speeches, the horror of which now arose before my eyes; that dreadful machine, the *mangle*, being already no doubt at work upon our orations. Lord John mentioned his having once got into a scrape with some French friends of his from having, in a report of one of his speeches, been represented as calling the Bourbons "an imbecile and bigoted race;" no such words having been uttered by him. Left me at the York House, Bath, and went on to Bowood, where he was not likely to arrive till between three and four. Before I went to bed, wrote a note to Bristol to my new friend, Mr. Saunders, to beg he would prevent the editor of the morrow's paper from inserting any report of my speech till I should be able to furnish a correct one myself. Got to bed about two o'clock.

11th. Have not, I believe, before mentioned that both Lord John and myself had been invited, some weeks since, to attend a great Radical dinner, to be given this day at Bath, to Hume and Roebuck. My answer, declining the honour, had not been sufficiently decisive, of which I now felt the inconvenience. While I was at breakfast, a gentleman at another table, addressing me, expressed a hope that I meant to go to the dinner, adding, "You will meet a humbler class of persons than you did yesterday, but I expect it will be a very good meeting." This turned out to be Fearon, the writer of "Travels in America." He had been one of the company at the dinner yesterday, and we had some little talk about the proceedings. On my remarking how well they took my praise of the nobility, he said, "They were disposed to take every thing well, but I myself was one who did not go along with you in that praise." I assured him that I had spoken most sincerely what I felt, and what I had always experienced; in reply to which, he said, that he had not the slightest doubt of this, nor could he himself pretend to speak from any experience on the subject. In alluding to my American authority in favour of the nobility, he said that he did not attach much importance to that, because (and in this I believe he was right) the Americans in general are the greatest aristocrats in the world. On my expressing the pleasure I felt at the Americans having so much forgiven my *escapades d'écolier* against them, he intimated that they had by no means forgiven me as much as I supposed; and mentioned some general officer he had met with in that country who quoted whole passages of mine with the most bitter resentment. "You are not likely," he said, "to hear all the truth on this subject yourself, because I need not tell you that persons placed in your position are approached with—" "Yes," I said, interrupting him with a laugh, "there is something of an aristocracy in that case also." "Exactly!" he replied, and so we parted. I should not be surprised, however, if my friend of ten minutes remembered and reported this last sally of mine as a strong instance of literary coxcombry and conceit.

Went to Mrs. Prowse's, where Bessy was staying, and drew up as correct a report of my speech as I could manage. Took it to Carrington's, whose paper is to be published to-morrow (a Tory paper), and found him most kind and obliging. Promised to let me have slips of it in the evening to send to town. On my return to the York House, found there

had been a deputation from the dinner people to wait upon me, requesting an answer as to my intention of dining with them. Despatched off a note to their chairman expressing my regret. Dined between four and five with Bessy, at the Prowses, where she was lodged. Received the proofs of the speech after dinner, but unluckily did not get them to the post office in time for the London Mail; so that, in that respect, all my trouble had been thrown away. Slept at the York House.

26th. To Lacock, Bessy and I, the pony carriage having been sent for her, and I walked. Nobody but Lady Valletort, whom it was a great delight to me to see again. Evening agreeable. A good deal of talk with Talbot on the affinity traceable between the Celtic language and the Latin and Greek. Thus in Irish, a man (*Vir*) Tir; a country (*terra*), and from thence Tiree, the land belonging to Y or Iona. I mentioned Buachaill, a cowherd, from Βουκολος (which I found remarked by M'Culloch in his "Western Highlands;" and this affinity, as Talbot said, was found also in *bo* the Gaelic and Irish for cow. *Fan*, a chapel, is another instance, *fanum*. He pointed out some curious mistakes in German translation made by the reviewer of Meyer's Voyage, in the "Quarterly:" — "It is well known" (the reviewer makes Meyer say) "that the Chinese drink their tea without either sugar, milk, or rum:" and then, in a note, the critic facetiously asks, "Who *do* take rum in their tea? not, surely, the Germans." The fact being, all the while, that Dr. Meyer's words are, "The Chinese take neither milk nor *rahm* (i. e. *cream*) in their tea."

December 3rd and 4th. Wrote to Lady Holland, at Mrs. Shelley's request, to ask for access to the Spanish books in the Holland House library, Mrs. S. being employed on Spanish biography for Lardner, and books on the subject being very rare in London. A long letter from Lady H., explaining why Lord H. could not infringe the rule he had laid down on this subject. This I had prepared Mrs. S. for: and, indeed, there would be no end to applications from authors, if he were once to make a precedent of lending out his books. Lady H., in the course of her letter, says, very courteously, "I hope Mrs. Moore is well; she must have forgotten me, though I never shall her lovely face."

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9th. * * * Company at Crawford's; Mr. Ellis and his son, and one or two others whom I did not know. In talking of Carey's translation of Dante, I happened to say that I had once thought it impossible such a *tour de force* as the translation of Dante could ever be performed better than it had been done by Carey; but that since then, there had appeared a translation in rhyme, by some one whose name I had now forgot, and which, as far as I could judge from the little I had seen of it, far exceeded even Carey's. On my saying this, a gentleman who sat next to me observed, "My son has attempted to translate some parts of Dante, but how far he has succeeded I do not know." "May I ask his name?" said I. "Wright," he answered. "The very man!" I exclaimed, to the no small pleasure of the modest father, and the amusement of the company.

By the by, in reference to Luttrell's scepticism on the subject of Irish antiquities (that sort of *scepticism* based on *ignorance*, which is but too common among your doubters), I remember a parallel case afforded by himself, in the course of a conversation which took place at Bowood last year. Sydney Smith and I were talking together of Asser, the Author of Alfred's Life, and I had remarked how lucky Alfred was in having such a contemporary to record his actions; when Luttrell exclaimed, "Alfred! there surely never was any such man as Alfred." The conversation proceeded no further; but, to do him justice, I think he must, at the moment, have confounded Alfred with *Arthur*, concerning whose reality there *is* some well-founded doubt. Slept at Crawford's. * * *

18th. To Bowood to dinner. Company the Joys, Mrs. Brystock and daughter, the Bowleses, &c. Made Bessy's excuses to Mrs. Joy for to-morrow, it having been arranged that we should all return to Hartham with them. Among his multifarious quotations, Joy brought out one from Shakspeare, which struck both Lord Lansdowne and myself from the force and pregnancy of its meaning:—

> "Now whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some *craven scruple,*
> *Of thinking too precisely on the event,*—
> A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
> And over three parts coward.*

* Hamlet, act iv. sc. 4.

On my remarking that if ever mortal man could be said to be *inspired*, it was Shakspeare; and that he alone of all writers, seemed to have the power of transmigrating, as it were, into every other class and condition of men, and thinking and speaking as they would do under every possible change of feeling and circumstances, Lord Lansdowne expressed himself delighted to hear me speak thus, as he had been under the impression that I was inclined to underrate Shakspeare; and recollected well some friend of mine saying to him, "How odd it is that Moore should think so slightingly of Shakspeare!" This most flagrant misrepresentation of my opinions must have arisen, I think (as I now told him), from some confusion between me and Byron, who *did* affect, very unworthily of himself, to make light of Shakspeare: and, on one occasion, I recollect, said to me, "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shakspeare was somewhat of a *humbug*?"

26th. To Bowood; party Lord and Lady Minto and two daughters.

27th. A good deal of conversation at and after breakfast. Speaking of Disraeli "the Younger's" view of the political character of Whigs and Tories, in his late pamphlets, Lord Lansdowne remarked, that there was a good deal of truth in what he said, as to the Tories having taken a more democratic line, in general, than the Whigs; their political position, since the Revolution, having led them to court the alliance of the people against the aristocracy. Hence (as I suggested) the popular view they took of the subjects of a standing army, the Debt, septennial parliaments, &c. I mentioned the laugh lately raised among a party of Burdett's constituents, when the deputation they appointed to wait on him reported his having said to them, that "he had *always* been a Tory." This, however, is perfectly true. Burdett has said the same thing to me more than once:—"I am a Tory of the school of Sir William Wyndham." Mentioned having heard Hobhouse say, that Burdett was "the best constitutional lawyer in England." Some little discussion as to what is precisely meant by "a constitutional lawyer;" and the definitions given of the term both by Lord Landsdowne and Lord Minto, showed, as I observed, that it is but another name for a good historian; implying a person well acquainted with all the precedents to be found in history illustrative of the forms, usages, and spirit of the constitution.

This led to the question of the Regency in 1789, as one depending on constitutional law; and I suggested that the part taken on that question respectively by Pitt and by Fox, was another instance of what we had just been talking of,—namely, the *popular* side being that of the Tories, and the high and royal that of the Whigs. Pitt's own memorable exclamation, while Fox was stating his opinions—"I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life," showed that such was his view of their relative position. In remarking how quietly the same question was suffered to pass over in the year 1811, Lord Lansdowne said, that at the former period, it was known the Regent would be with the Whigs, while, at the latter crisis, each party had hopes of him. While conversing on the subject of constitutional precedents, Lord Minto said, "There is now an end to that sort of study; we shall have no further references to the past; it will be left (turning to me) to your friends at Iona." I had, in the course of the morning, mentioned my having been lately made an honorary member of the Antiquarian Society of Iona. This was shrewdly and truly said.

Conversation about precedence in society; during which I remarked how much more agreeable and (as far as society was concerned) more sensible, was the old French plan of considering all persons at a dinner-table equal, and letting them take their seats as choice or chance might direct. In another point of view, I confessed this freedom was dearly purchased; as it was their possession of real and distinct privileges, secured to them by law, that rendered the nobility so little *exigeans* as to distinctions of mere courtesy. In England, where the boundary between the noble and the gentleman is little more than conventional and ideal,—where it exists but in observance,—it is of course more strictly observed. Lord L. was still of opinion that such distinctions were, in themselves, a convenience in society, as saving all that trouble of consideration and selection, which a perfect equality of claim in the guests must produce. He added, laughingly, that, for himself, he spoke most disinterestedly, as he was himself daily the victim of his right to precedency; particularly

since he became President of the Council; seldom coming in contact with anything but a dowager or an archbishop.

Got some walking for an hour in the grounds. Lord L. had mentioned to me that Bowles was to preach to-day on the cartoon of the "Draught of Fishes" (he has been going through a series of sermons on the cartoons in the chapel), and hoped I would attend. He told Bowles (as he mentioned to me afterwards) that I meant to attend his sermon, and Bowles said, "I am very glad of it; I do not think there is anything in my sermon that can annoy him. Do you think, my lord, he is likely to be offended at what I may say about St. Peter?" Poor dear Bowles! he is the cause of many a good-natured laugh at Bowood. After the sermon (in which he had disposed in the usual way of the supremacy of Peter, the Rock, &c.), he came up to me, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, and was proceeding with, "I hope there was nothing in my sermon that"—when I interrupted him, laughingly, and said, 'My dear Bowles, I am by no means so *touchy* about St. Peter as you seem to suppose."

Same party at dinner. In the course of the evening Lord Lansdowne and I got upon a topic which we have more than once discussed before, as he himself described it to Ord, who joined us, "as a theory of Moore's with which I cannot agree;"—viz., Canning and Peel, or such men as Canning and Peel, mere commoners by birth, could never have attained the same high station among the Whig party that these two *roturiers* were allowed to reach among the Tories; the exclusive spirit of aristocracy being so much more strong in the former party than in the latter. Ord, likewise, disagreed with my view, and there are certainly no facts to argue from on either side of the question. The failure of Sheridan and Burke in attaining high station among the Whigs being sufficiently accounted for by the unfitness of one and the impracticability of the other, for office, without any reference to their birth; while the only instance Lord Lansdowne could cite, in which the Whigs took up a mere man of the people—that of Horner,—was left incomplete, and, indeed, little more than in embryo, by his early death. Though Lord L. made so much of this conjectural and contingent elevation of Horner, as to ask Ord, "Have you any doubt but that Horner would have risen to the highest posts in the State?' But what numbers of "promising young statesmen" have broken down half way!

* * * * * * *

1836.

January 24th, 25th. Barbara Godfrey (the niece of one of the best and dearest friends I have ever had, Lady Donegal,) being about to be married, and I trust happily, Bessy, with her usual generosity, sent her, as a nuptial gift, the beautiful cabinet gown Philip Crampton made her a present of when I was last in Ireland. A note from Mary Godfrey to Bessy, acknowledging this gift, says as follows:—"Lest you should think that your magnificent present for Barbara did not arrive safe, I hasten to acknowledge it, and to scold you, my dear friend, for having deprived yourself of so beautiful a gown, when you had already sent her so pretty a *souvenir* by Mr. Corry, and had already gratified her by your kind and affectionate remembrance of her upon this eventful moment of her life. Moore's pencil and kind words added to this would have been delightful to her feelings; and why, dear Bessy, would you do so much more than you ought to have done? Why did you not keep your own handsome gown for your own handsome self? The fact is, you and Moore ought to have just ten thousand a year, and how two such noble souls can get on in this world without it, I can't conceive! My sister will take these beautiful things to her," &c. &c. * * *

February 23rd. Set off in a fly for Devizes, having taken my place in the "White Hart" for Town nearly an hour before my time. * * * Drove, on my arrival, to Edward Moore's, according to promise, and found him and More O'Ferral just seated down to dinner. Dined very comfortably with them; off to Paternoster Row, where I took up my abode till I should find other lodgings, and was most hospitably received by partners Rees and Brown.

24th. After breakfast to Brookes's; found there a note from Lord Essex (whom I had written to before I came up) asking me to dine with him to-day. Called upon Rogers, and stayed some time with him: most agreeable and cordial. Told me some amusing

things, one of which was Theodore Hook's saying to some man with whom a bibliopolist dined the other day, and got extremely drunk, "Why, you appear to me to have emptied your *wine*-seller into your *book*-seller." * *

25th. Part of to-day's proceedings have been included by mistake in those of yesterday, though, God knows, quite sufficient to the day is the bustle thereof. Went to the British Museum, and read for some time. Dined at Brookes's; an old acquaintance of mine, Bob Smith, (Lord Carrington's son) dining at a table near me, and had a good deal of conversation with him. Dressed and went first to the play to join the Byngs and Lord Russell in the Duke of Bedford's box, and then to the Hollands, where I found, among others, Palgrave and Tytler (the Scotch historian). Introduced to Palgrave, who thanked me for the flattering terms in which I had mentioned him in my History. Suggested my introducing an ancient map (such as was done by Crofton Croker for the Irish State Papers) showing the countries of the old Irish Septs, as also a map of the Pale as far as it could be ascertained. In telling him how much I had profited by his book, in my first volume, I added that I should have to draw further upon it, in touching on Danish matters, and he said that any assistance he could himself personally give me on those points I might readily command. Had some talk also with Tytler, who spoke of the expedition of Bruce to Ireland, as a future part of my task peculiarly interesting. Asked by my Lady to dine on Tuesday next, but told her I feared I had some dinner engagement for that day which I could not now immediately recollect. Remembered afterwards that it was to Sir Benjamin Brodie, a dinner concocted for me by Hume. In the course of this day I was in no less than four omnibuses and three hackney coaches.

27th. To British Museum in the morning. Dined with Bryan: company, Shiel, Wyse, and a Mr. Finlay. Talked of an infinity of subjects, Shiel giving some good mimieries of Dan, and having evidently no vast respect for his great Coryphée. Was astonished on removing to the drawing room to find we had sat so late, it being then within twenty minutes of one o'clock; quite a *séance* of the olden times. Received a letter this morning sent up to me from Sloperton, franked by O'Connell, and coming from a Mr. Quinn, enclosing me a prospectus of a new Quarterly Review, about to be set up, under the announced auspices of Dr. Wiseman, O'Connell, and Mr. Quin himself. In the course of this letter is the following passage: "On my mentioning in the hearing of O'Connell that I was about to write to you, he said, 'Oh, let me frank the letter to Moore;'" after stating which, Mr. Quin proceeds to add (evidently not without O'Connell's sanction) what pleasure it would give him to see two such men shake hands and be friends, &c. &c. This opening, thus made by O'Connell himself, being all that I wanted (he being the offended party), I was resolved to lose no time in availing myself of it. In the course of the morning was called out of Brookes's by a visit from Mr. Quin himself, who had just heard I was in town, and had some conversation with him; but his anxiety being all centered upon the one point of inducing me to become a co-operator in the projected Review, I had no opportunity, nor indeed, ever once thought of alluding, during our conversation, to what he had said on the subject of O'Connell. This, though it turned out afterwards to be fortunate, I regretted at the time, as capable of being interpreted into an ungracious backwardness on my part.

28th. Breakfasted at home with my very kind host and hostess, and went afterwards to the Warwick Street Chapel, where I was, as usual, much affected by the music, though not a very striking mass. Found from Tom Cooke (who said if he had known I was coming that he would have had something better for me) that it was the composition of the organist. Went to Rogers's, and while there, Lord and Lady Seymour called, she looking in great beauty. * * *

Being anxious to settle as soon as I could my affair with O'Connell, and being convinced, on a little consideration, that to employ any intermediate person would do much more harm than good (such persons being in general more likely to make difficulties than to remove them), I resolved, now that the advance had been so far made by O'Connell, to do the rest without further machinery myself. Knowing that he, in general, passed a good part of the day at Brookes's, on a Sun-

day, I proceeded thither after returning from Shee's, and there found him at a table reading a newspaper! Walking direct up to him with my hand held out, I said, smiling, "That frank proceeding of yours has settled every thing." He instantly rose, looking rather embarrassed and nervous; when I said in the same cheerful tone, "You remember the frank?" "Yes," he answered (having now recovered his self-possession and shaking my hand cordially), "I *do* remember, and you have answered it exactly as I expected you would." This is *verbatim* what passed.

Dined at Lansdowne House: large party: Lords Melbourne, Carlisle, Morpeth, the Hollands, Mintos, Langdales, &c. Got seated between Lord Minto and Lord Langdale, and found my position very agreeable. Some talk with my noble neighbours about Napier, during which a question arose as to the justifiableness of his using the private diary of Sir John Moore, which James Moore had confided to him for the purpose of his military history; using this same document against James Moore himself in the bitter article which he (Napier) wrote in the "Edinburgh."

After giving my opinion on the subject to Lord Minto, found, on putting the case to Lord Langdale, that his view of it exactly coincided with my own; namely, that this document having been given to Napier by James Moore for the express purpose of defending his brother, Sir John Moore's character, Napier was not diverting it from this purpose, nor in any degree betraying his trust, by employing it against the very worst attack of all that had been made upon Sir John, — that which came under the imposing authority of his own brother.

29th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Taylor and young Villiers. Conversation on various topics. Referred to Shakspeare's Sonnets for one that Taylor had, on some former occasion, praised to Rogers. It begins, "That time of year thou may'st in me behold," (Sonnet 73.) and is full of sweet thought and language throughout. The first four lines are exquisite: —

"That time of year though may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang."

A good deal of conversation about Southey, who is a great friend of Taylor's. The immense correspondence of Southey, who, like myself, makes a point of answering all who write to him; but, unlike me, devotes the better and fresher part of his day (the morning) to this task; whereas I minute myself, during the last hour before dinner, to despatch as many of my answers to correspondents as I can scribble through in that interval. Dined at Miss Rogers's; company, Rogers, Hallam, and the Smiths (Sydney and Bobus). Some talk, after dinner, with Hallam, about my "History," which he seemed to think very favourably of. Begged of him to mention anything that had occurred to him in it wrong or incorrect, as I should have the power of remedying all such errors in a preface to the second volume; but he said that no such objections occurred to him. Was glad to hear that he himself is about to bring out a new work, embracing the Literary History of a most important period. Came away with Rogers and Sydney, and left them at the Hollands' door, not feeling well enough to go in.

March 1st. Went to take my chance of finding Lord John before breakfast: did so, and breakfasted with him. His late conduct and speech on the subject of the Orangemen has gained him great glory; and "statesmanlike" is the epithet in every one's mouth in speaking of him. I do most thoroughly rejoice in his success. Found him very well, and, as usual, most kind.

Found Sir Ronald Ferguson at Brookes's, and spoke to him about Tom; but he told me that already his hands were full, and that, at this very moment, there were no less than five or six recommendations of his on the list, which he was engaged in pressing on the attention of the Commander-in-Chief. He added, however, that if I would get Lord Lansdowne to make an application to Lord Hill, he himself would most willingly back it with his interest. Went to the British Museum, and poked through folios for an hour or two.

Dined at Sir B. Brodie's, Hume having called for me between six and seven: company, Rogers, Chantrey, and his wife, Wilkie, Sir H. Ellis of the British Museum, and one or two more. Reminded by Chantrey of my having asked him when we were on our way from

Italy together, "which of all the great painters, whose works he had there seen, he would most wish to have been," and his answering "Tintoretto." He himself, as he now mentioned, put the same question to Turner, after *his* return from Italy (without at all communicating what had passed between him and me), and his answer, curiously enough, was exactly the same. Chantrey, in relating the above, seemed to think that, if he himself could have given the matter a little more consideration at the time when I put the question to him, his answer would have been "Titian." Told me of a group he had just executed for the King, of Mrs. Jordan and some of their children, and described the strong feeling which the King evinced when he first proposed the task to him, saying that it had been for many years his intention to have such a memorial executed as soon as he should be in a situation to afford it. Much pressed to sing in the evening, and twice sat down to the pianoforte to try for a voice; but the wretched weather and night air have kept me so constantly coughing, wheezing, and sneezing, that all singing is out of the question. Meant to have gone afterwards to the Lockharts, where I had been asked to dine, to meet Lord and Lady Ashburton; but the night was so dreadful, and the same work about singing was so sure to occur there, that I gave it up, and went home. Forgot to mention that I had, in the morning, called upon the Ashburtons, and sat with him and her for some time. Nothing could be more kind than they were; and Baring himself, as I have always found him, most agreeable. In two or three anecdotes which he told, he made allusions, amusingly enough, to the change of his politics: "It was in the days of my Whiggism;" "At that time, you know, I was a flaming Whig, &c."

2nd. Having met Wilkinson (the author of the late work on Egypt), one of these mornings, felt a great wish to visit the Panorama of Thebes under his guidance; and the Talbots being also anxious for the same, fixed this morning for the purpose. Went together (Dr. Hume also being of the party) after breakfast. Nothing could be more intelligent, satisfactory, and at the same time unaffected, than his manner of explaining to us all the localities, antiquities, &c.. of the place, which he has every reason to be familiar with, having remained no less than twelve years in Egypt.

3rd. Breakfasted at home; then to the Longmans, and from thence to the British Museum, where I made some further extracts and memorandums. Dined at home with the Talbots: company, the two Strangways, and a Mrs., Miss, and young Mr. Chambers; and from thence most of us went to an assembly at Lansdowne House. Saw a number of old town acquaintances that I have not met for ages; among the rest, Lady Harrowby, who was civil and kind, and expressed regret on finding that I was so soon about to leave town. The beauties of the night were Miss Erskine, just come from abroad with her father Lord Erskine, and Sir Hussey Vivian's young wife, who is, I believe, Irish.

4th. * * * I have omitted, by the by, among my scattered records of this visit to town, to give some account of the arrangement I have at last entered into with Easthope, for occasional contributions of squibs to "The Chronicle." Nothing could be more prompt and liberal than his whole proceedings on the subject; and, as I had more than once expressed to him my satisfaction at the terms on which I had contributed to "The Times," he requested that the same might be the nature of my connection with "The Chronicle." Accordingly I commenced by receiving an advance from him of 100*l.*, a day or two after my arrival in town. On my return home, found a letter from Lady Macdonald, saying it was the opinion of the General, that an application from *myself* at the Horse Guards would have far more weight than any other; that no time should be lost in making it, and that he himself would be very happy to accompany me to the office at the Horse Guards for the purpose. Her note contained also an invitation to dinner to-morrow, to meet Lord Morpeth and some others — but that dinner at Hampstead! Dined with Byng: company, Lord De Ros, Charles Greville, young Cowper (Lord Cowper's son), and Stanley, the Under Secretary of the Treasury. The man I most wanted to meet, Fonblanque, not there, being ill. In his note, which Byng showed me, he expressed much regret, adding, "that it was always a treat to him to meet Mr. Moore." Charles Greville, however, (whom I always like to meet) consoled me a little for

the loss. Stayed talking, with but few *memorabilia*, till near half-past eleven, when (forgetting that I had promised Lady Minto to come to her ball) I walked home.

5th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. As he sat at the table, there lay his official papers on one side, and a long bill of fare (for a cabinet dinner he gives to-morrow) on the other. Lady John not well enough to see me; but after breakfast he took me up to look at the new baby asleep, that I might report to Mrs. Moore (whom he knew to be a great baby-fancier) on my return. * * *

6th. Dined at Miss Rogers's, R., and I, and Sydney going there together: company, the Hollands, the Langdales, Lady Davy, Surgeon Travers, and Rogers's nephew. Sydney highly amusing in the evening. His description of the *dining* process, by which people in London extract all they can from new literary lions, was irresistibly comic. "Here's a new man of genius arrived; put on the stew-pan; fry away; we'll soon get it all out of him." On this and one or two other topics, he set off in a style that kept us all in roars of laughter.

8th. Off in the Regulator for home.

29th. Went to dine with the Kerrys: only themselves, Lady Louisa having gone to visit the Ricardos. A very nice quiet evening. Kerry seriously employed with his "Life of Sir W. Petty;" and likely, I think, to perform his task creditably, as he aims at little more than being editor of such materials on the subject as he has been able to collect. Showed me a characteristic passage in one of Sir William's letters, written in answer to somebody who was desirous of obtaining a peerage, and had applied to Petty for advice or aid: "I would rather be a copper farthing of intrinsic value, than a brass half-crown."

31st. Sent off some verses to "The Chronicle," "Erasmus on Earth to Cicero in the Shades," which I thought not bad, though, as usual, not having the most distant idea as to what others may think of them. A few lines, which I omitted, as being too serious for the general cast of this trifle, are perhaps worthy of being preserved here. In speaking of the supposed Idols in St. Paul's, I went on thus:—

But 'tis really too sad;—in this once pious land,
Where the form of some saint, touched by Painting's slow hand,
Into grace more than human and looks half divine,
Was all the heart look'd for on Piety's shrine,
To exalt its own picturings high o'er this sphere
To a world where the clouds from around us will clear,
And such bright things shall *be* what they now but *appear*.*

* * * * *

April 11th. A visit from Bowles, who is in a most amusing rage against the bishops, on account of the transfer into their hands by the new Church Reform of the preferment and patronage hitherto vested in the Dean and Chapter. No Radical could be much more furious on the subject than this comical Canon, in his own odd way. On driving off from the door, he exclaimed to Mrs. Moore, "I say, down with the bishops." * * *

13th. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and from thence to Rogers's, where I found (as one is sure *always* to find the best things going) Lord Jeffrey, whom I had not seen for a length of time, and was most glad to find so well and prosperous, with the honours of his new judgeship fresh about him. They say there cannot be a better or more satisfactory judge, which I rejoice at exceedingly, not only for his sake, but as an answer to your dull prosemen who conceit that none but themselves are fit for grave occupations, and look down upon men of lively fancy as little better than (what the lawyers used to call actors) "diverting vagabonds." Jeffrey's wife and daughter were also of the party, as well as old Whishaw, who mentioned an amusing instance of Dr. Parr's stilted phraseology. In addressing a well-known lawyer (whose name I now forget), after some great forensic display he had made, Parr said, "Sir, you are incapable of doing justice to your own argument; you weaken it by diffusion and perplex it by reiteration." Jeffrey, in allusion to my healthy looks, said I was the only "vernal thing" he had yet seen. Went down to the Charter House, and saw Tom, who was hard at work for his examination. In order to encourage him, mentioned how kindly Saunders had spoken of him, and how pleased he was with his late way of going on. Went for a short time to the British Museum. Dined at Brookes's, and from thence to Drury Lane to see the Jewess, my only chance of seeing anything before I plunged into engagements.

14th. * * * Dinner with Rogers, none but ourselves. Opera, the Gazza Ladra, per-

* Wants correcting and condensing.

fect in every way; with four such singers as Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini all doing their best, it could not be otherwise. By the omission of the part of Pippo the piece was in some degree *estropié*, but altogether the effect was delicious. Very pretty dancing afterwards by Grisi's sister, her first appearance. Called in the course of to-day at Lansdowne House, and saw Lady L., whose look and manner, in speaking of poor Lady Louisa, (who daily, I fear, gets worse) affected me so much that I hurried away lest she should see how deeply I felt it; another minute, and I should have burst out a-crying.

15th. Went with Hume to be introduced to his friend Marshall at the Horse Guards. Told him, of course, about Tom and the successful result of his late application to his studies, which pleased him very much. Called for a short time at the Mereweathers. Had left word at Bryant's, in passing, that I would dine with him to-day. Off to the Charter House, to learn how Tom's examination had gone on. Saw the dear fellow himself, and found, to my great delight, that he had succeeded in getting the Exhibition (contrary evidently to Saunders's expectation), and with great credit and praise from the examiners. Saw Saunders afterwards, who confirmed all this to me, and said that Tom's papers were very good indeed.

After my return from the Charter House, met Lord Grey in Pall Mall. Had seen him a day or two before, immediately after his arrival in town, and was passing him without perceiving who it was, when he of himself stopped and took my hand very cordially. I now begged of him to tell me at what hour of the day I should be most likely to find Lady Grey at home, and he told me at two o'clock, any day, and added that she would be most happy to see me. After parting with him, it occurred to me that I ought to have mentioned Tom's success to him, and I accordingly ran back after him for the purpose; as his kindness, I said, had been the means of putting Tom in the Charter House, it was right he should know that his patronage had not been thrown away. I then told him briefly the particulars, at which he seemed much gratified and congratulated me with much warmth. On my adding that I was just about to pack off my boy, with all his honours fresh about him, to his happy Mamma, I could see that tears almost came into his eyes, as he cordially shook my hand. Nothing, indeed, could be more amiable than his whole manner.

Called at the Hollands, and found Lord Holland writing letters; from which, however, he turned away with his usual good humour, and conversed for some time as disengaged as if he had nothing whatever to do; though I found afterwards that one of the letters he was employed upon was to Lord Sligo at Jamaica, giving him an account of the state of things at home, and that there was some danger of its being too late for the packet.—Another of his letters, from which he read me some sentences, was on the subject of the new bishops; his own wish being strongly that Shuttleworth should be among the number. Speaking of Arnold, I remarked that it would be certainly a strong step to make him a bishop after his very latitudinarian pamphlet on Church Reform, in which he was for widening the portals of the Church so liberally as to admit, if I recollected right, even Jews.*—"Aye," he said, "you call that *latitudinarianism;* but observe that the *principle* of intolerance is still preserved even in that apparently liberal plan; as after he has widened his pale to the extent which he thinks proper, he then draws his line as rigorously as any of the rest and says, like them, 'Here we take our stand,' or, in other words, 'Here exclusion and intolerance begin.'"

16th. To dinner at Lord Essex's: company, Rogers (who took me), Luttrell, Byng, Rich, and one or two more, whom I forget. Conversation agreeable, particularly Lord Essex's stories about the Prince and old Travis. Off from thence to Lady John's, where I found only the remains of their dinner party, and among the rest Sergeant Talfourd, now radiant with the recent fame of his "Ion." Introduced to him. Home.

19th. * * * Went from Rogers's to Devonshire House; a large assembly, where I met with a number of old acquaintances.—Had a good deal of talk with Lady Caroline Murray, and also with Lady King, who added another to my tantalising list for to-morrow, by asking me to meet her daughter-in-law, *Ada*, at dinner. By the by, Maclean, the American Minister, the other day, in remarking on the cool and easy way in which the English take

* Not Jews.—Ed.

their own celebrated people, said that even he himself, though so long accustomed to this *poco-curanteism* of theirs, was quite surprised at the little sensation made by Lady King, the other day, on her first appearance. Nobody, he said, ever looked at her; whereas, to an American, the opportunity of seeing Lord Byron's daughter would be a sort of era in his life. I own I should like to see her myself, though I am not so sure that her mamma may not have prepossessed her mind with prejudices against me, which might possibly render our meeting not very agreeable. As I was coming away from Devonshire House, there was that gay "young gentleman about town," Rogers, just arrived, having got rid of his own party, and still so "up to everything" as to think it worth his while to come out at this late hour (between twelve and one o'clock) to attend a ducal assembly! Long may he be able and willing to do so, say I.

20th. It was past one when I got to bed last night, and this morning saw me at half-past nine walking with Lord Lansdowne in his garden. Congratulated him heartily (and *from* my heart) on the success of his speech the night before last, which has made really a great sensation. Dined at Stanley's (the Secretary of the Treasury), being called for and taken by Luttrell. Company, Sydney Smith (Jeffrey was also to have been of the party, but had been called off suddenly to Edinburgh by the death of a particular friend), Labouchere, Lord Clements, Lady Emmeline Wortley, Miss Dillon, &c. &c. In saying something about O'Connell (I forget what) Luttrell applied the line, "Through all the compass of the notes he ran," and then added, after a short pause, "The diapason closing full in *Dan*."

21st. Off in the "Regulator" at nine o'clock for Calne. An intelligent gentleman in the coach, with whom, *sicut meus est mos*, I became intimately acquainted on the journey, and had a good deal of interesting conversation. For a great part of the way, I supposed myself to be *incog.*, but found then that he had been told at the coach-office who he was to have for companion. We had been talking at the time about politics (he, a red-hot Conservative), when, struck by the mere fairness, I suppose, with which I had conceded some point to him, he said, "This is the first time, Sir, I have ever had the honour of being in your society, but allow me to ask you, do you continue quite as much of a Liberal in your politics as you formerly were?" I answered, "Quite as much as ever. I, of course, see the dangers that lie in our path as clearly as you do, and could have wished that the necessary changes we are undergoing could have been brought about in a more gradual and skilful manner; but still the time had come for change, and we must now only take the rough with the smooth. The average quantity of public happiness will, I have little doubt, be increased by the process." Found all well at home, thank God. Among the invitations to dinner which I received, this time in town, and regretted not being able to accept, there were (besides the Greys' and Lady King's) the Milmans', Lord Hatherton's, Lord John's, Dr. Holland's, Lord Holland's, and one or two more.

25th. Visit from Bowles. Brought a new pamphlet of his, to ask my opinion as to the title: "Popish and Protestant Intolerance; the latter the least excusable of the two." Cried, of course, "Bravo!" to this; nothing in the world being truer. The people who appeal to reason are the very last who should find fault with others for making free use of it.

27th. Forgot to mention my having met Woolriche while in town, and walked some time with him. In talking of old times, the severe illness through which he (and Baillie) attended me, now thirty years ago, formed one of our subjects; and he gave me a much stronger notion of my danger at that time, than I had before entertained. Said that he had often mentioned the case since to some of his brother surgeons, and with surprise at his own courage in taking the step he did. From some cause or other (it did not seem certain what) there came a large abscess in my right side, which increased to suppuration, and my life or death, it seems, depended upon whether it broke outwardly or inwardly. The step taken by Woolriche was to apply caustic to the tumour, which succeeded in determining the discharge outwardly, and, according to him, saved my life. Reminded him that on the evening of that painful day, having been confined of course to my bed, I repeated to him some gay Epicurean verses which I had

composed during the eating of the caustic into the inflamed tumour. I should not be up to such a feat now, but seven-and-twenty and seven-and-fifty make all the difference. I rather think, however, that I was no more than six-and-twenty, as it must be now one-and-thirty years since I had that illness; and during the whole interval since, I have never (thanks be to God for such a blessing) been confined for one single day to my bed by any illness whatever! Ὑγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανδρι βνητω.

May 1st to 13th. Turned to work as well as I could, having been sadly thrown back by all these interruptions. Received, among other odd letters, one from Mr. Bailey, the Master of the Grammar School at Cambridge, who had before applied to me for permission to insert some of my translations of "Anacreon" in a new edition he is about to publish of Dalzel's "Analecta Græca Minora." In his present letter he has sent me—what I have been much amused and flattered by—namely, a corrected edition of the Greek Anacreontic I ventured to write and prefix to my translation. It was a hazardous step for a boy educated in such an unprosodian school as Dublin College then was to venture upon; but it never was much criticised; and the only two occasions on which I afterwards heard of it was once when I paid a visit to the Historical Society of Trinity College, and found among the compositions read on that evening, a translation of this same Greek Ode by Dr. Croly; and another time, when no less a Grecian than Charles Burney talked to me about it, and though (if I recollect right his words) he said that some of the metre of it was "not legitimate," yet, on the whole, his opinion left rather a flattering impression on my mind. But I own, I little expected, at this distance of time, to find a learned Greek of Cambridge sitting down gravely to annotate me and correct my *cako-logy*. The following is the very civil strain in which he speaks of my juvenile performance: "At the head of your volume is a Greek Ode in allusion to the frontispiece, in which I noticed some metrical peccadilloes; and straightway, by way of amusement, set about working them out. The *matériel* of the Ode, the felicity of expression which pervades it, and the general harmony of the lines are such, that it is paying you no compliment whatever to say that, had you been of this University you would have been found nowhere but in the foremost ranks of those who have made Greek verse, and the writing of it, their study. I will transcribe it throughout, with the alterations I have ventured upon; distinguishing by the common metrical marks the syllables which, in the original copy, seem to militate against the rules of Greek prosody; supporting the proposed alterations by adequate reference, which I will do for briefness' sake, in Latin." All this he has done, and a most learned affair it looks. As I told him in my answer to his letter, "The schoolboy was never so honoured by the scholiast before."

June 1st to 4th. At work at my History; finishing, also, some Sacred Songs for Cramer and Co.; and sending things occasionally to "The Chronicle." Since I returned home have sent them a parody on "The Unfortunate Miss Bailey"—"Oh, Lord Lyndhurst!" and "The Lofty Lords."

5th to 11th. Sent another thing to "The Chronicle," "Epistle from Captain Rock to Lord Lyndhurst," which has had great success. "The Globe," in extracting it, says as follows:—"There can be 'no mistake' about the author of the following lines; there is but one to whom the world will at once ascribe their paternity. We hope to have *more* of the same sort from the same witty writer." "The Courier," in its leading article, says, "There is, alas! too much truth in the following lines, addressed by Captain Rock to his friend Lord L——dh——t in an epistle, the whole of which we transfer to our columns from 'The Chronicle' of this morning." * * *

23rd. Had given up all thoughts of seeing Ellen till the next packet, when, to our joy, she arrived, having had, of course, a very rough passage, not arriving at Bristol till twelve o'clock last night. Quite well, however. Bessy all delight to have her here once more. Brought me, among other Irish reminiscences, some pretty lines enclosed to her by Miss O'Ferrall, in a note beginning thus:—"My dear Miss Moore,—I send you the promised lines, and beg of you to tell Mr. Moore that if he could have communicated to me a single spark of his own genius, I should have sent him some more brilliant tribute of my *own*; for, as we say in Ireland, 'It is not

my heart that would hinder me.'" The verses are by a Miss Scriven, and as follows :—

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SWAN'S QUILL WITH WHICH MR. MOORE WROTE HIS NAME IN MISS O'FERRALL'S SCRAP BOOK.

"How little didst thou think,
Oh fair and lovely plume,
While resting by the water's brink,
That thou shouldst e'er presume
To give thy gentle form
To that high hand of fame,
And thus, with feelings warm,
Inscribe so bright a name.
Were I a plume like thee,
I'd with my sires have vied,
And, uttering such sweet melody,
Have closed my wing and died."

July 1st to 3rd. Notwithstanding Barnes's friendly letter, he has been shabby enough to insert some wretched poetry, in which I am attacked. If the poetry was even middling, I should have forgiven him; but your journalists! your journalists! Poor Perry must still hold his place as the phœnix of all newspaper men, that I, at least, have ever known.

14th. Dined at Money's: company, Mrs. Money and brother-in-law, Mr. Sutton, with rather a nice daughter, the Bowles, and the Starkeys. Got Bowles to tell the story of the bottle-green coat he bought at Monmouth Street. Told us also that he never lets a tailor measure him, thinking it "horrible." The fellow must merely look at his shapes, and make the best he can of it. The new coat he then had on, was concocted, he told us, in this manner, and from a very hasty glance evidently; as rough guess-work as need be.

31st. Received a letter from M. of "The Globe," containing a proposal of a plan from Macrone to publish a new edition of all my works on the following terms:—"One thousand pounds for an edition of your works, prose and poetical, complete, to be published by him; say 8000 copies, in monthly numbers, commencing with the ensuing year. If they got to fifteen volumes, he makes his offer 2000 guineas; Turner to embellish the volumes with his best style of illustrations, going, if necessary, to Ireland for the purpose. If you accede to his proposal, he will lay out immediately, *i. e.* between this and January, 500*l.* in advertisements; and he adds, that he will devote himself exclusively to its publication, so as to render it every way worthy of your fame and the collection." M. adds, that if I accede to the proposal he will himself come down next Sunday to make arrangements with me on the subject. Wrote an answer, saying that the plan proposed of a complete edition of my works (at least of the poetical parts of them) had long been a desired object with me, and that the Messrs. Longman had some time since entered with eagerness into the project; that of late, however, it had rather slumbered in their hands, owing to some difficulty, as I understood, raised by Power, whose concurrence, as proprietor of the copyright of most of my songs, would be indispensable towards our plan. I added, however, that I would lose no time in acquainting the Longmans with his proposal: and should certainly not hesitate in entering into terms with *him*, should I find *them* not so promptly disposed towards the undertaking as I could wish. Wrote, accordingly, to Rees.

August 1st and 2nd. An answer from Rees to say that he had seen Power on the subject, and would himself call upon me, on his way to Wales, to-morrow.

3rd. Rees arrived. A good deal of conversation between us, from the whole of which, I could collect that, though he assured me that they had never lost sight of the projected edition of my works, the fact was that they *had* set it aside, and that but for this proposal of Macrone's, it would have been allowed still to slumber on. It is evident that, immediately on receiving my letter, they had sent off for Power; and, instead of being an obstacle in the way of our plan, it appears he is quite ready to join in it. From something which Rees said as to our deferring any steps towards the edition till my "Irish History" is completed, I have no doubt that their anxiety for the termination of this work was the cause of their laying on the shelf the project of the edition.

5th. Informed Mr. Macrone of the result of my interview with Rees, and said that while I regretted his being disappointed in a speculation which he did me the honour to consider so promising, still I could not but feel that he had had a lucky escape in being saved the enormous difficulty and expense he would have had to encounter in getting possession of all the copyrights.

6th to 8th. Have not been able to keep notes of much of this time; but, except some

strange letters, from strange people, nothing worth recording has occurred. As the time approaches for the departure of our dear little Nell, we begin to fear more and more the loss we shall have of her. Among my letters was one from a clergyman, proposing the erection of a round tower, on the model of the ancient ones, at *Blarney*. Thought it at first a hoax, more particularly as he was pleased to say that *I* have done more to elucidate the history of those structures than any other antiquarian, whereas the truth is I have but left them where I found them.

9th to 14th. The accounts of poor Lord Kerry's state of health very alarming.

15th, 16th. Went over to dine with the Fieldings. Company, only Sir David Brewster, with whose good sense and simplicity of manner I was much pleased. I spoke of Sir W. Hamilton as one of the first, if not the first, among the men of science of this day.

17th. Returned home. Some more of the *Savans* expected at Lacock, viz. Whewell, Babbage, Dr. Roget, &c. Have had some letters lately from Lord Lansdowne on the subject of poor Kerry's illness, and the approaching meeting at Bristol, of which Lord L. is to be the President, and to which he has asked me to accompany him. The state of Kerry, however, renders it most unlikely that he will be able to go there.

20th. A visit from Babbage. Dr. Roget and Brewster, who are staying at Lacock, full of anxiety as to the chances of Lord L.'s being able to come. Told them that from his letter of yesterday I had scarcely a hope that it would be possible, and under all the circumstances most anxiously wished that they would relieve his mind from even thinking of it. Agreed that it would be right to do so; and accordingly, at their request, I wrote a letter to Lord L. expressing their wish that he would prevail on either Lord Minto or Lord Northampton to undertake the presidency in his stead. To this I added my own most anxious request that he would not think of coming.

24th.† * * * It is gratifying to see how general is the sympathy with the Lansdownes on their late severe loss; and it is a most trying loss. Poor Kerry having been most lucky in his marriage, was giving every promise of a manhood of usefulness and honour when he was thus (not unexpectedly, however, to many) snatched away. It is too sad.

September 17th. Lord and Lady Lansdowne arrived at Bowood about the 10th. Bessy had written to Miss Fox to inquire about them, saying, what is most true, "As you are the person whom all fly to for kindness on such occasions, I write," &c. &c. Her answer most kind and (as far as could be expected under the circumstances) satisfactory.

18th. Went over to Bowood: found Miss Fox, and afterwards Lord L., looking a good deal worn, and still suffering from the attack of gout which came most seasonably in the midst of his mental agony. Such a relief was this *contre-coup* to him, that he assured me, notwithstanding the violence of the pain, he actually slept soundly with it. A good deal of conversation on various subjects. Had luncheon. Poor Lady L. herself looking calm, and even occasionally smiling, but marked indelibly with the loss she has suffered. Felt it difficult to express my own feeling while looking at her, but did so; and came away full of admiration and sympathy for them all, that amiable Miss Fox included.

October 1st. * * * Disappointed of having Russell out. A note from Saunders, saying that the rule is against it, and that he could not make an exception in his favour. This I ought to have recollected, the first Saturday after the return to school being a forbidden day. Hume, too, whom I had written to, never made his appearance, so that I was thrown on my own resources. Accordingly dined alone at Brookes's, being reminded, both by the weather and the dinner, of Swift's well-turned lines,—

> "On rainy days alone I dine
> Upon a chick and pint of wine:
> On rainy days I dine alone,
> And pick my chicken to the bone."

3rd. Went out to dine with the Longmans at Hampstead; Rees, myself, and M'Culloch having clubbed in a hackney coach for the occasion. Talk with M'Culloch about Sir William Petty; told him of poor Lord Kerry's having been employed in preparing some papers of Petty's for publication, to be accompanied with a memoir of Petty's life, in which Kerry had made some progress, and that it

† Lord Kerry died on the 21st of this month.

was my intention (as soon as the family were sufficiently recovered from their grief to bear such a proposal) to offer to take up this project where Kerry left it, and avail myself of the opportunity it would afford for paying a tribute to his memory. M'Culloch strongly recommended that I should make it a durable monument at once, by publishing (as he had often suggested before) a complete edition of all Sir W. Petty's works, with a full account of his life. Mentioned his various accomplishments, his dancing and gymnastic tricks described by Evelyn, &c., &c. Company at dinner, besides our hackney-coach party, Chief Justice Tindal and his Lady, Charles Phillipps, Taylor (Van Artevelde), and one or two others.

4th. Went with Hume and Dr. Travers (a young Irishman who, it seems, is preparing an answer to Mason's attack upon the *religious* part of my Irish "History,") to the Zoological Gardens, to see the giraffes. Hume's account of his meeting with Sterling (of "The Times") the other day. Sterling (who had somebody walking with him when they met) said banteringly, at the same time opening Hume's waistcoat, "Let us see if you have got the regular Whig *badge*, the death's head and cross bones, upon your breast." Hume, without appearing to notice what he had said, quietly took up the skirt of Sterling's coat, and after examining it for a little while, looked up into Sterling's face, and said, with a sort of dry surprise, "Why you've turned your coat!"

7th. Walked to Kensington, and there took to an omnibus. Went to Thorpe's, the bookseller, and looked over some of his curious old books relating to Ireland. Made several extracts. From thence to the British Museum, where I worked for some hours, and returned to Holland House to dinner. Company: Lord and Lady Lilford (just arrived from Paris, she looking prettier that ever), Lord Radnor and his son Lord Folkestone, Lord Ebrington, Charles Fox and Lady Mary. Day agreeable. In talking of the Russian bands of music, where each performer has his own single note to produce, Lord Holland said, that there was always a man walking about with a cane, who hit each fellow, at the proper moment, to make him bring out his note. This notion of Lord H.'s produced a good deal of diversion; and I mentioned as a case in point, the *pig* instrument invented by some abbé for the amusement of Louis XV. (I believe), wherein pigs of different ages (the young ones performing the treble, and the old—according to their respective years—the bass) constituted the musical scale, there being keys provided, as in a harpsicord, with a spike at the end of each, which, on the key being struck, touched the pig, and made him utter his note, whilst at the same time there were muzzles contrived (in the manner of dampers, for stopping vibration) which seized the pig's mouth the moment he had given out his note, and prevented his further intonation till again wanted. Thus, as Pope says of asses,

> "Pig intoned to pig,
> Harmonic twang."

And the whole living instrument being covered over and disguised, in the manner of an organ, the abbé performed upon it, to the no small delight of the King and his court. This story amused Lord Holland a good deal.

9th. Left a card at Lady Rawson's, who had written to me some days before, and sent me a copy of a French translation of the "Loves of the Angels," by a Pole named Ostrowski. The translator gives me a title by which I am not a little flattered, calling me "the national poet of all oppressed countries." But he also makes a fallen angel of me, addressing my bardship thus, in what he calls an allocution,—

> "D'où te vient la splendeur de ce front étoilé
> O Moore! n'es tu pas un archange exilé?"

His appealing to myself for confirmation of this suspicion of his is not a little comical. On our way to Lady Rawson's, in passing through George St. Portman Square, I pointed out to Russell, as I had done once before to Tom, the house, No. 44., where I first lodged when I came to London. Seeing a bill on the house of lodgings to let, I took advantage of it to have a peep at my own old two-pair-of-stair quarters, and found that the two rooms were to be let for sixteen shillings a week, which shows they have not gone down in the world since I occupied them, as I paid for the two but half a guinea a week, having for some time inhabited the front room alone at seven shillings a week, and it was in that room that the first proof sheet I ever received (*i. e.* of

my Anacreon) was put into my hands by Tom Hume.

12th. Got out early, and performed some of my home commissions, besides routing away for a couple of hours at the British Museum. Had written to Lord John to say that I would be with him to-day, and, having secured a luncheon at Brookes's, knowing I should be too late for his dinner, started for Tunbridge at a quarter before three. A young Frenchman, part of the way, inside, with whom I was rather amused. Tremendous storm and rain as we approached Tunbridge. Stopped at the (I forget the name) Inn, Lord John having apprised me that, from the smallness of his house, he could not *bed* me. Found a servant with a note from him, to say that I must come on to dinner at his house immediately on my arrival.

13th. Joined them at breakfast. Some curious particulars about the King. * * * Went out to drive with Lady John, meaning to go to Penshurst, Lord John joining us on horseback, but the weather was so stormy that we did not go on to the house, but merely stopped to take a view of the place from the hill; Lady John very agreeable; and a nicer little pair than the two, in their several ways, it would not be easy to find. None but themselves at dinner. Sung a little for them in the evening, and off to my inn at night. In talking of Lord Stanley, and the boyishness of his character and conduct, Lord John, looking inquiringly at me, said, "I thought that very good in 'The Chronicle' about the Boy Statesman, didn't you?" This was my own squib, founded on Matthews's "That boy'll be the death of me." I, of course, laughed, and acknowledged what I saw he was already pretty sure of.

14th. Started for town per coach at nine o'clock, and got to my own quarters before three. * * *

28th. Macrone arrived in the evening.

29th. Found our visitor a very agreeable, clever, dashing young fellow, knowing a great deal of the general literature of the day, and having seen and known something of most of the eminent men of the time, particularly his own countrymen, viz. Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Hogg, &c. His knowledge of Scott's life and habits chiefly derived from his intimacy with Laidlaw (Sir Walter's bailiff or man of business), whom I recollect seeing at Abbotsford, and who, like single-speech Hamilton, might be called single-song Laidlaw, as he was the author of one very pretty Scotch ballad, called Lucy's Flitting (which I remember Scott's giving me to read), and never wrote anything else. Was delighted to learn from Macrone that Laidlaw said he never saw Scott so pleased or happy with any visitor as he was during the few days I passed at Abbotsford, nor ever knew him to *work* so little as he did during that time. "There was no one else in the house," said Laidlaw (according to Macrone's report); "he had Moore all to himself, and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly." This (which I am willing to believe true, as it tallies, indeed, very much with what I myself observed at the time), gave me, of course, great pleasure to hear. * * *

December 24th. * * * Anecdotes of Lord Alvanley. Story told by ———, who was his second in the duel with Maurice O'Connell: Alvanley's silence as they proceeded in the carriage to the place of meeting. ——— thinking to himself, "Well, I see Alvanley is for once made serious;" and then, to break the silence, saying, "Let what will come of it, Alvanley, the world is extremely indebted to you for calling out this fellow as you have done." "The world indebted to me, my dear fellow!" answered Alvanley, "I am devilishly glad to hear it, for then the world and I are quits." Mentioned, also, that at some country house where they were getting up a dramatic piece, founded upon Scott's "Rebecca," they wanted Alvanley to take the part of the Jew, but he declined, saying, "Never could *do* a Jew in my life."

Returned home, glad to get to work, and not meaning to go to Bowood again till the arrival of Rogers, who is expected there. Had two letters from him; one a particularly kind one, chiding me for not having taken up my quarters at his house when I was last in town, and when he himself was in Paris. "But why (he says) did not you the other day come at once to my house and ask for a bed there? Have not I told you to do so again and again, you varlet you?" * * *

1837.

April 5th. Arrived in Paternoster Row between nine and ten. Found Rees, some cold meat and hot brandy and water, awaiting me. Rees, by the by, is about to quit the firm, and Tom Longman, the eldest son, who succeeds to his place, has been for some time past my chief business correspondent. A great dinner at the Row, for which I had been secured before I came up; and not a bad thing to start with, as the company consisted of Sydney Smith, Canon Tate (a regular *Princeps Editio* old fellow, whom I had never met with before), Merivale, Dionysius the Tyrant, M'Culloch, and Mr. Hayward, the translator of "Faust," but better known as the author of some late culinary articles in the "Quarterly." Sydney most rampantly facetious; his whole manner and talk forming a most amusing contrast to the Parson Adams-like simplicity and middle-aged lore of his brother canon, Tate, whom I sat next, and who, between the volleys of Sydney's jokes, was talking to me of "that charming letter written by Vossius to Casaubon," and "the trick played by that rogue Muretus upon Scaliger." *Apropos* of this trick (which was the imposing upon Scaliger, as ancient, some Latin verses written by himself, and which of course Scaliger never forgave), I took occasion to mention that I had often thought of writing a "History of celebrated Forgeries," or rather had thought what a good subject it would be for any person who had time and learning enough to undertake it. The great variety of topic it would embrace; first, the *historical* forgers, Philo of Byblos, Annius of Viterbo, Hector Boece, Geoffrey of Monmouth, &c. Then the *ecclesiastical* impostures, such as the numerous false gospels, &c.; then the *literary*, including that of "the rogue Muretus," that of Jortin, "*Quæ te sub tenerâ*," &c. (which took in, not designedly, however, the learned Gruter), and so on to Chatterton, Lauder, and lastly, Ireland. Conversation turned on Boz, the new comic writer. Was sorry to hear Sydney cry him down, and evidently without having given him a fair trial. Whereas, to me it appears one of the few proofs of good taste that "the masses," as they are called, have yet given, there being some as nice humour and fun in the "Pickwick Papers" as in any work I have seen in our day. Hayward, the only one of the party that stood by me in this opinion, engaged me for a dinner (at his chambers) on Thursday next.

7th. Got to work a little after nine, and remained hard at it till near four. Lardner came in dismay, not knowing of my arrival, and (there being now, it appears, really no other volume to substitute for mine) despairing of carrying on his series this month. Much cheered by finding that I had no doubt of being ready in time. In a late letter to Tom Longman, I called Lardner & Co. the *cab** drivers; not a bad name for them, I think. Sallied out for the West End. Went to Brookes's, where Rogers came to look for me. Offered to dine with him to-day, which he most heartily agreed to. Called at Lansdowne House; saw Lady Lansdowne, who asked me to dinner to-day, and finding I was engaged, asked me for to-morrow. Rogers very agreeable. Mentioned the Duke of Wellington saying to some enthusiastic woman who was talking in raptures about the glories of a victory, "I should so like to witness a victory!" &c. &c., "My dear madam, a victory is the greatest tragedy in the world, except one,—and that is a defeat."

8th. Hard at work till dinner time.—Company at the Lansdownes, Lord and Lady Holland, the John Russells, the Morleys, Lord Seaforth, the Duke of Argyll, Baring, and one or two more. Sat between Allen and Sir George Grey. In talking of my "History" to Allen, who made some inquiries about it, I remarked that I was lucky in being the first to have the advantage of the facilities which O'Connor's work furnishes to a historian of Ireland, and which before were in a great measure sealed up. He said that pretty much the same was Hallam's good luck, who, in writing his "Constitutional History," had the advantage of the Rolls of Parliament, then recently made public. Some talk between Lord John, Baring, and myself, on the subject of parliamentary oratory; the difficulty of interweaving those parts which every orator, to be effective, must *prepare*, with those called forth by the impulse and demands of the mo-

* In allusion to the *Cab*inet Cyclopedia, of which Dr. L. was the editor.

ment. Baring quoted as one of those things of Canning's which must have been elaborately prepared, though appearing to arise out of the suggestions of the moment, and which ended with some such sentence as, "We find the bird of Diogenes in the man of Plato."* Must remember to look to Canning's speeches for the passage.

10th. Moved to the West End, and took up my quarters in Fielding's secluded and comfortable room, where I felt I should be able to work double tides. Dinner at the Hollands: company, Sydney Smith, Lord Melbourne, and Lord Kinnaird.

12th. Was obliged to leave my work at three, and sally forth to the printer (Shoe Lane) about some difficulty that had occurred. Most troublesome people these midwives of the Muse. If they wouldn't take upon themselves to *think*, one could get on pretty well; but the moment they begin to "think they're thinking," all goes wrong. Thus, in quoting the Four Masters, in my notes, I have always written "IV. Mag.;" but the wise compositor or reader took it into his head to *think* that it ought to be "Mag. IV.," and though I go on continually marking so, "IV. Mag.," and it comes back generally in the *first* revise right, yet in the *second* it is always sure to be transposed back again *wrong*.

Dined at Lansdowne House: company, Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord and Lady Fitzharris, Lord Clare, the Lysters, Eastlake the painter, and Barry the architect. Sat next Lord Mahon, and had some interesting conversation with him. Talked of the Duke of Wellington, for whom I professed (without remembering at the time Lord Mahon's *dévouement* to him) all the admiration which he has at length fairly *extorted* from me, in the very teeth of long-cherished prejudice and dislike to him. And after all, too, it is his *pen-and-ink work* that has made a convert of me. Those Despatches of his recently published — those most interesting Despatches, — full of traits of thoughtfulness, modesty, consideration for others, patience under misrepresentation, and all, in short, (combined with the vast things he was then accomplishing and preparing) that goes to make the character of a great man, as well as of a great and fortunate soldier. Expressed myself much to this purpose to Lord Mahon, who, of course, agreed with me most zealously, and said that there was one part of the Duke's political career—his conduct in 1832 (during the attempt made by the Tories to construct an administration) — which was little known to the public, but was sure some time or other to come to light, and redound most memorably to his honour.

Some general conversation, after dinner, about India, in the course of which Lord Clare gave no very agreeable idea either of the country itself or of the society there. A great want of beautiful scenery, all being so flat; and even where elevated, being but an ascending series of flats. The society very much of the same description: people take no interest in any person or events that are not immediately under their noses. "If I were to talk," said Lord Clare, "of Lord Lansdowne, or any other of my friends at home, they would think I was coming Captain Grand over them; I, therefore, carefully avoided all such subjects." Speaking of Rogers, and the feeling between him and Byron, Lord Clare mentioned having seen Rogers at Rome (I think), after his visit to Byron, and R.'s telling him of Byron having said that there were but two men in the world he felt any affection for. "*You* were one (added Rogers), and I am sorry to say *I* was not the other." Lord Clare, after mentioning this, turned round to me and said, "You, I think, were the other." Lord Mahon, *àpropos* of some story about *souls*, quoted to me my own lines, "Says Malthus one day to a clown" (which I had myself quite forgotten), and went through several stanzas of them. It constantly happens to me thus to find people remembering my own things much better than I do myself; which shows, at least, that the parturition of them was easy.

Forgot to mention that the day before yesterday, I think, when I was sitting with Rogers (or rather standing, for we neither of us trouble chairs much), he pointed to a note lying on the table, and said, "There's glory." On my replying that he must have many such testimonies to his glory, he said "No, but read it."

* This is a mis-quotation. The passage, though I cannot find it, was to this effect: — "Gentlemen opposite are always talking of the people as distinguished from the rest of the nation. But strip the nation of its aristocracy, strip it of its magistrates, strip it of its clergy, of its merchants, of its gentry, and I no more recognise a people than I recognise in the bird of Diogenes the man of Plato."—Ed.

On doing which I found it was a printed circular from my rather too active partisan, M., proposing a dinner to be given to me by my friends and admirers during my stay in town. Despatched a note off instantly to M., to deprecate the design, telling him that I would explain to him all my manifold reasons when we met. On the same evening Lord Holland produced to me another of these missives (or rather missiles) which had been discharged at *him*.

15th. Edward Moore called. A kind and sensible letter from Dr. Taylor. Received within this day or two, by the by, from Sloperton, an anonymous letter, that had arrived there for me since I left home; rather amusing. Begins thus: "Dear Moore, I do not know you. I hate your politics, but I love your songs; and it is from the love I bear those songs that I now write," &c. &c. The writer then proceeds to recommend an edition of my lyrical productions, with the music neatly engraved over each song. Out at four. Received this morning a copy of some new illustrations of "Lalla Rookh," entitled "Pearls of the East," and professing to be portraits of the principal heroines of that work. Not very like the ladies I should hope.

One of the dinners I have been at at Lansdowne House lately is thus announced in the "Court Circular:"—On such a day "the Marquis of Lansdowne entertained Mr. Thomas Moore and a number of other literary and scientific gentlemen, at dinner at Lansdowne House." These literaries and scientifics having been in reality a party of fine Lords and Ladies. Paid some visits. Dined at Lord John's: company, the Lansdownes, Lord Melbourne, Lord Grey and his daughter, Lord Carlisle and his daughter, and Baron Bulow. Lord and Lady Lansdowne remarked to me, that I had not looked at all well the other day at Lansdowne House; and I can well suppose that fag and worry do *tell* upon me, in despite of all my buoyancy of spirit, which, I thank God, seldom fails. Dinner very agreeable. It was remarked, *apropos* of something, how much more tenaciously the remembrance of historical personages and events are preserved among the common class of people in Ireland than in England. "You say, I perceive, (said Lord Melbourne, turning to me, in allusion to my 'Captain Rock,') that Lord Strafford is still remembered in Ireland under the name of Black Tom." I remarked, that the Irish were in every respect a people of traditions, dwelling for ever on the past; and Lord Carlisle said, with but too much truth, perhaps, that this is the characteristic of a people backward in civilisation; that, as nations advance, they leave their traditions behind them, or (as I think he expressed it) that "according as a people became instructed, their traditions vanished."—A good deal of talk about Cromwell and his character. In speaking of Talleyrand, after we went up to coffee, Bulow mentioned Talleyrand's having told him that none of those speeches he delivered in the Convention were his own. Had them all written for him, and read them out from the tribune. Talleyrand attributed the misfortunes of all the rulers who have reigned over France, from Napoleon down to Louis Philippe, to the neglect of the counsels which he (Talleyrand) gave them. Bulow said that Talleyrand's lameness was owing to a pig having eaten away part of the foot when he was a child. Had been placed *en nourrice*, according to the old French mode, and the nurse having left him alone one day, a hungry pig that was near got at him, and *rongeait* one of his feet. (Have mentioned this since to Lady Holland, and she says there is no truth whatever as to the pig, though the lameness did arise from an accident at nurse. I believe it, however, to be a case of scrofula.) Came away with the Lansdownes, who very kindly insisted upon leaving me at my own door, as the night was so very cold. Did intend to have gone to Babbage's *soirée* (as did also Lady L.), but had stayed too late at Lord John's.

16th. At work till half-past five, when I dressed for dinner (though not having to dine till half-past seven), and went to Brookes's to relax over the Sunday newspapers. Overtook Sir Robert Peel near White's, who greeted me most cordially. "Ah, Moore, how do you do? I am so glad to see you." Told him that I had called upon him last time I was in town, which he seemed not to have known; and said that at any time when he was at home, if I sent in my card, he would be most happy to see me. Dined at Byng's, having fixed the day myself, in order that he might get Fonblanque to meet me: company, Fonblanque, Shiel, Lord Ebrington, Lord Clanricarde, and

a German Count (Walstein, I believe). Some talk with Fonblanque about his paper, "The Examiner," and its deserved success: the more to be rejoiced at as it told well for the readers as well as for the *writer*, the wit being of that high kind which required the recipient also to be of no ordinary description. Quoted to him a passage from one of his own papers, as an instance of the sort of condensed wit which I thought required minds very different from those of the common run of readers to seize and appreciate properly. It was one which I may have already stated in this journal, where, in speaking of the martial tendencies of the Irish parsons, he says, "It is curious to observe how an Irish parson, in hot water, assumes the military colour." Seemed pleased with my remarks on this, and said "from *you* particularly," &c. &c. On my return home, between eleven and twelve o'clock, sat down again to my proofs, and worked till half-past two. * * *

24th. Dined at Lord Grey's: company, besides their own family, the Hollands, Rogers, Lord Duncannon, and Ellice. The day very agreeable. In the evening came some of the Carlisles, and the Duke of Sutherland, with his engaging Duchess, who combines the thoroughly feminine woman with the air of the "high-born ladye" in a most remarkable and pleasing manner.

27th. Went to the Longmans, for tho no less awful purpose than the looking over my account with them for some years past. Had time but for the sum totals on both sides, and found the result more satisfactory than I had expected, the interest of the sums deposited by me in their hands some years since having sufficed pretty nearly to cover all the advances they have made me. Shiel, one of these mornings, at Brookes's, told me some good things said by the Irish barrister, Keller, my godfather. To some judge, an old friend of Keller's, a steady solemn fellow, who had succeeded as much in his profession as Keller had failed, he said one day, "In opposition to all the laws of natural philosophy, you have *risen* by your *gravity*, while I have *sunk* by my *levity*." Shiel mentioned to me his intention of quoting some time soon in the House, Lord Bacon's praise of Ireland (the passage where an allusion to the harp occurs), introducing it by first quoting some lines of mine to the same purpose, and then saying, "You may object that this comes from a poet and an Irishman; but I will now produce to you one who is," &c. &c.

Dined at Murray's: company, Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, Croker, and Sir David Wilkie and his sister; the first time of my meeting with Croker for many years. Mrs. Somerville, whom I had never before seen so much of, gained upon me exceedingly. So much unpretending womanliness of manner joined with such rare talent and knowledge is, indeed, a combination that cannot be too much admired.

29th. After breakfasting at Rogers's, went to Maclise's, and gave him a long sitting; ditto to Moore at his house in Holland street. Was obliged to be dressed and ready at half-past four, to accompany Rogers to the Academy in order to have a view of the exhibition before dinner. The whole thing, exhibition, dinner, and company, a spectacle well worth being present at. Was sorry to see that the Duke of Wellington entirely forgets me, though, to be sure, so many years have passed since I dined at his table in Dublin, when he was secretary there, that it is by no means to be wondered at. We have been thrown together once or twice in society, of late years, and then from the few words that passed between us, I was in hopes that he remembered me; but from the manner in which he received me today, when Rogers, after shaking hands with him himself, made a sort of half presentation of me to him, I am pretty sure he has no recollection of me whatever. Got seated near Jones, the artist, who, in talking of Turner's forthcoming designs from the "Epicurean," mentioned his having "attempted" some subjects from it himself, and his being curious to see whether Turner had fixed upon the same. Had some talk too with Turner about his task, and on referring to the subjects I had marked for him, he said, "There is one you have done yourself," meaning, as he added, the incident of the Epicurean hanging by the ring. From the dinner Rogers and I went together to Babbage's, where we stayed but a short time, and then home. * * *

May 3rd to 10th. From this throughout the remainder of the month I had neither time, nor indeed much material, for journalising; every moment being devoted to the

careful correction of my "Epicurean," both in its prose form, as published, and in the poetical shape which it was at first intended to wear. Found among my papers a part of the latter, viz., a rough copy of a letter from the high priest of Memphis, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I have now furbished up, and think it one of the best things in the heroic metre that I have ever written.

* * * * *

June 1st, &c. Having long meditated a trip to France with Tom, for the purpose of placing him somewhere (not in Paris) where he may lay in a little French before he embarks in his profession, I wrote to Corry about this time, asking him to join us in our expedition, which he readily consented to do. * * * On the 10th sailed for Boulogne, and arrived at Paris on the 12th. * * *

14th. Took Tom to introduce him to Chabot, and we were a good deal struck by the homeliness of his royal lodgings (up three pair of stairs in the Tuileries), the arms emblazoned here and there on the furniture, being the only things that reminded us of our being in the dwelling of royalty. Dined at Meuriee's, at the *table d'hôte*, and went in the evening to the Tuileries. Had three tickets admitting six persons among us three, but were not aware that they admitted to different places. One of the tickets, which was of a different colour, being for the roof of the Tuileries, from whence the best view of the fireworks could be obtained. Had to encounter a good deal of confusion in going in, from our ignorance of this difference in the tickets, and not liking to separate myself from Corry, I gave Tom that which admitted to the roof, while Corry and I took our places in the garden of the *Château*, just under the balcony at which Louis Philippe and *la Famille* (as they are called by distinction) were seated. Anxious about Tom I again went out, and had to experience fresh difficulties in coming back again, during which I was twice irritated into speaking angrily to those fierce fellows with swords in their hands, who, to do them justice, treated my *brutum fulmen* very good-humouredly and concedingly. But there is something so humiliating in being pushed back, that if there was a whole army of them I could not refrain from speaking my mind to them as I did then. The fire-works beautiful; and what with the flowers, the moonlight, the gay dresses of the women seated round, and the sweet airs played by the military band, I thought it all very delightful, but, like all other very delightful things, sad and affecting. (The Marseillaise Hymn was among the airs they played.) Nor was it the least touching part of the whole spectacle to see that poor Louis Philippe, whom, when I was last in France, I left living happily and comfortably with his family, like an English gentleman in the country—the ladies all at their work-table in the evening, and the children brought in to play with their hoops about the room;—to see him now placed in so very different a situation, not knowing from minute to minute whether the assassin's aim was not levelled at him, and obliged to rise and make obeisance to a set of gazers whom he must both fear and despise, whenever any one of them chooses to greet him with a half-ironical cheer. It seemed to me, in general, indeed, the voice of a child that began the feeble "Vive le Roi," with which he was greeted. From our position we could not see any of the fire-works but those which rose into the air (whereat Corry grumbled like a great school-boy); but these were well worth seeing, particularly a small balloon, which occasionally detached from itself, as it rose, other bodies, or offsets as it were of light, without losing its own lustre; and the last grand *bouquet*, which exceeded all that I had ever before seen in the pyrotechnic line. Rejoined by Tom, who had seen the whole perfectly and was in ecstacies.

16th. Went to the Chamber of Deputies, and were lucky enough to come in for the briskest "turn up" (as the gentlemen of the ring would call it) that has occurred for a long time. The question turned upon a point of order, M. Mauguin having asked for explanations on the subject of the *Traite d'Afrique*, and nothing short of an actual *row* could exceed the agitation of the scene. The following specimen of it, from an account given in the "Constitutionnel" of this morning, may afford some little notion of what we witnessed, but the gesticulations and violent *acting* of the President it would be difficult to give any notion of.

"*M. Berryer.* Je ne dis pas non; mais j'ai la parole.

"*M. Augustin Giraud.* On ne peut pas vous empêcher de parler; c'est une tyrannie. (Vive agitation.)

"*M. le President.* Je dois protéger la liberté de la tribune: M. Giraud, je vous prie de ne pas interrompre la discussion. Vous troublez l'ordre.

"*M. A. Giraud.* Vous devez maintenir la parole à l'orateur. (L'agitation continue.)

"*M. le President.* M. Giraud, je vous rappelle nominativement à l'ordre.

"*M. A. Giraud.* Et moi, je rappelle M. le President au sentiment de convenances. (Tumulte.)

"*M. le President.* Je vous rappelle à l'ordre pour la seconde fois. (Nouvelle agitation.)

"*M. Berryer* (au milieu du bruit). Messieurs . . . .

"*M. Garaube.* Aux voix! aux voix!

"*M. Berryer.* J'ai le droit . . . .

"*M. de Vauguyon* (frappant sans discontinuer son pupitre avec son couteau de bois). Aux voix! aux voix!

"*M. Pataille* (rivalisant de force et d'agilité avec le couteau de M. Vauguyon). Aux voix! aux voix!

"*M. Roul* (dont le couteau lutte glorieusement avec les couteaux de MM. Vauguyon et Pataille). Aux voix! &c."

And so it goes on:—"Tumulte inoui; les cris, aux voix! et les roulements des couteaux redoublent avec une nouvelle energie; les dames se bouchent les oreilles, l'infatigable couteau de M. Vauguyon domine sur tous les autres couteaux," &c. &c. It was stated in another paper that personalities had passed between the president and some of the agitators, and it looked to me as if all was personality. * * *

24th. Went to Madame de Flahaut, whom I found sitting in the garden with her beautiful daughter (a beauty which struck me to be as pleasing as it was brilliant), and Lord Sandwich and another young man along with them. Have seen no hotel as handsome as theirs in Paris. Sat for some time, and regretted very much not seeing Flahaut, who is among the few men I *like* as well as *admire*.

25th. A visit, during breakfast, from M. B., whom I did not at first recollect, but found out afterwards that I had known him when formerly at Paris, though his reputation as a writer has been, I believe, chiefly acquired since; several collections of old chronicles having been, I see, edited by him, and his name been frequently joined with that of Guizot, as a fellow-labourer in that line of ancient lore. On hearing of my intention to proceed to Caen, offered me letters of introduction in that quarter. Talked very cleverly and eloquently of the state of France, of Louis Philippe's avariee, his insincerity in holding forth hopes to the people (both his own and those of other countries) that he would aid them in acquiring popular institutions, while he was holding an entirely different language to their rulers. * * *

30th. Breakfasted about nine [at Caen]. Rothe called, and all walked out together; the first great object being the *pension* for Tom.

July 1st. Breakfasted at home. A visit from Wright, bringing with him, to introduce to me, a very clever and amiable-mannered man, M. Bertrand, a Professor of Greek literature in the University of Paris, and a great admirer, as I soon discovered, of my poetry. Has translated several of the "Irish Melodies," and told me himself that it was my poetry first won him into the study of English. A good deal of conversation, during which he explained to me the nature of the professorships and colleges through France. After he had gone Rothe came, and we walked out together. Had not gone very far when Wright came running breathless after us, to say that M. Bertrand would, he believed, take Tom. Went with him to that gentleman's house, and found both him and his wife (who is much older than himself) very kind and amiable on the subject. From what I had heard Rothe and others say of him, was of course very anxious to secure so good a position for Tom; and, to my great joy, now found that there was no difficulty in the matter; he himself appearing to be quite as much pleased with the office, as I was at his accepting it. Was going, he told me, to his country-seat in a month or so, and would take Tom with him. In the meantime, would have a room prepared for him at his house in Caen. Asked about Tom's Greek

studies, but I told him that my chief object for him now was French and French literature. On my coming to speak of terms, he assured me that that was the last consideration with him; and that he was chiefly actuated by the pleasure of being able to do any thing that would show his respect and admiration for me. It would be far more agreeable, he added, to leave the settlement of terms to some third person; and, on my mentioning Rothe, said, that most willingly would he leave the whole matter to him. Drove out afterwards with the General*, who expressed great delight at my good fortune in this arrangement; only regretting it, he said, for one reason, which was, that his brother and himself had made up their minds to offer Tom a reception in their house. Had begged of Rothe to settle the terms with Bertrand, but Wright had been beforehand with him; and it appeared that from 100 to 120 francs a month was all that he would require. Called upon the chief *libraire* of the place; an intelligent man, and possesses several very rare and valuable books, but finds no market for them, he said, in Caen. Is collecting all the remains of the Abbé de la Rue, for an edition of his works, with autograph letters from English antiquarians, Druce, &c. Bought of him the French engravings of the "Tapisserie de Bayeux." Showed me some fine missals; no encouragement for such an establishment as his at Caen, but sends to other markets. Dined at the General's: company Rothe, Wright, Brummel, and one or two others. The poor Beau's head gone, and his whole looks so changed that I never should have recognised him. Got wandering in his conversation more than once during dinner.

3d. Breakfasted with the General, and off soon after for Bayeux; Rothe, Tom, and myself. My conversations with this worthy fellow* have all been most interesting, but I can only note rapidly a few particulars. Gave us today an account of his escape from Kilmainham, where he had been kept a prisoner for a year and a half. The preparations made in the ball court or tennis-court, where the prisoners were allowed to play every evening,—the place of concealment formed in the heap of sand,—the ladder of ropes prepared,—its failing to reach the persons waiting on the other side,—at another time breaking. The night of escape, he himself getting safely over, and waiting in vain for his companion; mounting again and looking over the wall for him; seeing that he had fallen and would not venture to try again. Obliged to make his own escape. Major Sirr on board the ship in which he lay concealed during the passage. A long life of prosperity and happiness would hardly repay what he suffered during that year and a half. Reminded him of what he told me, when we last met, of Napoleon's dislike of the Irish. Explained it more fully now, by saying that it arose out of the rivalry then subsisting between Napoleon and Hoche, and the game of the latter being Ireland, which interfered with the designs of Napoleon, both his jealousy and his impatience combined to make all that was connected with Ireland odious to him. Corbet then passed to his detention, along with three other French officers, at Hamburgh, for the details of which, as well as of the negotiations to which it gave rise, I must, some time or other, consult the public accounts. Having served through all the Peninsular War, being in the retreat at Salamanca, &c., Corbet joined the French army of Russia, and was in the battle of Leipsic, then in the defence of Paris, and was the bearer of a flag of truce from Marmont to the Emperor Alexander. Described his interview with Alexander, his deafness, his anxiety to ask questions of Corbet, but, whenever Corbet interposed a remark as to his immediate object, referring him to the official person (I forget who or what) by his side. Marmont held out stoutly on that occasion, refusing to capitulate, and insisting upon an armistice, so as to enable the army to join the Emperor. Corbet's name not mentioned in the public accounts of this negotiation with the Emperor, which he seemed to think lucky, on account of the unpopularity (if I recollect right) which afterwards attached itself to the transaction. But I must take an opportunity soon of reading about all these events, and correcting the impression (if wrong) which I received from his details.

Mentioned, as an instance of Clausel's coolness, in the retreat from Salamanca, his (Corbet's) being sent to him at night to say, that the English had got possession of a certain important post: Clausel, whom he had found

* General Corbet.

fast asleep, on being awakened and told the intelligence, just paused for a few moments, to consider the bearings of his position, and then saying coolly, "It is impossible," turned round and went to sleep again. In talking of Scott's *Napoleon*, Corbet said that it was "an odious work." He had read, with the greatest admiration and delight all Scott's novels, but, "when he came to peruse his Napoleon, he was utterly disgusted. To say nothing of the mistakes and ignorance with which it abounded, the intentional falsifications throughout the work were such as drove him, however unwillingly, to the conclusion that Scott was a bad man. This opinion must, of course, be taken with all the allowances that Corbet's position and prepossessions would naturally suggest; but it was the opinion of a truly honest man,—a man (if I am not mistaken in him) of the true grave and steady nature of which heroes and martyrs have been most generally made. As an old poet well says,—

"Your sad, wise valour, is the true complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities."

Apropos of this, I found Corbet to be of exactly the same opinion as that held by most authorities respecting the character of the Spaniards. "Nothing," he said, "would make them fight well." Spoke highly of Flahaut, who, he said, was, next to Caulaincourt, the best man about Napoleon. In speaking of the French affairs in Africa, he said that Guizot's government was the cause of all the failure in that quarter, as well as in Spain. When Thiers was turned out by Louis Philippe, he was within fifteen days (Corbet said) of vanquishing Don Carlos, and the same event interrupted Clausel's operations in Africa.

In his view of Irish politics the Corbet of 1837 is, as might be expected, very different from him of 1798. Considering division to be a source of weakness to both countries, he is so far now from wishing to see Ireland severed from England that he considers their union in support of good government and free institutions to be essential, not only to their own well doing, but also most important, as an example to all Europe. Ought to have mentioned, with respect to Corbet's escape from Kilmainham, that he referred to the account given of it in Lady Morgan's O'Brians and O'Flahertys, as remarkably accurate in most of the particulars.

On our arrival at Bayeux found that the bishop was absent. Went to see the fine church. Were kept for a good while from seeing the Tapisserie in consequence of a *conseil* (some town meeting) being then sitting in the chamber where it is preserved. Admitted at last to the Tapisserie, and found it, like many other things in the world, better to be *imagined* than *seen*. The French engravings misrepresent it (on the favorable side) most extravagantly. Napoleon, when contemplating an invasion of England, had this tapestry brought to Paris and exhibited, in order to revive the recollections of the former successful descent; and it was even said, Corbet told me, that the Empress and her ladies were industriously practising embroidery in order to be able to complete the parallel. During our journey the thought struck me that I might turn the subject of the tapestry to account, in the way of poetry, with illustrations; and I told Corbet, that, if ever I should carry this thought into execution, it would be to him I should dedicate the work. This seemed to please him greatly.

4th. Went to the [Caen] Museum, where there is a Perugino, which struck me as good, and which, it seems, *ought* to have been sent back into Italy with the other restored plunder, but, by some accident, remained here. Was struck too by a picture of Malherbe. A little *bossu* poet, about half my own height, accompanied me around the rooms with much brotherly devotion. Had published, it appears, some *poĕsies* at Caen. Dined at Rothe's and went in the evening to drink tea at M. Bertrand's, where I had to go through a fresh round of introductions. In the course of the evening M. Bertrand was requested to recite some of his translations from the "Irish Melodies," and I had accordingly to stand the delivery of two of them; both author and translator being seated side by side on the sofa, and whenever any reference to *le barde* occurred, M. Bertrand would turn round with a profound bow to me, while I, with another profound bow, acknowledged the compliment. Not sorry when the *séance* was over; though seeing more and more reason to congratulate myself on my luck in locating Tom. * * *

7th. After a smooth passage of fourteen hours, arrived at Southamption. Walked about a little with Wilder, and, after breakfasting,

set off in the coach for Bath, where I dined most heartily and *Englishly* at the White Hart, and then proceeded in a fly to Sloperton, where I arrived between eight and nine in the evening.

23rd. An official letter from the Horse Guards, acquainting me, that, on my lodging the sum of 450*l.* in the hands of Cox, Greenwood, & Co., Lord Hill will submit my son's name to the Queen for the purchase of an ensigney in the 22nd Foot.

30th. Received the following letter from Lord Fitzroy:—"My dear Sir. I have communicated your letter of the 25th to Lord Hill, who desires me to say that he will give your son six months' leave of absence from the time of his being gazetted; but if you should think that insufficient, he considers that it would be better to decline the commission in the 22nd, with the understanding that your son is to be provided for as soon as he is ready. Probably, however, leave of six months is all you require. Very faithfully yours," &c., &c.

31st. * * * Looking back over the journal of my French tour, I find, in Buchon's note accompanying the letters of introduction he sent me, he says: "Votre fils trouvera en France une large —— d'affection; je vous assure ce n'est qu'une faible marque de la reconnoisance due aux nobles et poétiques inspirations de son père. Le nom de Moore s'est naturalisé Français, par l'admiration que nous avons non seulement pour ce qu'il a écrit, mais pour ce qu'il a voulu. Son caractère et son talent ont été adopté par nous, comme une gloire universelle. La langue est la forme, la pensée est le fond qui appartient aux hommes éminens de tous les pays. Votre admirateur et ami, S. A. C. Buchon." * * *

August 2nd. Dined at Rogers's. Company: Lord and Lady Carlisle and daughter, M. and Madame Dedel, Falck, Luttrell and Landseer. Day very agreeable. Dedel and Falck both excellent, straightforward, and sensible men. A good deal of conversation with them on the state of France, the prospects of England, &c.

4th. Forgot to mention that Greville, two or three days ago, gave me a letter to his right-hand man at the Council Office (he himself being about to leave town), desiring him to put me in possession of his (G.'s) room for the purpose of looking over the Records; and at the same time gave me a letter also to Lemon, of the State Paper Office, desiring him to attend me whenever I should require it, and give me his assistance in my researches. This all very kind of Greville, and promptly and heartily done.

5th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet again the Americans. Conversation turned (curiously enough before the son of Hamilton, though none of us seemed to have thought of this at the time,) upon the prevalence of duelling in America; and Hamilton told some strange stories on the subject. * * * Mr. Hamilton said that there was no longer any doubt of his father's having been the writer of almost all Washington's addresses. Gave me an autograph letter of Washington's to his father, which tends a good deal to confirm this fact. Among the autographs he showed me were some of Jefferson's, and I was not displeased to see in them a frequency of my own trick of erasures and corrections. Jefferson always opposed to Washington; being always an advocate for French predominance in their councils. Went, all of us, with Rogers to see Stafford House, which evidently astonished the Americans (as it well might) by its richness and grandeur. They are just come from visiting all the great *palazzi* of the Continent, but it was plain had seen nothing like this. After we parted with them, turned in with Rogers for a few moments to the exhibition in Pall Mall, and took a passing glance at some of the fine things there.

7th. Breakfasted at home, and was at the Council Office by ten, where I was joined soon after by Mr. Lemon. Looked over the indexes of the papers with him, and found him in every respect the man for my purpose; being not only versed in the subject, but also most readily disposed to assist me in any way most useful to me. Explained to him how I was situated with respect to my History, being now more than ever aware that in less than two volumes more I should not be able to do justice to my subject, and yet from the inadequate pay I receive for my labour (compared with what I should make by employing myself otherwise), being unwilling to expend so much of my time unprofitably. He remarked that nothing, unluckily, was more common than to see historical works which had been commenced and continued to a certain extent with most exemplary carefulness, then begin to show signs of

relaxation and haste, and at last hurry on to the end in the most careless and clumsy manner. Gave, as an instance, Turner's "History of Henry the Eighth," in which a small part of Henry's reign occupies the great bulk of the work, while the remainder is dispatched in a few pages. Must see how far this is the case.

* * * * * *

8th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet a Frenchman of the name of W. B. His grandfather, I believe, was English, but he himself cannot speak a word of English. Found him alone when I arrived, and in the course of conversation he guessed (from my portraits, as he said) who I was. During breakfast arrived Count Krasinski, an intelligent Polish refugee, and man of letters. Told me how familiarily all my works were known in Poland; particularly the "Irish Melodies." The great favourite amongst his countrymen was, "Oh blame not the bard;" and he himself was acquainted with a young poet who always made use of the authority of this ode when reproached with being an idle fellow. Remarked that there was a strong similarity between the Poles and the Irish; and mentioned, as an instance of this, a countryman of his, who having, on some occasion, knocked a man down for being, as he thought, insolent to him, was expostulated with for having done so, by some friend, who remarked that, after all, what the man had said to him was not very offensive. "No, it was not," answered the other; "but still it was safer to knock him down." The Fire Worshippers, he told me, had been translated in Poland in a *Polish sense;* and there was also, he said, a Russian translation of that poem.

Dined with Rogers to go to the Opera. Party at dinner: Wordsworth and Miss Rogers. A good deal from Wordsworth about his continental tour. In talking of travelling in England, said that he used always to travel on the top of the coach, and still prefers it. Has got at different times subjects for poems by travelling thus. A story he has told in verse (which I have never seen) of two brothers parting on the top of a hill (to go to different regions of the globe), and walking silently down the opposite sides of the hill, was, he said, communicated to him by a fellow traveller outside a coach. Also another story about a peat hill which had been preserved with great care, by a fond father, after the death of the youth who had heaped it up. Must look for these stories in his poems. On my mentioning that I had met with a young man at a *café* in Paris who had seen him (Wordsworth) in Italy, he asked me who he was, and on my answering that I did not know his name, and it appeared he had merely *seen* Wordsworth, the sublime Laker replied, "Oh, Virgilium tantum vidi," but immediately conscious of the assumption of the speech, turned it off with a laugh.

10th. Dinner at Rogers's. Almost over when I arrived. Company: Wordsworth, Landseer, Taylor, and Miss R. A good deal of talk about Campbell's poetry, which they were all much disposed to carp at and depreciate, more particularly Wordsworth. I remarked that Campbell's lesser poems, his sea odes, &c., bid far more fair, I thought, for immortality than almost any of the lyrics of the present day; on which they all began to pick holes in some of the most beautiful of these things. "Every sod beneath their feet shall be a soldier's sepulchre."* A *sod* being a sepulchre! (this, perhaps, *is* open to objection.) The "meteor flag braving the battle and the *breeze*," another of the things they objected to. Then his "angels' visits, few and far between," was borrowed from Blair, who says:—

> "Or, if it did, its visits,
> Like those of angels, short and far between."

Taylor remarked that "The coming events cast their shadows before" was also borrowed, but did not so well make out his case. "Iberian were his boots," another of the blots they hit: altogether very perverse industry.

To the Opera, all except Wordsworth. The Gazza Ladra—charming notwithstanding that a stick was substituted for Rubini. In talking of letter-writing this evening, and referring to what Tucker has told of Jefferson's sacrifice of his time to correspondence, Taylor again mentioned the habits of Southey in this respect, and Wordsworth said that, for his own part, such was his horror of having his letters *preserved*, that in order to guard against it, he always took pains to make them as bad and dull as possible.

* I have heard that the word was originally "Cemetery."—J. R.

12th. Rogers showed me some verses of his own upon youth, the last, he said, he had ever written or should write. Said he could cry over them all day, and was very near bursting into tears while he spoke. Part of the feeling in them consists in sadly anticipating all that youth has before it in life, of wrong as well as of suffering; of wrong that will be regretted in after days.

September 2nd to 4th. Received a note from Lord Holland, announcing that his present of Bayle was on its way down by the waggon. The note was accompanied by an amusing string of rhymes full of fun and pun, *à la Swift*; and the next day's post brought me what he calls *Editio auctior et emendatior* of the same, which I shall here transcribe.

"Dear Moore,—

Neither poet nor scholar can fail
To be pleased with the critic I send you,—'tis Bayle.
At leisure, or working, in sickness, or hale,
One can ever find something to suit one in Bayle.
Would you argue with fools who your verses assail?
Why here's logic and learning supplied you by Bayle.
Indeed as a merchant would speak of a sale,
Of the *articles* asked for, I forward a *Bayle*.*
But should you, in your turn, have a fancy to rail,
Let me tell you there's store of good blackguard in Bayle:
And although they for libel might throw you in jail,
Pray what would release you so quickly as *Bayle*?†
Your muse has a knack at an amorous tale,—
Do you want one to versify? turn to your Bayle.
Nay, more—when at sea, in a boisterous gale
I'll make you acknowledge there's service in Bayle;
For, if water be filling the boat where you sail,
I'll be bound you'll cry lustily, 'bail, my lads, *Bayle*.' ‡
A mere correspondent may trust to the mail,
But your true *man of letters* relies on his Bayle.
So much knowledge in wholesale, and wit in retail,
(Tho' you've plenty already) greet kindly in Bayle.

"Holland House, 3rd Sept."

9th & 10th. Perceive, on looking back, that while I have noted down trivial and ordinary occurrences, I have made no memorandum of a loss which will be long felt at Sloperton—the death of poor Fielding, one of our kindest and most amiable friends. His sufferings were so long and so hopeless, that his death, at last. (Sept. 2.) came as a relief both to himself and to all who felt for him. Received a letter from Talbot, informing me that the funeral is to take place next Friday, and that Lord Valletort and George Montgomerie are to attend. Wrote to him to ask whether it would be agreeable that I should also come.

11th. A letter from Talbot, saying that he is sure it would gratify Lady Elizabeth if I also would attend the funeral.

15th. Drove in the pony carriage to Lacock, twelve being the hour appointed for the funeral. Found there the persons I have already mentioned, and also one of the Audreys. The whole ceremony most painful, though the form and manner of it were as simple and as worthy of the man as could be desired. We followed the coffin on foot through the pleasure-grounds and the garden (which were then looking in their highest beauty) without any crowd of gazers to disturb or distract us; and the funeral service was read touchingly and impressively by Paley. It was poor Fielding's wish (expressed some years ago, it seems,) that his coffin should be made of the oak of an old man-of-war; and Talbot, on applying to the Admiralty, got some of the same wood of which Nelson's coffin was made. After luncheon walked home, Talbot and Montgomerie accompanying me a great part of the way. Besides the loss of poor Fielding, I have had some other losses lately, not touching me near so closely, but which, combined with his, comprise all that is meant by events that "come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of men;" for while he came under the latter description, my good old partner of the Row, Rees, who has also died lately, may be classed among those *business* ties, the breaking of which by death cannot but be felt solemnly, if not deeply. Poor young Macrone, too, whose death, however, did not take me by surprise, as I saw, when I last parted from him, that he was not long for this world.

16th. * * * It was mentioned by Joy that Sir William Scott, to save the legacy duty, made over the 20,000*l.* he intended for his son William during his life-time; but William, who died before his father, made a will, leaving this sum back again, so that Sir William did not escape the duty after all. And now a question has arisen out of this complex transaction, whether Lady Sidmouth (to whom the sum was bequeathed by Sir William) can establish her claim to it; adding one more instance to the many already extant, of great lawyers committing blunders in the management of their own legal affairs. Sir William, who placed this money in the Three per cents., used to congratulate himself "on escaping,"

* *Alitor*, bale. † *Aliter*, bail. ‡ *Aliter etiam*, bail.

as he said, "from the perplexities of land to the pure Three per cents."

17th. Took a long walk with Lord L. and the Codringtons. In the course of conversation, Milman asked how happened it that the Irish, after having produced such pure writers of English as Swift and Goldsmith, should have broken out into the peculiar style now known by the designation of "Irish?" Something called my attention away, or I should have asked him why he left out such additional examples as Bishop Berkeley, Burke, and Sheridan? Milman mentioned having heard one of Göethe's tragedies performed with a chorus in the ancient manner: said that the effect was good. Asked him if it was like a chaunt; he said, "Somewhat, but more monotonous." Attended prayers, Milman doing the duty.

24th. Bentley and Moran to breakfast. Bentley full of impatience and ardour for something of mine to publish,— a light Eastern tale, in three volumes. Scene, Circassia; events, founded on the struggle of that people against Russia, and price 1500*l.*, with two-thirds of the copyright my own. After we had lunched I walked them over to Spye Park, the day being delicious. Bentley had now started on another scent — the edition of my poetical works, which, after telling him the difficulties that at present beset the plan, I confessed to him was one I had so much at heart, that *whoever* would enable me to accomplish it should have my best wishes and co-operation, even though I myself should not gain a penny by it. I then told him the state of my poetical copyrights; "Lalla Rookh" and "The Melodies" being in the hands respectively of the Longmans and Mrs. Power, and the rest all my own, those of Carpenter having now returned to me. Was amused with the sanguineness with which, on hearing this (not having before known that so much of the property was my own), he seemed to consider the whole thing as settled, or, at least, settle-able without any difficulty. He would see Mrs. Power and the Longmans on the subject, and had little doubt of bringing them round to his terms. Told him (while doubtfully shaking my head at all this confidence of his) how sanguine I had always found men of business in such matters; and that, in fact, I had constantly, in my dealings with them, been obliged to take the business line, and to repress as much as I could their "gay soarings." On more than one occasion have I endeavoured to keep the Longmans within bounds, as to the number of copies in an edition, when the event has proved that *I* was right, not they. The imaginations, indeed, of some of your *matter-of-fact* men (as they are called) beat those of us poets hollow.

October 12th. A visit from Lord John, who arrived yesterday at Bowood, and walked over to see Bessy this morning. Sat with us for some time, and then he and I sauntered on together to Bowood, where I had promised to dine to meet him and Lord Melbourne. Nobody at dinner but Lord Melbourne, the John Russells, and a young Lady Strangeways, very pretty. In talking of Chateaubriand, and of his having got deaf lately, Lord Lansdowne quoted Talleyrand's saying of him that "*Il se croit sourd parcequ'il n'entend plus parler de lui.*" In talking of Windsor, Lady Lansdowne objected to the number of dirty houses that come up quite close to the Castle. This Lord John said he liked; it was feudal, and he preferred it much to the insulation of the great houses of the present day. Was at first inclined to agree with him, but on recollecting the dependence implied by this juxtaposition of the great and small, retracted my concurrence, and was all for the stand-off system of Lady Lansdowne; each rank in its own station. To be sure, it might have been retorted upon me, that my own social position is little better than a hut placed cheek by jowl with palaces; and not a bad neighbourhood either, do I find it.

16th. A note from Lady Elizabeth to Bessy, saying how much good she had done her, and begging of her to come again to Lacock during my absence at Bowood. Poor Bessy, rather fearing a repetition of the painful scene of Saturday, but still felt that she could not refuse, and promised to come to-morrow. To Bowood to dinner; the party increased by the addition of Lord Suffolk and his daughter, Lord Glenelg, Sydney Smith, and the Rogerses.— Much amusement excited by the article in "The Spectator" newspaper about the "conclave" assembled at Bowood. "At the Bowood meeting of Ministers," says the journalist, "it is not credible that any consideration of what is due to the people of England, of what

they require and deserve, will clash for an instant with the main object of securing office for as many Whig lords and gentlemen as possible." Had this *sour-crout* politician been present at our dinner party, he would have seen that *one* main object of Ministers was certainly laughter and good cheer; and that while the Bowood cook took care of this latter branch of policy, Sydney Smith administered amply to the other. Talking of proverbs after dinner, Lord John mentioned his own definition of a proverb: "The wit of one, the wisdom of many," which Mackintosh (I think he said) quoted in one of his works. Sydney, speaking of Mackintosh and his "Memoirs," remarked on the proof they afforded of his having been so very honest a politician; the more striking, certainly, as there was always a sort of tarnish on his name, in this respect, which was a good deal perpetuated by Parr's antithetical contrast between him and Quigley, addressed, it is said, to Mackintosh himself, on his saying something in disparagement of Quigley.

17th. Bowles came after breakfast, more odd and ridiculous than ever. His delight at having been visited yesterday by the Prime Minister and Secretary of State, Lord L. having taken them both to Bremhill. The foolish fellow had left his trumpet at home, so that we could hardly make him hear, or, indeed, do anything with him but laugh. Even when he has his trumpet, he always keeps it to his ear while he is talking himself, and then takes it down when any one else begins to talk. To-day he was putting his mouth close to my ear, and bellowing away as if I was the deaf man, not he. We all pressed him to stay to dinner, but in vain; and one of his excuses was, "No, not indeed, I cannot; I must go back to Mrs. Moore." Rogers very amusing afterwards about this mistake. "It was plain," he said, "where Bowles had been all this time; taking advantage of Moore's absence," &c. &c.

18th. Joined Rogers and Sydney in a walk before breakfast. Sydney said to me "There are two points in the character of our noble host which, I think, must strike every one who knows him, and none more than yourself. One is, the patriotic feeling with which, neither wanting nor liking office (for whatever he might have done formerly he certainly does not like it now), he yet takes upon himself its trammels for the public service; and the other is, the gentlemanlike spirit and courtesy which unvaryingly pervades his whole manner and conduct, never swerving a single instant from the most perfect good-breeding and good-nature." To this tribute I most heartily subscribed after an acquaintance with the subject of it more than thirty years, and a close intimacy of more than twenty.

After breakfast set off to return home, and Rogers accompanied me. Nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than he was. In talking of his age (he is now some months turned seventy-five), he said, "If I was asked what ailment I have, I really could not say that I have any;" and yet, so delicate was his health up to the age of between thirty and forty that it was difficult to keep him alive. We walked up and down between the Sandy Lane Gate and the Calne Road three or four times, I still turning back with him, and he then retreading his steps with me. In the course of our walk he said, "You know Mrs. Moore is my almoner." I anticipated what was coming, and both for Bessy's sake and the people's rejoiced in my heart. He then took out of his pocket five sovereigns and gave them to me for the poor of Bromham. One of my embarrassments, indeed, during his visit has been the fear lest Bessy should thank him for the five pounds I brought her in his name, for the same purpose, two or three years since. But I had taken an opportunity of warning her against doing so, saying that it would look like asking for more. I now told him the circumstance of my having imposed upon her, as just stated, not saying, however, that it was in his name I had done so. I need not say how great was Bessy's pleasure on my producing this new fund for her old women.

22nd. Read a story of Lover's for the party in the evening.

November 1st to 30th. At work busily, and with but few interruptions; none, indeed, except a visit now and then from young Henry Fitzmaurice, who is, I rejoice to say, improving in his looks. As I generally read for twenty minutes or half an hour after I go to bed (always something different from the task I have been employed upon during the day, in order to get that out of my head), I have taken lately as my night dose a dry book on ethics,

by I know not who, in answer to Mackintosh, which Brabant lent me; and here I discover the source of Brabant's low opinion of Mackintosh. It does, to be sure, take the shine out of Mac's ethies prodigiously, and the instanees of confusion of thought, and even of ignoranee, whieh he eites from Mac's book, are some of them astounding. Cannot help making a memorandum here of one (indeed the most glaring) of the proofs brought by him of Mackintosh's marvellous ignorance (marvellous in him), or, what is mueh more likely to have been the truth of the case, excessive carelessness. Leibnitz, in a familiar letter to a friend, gives a short account of a book whieh had just appeared, "De Prineipio Juris Naturalis," and after mentioning several other things discussed in the book, he says, "*Quæritur deinde utrum custodia societatis humanæ sit principium juris*," and adds, "*Id negat vir egregius* (the author) *contrà Grotium, qui societatem, Hobbesium, qui mutuum metum, Cumberlandium et similes, qui mutuam benevolentiam, id est, semper societatem, adhibent.*" In other words, the the author of whom Leibnitz is giving an account inquires, "What is the origin or *principium* of Law? and decides that it is not, as Grotius, Hobbes, and Cumberland have supposed, a regard to the eonservation or guardianship of human society, but simply, as he subsequently endeavours to prove, the Will of the Creator,—'*Jussum Creatoris.*'" In ranging, too, on the same side of the question, Grotius, Hobbes, and Cumberland, this author shows that he considers all their several opinions on the subject to be resolvable into one and the same, namely, that a regard to the safety and conservation of *society* is the origin of human law. (I have put clearly, I flatter myself, in the foregoing few lines what it has eost the castigator of Mackintosh more than half-a-dozen pages to explain.) This being the state of the case, let us now observe how Sir James, with much pomp and plausibility, disserts upon the subject. Having given it as his opinion that preeeding inquirers had not been very clear in their theories of morals, he proceeds as follows:—"It is little wonder that Cumberland should not have disembroiled this ancient and established confusion, sinee Leibnitz himself, in a passage where *he reviews the theories of morals* wlich had gone before him, has done his utmost to perpetuate it. 'It is a question,' says he, 'whether the preservation of human society be the first principle of the *law of nature*.' This our author * denies, in opposition to Grotius, who laid down sociability to be so, to Hobbes, who ascribed that character to mutual fear, and to Cumberland, who held that it was mutual benevolence; which are all three only different names for the safety and welfare of society." "Here the great philosopher," continues Mackintosh, "considered benevolence, or fear, two feelings of the human mind, to be tho first principles of the *law of nature*,† in the same sense in which the tendeney of certain actions to the well-being of the eommunity may be so regarded. The confusion, however, was then common to him with many, as it even now is with most. The comprehensive view was his own." The confusion and inaccuraey crowded into this short paragraph of Maekintosh's is really astounding. It requires but the merest schoolboy's power of construing to see that the proposition which Mac ascribes to Leibnitz is, that of the author on whose book Leibnitz is making remarks; and, not content with this blunder, Mackintosh misrepresents also the author of the book, making him say that Grotius and Hobbes considered benevolence and fear to be the first principles of the law of *nature;* whereas this author was not speaking of the law of nature at all, but of the "*principium juris.*" I could not help endeavouring to bring this exposure into a somewhat more concise and intelligible form than has been done by Mae's *Mastix* himself, who is, however, a very clever clear-headed fellow, and withal, a very disagreeable one. Indeed, so much so, that I would almost rather be *wrong* with Mackintosh, *cum Platone errare*, than be *right* with so harsh and conceited a dogmatist.

November 1st to 3rd. Hard at work at "The Reign of Edward II." Forgot whether I have mentioned before that the Record Commission have (as in duty bound) sent me all their published volumes. Have got down as many as are *immediately* neeessary to me, and hardly know how to dispose even of these; my study being already overloaded with

* Meaning Leibnitz.

† "The italics are my own, in order to mark his mistakes more emphatically."—M.

learned rubbish, of various kinds, and the floor not being very trustworthy. Have also got down a number of gigantic books from the Longmans; so that, what with Rymer, Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs, &c. &c., poor Sloperton will, I fear, hardly hold out. A good number are stowed away in the hall, with Bessy's club things for her *old* women; and very fit companions they are for each other.

14th to 17th. No change or novelty in my mode of existence; still the same still-life picture. It is some comfort, however, to find that, while so quiet at home, one has still the capability of kicking up a row abroad. Witness the "turn-up" I was the cause of the other night (the 21st) in the House of Commons. The subject of debate was the Pension List; and the best mode of recording what took place is to insert here the scrap from "The Times'" report of the debate:—

"An hon. member (name unknown, but with a strong Irish accent) rose to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question. He wished to know whether the name of one Thomas Moore was in the list of pensions charged on the Civil List ('Oh, oh!'); and, if so, whether it was placed there for making luscious ballads for love-sick maidens, or for writing lampoons upon George IV. of blessed memory. (Cries of 'Oh, oh!' and great confusion in the house.)

"*Mr. Spring Rice*—I am confident that the house, and I am equally persuaded that the public, will appreciate the motives which induced the Government to place the name of Thomas Moore on the Pension List. (Loud cheers from both sides of the house.) By a formal resolution of this house, the Ministers of the day are authorised to grant these pensions as the reward of distinguished talent in literature and the arts. From the tones of his voice, I suspect that the hon. member who has just put to me this extraordinary question belongs to the same country with myself ('Hear,' and a laugh). I believe that there is no other Irishman but himself in this house—differing, as many of them do, from the political opinions of Thomas Moore—who does not feel it to be a credit to our common country that the name of 'one Thomas Moore' is on the Pension List. (Immense cheering.) For my own part, I think that the name of Thomas Moore is in itself a credit to the Pension List. (General cheering.) I may ask, and, I hope, without offence,—whether it was for writing works of a very democratic character and tendency that the name of Dr. Robert Southey is placed on the same Pension List with that of Thomas Moore? The names of both those distinguished men are on that List, and are on it for the same reasons (cheers); and I rejoice as heartily in seeing the name of Southey there as I do in seeing the name of Moore (cheers continued). Both are men of great and immortal talent. Both have added to the literary pleasures and instruction of their age and country, (vociferous cries of 'Hear'); and I rejoice that both of them have received, though from rival administrations, the rewards to which they are both so fully and so justly entitled." (Cheering from all quarters of the House.)

In reference to the above the London "Standard" has the following:—

"We observed with regret that a gentleman—we doubt not with the best disposition—complained of Mr. Moore's pension. Mr. Moore's pension is a tribute to genius—a testimony to the claims of one who, if not the first living poet, is certainly not second to any with whom the present generation has lived. With Scott and Southey Mr. Moore completes the number of the first-class British poets of the nineteenth century, and it is idle to underrate the merit of his poetry, because of the direction taken by his genius, as was the miserable effort to depreciate Scott on account of the lowness of the pursuits of his borderers. That Mr. Moore has been a political writer, as well as a poet, ought to be the last reason for objecting to the reward of his *political* (?) merits in a free country. Alas! for the freedom of Great Britain, when a divorce shall be effected between literature and politics,—when men of genius or learning shall find it injurious to come forward in all their power, and, according to their conscientious views, in defence of that constitution which is the business of every Briton. The democratical changes that we have lately made are bringing the empire, indeed, rapidly enough under the dominion of brute ignorance. Let us not accelerate the calamity by interdicting the arena of politics to genius and knowledge.—Mr. Moore has taken the wrong side; but

this matters nothing: we are contending for a principle,—a principle in which Conservatives are much more deeply interested, as a party, than any other party can be. Of the party that seeks to establish the ascendancy of truth and justice, literature is the natural ally. It is gratifying to us to be able to add that, his political bias apart, there is nothing in Mr. Moore's character—amiable, and honourable, and consistent as it is,—which ought to exclude him from the benefit of the principle for which we contend."

December 1st to 12th. Still confined to my study and garden, and, as long as I have health, not desiring any thing better. An agreeable announcement, in a letter from Mrs. Napier to Bessy, of the approaching marriage of one of her daughters to Lord Arran. The whole of the details promise most prosperously, and I rejoice at it sincerely.

14th. Looked again over the curious "Diary of Sir Edward Bayntun," which Salmon has in his possession. There are several volumes of it, and a curious selection might be made from their contents. Took down the following memorandums for the year 1754, just after Pelham's death, when a new administration was about to be formed.

"March, 1754. Went to the Smyrna.—Thence to Lady Northumberland's: her house the resort of distressed lovers; and herself so compassionate as to neglect nothing for their general relief.

"Do. To Leicester House. Great appearance of faction. Boone said, if Mr. Fox was Chancellor of the Exchequer, it would not be borne: what must become of this poor woman and the children; that old friends must stand together. Thence to Lord Winchilsea to dinner. Had much of his confidence touching the new schemes; would join the Duke of Newcastle; anything to obstruct Sandwich and the Duke of Bedford, which must be the consequence; that Murray had been ruined by malice, and that there was difference in drinking the 'P.'s' [*qu.* Pretender's] health with Tosset or at Oxford. Complained of Lord Granville.—VIII o'clock. To White's and Lord Granville. Curious to know where I had been.

"March 15. Went to Mr. Fox, who told me he had refused to accept being the Secretary of State; that he had accepted it according to the message delivered by Lord Hartington; notwithstanding that he was to manage business in the House of Commons under the Duke of Newcastle. For more certainty how his Grace understood it, he had waited upon him; and found, upon his proposing some questions of explanation, that he was not to be the channel between his Grace and the divers applications arising in the House of Commons; that his Grace even refused to permit him to inquire into the plan left by Mr. Pelham till his Grace and Dafflin had adjusted it. That he conceived his being employed in a business he did not understand, and secluded from one he did, was a plain project to ruin him, and he rather chose to fall in the station he was [*qu.* in]; that he could be of no sort of use without this countenance. * * * XII. To Lord Granville, who was waiting for Mr. Stone. I told him what Mr. Fox had said, by his direction. My Lord seemed surprised, and said he had heard nothing from the Duke of Newcastle. He feared they would trifle in this manner, &c. &c.

"March 17. The Duke of Grafton in opposition to the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke of Devonshire inflamed by H. Walpole; the scene deeper laid than appears. Thence to Mr. Fox's: did not stay to see him. To Lord Winchilsea, who discovers expectation from these difficulties. The Duke of Newcastle shows evident marks of fear: this confirmed by Gen. Lake."

16th to 18th. At work. Sent one of these days a short answer to Rice's circular on the subject of the Pension List, which I concluded by saying that my pension had been given to me without any solicitation on my part, and would be surrendered by me without a murmur should the Committee think right to withdraw it.

19th to 23rd. Some correspondence with the Longmans respecting our projected edition of the works. Mrs. Power has asked 1000*l.* for the right of publishing the poetry of which she holds the copyright. This the Longmans think excessive; and so it probably is; but my dear, generous, and just-minded Bessy thinks otherwise; and (though she knows a large outlay in that quarter must necessarily trench upon *my* share of the emoluments) hopes most earnestly that Mrs. Power will, for the sake of her family, refuse to take any less. A "rare bird" is Bess in more ways than one.

1838.

January 9th. To Bowood to dinner: company, the Phippses, Joys, and Youngs, Miss Fox, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. In the evening, the Duchess having expressed a strong wish that I should sing, I sat down, and began, unluckily, with "There's a song of the olden time," which I had not sung before for a long time; and the state of my spirits not being very good, the melancholy both of the song and of my own voice affected me so much, that before I had sung the two first lines I broke out into one of those hysterical fits of sobbing, which must be as painful to others as they are to myself, and was obliged to hurry away into the next room, whither I was immediately followed both by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, and Henry Fitzmaurice. The exceeding effort I made to suppress the sobbing only made it break out more audibly; and, altogether, nothing could be more disagreeable, the company that witnessed the scene being, unluckily, larger and more miscellaneous than is usual at Bowood. Having drunk off a tumbler of sal-volatile and water, which Lady Lansdowne brought me, I returned to the drawing-room; and after laughing a little at my own exhibition, sat down again to the piano-forte, and sung through all the gayest of my songs that I could call to remembrance.

27th. My poor Bess, whose state of weakness for some time past gives me many a painful boding (though I trust in God without any real grounds), not finding herself well enough to go to Lacock, Tom and I set off thither in the pony carriage at three, leaving the Hugheses to keep Bessy company. None but the Talbots, Lady E., and Horatia, at dinner. Lady E. much better than I could have expected to find her. Found it very agreeable, though inwardly sad the whole time. Poor Fielding seldom absent from my thoughts. In the evening Horatia played over several beautiful things from Bellini, Strauss, &c., while I sat in a corner and listened in silent sadness.

28th. After luncheon, Tom and I started in the pony carriage for home; and when at the top of Bowden Hill, I got out and walked through the fields home. Brought a note from Lady Elizabeth to Bessy, which I shall here copy: —

"My dear Mrs. Moore,—I cannot tell you how very much disappointed I was at your not coming yesterday, nor how grieved I am for the cause. You are always most soothing to me; and I am sorry the weather and the winter put a sort of gulph between us. You particularly know how to 'minister to a mind diseased.' I am glad to have seen Mr. Moore, whom I consider (that rare thing) a sincere friend both for the present and the past. His voice reminded me but too much of the gay days of the Abbey. Happy days. They can never return. How often have I thought formerly that it was a mistake calling this world a vale of tears, a thorny path, &c. &c. I always found it such an agreeable world, and so pleasant to live. I suppose nobody believes those truths till they feel them in their own person. God bless you. E. F.—Let me hear soon by the post how you are. We are all anxious about you." * * *

Feb. 7th. Dined at Lord Essex's. Boldero and Co., as usual, with the agreeable addition, on this occasion, of Sir Robert Adair, from whom one gets, now and then, an agreeable *whiff* of the days of Fox, Tickell, and Sheridan. Told one or two things of that date, which I had known before, but which came from him with the stamp of the time upon them, and were, in so far, more interesting than even better *new* things.

[On the 10th of this month, Moore met Mr. Luttrel, at breakfast, at Mr. Rogers's.] * * * Talked of Irishmen's unwillingness to pay ready money, their notions of the *ready* being always a bill at sixty-one days' date. Somebody saying that one would think every Irishman was born sixty-one days too late, from their being always that space of time behind the rest of the world; and Luttrell described the process of purchasing a horse between one Irish gentleman and another: "Price sixty pounds, for which you have no occasion to pay down cash—only *commit your thoughts to paper.*"

[During the month of February, Moore's attention was much taken up by his son Tom's preparations to join his regiment, and begin his career in life. About the 22nd he left Bristol for Cork. The stormy weather which followed his departure gave cause for fresh

anxieties to his fond parents. He arrived safely at Cork. A dangerous illness of Mrs. Moore, immediately afterwards, was the cause of new fears. She happily recovered, owing to the attention and skill of her physicians.]

March 5th. Brabant with us early (and Kenrick also, whom he had thought it right to ask to meet him, but who did not see her); and though he gave his opinion with a degree of reserve and caution, which in itself was like a dagger to me, I was but too happy to collect from him that if there was no return of the hæmorrhage, no danger need be apprehended. My dearest Bessy herself had preserved throughout all our alarm the same collectedness and sweetness of feeling which she has shown on every trying occasion since I first knew her, thinking of everybody but self.

6th to 8th. Thank God, all has been going on well, and will, I trust in God, continue so. On the morning after her attack, Bessy mentioned a pretty story, translated by Miss Fisher from the German, of an old man who received three calls or warnings before his death. "I look upon this," she added calmly, "as my *first*." But, thank God again and again, the danger now seems past.

9th to 11th. Between my continual and anxious watching of my dear Bessy's progress (for such I flatter myself it is), and my efforts to work, for which I have now more than usual need, from my late expenditure both of time and money, I have not had a moment to give to these pages. In default of other matter, I shall here transcribe from a late publication (or rather re-re-publication of Bowles's) a note respecting myself, which, in his usual good-natured sensitiveness, he has thought it necessary to insert. What the passage about "The Sorcerer Poet" was to which he refers, I have not the slightest notion.

"Sorcerer Poet.—I trust it will not be thought necessary by one human being for me to disclaim any the most distant allusion to one consummate master of song, who, if in the unthinking gaiety of premature genius, he joined the Syrens, has made ample amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and, as far as the Muse is concerned, *more* than ample amends by melodies as sweet as scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale indeed of the richest Oriental colours, which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages."

12th to 31st. Nothing much different to add on the subject that now occupies all my cares and thoughts—my dearest Bessy's health. The prospect of losing the advantage of Brabant's attendance, by his approaching departure for the Continent, gives me a great deal of uneasiness, though *he* looks upon her as past all danger now, and means to leave written instructions for her how to act in case any change should occur. Went to dine one of these days with the Hugheses at Devizes, who were anxious to have me to meet their member, Dundas. Returned home at night. Nothing could be more gratifying than the anxiety manifested in all quarters, both high and low, about poor Bessy's health. Every two or three days a messenger comes from Bowood, with a supply of ice, vegetables, and such other things as it is known Bessy has been ordered to take.

April 1st to 3rd. Still the same course of life, watching over my dear Bessy's progress —slow, but I trust sure—and working in the intervals at my "History." Sent a squib one of these days to "The Chronicle"—"Sketch of the First Act of a new Romantic Drama," which Easthope, in a note which I had from him, told me was very much admired. In the same note he added (what I had suspected myself, and mentioned to him) that my former squib on the Ballot, "The Song of the Box," had not produced much effect. Found one of these mornings some memorandums of my own in pencilling, so very nearly effaced, that I think I had better copy out whatever is worth preserving of them here. They relate, I see, chiefly to Petrarch, and must have been collected, I think, for a comparison between him and Catullus, which I took as one of my subjects while writing for "The Metropolitan," but made little use of, I believe, in the hasty sketch I gave to that periodical. * * * The Cynthia of Propertius was accomplished, and a poetess. Petrarch's triflings about the *laurel*. For Laura's coquetry, see sonetti 31. 39, 40, 41., canzon. 15.; and particularly sonetto 43., where he describes himself baffled when just within reach of his object—*Trà la spiza e la man quel muro è messo*. See sonetto 50., where he complains

that he was tired of loving her, at the end of ten years. The pretty scene in sonetto 207., the old man giving the two roses. The beautiful picture in sonetto 189., *Dodici donne*, &c. Her pretty action in sonetto 219., in putting her hand before his eyes when she sees him in a reverie gazing at her. The three celebrated canzoni which he himself called "The Three Sisters," 18, 19, and 20. The canzoni *after* her death, allowed to have more truth and nature in them than those before. *Levommi il mio pensiero*—sonetto 261. See this for her veil, which she says she had left on earth. See for his trifling decomposition of the name of Laura or Laureta into three parts—sonetto 5. In his dialogues, *De Contemptu Mundi*, he says, "*Scio autem quid hîc mihi solatii est quod illa mecum senescit.*" The "Evêque de Lombaz" wrote to Petrarch rallyingly, that all his love for Laura was a mere fiction—"*De hâc autem spirante Laurea cujus forma captus videor, manufacta est, et omnia ficta carmina, ficta suspiria.*" See "Académie des Inscriptions," tom. 15.

4th to 6th. Agreeable accounts from Tom from Ireland. His regiment ordered to Dublin, which will be very delightful to Ellen, and make a great difference in point of society to himself. Received one of these days the following note from Spring Rice, relative to the Pension List Committee:

"My dear Moore,—Though you could not have anticipated any other result, still, as committees are strange and unaccountable bodies, I think it may be agreeable to you to know that your case came on yesterday, and was by acclamation confirmed. I think the Committee would have increased the grant, had it been in their power to do so.

Always, my dear Moore,

Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

T. S. Rice."

May 1st to 4th. Received a letter from Haydon the painter, written, it appears, a year since, but mislaid, and only just now, as he tells me, found again, containing an account of three letters relating to Sheridan, which had been brought for his inspection. Wrote to thank him, saying, that any communication from his hand was better late than never; that I had written so much and on such various subjects since Sheridan was my topic, that I had now almost forgotten all about him: adding, that what some poet has said of the waves of the sea,—

> "And one no sooner kiss'd the shore and died
> Than a new follower rose,——"

was but too applicable to the multifarious succession of my works,—the "dying," I feared, included. *Apropos* of Sheridan, I see by an extract from the "Diary" of Wilberforce just published, that he says I overrate Sheridan's powers as a wit. This may be so; but I think it rather more likely that Wilberforce *under*rated him. My opinion was derived, not so much from my own knowledge of Sheridan, for he was gone off when I knew him, but from the indestructible proofs of his wit in the *School for Scandal* and the *Critic;* and the unanimous tribute paid to it by all his own personal friends.

Sent another squib one of these days to "The Morning Chronicle," in reference to the Copyright Question, entitled "Great Dinner of Type and Co.: a Poor Poet's Dream," which has been copied, I see, into the "Athenæum," and placed side by side with the letter of Wordsworth, and the famous one of Southey's to Brougham, as our joint protests against the present state of Copyright. To my squib they merely annex asterisks, saying that it requires no signature. Have fixed my projected visit to town for the 17th. Wrote to Lady Elizabeth (who was so kind when we last met as to offer me lodging at Sackville Street,) asking whether she is still in the same mind, and received the following answer:—"Only a moment to say, I shall be *so* pleased to have you in *casa mia*. I am not such a *capricieuse* as to have changed my mind since I saw you at Sloperton, and Mrs. Moore looking so well and handsome in her reclining attitude in the *fauteuil*. Who is Mr. Calvert, who talks in such rapture about you? It was agreeable to read his enthusiastic opinions in these prosaic and utilitarian days. Love to Bessie."

5th to 13th. On my explaining to Bessy, at breakfast one of these mornings, the nature of the retrospective clause in the intended Copyright Bill (which I had but just come to understand myself, not having troubled my head much with the question), she exclaimed,

with that directness of aim at the true and the just, which, in her, is innate, "Why, that's not honest." Having to write to the Longmans the same day, I mentioned this circumstance just as I have here stated it, adding, "As for *me*, I, of course, shook my head and said nothing, being an author."

19th. In London. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Ratcliffe, and Young the actor. Story of the Lady who wrote to Talleyrand informing him, in high-flown terms of grief, of the death of her husband, and expecting an eloquent letter of condolence in return; his answer only "Hélas, Madame. Votre affectioné, &c., Talleyrand." In less than a year, another letter from the same lady, informed him of her having married again; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style: — "Oh, oh, Madame! Votre affectioné, &c., Talleyrand." In talking of office and its routine business, a great deal of which does itself, Rogers mentioned Lord North's illustration of this fact by a sign at Charing Cross of a black man turning a wheel. "People stare at this," said Lord North, "thinking that the black man turns the wheel, whereas it is the wheel that turns the black man."

20th. Went to Breakfast with Lord John. Found him alone. Longman had called upon him, he told me, on the subject of the Copyright Bill, and had shown him my letter, the whole of which Lord John had read. So much for private correspondence with one's publisher. In the course of our conversation he referred to my praise of the aristocracy at the Bristol dinner, and said he had often since thought of my courage in venturing it. Spoke of the tendency of the world now to Americanise in everything; in the forms of government, in literature, in the tone of society, &c. The remark, I fear, but too just. Talked of Bulwer's "Athens," and said he found it interesting. *Apropos* of Americanising, I remarked what an instance "Athens" was of the fact, that it is *the few* who have hitherto taught and given the tone to the world. What a light surrounds that small spot still! It is the ὁι πολλοι that will again reduce the world to barbarism. Asked me to come to dinner next Sunday, and said he would be glad to have me also on Saturday * * * * * * * * * * * * * Had in the children for me to see, and showed off all their little ways as nicely as any mother could do. It is indeed charming to see so much gentleness of nature combined with a spirit so manly and determined as is certainly "Johnny's." Talking of Sydney's last letter, which is making such a noise, I said that I had as yet read only the memorable note, but had heard that, after having, in that note, glorified him (Lord John), at the expense of all his colleagues, Sydney had, at the end, thrown him overboard as well as the rest. "He *has*," answered Lord John, in his quiet way, rubbing the back of his head. He was, however, animated and earnest in condemning the manner in which Sydney had treated Lord Melbourne; "affecting," as he said, "to underrate Melbourne."

22nd. Breakfasted at Milnes', and met rather a remarkable party, consisting of Savage Landor and Carlyle (neither of whom I had ever seen before), Robinson, Rogers, and Rice. A good deal of conversation between Robinson and Carlyle about German authors, of whom I knew nothing, nor (from what they paraded of them) felt that I had lost much by my ignorance. Robinson had witnessed the performance of Schiller's "Bride of Messina," with the ancient chorus, but I forget now what he said as to its effects. Savage Landor a very different sort of person from what I had expected to find him; I found in him all the air and laugh of a hearty country gentleman, a *gros rejoui;* and whereas his writings had given me rather a disrelish to the man, I shall take more readily now to his writings from having seen the man.

23rd. Breakfasted at Brookes's. Went and sat some time with Valletort, whom I found much better. Called at Bulteel's, and saw his nice wife, Lady Elizabeth. Bulteel full of the North London Hospital performances, having left a case behind him in Devonshire more extraordinary than any of them. Read me a letter from the gentleman in whose house this phenomenon of a young lady is residing, giving an account, in the most serious and *bonâ fide* manner of such downright miracles, as throw all we have hitherto heard of in that line into the shade. Among other things she can, in the dark, by passing her two forefingers down the page of a book, take off the impress, as he expresses it, of the whole contents of the page, in about two seconds, and

repeat it all correctly. Proposed to me to accompany him to the North London Hospital some day to see Dr. Elliotson's manipulatory experiments.

Dined at Lansdowne House: a grand dinner to the Duke of Sussex, and a very splendid thing it was in every respect. Company, besides the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia, the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Minto, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Lord Camperdown, Lord John Russell, and plain *Mister* Moore. Sat next Lord John. The Duke of Sussex, on coming in, exclaimed, as usual, "Ah, Tommy!" and called me to account for not having been to see him, but I told him I *had*. In the course of dinner, taking wine with different people, and lumping three or four together at a time, in order to *diffuse* the compliment, he cried out, on proposing wine to some at *our* part of the table, "Lord Minto, Lord John, and, last not least, Tommy!" On which Lord John said gravely, in an undervoice, "Last and least;" thus putting in his claim, as I told him, for the small modicum of superiority he has over me in that respect; whereat he gave one of his very agreeable and playful laughs.

24th. Went down to the Longmans. Bad prospect for the edition of my works, and consequently of the supplies I expected from it. The uncertainty of the effects of the Copyright Bill, and, as yet, of the very nature of its enactments, must naturally suspend all undertakings dependent upon it. Have not mentioned, I believe, that on my first visit to the Longmans after my arrival, when I found them in high delight at Mrs. Moore's "opinion on copyright," I took care to impress upon them that it was solely from what I thought due to myself, and my own feeling of what was right, that I had come to the determination of not availing myself of any such law to change or unsettle my agreement with them. "There has already," I said, "been too much *sentiment* mixed up with this Bill,—sentiment for *authors;* and I wish you to understand that it is not from sentiment towards *publishers* that my present views have been adopted."

26th. Lady —— having just received a letter from Paris giving an account of Talleyrand's death, gave me the note paper sheets of the letter to read, according as she read them herself. The account curious, and well given. The management of the archbishop, in leaving the whole conduct of the death-bed scene to an Abbé, who intermediated, and the evident anxiety of —— to give as orthodox an air to the whole transaction as was possible, all very amusing. Talleyrand more than once said during his dying moments, "*La machine s'en va;*" and these words were his last. Had received notice in the course of the day, that I must be early in attendance at the Freemasons' Tavern, as one of the stewards, to receive the President;* but found it far more agreeable, of course, to go *with* him, Henry Fitz being also of the party. Immense bustle on our arrival. Was invested with my wand as steward, and all made our way to the head table, the room being already crowded. Got seated between Bulwer and Wyse, within two or three of Lord L., and opposite me sat Sir Harris Nicolas with his flaming star (being a Guelph), whose book of the Privy Council I had lately been studying. The whole proceedings of the day interesting, and to me, in an almost overwhelming degree, flattering and gratifying. Lord Lansdowne, by general admission, a most admirable chairman; more particularly for such a purpose, his feelings and taste being, I think (whatever his ambition might once have been), far more towards literature than politics.

28th. A note from Mrs. Smith to say, that Sydney would take me to the Longmans today, if I liked. Had already half promised to go with Lardner, but sent a note to put him off. On our way to Hampstead, Sydney talked of his "Letter," rather nervously, as I thought. Forget whether I have mentioned Luttrell's saying to me the other day, "Well, my dear Moore, could you have conceived any man taking such pains to upset a brilliant position in society as Sydney has been taking lately?" In the course of our talk, Smith mentioned his having received a letter lately from Lord Carlisle, in acknowledgment of a copy of the pamphlet he had sent him. Repeated the substance, and, I suppose, nearly the words of the letter, which appeared to me a very polished but pointed condemnation of the pamphlet. Lord Carlisle, it is clear, in

* Of the Literary Fund.

writing it, felt himself bound to express, as politely as possible, what he knew to be the opinion of the persons he lived with on the subject; and being himself unscathed by the pamphlet, he could of course do it with a better grace. This, however, Sydney did not seem to me to feel. While we were on the subject, I thought it *my* duty, also, to tell him what I thought of his attack on Lord John; his representing him to be so totally devoid of feeling as to hear with unconcern the loss of the Channel fleet, the dying of a man under an operation for the stone, &c. &c., through his means. This he denied to be the purport or effect of the passage in question, which meant merely, he contended, that you could not perceive by Lord John's manner that he felt it. In the course of our conversation afterwards, he happened, in speaking with great bitterness of Lord Castlereagh, to say something of his indifference to the mischief and ruin he might cause by his measures, which amounted in purport exactly to the same which he has said of Lord John. I therefore instantly interrupted him, saying, "There, that's precisely the impression you produce in your character of Lord John." "You don't say so?" he exclaimed. "I assure you," I answered, "that such is the way in which it is viewed by all whom I have heard speak on the subject." "Then I must certainly," he said, "set myself right on that point; and as there is a new edition just coming out, I shall not lose a moment in doing it." On our arrival at Hampstead, he absented himself from the drawing-room for a short time, and I found afterwards it was for the purpose of making this correction. It is merely a short note denying that he meant to impute any want of feeling to Lord John. But the arrow had already sped, and no one now minds the note.

[On some occasion at this time, not worth recording, Mr. Moore quotes some verses from an Epilogue he wrote for the Killarney private theatricals, which describe well the various uses to which the manager (*Mr. Corry*) put his friends.

"'Tis said our worthy manager intends
To help my *night*,—and he you know has *friends*.
Friends, did I say? for fixing *friends* or *parts*,
Engaging *actors*, or engaging *hearts*,
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,
Are changed to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;
Soldiers, for him, good 'trembling cowards' make,
And beaux, turn'd clowns, look ugly for *his* sake;
For him e'en lawyers *talk*, without a *fee*,
And I,—oh friendship!—I act tragedy!"]

July 7th to 10th. Nothing remarkable; working away at the reign of Henry VII. Received a letter from my countryman Dillon, of the "Bibliothèque du Roi," introducing some friends of his, and sending me two or three *brochures* published lately by Guizot; of which he says, "You will find them not unworthy of your attention, independently of the value you will naturally attach to a *souvenir* from such a writer.* M. Guizot has mentioned your name to me more than once. He, in common with the distinguished portion of his countrymen, appreciates fully those talents and that sterling patriotism which have earned for you the esteem and admiration of every dispassionate mind in England."

August 15th to 17th. A letter this latter day from Lord Morpeth, to whom I had written, in consequence of one I had received from Drummond, his under secretary. I shall here copy his note on account of the good fun it contains in allusion to Durham's late Ordinance, which makes it a capital offence to bid "farewell" to Bermuda.

"My dear Moore,—Many thanks for your good news of your intended sojourn at Dublin next month. It will be my compensation for getting no holydays, at which sometimes I am half disposed to repine. You are sometimes accused of treasonable tendencies in your poetry; but there is one passage containing in its outset such a direct incitement to capital crime, that I wonder it has never been branded as it deserves.

"Farewell to *Bermuda*, and long may the bloom
Of the citron and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has stray'd."

"Most sincerely yours."

31st. Went to H. the dentist to have my teeth cleaned. Told me of his nephew, who is practising as a dentist in India, being employed to make a set of teeth for the King of Delhi. The difficulty at starting was, that the dentist required to be allowed to take a model of the King's mouth; and the idea of a Christian putting his hand in the royal mouth was an abomination not to be heard of.

* Sent to me from Guizot himself.

It was at last, however, agreed, that by washing his hands, before the operation commenced, in the water of the Ganges, the dentist might qualify himself for the contact. The teeth succeeded wonderfully; and one of the courtiers, who, from jealousy of the Englishman, had declared they would be good for nothing, was desired by the King to put his finger in and try, and, on the courtier doing so, his Majesty nearly bit the finger in two. The affair turned out, however, unluckily; as the King, whose appetite was enormous, being enabled by these new grinders to gratify it *ad libitum*, brought on a plethora, which nearly killed him, and the teeth were thrown into the Ganges. * * * Called one of these days at the Admiralty and saw Sir John Barrow, whom I found to be an old acquaintance of mine. My object was to make some inquiry as to the person at present holding the deputyship of my unlucky office at Bermuda. During peace there is little to be got or lost by it; but if, in the present combustible state of Western politics, a naval war should break out some fine morning, I might possibly be brought into the same scrape by my deputy (though of the Governor's appointment) as that which fell upon me like a thunder clap. Barrow agreed with me that I ought to look to the matter; and likewise that it would be the most prudent step, all circumstances considered, to resign the office.

September 1st. Started, in company with Hume, for Birmingham and Liverpool by the railroad. From this point my journalising was not very accurately attended to; the whirl of society in which I was kept not allowing me to "take note of time,"—I will not add "save by its loss,"—for it was anything but lost time to gather such a harvest of kindness and welcome as awaited me in Ireland at every step. The interruptions of our journey by the change from railroad to coach, and from coach back again to railroad, by no means agreeable. On our arrival at Vauxhall, too (near Birmingham), where the train stopped, the whole scene but too strikingly bore out the notion of those who see a tendency to *Americanise* in the whole course of the world at present. The way in which we were trundled out of the carriages, like goods, and all huddled together in the same room,—the rush up-stairs to secure beds,—the common supper-room for the whole party,—and the small double-bedded room in which Hume and I were (to my no small uncomfort) forced to pig together,—all struck me as approaching very fast the sublime of Yankeeism.

2nd. Took the railroad to Liverpool, and was quite enchanted with the swiftness and ease of our course. There I sat, all the way, lolling in a most comfortable arm-chair, and writing memorandums in my pocket-book, as easily and legibly as I should at my own study table, while flying through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Did the journey in about four hours and twenty minutes, and had but little time to look about us when we found ourselves on board the Liverpool packet. * * *

12th. Having appointed to go out to the Park, to the Ordinance Survey, went there with Petrie. Shown the whole by Mr. Larcom, and was as much struck with the man himself as by anything he showed me. The whole full of interest. Called in my way back on the Lord Lieutenant; and was told by Liddell, before I saw himself, that his Excellency had bid him say to me, that he hoped whenever I was not engaged elsewhere I would come and dine with him.

13th. Roused up about seven from my short sleep, by the arrival of Tom, who tramped up at once to my bedroom, looking very pale and ill. I had not told him of the night appointed for Nell's party, lest he should have made an effort to be there by starting sooner than the doctor might think prudent. Took him after breakfast to Crampton, who gave me every hope of his being soon brought round again. Went all of us,—Nell, Tom, and myself,—to dine with the Finlays to-day. In speaking of Irish history, it was not ill said by Finlay, "The lies are bad, and the truth still worse."

15th. Agreed to dine with Crampton *en famille*. Nobody but his own family; and a little after eight he and I and Tom proceeded to the theatre. Found I was rather late. Took my place in the front of Nell's box, between two very pretty sultanas she had provided for me, Georgiana O'Kelly and Miss Burne. The explosion on my appearance was tremendous, and when —— but it will

save trouble to insert the "Morning Register's" account of the whole affair :—

"THEATRE ROYAL.—MR. MOORE, Sept. 15th, 1838. On Saturday night our illustrious poet—the true-hearted Irishman—had a reception at the theatre such as Irishmen are known to give when a heart is in every voice. The first piece had concluded before the shout of friendly recognition announced that the star of the night had appeared. The audience rose as one man, and again and again the long loud cheer swelled upon the ear, until the many-mouthed monster ceased through very weariness. It seemed the madness of joy. The second piece was then allowed to proceed, the shifting of each scene giving opportunity for some word of welcome. When the drop-scene fell, the cry for 'Three cheers for the Bard of Erin!' again called up every soul present; hats and handkerchiefs waving in one wide sea over the densely-crowded pit and galleries. Mr. Moore, evidently under the influence of feelings deeply touched, repeatedly rose in acknowledgment of the compliment; and as the applause had been frequently renewed, his lips were seen to move in involuntary expression of what he felt. A call for silence was then made, upon which the poet again rose and bowed, and, pointing to the stage, where the curtain had been raised, he resumed his seat. But what did those present value 'Robert Macaire'?—it was their illustrious countryman they went to see; and the cordial shout again rose as though it never were to die. There was nothing for it but to speak, even if the fixed heart had set itself against it; but it was not so, and Mr. Moore endeavoured to give utterance to what he felt in the following terms:

"'Unusual as it is to speak from the boxes of a theatre, I really cannot sit any longer silent under these repeated demonstrations of cordiality and affection, and therefore have nothing for it but to say, with Mr. Muddleworth, in the farce which we have just witnessed, "and now for my oration" (laughter). It would require a voice, I fear, of far more compass than I command to make myself heard by the numerous kind friends who have here assembled to greet me; though, had I the voice of Stentor himself, combined with the eloquence of Demosthenes, or of your own O'Connell (loud cheers), I should fail to convey to you a hundredth part of what I feel at this great, this overpowering kindness: not that I pretend to consider myself as wholly unworthy of such a reception—for that would be to do injustice to *you*, my kind friends, as well as to myself. No; you have had in other times, and you have still, far more able and eloquent champions of your cause ("no, no," and loud cheers). But, as the humble interpreter of those deep and passionate feelings—those proud, though melancholy, aspirations which breathe throughout our own undying songs—as the humble medium through which that voice of song and sorrow has been heard on other shores, awakening the sympathy of every people by whom the same wrongs, the same yearnings for freedom are felt—in this respect I cannot but flatter myself that I am not wholly unworthy of your favour (enthusiastic cheering). It may be in the recollection of most of my hearers, that, in one of the earliest of those songs, I myself foresaw and foretold the sort of echo they would awaken in other lands :—

> "The stranger shall hear our lament on his plains,
> The song of our harp shall be sent o'er the deep."

(Loud cheers.) This prediction I have lived to see accomplished—the stranger *has* heard our lament on his plains — the song of our harp *has* been sent o'er the deep—and wherever oppression is struggled against, or liberty cherished, there the strains of Ireland are welcomed as the language native to such feelings. It is a striking fact, that on the banks of the Vistula the "Irish Melodies" have been translated in a Polish sense, and are adopted by that wronged and gallant people as expressive of their own disastrous fate (loud cheers). Not to trespass any longer on your attention (hear and cheers), I shall only add, that there exists no title of honour or distinction to which I could attach half so much value, or feel half so anxious to retain unforfeited through life, as that of being called *your* poet—the poet of the people of Ireland.' (Enthusiastic cheering.)

"This brief address, which was repeatedly broken in upon by hearty cheers, was followed by tremendous applause. We do not speak of the performance of the dramatic corps; for, as we have already said, their doings had little to do with the attraction of the night."

17th. Went with a party, consisting of Mrs. Fitzsimon (O'Connell's daughter), and some others, to see the National School in Marlborough Street, and was much pleased, particularly with the *infant* part of it, which we found in the playground, and certainly never before saw so many happy, pretty, and picturesque urchins assembled together. Went to dine, Tom and myself, with Lord Morpeth, and had rather a whimsical adventure. In going out to the Park I have generally used one of those cabs (or *shanderadans*, as they call them) which my sister recommended me, driven by an odd fellow named Ennis, and thinking it was he who had driven me the last time I went to Lord Morpeth's, I merely said now at starting, "Go to the same place you took me to the other evening." The length of the avenue to the house rather struck me, and when we arrived and were told they had gone to dinner, some mention of "the groom of the chamber," &c., made a sort of passing impression upon me, which, instead of startling, produced insensibly, I suppose, that change in all my associations which prepared me (so otherwise unaccountably) for what followed. After a little delay we were ushered into—the Lord Lieutenant's dining-room, where only himself, Lady Normanby, and the *aides-de-camp* were seated at their family dinner, and it was only by taking close order they were able to make room among them for Tom and myself. To Lord Normanby there was just sufficient, in the general invitation he had given me for *any day*, to prevent his being greatly surprised at my present intrusion; but my bringing my son also must have appeared to him a somewhat strong measure. Nothing, however, could be more kind than our reception by the whole party, and I was helped to soup, and had finished it before the actual fact of what I had done and where I was flashed upon my mind. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "what a mistake I have committed!" "What!" said Lord Normanby, laughing, and at once seeing the whole fact of the case, "were you to have dined with Morpeth? That's excellent. Now we have you we'll keep you." Upon which he instantly ordered the *aide-de-camp* to send a messenger to Morpeth's to say, "We have stopped Mr. Moore on the way." The dinner very agreeable, but soon after we had retired to the drawing-room, I said, "Well, all this is very delightful so far; but I really must now go to the *right* place;" upon which Lord N. very kindly ordered one of his carriages to take me to Morpeth's, but it turned out that my own shanderadan had waited for me, so off Tom and I set in it for the Secretary's, where we found a very large party, and I sung away for them at the rate of a dozen songs per hour, to make up for my default.

22nd. The day not very favourable for our passage home; but I cannot expect to be lucky in every thing. Tom danced till two in the morning at the Lord Lieutenant's. Went the first thing after breakfast to the Royal Irish Academy to look over a MS. life of Red Hugh, which Petrie yesterday told me of. Had luncheon at Nell's at three o'clock, and then set off, Hume and I, accompanied by Tom, to Kingston. Encountered an odd scene on going on board. The packet was full of people coming to see friends off, and among others was a party of ladies who, I should think, had dined on board, and who, on my being made known to them, almost devoured me with kindness, and at length proceeded so far as to insist on each of them *kissing* me. At this time I was beginning to feel the first rudiments of coming *sickness*, and the effort to respond to all this enthusiasm, in such a state of stomach, was not a little awkward and trying. However, I kissed the whole party (about five, I think,) in succession, two or three of them being, for my comfort, young and good-looking, and was most glad to get away from them to my berth, which, through the kindness of the captain (Emerson), was in his own cabin. But I had hardly shut the door, feeling very qualmish, and most glad to have got over this osculatory operation, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and an elderly lady made her appearance, who said that having heard of all that had been going on, she could not rest easy without being also kissed as well as the rest. So, in the most respectful manner possible, I complied with the lady's request, and then betook myself with a heaving stomach to my berth. * * *

24th. I shall now note down briefly, as well as I can recollect them, some particulars respecting my *studies* during the time I stayed in Dublin; scarcely a day having passed without my devoting some hours to the chief object I had in my visit. In the

College library I found the abstract of the Book of Pandarus, which I wished to see. I also found some curious things (but *only* curious) in the catalogue Todd is making of the manuscripts of the library. Went through the manuscripts likewise, and took memorandums of the few things I saw much worthy of notice. Among others the contents of four of the books given by Archbishop Laud to the Bodleian, which I shall take a trip some time or other to see. Went through the "Annals of Clomnaenoise," and the "Annals of Innisfallen," one of which books of annals was, if I recollect right, at the Royal Irish Academy, and the other at the College. But the book to which I devoted the most time was O'Donovan's translation of the "Four Masters," beginning at the period when O'Connor's translation of the "Four Masters" ends. This work I found in the possession of Smith and Hodges, the booksellers, and passed some hours of almost every day, for the last ten or twelve of my stay, in looking over and making extracts from it. Found nothing, however, of much importance, their omission of some remarkable events being far more remarkable than anything they contain. For instance, the second visit of Richard II. to Ireland is entirely unnoticed by them. The day before my departure, Petrie reminded me that I had not looked through the MS. life of Red Hugh at the Royal Irish Academy; accordingly, immediately after breakfast the next morning, I went to the Academy, and, taking with me the second volume of Sir W. Betham's "Antiquarian Researches," which professes to give an abstract of the said MS. found that the abstract would be quite sufficient for my purpose. Forgot whether I have mentioned among my memorandums a visit or two which I made to Betham during my stay. Found many curious things in his library, but almost all relating to periods later than that on which I am at present employed. Among some *accessible* books I found was the "Index to the Rolls of the English Parliament," which contains many references of importance respecting Ireland, and of which I must procure a copy. Have also, I think, omitted to mention my going to see the "Black Book" of Christ Church [Dublin], under the auspices of the Bishop of Kildare (a fine old man), who was remarkably kind to me, and wanted me to dine with him to meet Lady Stuart and her handsome daughter, but I was unluckily engaged. Went with him to Kirk's, to see his bust, my shanderadan being our conveyance. Only think! Tom Moore and a bishop cheek by jowl in a cab! * * *

It was Billy Murphy, I believe, who, fresh from reading my "Captain Rock," said to Corry, with the tears running down his cheeks, "Oh, it's a beautiful book; I never before knew how ill-used we are." * * *

This is all, I think, of the communications received during my trip that deserve any particular notice. I forget whether I have mentioned the recollections that gradually came over me, at Lord Morpeth's table, the day Lord Lansdowne and myself dined quietly with him to go to the theatre. I had remarked, in the course of conversation, that it was a significant proof of the politics that had prevailed in the Castle during my lifetime, that I was but once before a guest in that house. When I came to recollect, however, it turned out, that in the *one* instance which I had then called to mind, Sir Henry Hardinge had been my host, and that I had dined (whether at the Castle or Park, I now forget,) both with Elliot and (never-to-be-forgotten day) with Sir Arthur Wellesley. I say never to be forgotten, because on that day, the conversation happening to turn upon my poor friend Emmett, I was afforded an opportunity within those memorable walls of speaking of him as he deserved, and with Sir Arthur Wellesley for my most attentive, and apparently most interested, listener. Such a flight of daring at an Irish Secretary's table was, at that time, little less than a portent. But the merit was far less in the speaker than in the great listener; for even the most ordinary of Irish Secretaries could, from his very position, have consigned me to silence with a look. But I was encouraged by the attention of my auditor; and that very night, when undressing for bed, I remember saying to myself, "Well, thank God, I have lived to pronounce an eulogium upon Robert Emmett at the Irish Chief Secretary's table."

October 20th. Went to dine at Bowood. Company staying there, my old friends the Miss Berrys, Mr. Twopenny, and Henry's

quondam tutor, Mr. Ashley. Sung in the evening. Miss Berry, as I now found from her, was present on that very evening (to me long memorable) when I made my first appearance as a singer in London. When I call it "*first* appearance," I mean before any very large or miscellaneous company. Miss Berry's description of the effect I produced tallied very much with my own recollections; and she also described (what I did not of course myself observe) the sort of contemptuous titter with which the fine gentlemen and amateurs round the pianoforte saw a little Irish lad led forth to exhibit after all the fine singing that had been going on,—the changes in their countenances when they saw the effect I produced, &c. &c. I don't know whether I may not already have mentioned somewhere, that, on that night, as I was leaving the pianoforte, I heard a lady say, as I passed her, "And he's going to the Bar—what a pity!" Old Hammersley himself, who, it appeared, had also heard her, begged me, when I was taking my departure, to call upon him in the morning; and I found, on going to him at the time appointed, that his object was to express the regret he had felt at the foolish speech uttered in my hearing by this lady, and to advise me not to allow the admiration thus bestowed on my musical and poetical talent to divert my mind from the steady pursuit of the profession chosen for me. This I always thought most kind and fatherly in old Hammersley. A good deal of talk also with Miss Berry about the agreeable times we passed together at Tunbridge in 1805–6. Would I had begun journalising then! our ever-memorable party consisting of the Dunmores, Lady Donegal and sisters, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Heathcote, Lady Anne Hamilton, with the beautiful Susan Beckford (now Duchess of Hamilton) under her care, Thomas Hope (making assiduous love to Miss Beckford), William Spencer, Rogers, Sir Henry Englefield, &c. &c. Miss Berry reminded me of several odd incidents of that period.

27th. Had some beautiful singing in the chapel from Lady Barrington and Lady Williamson, Combe the organist having been brought over from Chippenham to accompany. Lady Williamson sung "Let the bright Seraphim," with great spirit and power. They sung, also, Haydn's beautiful "Tu di Grazie," in which I *could* have joined (as I told them afterwards), but did not volunteer. Walked late in the day to Serjeant Mereweather's to dinner; nobody but Serjeant Cross and his lady and daughter to dinner. Sung a good deal for them in the evening, and had a fly home,—at least *thought* it was a fly (though much surprised at its smartness) till on coming to *pay*, I found it to be Serjeant Cross's carriage.

November 15th. * * * Found a good many droppers-in at Brookes's, notwithstanding the dead season. Rich mentioned his having met Alava at dinner the other day, and his telling of Pitt's prophecy of the Spanish war a short time before his death. His saying that, Nothing was now to be done by the sovereigns; it must be a war of the people; and it was in Spain it would begin.

16th. Called upon Moxon, the publisher, to inquire about Rogers, whom the Hollands left behind them at Paris, and who has chosen an apartment for himself to which there are 120 steps of stairs to go up, this being Rogers's system to keep the *physique* for ever in play; if you once give it up, he thinks, all's over. Talking of my Edition, Moxon said there would be no doubt of its success. Wordsworth's (published by him, and for the edition of which he gives Wordsworth 1000*l.*; the same the Longmans give me) sells, he said, very well. Has already sold near 2000 copies. The Longmans printed, according to him, only 1000 of Southey; they mean, however, I believe, to print 8,000 or 10,000 of mine. * * *

When at Cramer's this morning had some conversation with Addison, and was glad to learn from him that the old things of mine he has had from Mrs. Porter ("The Irish," "The National Melodies," "The Sacred Songs,") are still doing wonderfully well; hardly a post arrives that does not bring orders for some of them. Expressed himself quite surprised at the popularity and vitality there is still in them. All this very agreeable to hear. Was curious to know from him which of the settings of my words, "They tell me thou'rt the favoured guest," was the most asked for and popular,—Balfe's, or the pretty air I originally wrote them to; and was sorry, though not surprised, to find that, though

both sold very well, Balfe's was the most in request. In the same way, I found that a song of mine which I myself had entirely forgot, "The Dream of Home," (so little had either the words or music interested me) was one of those that sold the best. I wrote it, if I recollect right, to an air not of my own choosing; and the same ordinary *sing-song* style which caused it to make so little impression on my own mind was what recommended it to the great mass of song-buyers. I *may* be, all this time, calumniating both the song and its singers, for I took but a glimpse of it when Addison produced it; but, if I had felt it very much, I certainly should not have so entirely forgot it, particularly as little more than a year could have elapsed since its production.

19th. Had fixed with Sydney to call to take me to dinner; and in fixing the hour, he said, "Remember, I'm a *prose* writer,—so be ready when I come." *Was* ready. Tom Longman's our dining-place. Company, Serjeant Talfourd, the Hart Davises, Merivale, junr., and one or two more.

20th. Dined at Brookes's alone: and having received a message from Drury Lane Theatre, to say that if I would come to the stage-door there would be a person waiting to receive me, set off there accordingly [to see the lions], and had my choice of private boxes given me. In the course of the piece was joined by Bunn, and went behind the scenes with him, where the mixture of materials, both human and bestial, was, to be sure, most astounding. In one place was a troop of horse from Astley's, with the riders all mounted, and about and *among* them were little children with wings, practising their steps, while some maturer nymphs were pirouetting, and all looking as grave—both riders, urchins, and nymphs,—as if the destiny of the world depended upon their several operations. A few steps further you came upon the lions, which I did rather too closely, and was warned off by Bunn. While I stood looking at them, there was also another gentleman, a grave and respectable looking young man, standing with his arms folded, and contemplating them in silence, while the animals were pacing about their cage without minding any of us. This, to my surprise, (I found from Bunn) was Mr. Van Amburg, their tamer; and having heard since that he is under the impression he will one day or other be the victim of one of these animals (the lesser lion, I think), I must say that the grave earnestness with which he stood silently looking at them that night was such as one might expect from a person prepossessed with such a notion. Dreadfully wet night; got home in a cab.

21st. Called on Lady E. Fielding, who is staying at the Valletorts. Sat some time with Valletort. Talked of the Duke of Wellington, who is (deservedly) an idol of V.'s. The Duke's grief at Fitzroy Somerset's wound. Saying to some one who was congratulating him on the victory: "*Don't* congratulate me; I never was so torn by anything in my life." Dined at Bentley's; Luttrell and I going together. The company all the very *haut ton* of the literature of the day. First (to begin *low* on the scale) myself, then Mr. Jerdan, of the "Literary Gazette," then Mr. Ainsworth, then Mr. Lover, then Luttrell, and lastly, "Boz" and Campbell. Poor Campbell, I was sorry to see, broken and nervous. Our host very courteous and modest, and the conversation rather agreeable. Lover sung, and I was much pressed to do the same, but refused, saying, rather unluckily, that I should feel as doing something unnatural to sing to a party of men. Forget, by the by, one of the cleverest fellows, Barham, the minor canon, my friend Hume's friend, and also Moran of "The Globe." Hume enclosed to me, some time after, a letter he had received from Barham, giving an account of this dinner, and in which (aware, no doubt, of Hume's habit of circulating his letters from friend to friend), he thus speaks of myself. After praising Luttrell's conversation, he adds, "Still he did not extinguish his neighbour who sat between him and Campbell, and who, beyond all question, bears away the palm from any man that I, and, I believe, any one else ever met in society."

22nd. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and from thence to the Longmans, calling at Beaufort Buildings in my way, to say I should come later in the day. Turner (the solicitor) not yet arrived. The signing and sealing of our agreements as to the Edition having been fixed to take place to-day. Had an advance of 100*l.* from them. The sum they are to give me for "The Edition" 1000*l.* The read-

ing over and signing all the different papers took a good deal of time. Went up to their old book-loft to look over the volumes of the "Record Commission" (belonging to me), which I have not yet had down to Sloperton. Found nothing more among them that could be of any use to me. A man employed there in tracing the autographs of Melanethou from an old MS. common-place book, which is now proved to be all in his handwriting, and which Butler, the Bishop of Litchfield, bought some time since from the Longmans for 80*l.* Had it been known then that the manuscript was all Melauethon's own, the book would have brought, the Longmans thiuk, two or three hundred pounds. It is curious that Melanethon appears to have had three or four entirely different sorts of handwriting; and that not for the purposes of concealment or mystification, as he seems to have sometimes employed them *all* in writing the same letter or article. A curious whim! The pages also full of odd and grotesque drawings by the same hand. Dined at Murray's. Company, Lockhart, James Smith, Murchison, Penn and some others. Murray mentioned to me his having two MS. volumes of Captain Morris's songs sent to him by the widow, with a view to publicatiou; all *proper*, for a wonder. I had not the least notion that he had written so many produceable lyries. Said that the widow indulged in most extravagant notions of what she was to make by them; talked of 10,000*l.*! Asked me should I like to look over them, and I said, Yes, very much.

24th. Started at seven alone, and continued so, with but a short interruption all tho way, having Swift's "Tale of a Tub," which I bought at a stall, for my companion. At Calne took a fly and got home to Bess rather early.

Mem. Received, some time this month, from my Paris friend, "Dillon" of the Bibliothèque," a copy of M. Thierry's "Etudes Historiques," sent me, through his hands, by that gentleman (the author of he "History of the Descent of the Normans"). I had seen this work at Millikin's some years since, and read the article in it on my "Melodies," which is very flattering and gratifying. The following is a part of Dillon's note, "M. Thierry handed me a few evenings ago the accompanying book, in order that I might forward it to you as a faint expression of admiratiou for your talents and character. You will find these feelings expressed in one or two eloquent fragments of the work itself; a proof that they are not of recent growth in M. Thierry's bosom. Should you think proper to acknowledge this little *souvenir* by a letter or line to M. Thierry, he will feel very proud of it I am sure, and doubly so were you to send him a copy of your "Melodies," which he often speaks of as the source from which he derived the purest and best of his literary inspirations. I was delighted to see, the other day, the reception given you in Dublin. The Irish people deserve all that zeal and eloquence which you have displayed in their behalf. They are a grateful people, and a grateful people ought never to be despaired of," &c. &c.

I of course sent a copy of the "Irish Melodies," to M. Thierry. Received also through Dillon, some time ago, two or three new brochures of M. Guizot, sent me from himself, as "*hommages.*"

December 16th. * * In talking of Hume's charming style, Allen said it was curious to trace the gradual formation of it (for it was the work of time and elaboration) from his earliest essays till it reached the point at which we see it in his History. Somebody ought to publish an edition of the History, correcting the mistakes.

17th. Bowles sent me, this morning, a Latin epitaph (ancient, I believe) and his own translation of it, with both of which he seems mightily pleased. The original (as well as I can remember) is as follows: "*Hic jacet Lollius juxta viam, ut dicant prætenrientes, Lolli vale!*"

TRANSLATION.

"Here Lollius lies, beside the road,
That they who journey by
May look npon his last abode,
And 'Farewell, Lollius,' sigh."

This last line is as bad as need be, and so Lord Holland seemed to think, as well as myself. I suggested, as at least a more natural translation of it,

"And say, 'Friend Loll, good bye!"

Which Lord H. improved infinitely by making it,

"And say 'Toll Loll, good bye!"

Some talk with Lord Holland about Morris's songs, the MS. volumes of which Murray sent after me from town. Repeated to him the pretty lines : —

> My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
> No frolic flights will take,
> But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,
> Like swallows round a lake; "

which he was, of course, pleased with, but did not seem to think much of Morris's talent, in general. Certainly in the immense heap which the two MS. volumes contain, I found none but the few already known to me that were at all worth saving from oblivion, and this I told Murray in returning them. There was one, a political song, which I had forgot, but which for its rhythmical adaptation of the words to the air is wonderful. It begins : —

> "*We be*
> Emperors *three*,
> Sandy, and Franky, and little *Boney*;"

and preserves this structure most lyrically throughout. The following scraps I have thought worth transcribing for old recollection's sake : —

> "Old Horace, when he dipp'd his pen,
> 'Twas wine he had resort to;
> He chose for use Falernian juice,
> As I choose old Oporto.
>
> "At every bout an ode came out,
> Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling,
> As well aware more fire was there,
> Which wanted but the sprinkling.
>
> * * * *
>
> "Then what those think, who water drink,
> Of those old rules of Horace,
> I won't now show, but this I know,
> His rules do well for Morris."

And the following, from his excellent mock praises of a country life :—

> "Where nothing is seen
> But an ass on a common or goose on a green.
>
> And it's odds if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
> You reach *death* ere the doctor can reach *you* from town.
>
> In the country how sprightly our visits we make
> Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake,
> With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
> And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.
>
> To look at fine prospects with tears in one's eyes.
>
> But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
> And for groves—oh, a fine grove of chimneys for me!
>
> But in London, thank heaven! our peace is secure,
> Where for one eye to kill there's a thousand to cure.
>
> In town let me live, then, in town let me die,
> For in truth I can't relish the country, not I!
> If one *must* have a villa in summer to dwell,
> Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

1839.

January 1st. Tuesday. At Bowood: Bessy, Russell, and myself having come here on Saturday last. Company in the house, Charles Fox, Lady Mary, Lady Kerry, and Pashley, with the addition, yesterday, of Lady Elizabeth and Horatia. Fine fun for Russell, as two of the nights we had Acted Charades, in which Charles Fox, Shelburne, and Russell were the performers, and yesterday a large party went out riding, of which Russell made one. Charles gave us his imitations of the national singing of different countries, the conversations of Hottentots, &c., and the whole time has been very cheerful and amusing. Yesterday took place the usual dinner to the children of Lady L.'s school in the conservatory, which was very pretty and interesting, all the ladies attending upon them, and Bessy, of course, quite in her element. Our whole visit very agreeable. Forget whether I mentioned that I wrote to the scrap-book man, declining definitely his proposal. It is too provoking to think that while I have been now nearly two years at work at the third volume of my "History" (not even yet finished) for which I am to receive but 500*l*., I should be thus obliged to refuse the same sum for a light task which I could accomplish with ease in three months!

In this month Moore received from M. Thierry the following letter :—

"Monsieur,—Rien ne pouvait m'être plus agréable que votre lettre, et le present que vous avez eu la bonté d'y joindre. Je suis heureux de tenir de vous ce livre que j'admire et dont je me suis inspiré. Votre poësie patriotique me parut, il y a bien des années, non seulement le cri de douleur d'Irlande, mais encore le chant de tristesse de tous les peuples opprimés. C'est de la vive impression qu'elle fit sur moi après nos désastres de 1815, qu'est venu, en grande partie, le sentiment que domine dans l'Histoire de la Conquête d'Angleterre. Le livre, auquel vous avez la bonté d'accorder un suffrage qui m'est bien précieux vous doit beaucoup; et je suis heureux de vous le dire. On en fait en ce moment une

édition plus ornée et plus correcto que les précédentes; permettez-moi de vous l'offrir; dès qu'elle sera imprimée, vous en recevrez un exemplaire. Agréez-le, Monsieur, comme un témoinage de gratitude, et croyez aux sentimens de haute estime et d'admiration avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être, &c. &c."

18th, 19th. Received a letter one of these days from Mrs. Shelley, who is about to publish an edition of Shelley's works, asking me whether I had a copy of his "Queen,"—that as originally printed for private circulation; as she could not procure one, and took for granted that I must have been ono of those persons to whom he presented copies. In answering that I was unluckily *not* one of them, I added, in a laughing way, that I had never been much in repute with certain great guns of Parnassus, such as Wordsworth, Southey, her own Shelley, &c. Received from her, in consequence, a very kind and flattering reply, in which she says, "I cannot help writing one word to say how mistaken you are. Shelley was too true a poet not to feel your unrivalled merits, especially in the department of poetry peculiarly your own,—songs and short poems instinct with the intense principle of life and love. Such, your unspeakably beautiful poems to Nea; such, how many others! One of the first things I remember with Shelley was his repeating to me one of your *gems* with enthusiasm. In short, be assured that as genius is the best judgo of genius, those poems of yours which you yourself would value most, were admired by *none* so much as Shelley. You know me far too well not to know I speak the exact truth."

20th. I am not sure whether I have mentioned that when last in town, I spoke to Hobhouse about our little Russell, and his wish to become an Indian soldier. Hobhouse then said that his cadetships for that year had been all given away, but that *if* (emphatic, as it well might be) his official life lasted long enough, my son should not be forgotten. I have lately reminded him on the subject, and he has most promptly and kindly appointed Russell to a cadetship. We have accordingly taken him from the Charter House, and in order to prepare him for Addiscombe, have sent him to a preparatory school at Edmonton, Dr. Firminger's.

February 1st to 3d. The same monotonous course of life, which leaves but little for journalizing. Have again played the same trick upon Bessy, with respect to her supplies for the poor, as I have done more than once before,—have confidentially got Boyse to send her a five-pound note, as if from himself, for the poor of Bromham. It makes her happy without the drawback of knowing it comes from my small means, and, in the way she manages it, does a world of good.

4th to 7th. Received a letter from my Calcutta friend, whose first letter I took a whole year to answer, though he sent me a volume of poems with it that showed a good deal of talent. He is, however, in very good humour with me, and bears testimony to my accuracy as an orientalist, which, from such a quarter, is not a little satisfactory. After saying some flattering things, such as that, "a man who has the admiration of nations need concern himself very little about the opinion of a small poetaster in Calcutta," he adds, "and yet after all, perhaps, my local knowledge of Orientalism may render me in some respects by no means a contemptible judge of the fidelity of some of your Eastern descriptions. It appears to me that the character of most oriental scenes and nations exhibits that general resemblance which enables a person, familiar with a part of them, to judge pretty fairly of all oriental poetry. If this be true, I may venture to speak with some confidence of the exquisite fidelity of your oriental descriptions. I have been for some few years a Professor of English literature at the Hindu College (a noble institution for the instruction of the natives in the literature and science of the West), and I have always found poetry greedily devoured by the students."

26th. Bessy and I started for Napier's, on our long-promised visit. Found Roebuck with him, whom I was very glad to meet, and even more surprised than glad, as nothing could be less like a firebrand than he is, his manner and look being particularly gentle. But this is frequently the case; my poor friend Robert Emmett was as mild and gentle in his manner as any girl. Roebuck stayed but a short time, having to return to Bath by the boat, which I was sorry for.

27th. Young Falkner, the brother-in-law of Roebuck, came, and soon after Roebuck

himself joined us. Conversation on various subjects,—America, mesmerism, &c. &c.,—all very agreeable. Some allusion having been made to my squibs, Roebuck said that I had described *him* (which I had myself forgot) dancing a fandango with Recorder Shaw. On the subject of mesmerism I found Roebuck to be much of the same opinion as myself—that the next folly to that of swallowing all its marvels is that of rejecting them all. The very circumstance, as I remarked, of its rising again and again into notice, at no very distant intervals, after having been crushed as it was thought by the ridicule of the world and the quackery of its own professors, shows that there is some germ of real truth and life in it. Was sorry when Roebuck and his brother-in-law left us, as they would have been a most welcome ingredient in our evening party; but they were obliged to go.

28th. Went shopping, and made a purchase I have long dreamed of, but could never muster up courage enough for the outlay, namely, a fire-proof box for valuable papers. It cost me, after all, but 5*l.*, and the ease of mind it will give me on that score is well worth the money.

March 4th to 7th. Bessy better, thank God. From an account of a duel between Roebuck and Lord Powerscourt which has appeared in the papers, I find it must have taken place the very morning after the day when we last saw him at Freshford.

8th, 9th. A letter from Mrs. Napier to Bessy, from which it appears that Roebuck was on his way to town that Wednesday for the purpose of the duel with Lord P., having left Mrs. Roebuck under the impression that he was to pass the night at Napier's. I must say, with such an affair on his mind, the composure and cheerfulness of his conversation and manner was not a little remarkable.

28th. An amusing letter from Byng, telling me one or two ludicrous things which have happened lately, evidently, I think (though he does not say as much), for the purpose of tempting me into squibs thereon. The following are extracts from his note:—"Are you aware that Grosvenor Square is at length completely lighted with gas? Are these new lights preparatory to taking office? If you have not already been told, you may be glad to hear that the High Church at Oxford having, as you know, acquired an enormous subscription to build a temple or monument to Cranmer, sought out, and at length as they thought found, the very spot where he was buried, and, still more fortunately, discovered his bones. The bones were sent to Professor Buckland, who, having examined them, pronounced them to be the bones of a *cow*."

April 4th to 7th. Received a letter one of these days, at which, on the first glance, we were rather alarmed, thinking it was our own J. Russell that had met with some accident while at play. It was as follows, dated from Ipswich:—"Sir,—Mr. J. Russell, while amusing us with his entertainment here, a short time since, stated, when speaking of phrenology, that Mr. Deville was visited by yourself and Dr. Lardner; that you were pronounced a mathematician, and the learned Doctor a poet. Mr. Deville assures me the assertion is incorrect. May I beg the favour of a reply? Apologising for troubling you on so trifling an occasion, I have the honour, &c., A. B. Cook." Wrote in answer to him, that the story, though a very good one, had not the slightest foundation in truth. Something analogous to it, however, *did* happen, which I had half a mind to tell him. When Devillo first examined my head, without the least idea who I was, he found in it a great love of *fact*, which Rogers, I recollect, laughed at, saying, "He had discovered Moore to be a matter-of-fact man!" Deville, however, was quite right in his guess. I never was a reader of works of fiction; and my own chief work of fiction ("Lalla Rookh") is founded on a long and laborious collection of facts. All the customs, the scenery, every flower from which I have drawn an illustration, were inquired into by me with the utmost accuracy; and I left no book that I could find on the subject unransacked. Hence arises that matter-of-fact adherence to Orientalism for which Sir Gore Ouseley, Colonel Wilks, Carne, and others, have given me credit.

May 3rd. * * * On my saying something, by the by, to Landor of my consciousness of the little value that any thing I had done in the way of poetry must bear in his eyes (meaning the eyes of his school altogether), he answered, "On the contrary, I

think you have written a greater number of beautiful lyric poems than any one man that ever existed." Corry reminded me of a good criticism on our Kilkenny theatricals, by some one who said, that of all the stage company he infinitely preferred the prompter: and why? "Because he is least seen and best heard:" also a very Irish description given by Harry Bushe of the place which he held under Government, namely, "Resident surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence." I took the Devizes coach home, having bought a book at Bath to amuse myself with on the way, "Select Funeral Orations of Thucydides, Plato, Lysias," &c. &c. in the *original!* I had the help of notes, however.

9th to 12th. A visit from Bowles one of these days. Showed me some new progeny of his muse, which really breeds rabbit-fashion. This was prose, however, and theological; tracing the Catholic adoration of the host to the circular image of the sun worshipped at Heliopolis. But why not take the cross itself, which formed a part of the religious worship of the Egyptians?* This, however, would involve somewhat more than the mere Catholic case, and is therefore let alone. The Catholics, however, instead of shrinking from this sort of parallelism between their religion and that of the heathen, are, on the contrary, proud of it; and Bishop Baines, the other day, in showing me some magnificent engravings executed at Rome, representing the grand ceremonies of the Church, remarked how closely the fans borne by the attendants resembled the *flabella* carried in the holy rites of the Egyptians. This shows good sense, I must say, as well as fearlessness, and affords in itself a pregnant distinction between the ancient and the mere upstart.

13th to 14th. The following are a few of the things that struck me in my Greek studies the other day in the Bath coach. Γνώμη μὴ ἀξύνετος, a mode of expression resembling the English one "He is no fool," meaning that he is a man of very good sense. Plato, too, in one of these orations uses the same form of speech,—οὐ πάνυ, φαύλη, i. e. ἀγαθή. Thucydides thus tersely and sensibly describes the difficulty there is in hitting the true medium in oratory,—χαλεπὸν γὰρ τὸ μετρίως εἰπεῖν. The following sentence, quoted from Sallust, *de Bell. Jug.*, might aptly be applied to our great Duke;—"*Ac sane, quod difficillimum imprimis, et prælio strenuus erat et bonus consilio.*

29th. Went to breakfast with Lord John, having written yesterday to say I would. No one but his sister, Lady Georgiana (who now lives with him), at breakfast. Had the children in for me to see them. Talked of poor Lord Essex, whom he had seen but two or three days before his death. His spirit and his interest in politics unflagging to the last. Urging Lord John to do something bold and decisive; and when Lord John said, in replying, "Yes, we must take some steps," "Some steps!" said the gallant old fellow, interrupting him, "Why, the carriage is at the door, and you've nothing to do but to *step* into it, and drive on." Speaking at the time of the change of feeling that had taken place in all ranks, Lord Essex said, "I remember when we used to wear our stars of a morning; now, even in the evening, we are inclined to hide them under our waistcoats." He then told Lord John an anecdote of his walking in the street one morning with the late Duke of Queensberry, when both were young men (returning, I believe, from some night party), and the Duke had on a large star. As they passed some labouring men, one of them looked at the star, and then turning to his companions gave a significant laugh or smile. "What!" said the Duke, after they had gone by, slapping his star as he spoke, "have they found out this humbug at last?" All this lively talk took place but two days, I believe, before Lord Essex died; and he in his 82nd year! His death leaves a great gap in the social circle.

Praised Macaulay's late articles in the "Edinburgh," and agreed with me in lamenting that his great powers should not be concentrated upon *one* great work, instead of being scattered thus in Sybil's leaves; inspired, indeed, but still only leaves. I did not express the thought quite in this way, but such was my meaning. Went from Lord John's to Rogers's. Met Savage Landor on the way, who walked with me through the Park. I

* The Egyptians were acquainted also with the Trinity, as would seem by the inscription on the obelisk in the Circus Maximus at Rome,—Μέγας Θεὸς, Θεογενητὸς, παμφεγγής.

had previously called at Lord Carlisle's, and found Lord Morpeth, with whom I sat for a little while: and then, being so near, paid a visit also to Lady Lilford, and saw both her beautiful self, and her beautiful little boy. Told me that Lord Holland was very far from well.

June 1st. Saw by the bills that my counterpart "Tim Moore" was to be acted once more, "by desire," this evening, and resolved not to miss it. Went to Haymarket, and left word that I would come. Dinner at Spottiswoodes', Mrs. Robert Arkwright, Longmans, &c. &c.; a very large party. Told Mrs. S. that I must leave her for a short time (not saying where I was going) at half-past nine, but would positively return; she, though a little distrusting me, very good-humoured about it; her guests, however, on seeing me rise to depart, warned her not to let me slip out of her hands, as I was sure not to return. Got a swift cab, and rattled off to the Haymarket (from Bedford Square no trifling distance); but found they had told me too early an hour, as the piece preceding "Tim Moore" was still not nearly finished. This rather *contrariant;* but I was well rewarded for the effort, having been seldom more amused. The instructions of the Blue lady to her sister Blues (the scene laid, too, at Devizes) as to the manner in which they were to receive the supposed poet; their getting him to write in their albums, &c., the old dandy who is to cry "Dem'd foine" at everything the poet utters; all very comical. The medley, too, which the Blue lady sings, made out of the first lines of the different "Irish melodies," as well as of the first few bars of each air, is exceedingly well contrived, and was most tumultuously encored. When she came again, it was with an entirely new selection from the "Melodies," equally well strung together. Altogether, between the fun of the thing, and the flattering proofs it gave of the intimate acquaintance of the public with me and my country's songs, I was kept in a state between laughing and crying the whole time. The best of it all, too, was, that I enjoyed it completely *incog.*, being in a little nook of a box where nobody could get a glimpse of me. Dashed off again, before it was quite over, to Bedford Square, and found that already more than suspicions had begun to be entertained of my fidelity. Lost no time in making up for the delay by sitting down immediately after Mrs. Arkwright, and singing, as well as the breathless bustle I had been in would let me.

4th. Breakfasted this morning with Rogers. The party, Sir Robert Inglis (my first time of ever meeting with him), Babbage, and Milnes, the M. P. and poet; Sir Robert Inglis very agreeable, and, like most men who are *strong* in their *opinions*, mild and gentle in *manner*. Received me with marked kindness, notwithstanding our antipodism.

9th. Dined at Miss Rogers's. Some talk with Webster, the American, who said, in a very marked manner, that it gave him great pleasure to make my acquaintance. It is always agreeable to me to be kindly received by Americans. Told him of my having received a letter within these four days from a countryman of his, dated from the Coho Falls. An odd letter, too, it is; here are some specimens of it:—"Many are the nights that have seen my head pillowed on a volume of your poems; and I am now reading your 'Life of Lord Byron,' for the thirtieth or fiftieth time, with increased zest." He afterwards breaks off into the following sally:—"But I must tell you that at this very moment, as I am writing, a beautiful young lady in the next room is singing a certain lyric, which I presume you have seen, commencing 'Oft in the stilly night.' I must stop and hear it. . . . Beautiful, by Jove! You have visited our country; may we not hope to see you again? Do you remember writing some years ago some stanzas at the Coho Falls? Do you remember the cataract, and the scenery adjacent? Do you remember the humble cottage in which you became domesticated? That cottage is still standing: the cataract and adjacent scenery are still the same, unless it be that the forest is shorn of its scenery. I spent a few days in the same cottage, during the past summer, and used probably to walk in the same paths which your footsteps had so often trod. I endeavoured to discover your favourite haunt, and through the assistance of the family now occupying the cottage was enabled to do so. The accompanying lines were written at the spot, and under the influence of the association and scenery. They were pencilled in a blank leaf of a volume of your poems."

10th. Breakfasted at home, and corrected a

a sheet of the "Epicurean." Have not had time to continue my corrections of the first volume of the Edition. Went to the Row for the purpose of arranging the order of the works with Tom Longman. Learned from him the astounding fact that my scribblings in verse amount to between 80 and 90,000 lines! "Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day," and why shouldn't I? Did not get away from the Row till half-past four, making more than four hours of work.

13th. What I wrote to my dear Bess yesterday was but too true,—that the manner in which I am pulled about here in all directions, by callers, diners, authors, printers' devils, is quite too much for one little gentleman to stand.

15th. * * * Went to the British Museum, and, having been told that it was a holiday, asked for Panizzi, who was full of kindness, and told me the library should be at all times accessible to me, and that I should have a room entirely to myself, if I preferred it at any time to the public room. He then told me of a poor Irish labourer now at work about the Museum, who, on hearing the other day that I was also sometimes at work there, said he would give a pot of ale to any one who would show me to him the next time I came. Accordingly, when I was last there, he was brought where he could have a sight of me as I sat reading; and the poor fellow was so pleased, that he doubled the pot of ale to the man who performed the part of showman. Panizzi himself seemed to enjoy the story quite as much as I did. Received a note from Montalembert, full of kind and well-turned praise, which I fear I have lost. Should have been glad to transcribe it here, along with those many other tributes which I feel the more gratified by from an inward consciousness that I but little deserve them. Yet this is what, to the world, appears vanity. A most egregious though natural mistake. It is really the self-satisfied man that least minds or cares what others think of him.

16th. Breakfasted at home, and went afterwards to Rogers, who was most kind and agreeable, as he has been indeed through my whole time here. Made me stay with him. Said that, whenever he is asked "Where Mr. Moore is?" he always answers, "He is at this moment in three different places." Walked with me on my way to Moore's, the sculptor's, where I sat for some time. Went a quarter before three to Westminster Abbey, to meet Lady Lansdowne and Lousia, for the purpose of hearing service. I sat with Milman in his prebendal seat, and they somewhere else. A beautiful anthem. Dined at Holland House. Had been asked to Lady Morgan's. Called there on my way out to say that I should be with them in the evening. Company at Holland House, Lady Keith and her charming daughter, Lady Cowper (looking as young and handsome as *any* daughter), Lord Clarence Paget, Byng, and Lady Agnes. Sat at dinner between Lady Cowper and Mademoiselle de Flahault. To my astonishment, on our joining the ladies in the evening, saw a fine pianoforte prepared for the occasion; a most new and portentous appearance at Holland House, and *why* there now, I could not understand, though I saw my own fate clearly in the apparition. Mademoiselle de Flahault played a little, and then I sang three or four songs.

19th. Some pleasant talk with Strangford about old times; the times when he and I were gay young gentlemen (and both almost equally penniless) about town, and that rogue C. was tricking us both out of the profits of our first poetical vagaries. The price of a horse (30*l.*) which C. advanced, the horse falling lame at the same time, was all that Strangford, I believe, got from him for his "Camoens," and my "Little" account was despatched in pretty much the same manner. I remember, as vividly almost as if it took place but yesterday, C. coming into my bedroom about noon one day (some ball having kept me up late the night before), and telling me that, on looking over my account with him, he found the balance against me to be about 60*l.* Such a sum was to me, at that time, almost beyond counting. I instantly started up from my pillow exclaiming, "What *is* to be done?" when he said very kindly, that if I would make over to him the copyright of "Little Poems" (then in their first flush of success) he would cancel the whole account. "My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "most willingly, and thanks for the relief you have given me." I cannot take upon myself now to say how much this made the whole amount I received for the work, but it was something very trifling; and C. himself told a friend of mine, some years after,

that he was in the receipt of nearly 200*l.* a year from the sale of that volume.

The following is the note which I mentioned having received some days since from M. de Montalembert:—

"Sir,—As I dare not hope to have the good luck of finding you at home when I call on you, I cannot refrain from writing these few lines in order to express the deep gratification I have felt in meeting you and hearing you at Mr. Milnes. Your poems have been the earliest and one of the highest objects of my admiration. They were particularly my guide and delight during my journey in Ireland, when I used to hear the 'Melodies' sung, and really felt, in every priest's house and every peasant's cabin where I halted. To hear them from the lips of their own inspired author, and to enjoy his company even for so short a time, has been a pleasure greater than I could have anticipated, and will forever remain stamped in my remembrance. Allow me to offer you the enclosed pages (which were the first productions of my humble pen), not as anything in the least worthy of you, but as a slight token of my ardent sympathy for your country and yourself. I remain, &c. &c."

August 19th. * * * A letter, in which our old friend Kenny announced his intention of coming to us, written last June, is for its cleverness and *tournure*, well worth copying here. The application of Erasmus's words tickled my fancy (and *vanity*, of course,) exceedingly.

"My dear Moore,—I am very glad of a pretence for writing to you; for ever since the time we were roosting like a nest of owls in the ruins of Bellevue, when you were wont to clamber up the crazy staircase, to cheer me with your sunshiny visits, I have ever and anon regretted the very brief as well as the 'few and far between' renewals of our intercourse. For, how true what Erasmus has said of you, '*Thomæ Mori, quid unquam finxit natura vel mollius, vel dulcius, vel felicius?*'—and, recollecting those days, who more sensible of its truth than I am? And, again, '*Thomæ Mori, domus nihil aliud quam Musarum est domicilium.*' But this all the world knows; yet even Erasmus says nothing of the peerless lady (in addition to the Muses) of which this *domus* is also the *domicilium;* and this brings me to the 'pretence' of recalling myself to your mutual recollection." He then tells us of his daughter being in our neighbourhood, and asks of Bessy to "give her once in a way a half-holiday" at Sloperton. "I know," (he adds) "I am making this request to one who has resisted ever the lures of the great world to follow the quiet ways of her own heart; and she may reckon this among the charities that are wont to occupy her." A subsequent letter announced his coming, and we had his daughter to meet him.

December 15th. * * * A thing Lord John said to me struck me as peculiarly melancholy (coming from *him*, so highly placed as he is, in every respect), though it is a sort of feeling that often comes over my own mind. On his speaking of the speed with which time seems to fly, I said to him, "If you find it so now, what will you say of it when you are as old as I am?" "I don't know," he replied, in his quiet manner; "for my part, I feel rather glad it's gone."

19th to 20th. In a letter from Miss Pigot of Southwell, was a poem written by some young lady, a relative of the writer, and addressed to me.

Lines addressed to the Author of Lalla Rookh.

"And what is writ is writ,
Would it were worthier!"

"Enchanter, wake! thy harp that sleeps,
The muse that now neglected weeps,
Silent have lain too long;
Oh, let one lingering heaven-born note,
Like an expiring echo float,—
Arouse thee, child of song!

"Shall envious spirits smiling tell
How pass'd the mighty wizard's spell?
No, wake each slumb'ring strain:
Prove thy bright genius ever young,
And let thy hand in fervour flung
Strike thy own harp again!

* * * *

"Then by thy loved, thy Emerald Isle,—
By beauty's once so worshipp'd smile,
By rock, and tree, and flower;
By the green sea and the blue skies,
By woman's love and woman's eyes,
Recal thy former power!

"By thy young spirit's golden dream,
By all that once did joyous seem,
Be what thou wert of yore;
By earth beneath, by heav'n above,
By all that you have loved or love,
Awake thee, Thomas Moore!"

21st. Lord John came over to Sloperton to

see Bessy, and brought his little children with him; but, unfortunately, Bessy had gone upon some business to Devizes, and so missed him. Nothing can be more touching than to see him with these children, and he has them almost always with him. Took them up to my study, which he wished the children to see; and I there sung the "Crystal Hunters" for them, the eldest girl (who is clever, and has shown a taste for drawing,) having made a sketch from that song. In going away, he promised to bring the children again when he is sure of finding Mrs. Moore at home. The youngest little girl (his own child), who is a very odd, original little thing, sings a song about "Long live *Keen* Vittoria" in a very amusing style.

28th. Miss Fox showed me, after breakfast, a letter she had just received from Lord Holland, respecting the case of Frost, she having written to him, it appeared, in favour of leniency. Was struck with the clearness and precision of style with which he stated his own opinion on the subject, though the letter was evidently a hasty one, written just as he was about to hurry away to the Cabinet.

1840.

February 1st and 2nd, 1840. The following note from Miss Coutts:—"My dear Mr. Moore,—I have this moment received, with the greatest pleasure, the enclosed note from Mr. Loch, through Mr. Marjoribanks. I lose no time in forwarding it to you, as I feel how anxious you must be on the subject; and I must again beg you to accept the assurance of the very great satisfaction it has given me to be of any service to you." She adds, in a postscript, "Should your son be in town any time, I should hope he will do me the favour of calling." This news gave us all great pleasure, though my poor Bessy saw in it the sad certainty of her soon losing, or at least being separated, and perhaps for ever, from the one whom (*next* to myself) she most clings to and loves.

12th, 13th. Received a letter lately from Crampton, in answer to a note I wrote him under the apprehension that he was seriously ill. Happy to find that the attack (gout) had passed off, and that he is himself (he *could not* be auything better) once more. The following, which he tells me about Tom, is at once frightful and ridiculous:—"I forget if I told you that I strongly suspect that I have discovered the exciting cause of Tom's convulsive attack. The infernal folly of our military service (I mean, of course, that part of it which regulates the dress of soldiers) has determined that to *look* like a fighting man, an unfortunate soldier must *be* a choking man; and poor Tom, who is the pink of soldiers, wore his stock and his collar so strictly according to order, that the jugular veins were so compressed that the blood could not return from his head. I observed that his face had a violet tint, and that the veins on the temple were full to bursting. On examination, I found the collar so tight, that I could not pass the tip of my fingure between it and his throat. He confessed to me that he was 'half choked,' and that he could not stoop or turn his head to the right or left. I need not tell you that I soon made him violate the Queen's order, and that he has lost all the uneasy sensations which he used to experience in his head from that hour."

16th, 17th. It had now become absolutely necessary for me to go to town on Russell's business, and accordingly I prepared, or rather my sweet active Bess, with her usual diligence, prepared everything for my departure.

19th. My first visit was to Rogers, whom I found remarkably well and full of kindness. Agreed with me that the three men now most looked to by the people of England were the Duke, Lord John, and Peel. Mentioned, *à propos* of this, what he had told me of the Duke saying to him last year, in speaking of the Ministry, "Lord John is a host in himself." When he found I had not yet engaged myself to dinner, proposed that I should call with him at Lord Ashburton's, where he was to dine, and where he was sure they would be glad to have me; but I did not much fancy it. Walked out with him, and went to Lansdowne House, where he left me. Found Lady L., Lady Louisa, and Lady Kerry. Taken by Lady K. in her carriage to Sackville Street, and thence to Brookes's, where she dropped me. A most charming person, and gains more upon me every time I see her. Something quite touching in her present position—*in* the world, but not *of* it. The very cheerfulness which she has

now, I am glad to see, regained, has a calm and deep sentiment mixed with it, which (even without the weeds) sufficiently tells her story. * * *

By the by, was taken to task to-day by R., who is just come from Ireland, for not making a large allowance to Tom, such as would enable him "to live like a gentleman." B., too, who was by, joined in the same cry. I told them (in the very few words I could trust myself with saying on the subject) that they little knew how hard I was pressed to make out the allowance I at present gave him, and that there were some men, as good as he or any of us, who lived on their pay, without any additional allowance at all. "Aye, these (they said) are rare instances." Then why (I asked) should not my son be one of them?" But there was no use in any such appeal. He ought to be enabled to "live like a gentleman!" as if the living like a *man* was not something far higher and better. But such is the standard of station at present in England, where [as has been lately remarked] poverty is ignominious. Nor can we wonder at young, giddy schoolboys and ensigns having such notions, when their superiors and guides, the colonels, tutors, fellows of colleges, &c., all set them the example, and make money, money alone, the test of the man and the gentleman. I think I must have mentioned in this journal a somewhat parallel case to R.'s view of the matter, in what —— of the Charter House said to me when it was intended that Tom should go from thence to the University. After informing me that the exhibition coming to him from the Charter House would be, on an average, about 100*l.* a year, he coolly added, "To that you would have to give him from yourself only 150*l.* a year." That is the *half* of the *only* income (my pension) that ever I possess without working hard for it; aye, and sharing my earnings all the time with almost everybody related to me. If I had thought but of "living like a *gentleman*" (as those colonels and tutors style it), what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother?

23rd. Met Hume, by appointment, at Brookes's. Went with me to Paternoster Row, where I had fixed to meet T. Longman. Returned in an omnibus; Hume to proceed home, and I to pay a visit to the Duke of Sussex at Kensington. Buckland was with the Duke, and I had to wait a little time. Found that Buckland had been showing and explaining to him a new invention for the taking off or copying any printing or engraving by means of electricity. Bank notes, for instance, can be thus copied instantly and accurately. Could hardly refrain from throwing in the pun of "*flash* notes" while he was describing this to me. Complained strongly of the encroachment there was now going on of the spiritual on the temporal, and the confusion it was producing.

24th. Dined at Holland House. A good deal of talk about Erskine, and the particulars of his first brief, much of which, as now told by Rogers, was quite different from the account given me of it by Jekyll; but Rogers, it seems, took it all down from Erskine's own lips. Came away with Rogers, and went to Lady Minto's: a large assembly. Saw there many a familiar face, to which I could annex no name; and while some persons, I dare say, were passed by formally whom I once knew well and intimately, there was one lady whose hand I seized cordially (on her making some movement which I took for recognition), and it turned out that she was an utter stranger to me. Luckily, however, I was not such to her, for on my apologising, she said with much sweetness and good breeding, "Mr. Moore must be well aware that to be addressed by him, whether known or unknown, cannot be otherwise than a compliment."

25th. Performed some commissions, and went down to Paternoster Row (having first made my excuse to the Milmans for Friday). Worked at the Edition, and transposed a good deal of the matter. They think of publishing the first volume in April, which is alarming. Found from Tom Longman that there is some chance of their being able to bring out the "History," some time or other, in a better shape than that vile Lardnerian *format*. Showed me the items of the expense of our forthcoming edition (the Poems), amounting to more than 7000*l.*!

26th. Went to call upon Marjoribanks, and on my mentioning the desire I had to get Russell's appointment changed, if possible, from Madras to Bengal, he advised me to go at once to Loch, the director, myself, and ask him to do it for me. Wrote a letter for me to take

to Loch, very strongly and kindly expressed, and I instantly set off with it to the India House. Saw Mr. Loch, who received me most cordially (though we never, that I know, set eyes on each other before), and in a very few minutes my object was accomplished. On my mentioning what my wish was, he said, "I rather think I have got *one* Bengal appointment left;" then ringing the bell, he ordered the person who answered it to bring him some paper which he described, and having run his eye down this paper, said, to my very great pleasure, "I find I *have* one Bengal appointment left, Mr. Moore, and it is very much at your service." After a few words more of conversation I took my leave; and thus was dispatched in a few minutes a favor which (from knowing no channel through which to apply) I had given up all thoughts of seeking for. Called on Marjoribanks on my way back to say how much obliged I was to him as well as to his friend.

27th. Dined at Landowne House; taken by Rogers. Company, Bobus Smith, Lord Ilchester, and one or two more. Bobus exceedingly agreeable, and said several very lively things: short, apt, and pregnant. Took me away in his carriage, and left me at Miss Berry's, where I found his brother, Sydney, in full plume and play. Two very remarkable men; both wits of the highest order, but of entirely different *genres*.

29th. Set off to Cornhill and secured a cabin for Russell, near midships; I suppose a good position. In my way back called upon Jones, who is employed upon a sketch from my "Fudges in England." Am sorry that he chose a subject from that work. He mentioned his surprise that Maelise should have found any difficulty in meeting with good subjects in the "Irish Melodies." To him (Jones) "all my poetry appeared to abound with pictures." Might have told him in return that his painting abounded with poesy.

February 6th to 8th. At work, and looking over my Journal, many parts of which brought tears from me, particularly the details of my dear child Anastasia's death. Much struck, too, by the falling off there has been, from various causes, of many of my former friendships and intimacies, people with whom I once lived familiarly and daily, being now seldom seen by me, and that but passingly and coldly. This partly owing to the estrangements produced by politics, and to the greater rarity of my own visits to Town, of late years; but, altogether, it is saddening.

14th. In thanking Talfourd for a copy of his collected speeches on the Copyright Question, mentioned that I had once intended to request of him to take some opportunity of stating to the House the resolution I had from the first formed, not to avail myself of the clause once contemplated, giving a reverting interest to the author. In replying to my letter, he says, "I think Lord John Russell, in the few remarks he made the session before last on the Copyright Bill, alluded to your generous determination not t avail yo urself of the reverting interest which it then contemplated, but I shall be too proud of graeing my cause by mention of your name, not to avail myself of any opportunity that may arise more distinctly to express your feelings; which cannot be irrelevant, as it will show the disinterested spirit in which the general cause of literature is advocated by a poet who has no personal interest to bias him."

March 16th to 18th. Received about the latter end of this month some letters from Ireland respecting this strange movement in the temperance direction which is now in progress there. Had but a few days before sent a squib to "The Chronicle," on this very subject, but not in a tone I fear that my correspondents would approve of. One of them, a Quaker, rather a sensible sort of a fellow—at least sensible enough to feel some doubts respecting the stability of this anti-whiskey enthusiasm—presses me much to lend my aid to the cause. The other, a priest, also invokes my pen. "And oh!" he exclaims, "if it were not too much that, in addition to this rather pious effusion (a card he had sent me to add some lines to), you would write us a ballad of a few verses for our Irish peasant boys and girls, who are to walk with their medals on the 15th of August." The Quaker pretty strongly hints that I *owe* some reparation of this sort, for the many effusions in the opposite direction which I have been guilty of.

April 9th. In Town. Sallied forth after breakfast, Bessy, Russell, and myself, to visit the ship in which our poor boy is to be taken away from us. Called at Lubboek's, in whose hands I had placed the 339*l.* remaining of the sum destined for the outfit, &c. Went from

thence to the East India Docks, where the ship was lying. The operation of getting Bessy up the step-ladder that led us on board, added not a little to my exceeding nervousness on the occasion. Had never myself been on board so immense a vessel: the accommodations for passengers almost as roomy as those in a good-sized house. Forget whether I have mentioned that Sir Lionel Smith, the new governor of the Mauritius, goes out in this same ship, together with his family, a wife and daughters. The cabins prepared for them quite a suite of rooms, and very handsomely furnished. But our dear Russell's berth was, of course, the chief object of our attention, and I was most agreeably surprised by its roominess. We had determined from the first, that though increasing so much the expense, he should have a cabin to himself, and we now had all his things brought and stowed away under the mother's eye comfortably. The lieutenant, a hearty, good-natured Irishman, and, even before he knew who I was, full of most cheering kindness. But when he reappeared, his increased cordiality showed most *comfortably* what he had heard in the interval, and with the captain it was exactly the same case. Indeed, every step I take in this to me most painfully interesting task (though painful chiefly on the dear mother's account), makes me feel with gratitude the value of a friendly fame like mine. I call it friendly, because, from the manner in which it manifests itself, I cannot help feeling that the tribute is as much, nay, I should hope much *more*, to the man than to the author.

Had written to Lady Holland to tell her of my arrival, but expressing doubts of my being able to see her during my stay. Got in return a note from her, in which, after naming some days for me to dine with her, if I can, she adds, "I hope Mrs. Moore is in good health and heart, for I fear it is a pang to separate from her son which will require both."

14th. * * * It being now time for our dear boy to leave us, a few parting words were said, and he then set off in a boat to the ship, which was to be towed by steamers to the Downs. As long as the vessel continued in sight my poor Bessy remained at the window with a telescope, watching for a glimpse of her dear boy, and telling me all she saw, or *thought* she saw, him doing. Corry having set off in the coach, we hired a little open fly in the town, and got comfortably to Town in the evening.

15th. Forgot what I did this day, except walking about a little with Bessy, and (after I had left her at home) calling upon Rogers. In speaking of Bessy, he said, "We are told marriages are made in heaven, and certainly none but God Almighty could have brought you two together. She has beauty, sense,"—— and so he went on most kindly about her.

June 16th. Found the following verses addressed to me, in 1823, on reading the "Loves of the Angels," by Miss Lefanu:—

"Beloved of heaven, how passing bright,
The wreath thy threefold lay has won!
So varying shines with hallow'd light
The rising, ris'n, and setting sun.

"To Lea, first, the spell-word giv'n,
Teaches to range yon stary sphere;
Virtue a mortal lights to heaven,
While Vice detains an Angel here.

"A bolder chord now shakes the lyre;
See Rubi in his radiance move,
Where Lilis kneels, with soul on fire,
That lov'd to learn, and learn'd to love.

"But hark! what notes, at day's decline
With sweetest, hollest influence, steal,
And all a *seraph's* flame divine,
And all a *mortal's* love reveal!

"The closing strains, like parting day,
A flood of soften'd radiance pour;
For Virtue points the moral lay,
And Genius twines the wreath for Moore."

July 15th to 17th. Received from the Cramers a copy of Bunting's newly published collection of Irish airs, which they have often written to me about, as likely (they hoped) to furnish materials for a continuation of the Melodies. Tried them over with some anxiety; as had they contained a sufficient number of beautiful airs to make another volume, I should have felt myself bound to do the best I could with them, though still tremblingly apprehensive lest a failure should be the result. Was rather relieved, I confess, on finding that, with the exception of a few airs, which I have already made use of, the whole volume is a mere mess of trash. Considering the thorn I have been in poor Bunting's side, by supplanting him in the one great object of his life (the connection of his name with the fame of Irish music), the temper in which he *now* speaks of my success (for some years since he was rather termagant on the subject), is not a little creditable to his good nature and good sense. Speaking of the

use which I made of the first volume of airs published by him, he says, "They were soon adopted as vehicles for the most beautiful popular songs that have perhaps ever been composed by any lyric poet." He complains strongly, however, of the alterations made in the original airs, and laments that "the work of the poet was accounted of so paramount an interest that the proper order of song-writing was, in many instances, inverted, and instead of the words being adapted to the tune, the tune was too often adapted to the words,—a solecism which could never have happened had the reputation of the writer not been so great as at once to carry the tunes he designed to make use of altogether out of their old sphere, among the simple and tradition-loving people of the country with whom, in truth, many of the new melodies, to this day, are hardly suspected to be themselves." He lays the blame of all these alterations upon Stevenson; but poor Sir John was entirely innocent of them, as the whole task of selecting the airs, and in some instances shaping them thus, in particular passages, to the general sentiment which the melody appeared to me to express, was undertaken solely by myself. Had I not ventured on these very allowable liberties, many of the songs now most known and popular would have been still sleeping, with all their authentic dross about them, in Mr. Bunting's first volume. The same charge is brought by him respecting those airs which I took from the second volume of his collection. "The beauty of Mr. Moore's words," he says, "in a great degree atones for the violence done by the musical arranger to many of the airs which he has adopted."

18th to 22nd. A thought having crossed my mind that Lord Lansdowne, in accepting the dedication of my collected works, might have forgotten the numerous squibs and satires with which some of the volumes must swarm, I thought it as well to bring this circumstance to his recollection, and therefore wrote to him to say that, though I myself saw no reason why a dedicatee should be considered responsible for all the freaks of his dedicator, yet as it might be a matter of question, I thought it right to submit the point for his consideration. Received in answer from him the following letter, which I shall give entire, as containing the first account we received (though a note soon followed from Lady Lansdowne giving Bessy the same intelligence) of the acceptance of Shelburne's proposal by Lady Georgiana Herbert.

"My Dear Moore. * * * You will allow I had some excuse for hurry and delay, when I tell you (what I am sure you will be glad to hear) that, in addition to my expected avocations during the day, arose others unexpectedly from the circumstance of Shelburne's having proposed to and been accepted by Lady Georgiana Herbert in the course of the morning; an event which, as she is, I believe, a very amiable person, gives Lady Lansdowne and myself pleasure. But I have wandered from the dedication, which I should be very sorry to decline on the ground you mention. By receiving it I am not responsible for all that the volumes contain; and if I was, as I could only be made a party to anything that might be thought exceptionable, by being also a party to that far greater portion which all will join in admiring, I should be a gainer by it, independently of the value I attach to the expression of your friendship and kindness."

August 2nd. In London. * * * In passing through Brompton showed them the house which Bessy and I occupied on our marriage, and where, at a breakfast we gave a few months after, I introduced her to Lady Donegal, Miss Godfrey, Rogers, Corry, and one or two other old friends. "How handsome she must have been then!" said Lady Elizabeth; and she *was* certainly, in *my* eyes, *very* handsome.

Dined at Lansdowne House. A dinner of men only, Lady L. being at Bowood. Company: Macaulay, Lord Clarendon, Lord Clanricarde, Rogers, young Forteseue, and Fonblanque. Sat between Macaulay and Rogers. Of Macaulay's range of knowledge anything may be believed, so wonderful is his memory. His view of Göethe as being totally devoid of the moral sense as well as of real feeling; his characters, therefore, mere abstractions, having nothing of the man in them, and, in this respect, so unlike Schiller's. Such, at least as far as I could collect it, was his view of Göethe. Some conversation with Fonblanque, who, in speaking to me of my own writings, remarked how full of idiom they are. "There was in no writer (he said) so much idiom." This odd enough, as I told him, consi-

dering that I am an Irishman. Take for granted, however, that he had chiefly my lighter, playful style of writing in his mind.

28th. Received soon after I returned from town a letter from Lord Holland, sending me a translation by himself of some Italian verses (Metastasio's, I believe) which I recollected his mentioning to me when we last met. The following is his letter:—

"Dear Moore,—

"'Chi cieeamente eredo
Impegna a serbar fede;
Che sempre aspetta ingauni
Allctta ad inganuar.'

"I said I could not translate them, nor have I to my fancy. But, *tant bien que mal*, I have thus compassed the job:—

"'Who trusts in those with whom he deals
Inspires the same good faith he feels:
But he who still suspects deceit,
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.'

"I have another version which perhaps renders the thought more correctly, but which seems to me, I know not why, more prosaic and more like a flat epigram than a pathetic stanza. and yet less natural and easy. Here it is, *shorter* (?) than the other by *two words* (?)—

"'Who trusts in all with whom he deals
Invites the very faith he feels;
Who constantly expects deceit
Lures those he so suspects to cheat.'

"'Tis thus I turn th' Italian song,
And deem the meaning is not wrong;
But, with rough English to combine
Tho sweetness that's in every line,
Asks for your muse and not for mine.
Sense only will not quit the score,
We must have that and a *Little More*.

"Yours, Vassal Holland."

29th. Another letter from Lord Holland (about the 16th, I think, of this month) as follows:—

"Dear Moore,—A little helped by Rogers, and a little by my own reflection, I now read my translation thus:—

"'Who trusts in all with whom he deals
Inspires the confidence he feels;
But he who still suspects deceit
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.'

"Yours, Vassal Holland.

"I send you too a melancholy epigram, of which I have, alas! seen many witness the truth:—

"'A minister's answer is always so kind!
I starve, and he tells me, he'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore,—
Let him keep me, and, faith, I will ask for no more.'"

This epigram very good. Wrote to tell him I thought so.

September 23rd, 24th. Another poem has just turned up (in the general rummage I am now making among my old papers), of the source of which I am entirely ignorant.

Impromptu, on their repealing the Act against Witchcraft in Ireland.

"So you think, then, the days of witchcraft are past,
That in Ireland you're safe from the magical art?
Those who hold this belief may rue it at last,
When the foreo of a spell is found in the heart.

"That the maidens of Erin in *witchery* deal,
By those who have seen them can ne'er be denied,
While the *spell* of their bards o'er the senses will steal,
As by some hath been felt, and by *Moore* hath been tried.

"Then think not to 'scape, on such dangerous ground,
Nor fancy that magic and witchcraft are o'er,
For in Ireland those powers will ever abound,
While her *Witches* are *fair*, and her Wizard is *Moore*!'

October 5th. Still searching among old papers. Found the following verses:—

Lines suggested by the perusal of Mr. Moore's Poem in the "Metropolitan," on receiving the Gift of the Inkstand of the late Rev. George Crabbe.

"And canst thou, Moore, thou gifted one,
Each muse presiding o'er thy birth,
Deem, mid the courses of the sun,
Thyself alone a child of earth?

"Perish the thought! tho' Albion mourns
Full many a star's departed light,
To thee, with hope renew'd, she turns
To shed a splendour o'er the night.

"Though hush't in holiest, last repose,
The 'Village' bard, the rural sage,
Who sang the peasant's joys and woes,
From blameless youth to reverend age.

"Though on the northern blast is borne
A fitful wail, on viewless wings,
And spirit voices, plaintive, mourn
A master-lyre's all broken strings.

"Though he, of flight like eagle strong,
And with delirious anguish brave,
Hath pour'd his tortur'd soul in song,
And found in distant Greece a grave.

"While poesy her choicest rays
Concentres round thy favour'd head,
We hail the living minstrel's lays,
Nor miss the living or the dead.

"Then deem not, thou all-gifted one,
Each muse presiding o'er thy birth,
Among the courses of the sun,
Thysolf alone a child of earth."

21st. Went to Bowood to dinner. Found, besides those Lady L. had mentioned (Lady

Cunliffe; Lady Morley, and Rogers), Lord John and his children, Lady Macdonald and Macaulay, The dinner and evening very agreeable. Macaulay wonderful; never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvellous a memory. To attempt to record his conversation one must be as wonderfully gifted with memory as himself.

23rd. While I was dressing this morning, the *maître d'hôtel* came to my room with the distressing and startling intelligence that Lord Holland was dead! He had been sent by Lady Lansdowne to tell me, with a request also that I would inform Mr. Rogers of the sad news. Went immediately to Rogers's room, who was equally shocked with myself at the sad intelligence. Met all at breakfast. Lord Lansdowne showed me a letter from Dr. Holland, giving an account of all the particulars of the death, which took place after a short illness. My own opinion was that our party ought to separate, but I found, to my surprise, that both Lord and Lady Lansdowne's wish was that we should stay. Having expressed my opinion to Rogers, he thought right to mention it to Lady Lansdowne, but her earnest wish was that we should stay, and Rogers returned to me crying like a child. It is right to say, however, that both he and all felt (as who would not feel?) that a great light had gone out, and that not only the friends of such a man, but the whole community in general, had suffered an irreparable loss.

31st. Rogers mentioned, among other agreeable things, a curious parallel found in the "Odyssey" to the well-known story of the Indian chief at Niagara, who was lying asleep in his boat just above the current of the Falls, when some wicked person cut the rope by which his boat was fastened to the shore, and he was carried down the cataract. The poor Indian, on waking up, had made every effort, by means of his paddle, to stop the career of the canoe, but finding it to be all hopeless, and that he was hurrying to the edge, he took a draught out of his brandy flask, wrapped his mantle about him, and seating himself composedly, thus went down the Falls. The parallel to this in Homer is when the companions of Ulysses, in spite of his precautions, let loose the Bag of the Winds, and when, with the same dignified composure, Ulysses submits to his fate. The natural action of wrapping round the mantle is the same in both. Cowper thus translates the passage:—

> "I then awaking, in my noble mind
> Stood doubtful, whether from my vessel's side
> Immers'd to perish in the flood, or calm
> To endure my sorrows and consent to live.
> I calm endured them; but around my head
> Winding my mantle, laid me down below."

December 1st to 30th. The whole of this month has been passed in such a state of agitation, from the pressure of business, the calls of society, and last, and worst, the news we received of our dear Russell's illness, that I have not had the time or the heart to record anything in these pages, and must now only give a hurried retrospect of the whole interval with such extracts from letters as I can get into the few remaining leaves of this volume. We had received most kind letters from Lord Auckland and Miss Eden, announcing to us our boy's arrival at Calcutta, and their having taken him to lodge with themselves at the Government House. The following is a part of Lord Auckland's letter, dated September 17th, 1840:—

"My Dear Moore,—Your letter, announcing the departure of your boy from England, reached me about three weeks after his arrival in Calcutta, and I and my sisters had already been glad, in the recollection of you and of the many happy hours we have passed together, to welcome him in India. I can, as you are aware, be of no substantial advantage to so young an officer, but I have had pleasure in giving him a room in the Government House for so long as he may remain in this city; and I have endeavoured to impress him with the precepts which I look upon as most important,—namely, that he should study the native languages, that he should expose himself as little as possible to the sun, and that he should apply to the doctor upon the smallest ailment till he shall have learned to deal with himself and the climate. He shall have letters from me when he goes up the country, and I will endeavour, even at a distance, to have some cognizance of his progress. He has been in all things most amiable, and every one here has liked him.' Lord Auckland then proceeds to tell me of an illness Russell had had, in consequence of going out fishing, but from which he had then recovered, and adds, "I have not pressed his immediate appointment to do duty with a regiment near to the Presiden-

cies. It is as well that he should remain here two or three weeks more, and perfectly recover strength; and in the mean time the severities of our season will be passing away." In addition to this most friendly letter, there came also one from Miss Eden to Bessy, containing equally comfortable and gratifying details. By the next mail there came another letter from Lord Auckland, dated October 19th, which was as follows:—"My Dear Moore,—Your boy has given us a fright, but he is now doing exceedingly well. He was recommended change of air soon after I last wrote to you, and we sent him up the river Naper, at Moorshedabad, where he was hospitably and kindly received, and was for a short time without fever. But he again became ill, and rather seriously so; and, at his own request, he returned to us, and ever since his return he has been daily improving, and we may be confident that, in another week, he will be as well as he was when he first landed here. We will keep him till he is quite strong, and I will do my best to get him appointed to a regiment stationed in the dry climate of the upper provinces. His attack here may have been accidental; but I think it desirable that he should not pass a bad season in the damp atmosphere of Bengal. For the next few months, however, the weather here is not likely to be oppressive or unhealthy. I write these few lines at the last moment before our overland mail goes out. Most truly," &c. &c. This I look upon to be *thorough friendship*, and such as, if I lived to the age of Methuselah, I could never forget. In this state, between hope and fear, have the poor mother and myself been left ever since the receipt of the foregoing letter, which, I must add, was accompanied by one from Russell himself, of an equally encouraging character. Still, the fears predominate with us both, and I know not that I ever have passed so painful an interval. (Written January 10th, 1841.)

I forget what more I did in December, with the exception of the occupation which my monthly volumes and their prefaces pretty abundantly give me.

31st. The following timely suggestion is I think worth preserving:—

"Sir,—Previously to the publication of 'Lalla Rookh,' in the collection of your poems now issuing from the press, allow me to suggest what many of your readers, as well as myself, would consider a great improvement; that is, to versify the short introductory notice to each part. To emerge from the splendour of poetry into the vapidness of prose is a terrible damper. So pray be propitious to this humble petition of your obedient servant, Ignotus."

Received a letter from Mr. Dudley Costello, in consequence of my mention of him in my second preface, in which he says, "By this act you have done for me what no exertion of mine could ever have accomplished: you have given me the assurance that my name *must* descend to posterity, and that in the most enviable manner, by linking it with the associations which you have rendered immortal." * * *

The following scrap was sent me lately by Moran, extracted from Miss Lloyd's "Sketches of Bermuda," published by Cochran, London. "I had the pleasure of being introduced to the family of Nea, celebrated in 'Moore's Odes.' Nea is no more (dated August 16th, 1819), but she still lives in song and in the fond recollection of her friends. From a likeness which I saw, I should judge her to have been a fine woman; but it is said that she was indebted for her fame less to her beauty than to the fascinating and easy gracefulness of her manner." I should like to know whether they have hit upon the *right* Nea, though it would be rather hard for them to do so, as the *ideal* Nea of my "Odes" was made out of *two real* ones.

1841.

[The year 1841 was to Moore a year of much affliction; his son, Russell, who had always been a comfort to his parents, was not strong enough to bear the trial of an Indian climate and the military profession. Lord Auckland and his sisters upon hearing of the boy's illness took him into the Government House at Calcutta, and bestowed upon him every care which kindness and friendship could provide. Miss Eden, who alone survives of the family who were at Calcutta, remembers with pleasure and regret the amiable character of the poor boy, when he was in her brother's house as an invalid. Miss Eden herself was sure to do all that good sense and kindness of heart could do in such a case. But his constitution was too delicate to carry him on to manhood. Perhaps, as Anastasia, with an English home, fell an early victim to disease,

Russell would not have survived long even in his native climate. But at all events, the service and the climate of India hastened his death.—J. R.]

January 4th, 1841. The Lansdownes anxious that Bessy and I should have gone there to-day; but she is in such a state of suspense about the intelligence from Russell, that I could not prevail on her to leave home.

7th. Brabant left us after breakfast. In the evening took place the usual annual ball on this day, to the servants and tenants, which Bessy enjoyed so much last year, and would now, had not her anxiety for news from Russell prevented her from coming. I danced with Mademoiselle, and went down an English country-dance of fifty couple on the stone floor, no trifling achievement for a sexagenary.

From the last date till the day on which I am now writing (July 6th), a long interruption has occurred in this Journal; the first of any such length that has yet broken the chain of these records. The chief cause of this has been the monthly pressure upon me of the successive volumes of the new edition of my Works, which, slight as may appear what I have done for it, has kept me the whole time in a state of busy worry, and quite convinced me (if I wanted any such additional proof) of my utter unfitness for *periodical* labours. In addition to the responsible task of revising and correcting all my past writings, the series of prefaces which I rather rashly volunteered to write, imposed upon me a duty which, both from its difficulty and its periodical recurrence, has left me no peace nor pause; and I rejoice most heartily that I am now so near the end of it.

Among the worrying mishaps I have had lately, was the miscarriage of the MS. of one of my prefaces, after my having destroyed all the rough copy of it. Most marvellously, however, I was able to recall the whole to my memory, and on the MS. being afterwards found, I found I had departed hardly by a syllable from the original copy.

Being anxious to introduce in one of my prefaces some anecdotes about my old friend William Spencer, and our *Poluphitetic* revels together, I meant to take as a peg to hang them upon, his translation into Italian of one of my songs, "The wreath you wove;" but on consulting Frederick Montgomery, and getting Rossetti to look over the verses, I found they broke Priscian's head even more grievously than I had supposed, and were not fit to be published. It may be worth while here, as a curiosity, to preserve both Spencer's translation, and Rossetti's remarks on it; placing first the original song, one of my juvenile productions.

ORIGINAL SONG.

"The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Is fair — but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stolen from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

"If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

"The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove,
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears from me."

SPENCER'S TRANSLATION, WITH ROSSETTI'S REMARKS ON IT.

"Son soavi quei fioretti [1]
Ch'annodasti per me,[2]
L'imago degli affetti
Però tra lor non è.[3]

"Perciò ch'i nostri amori [4]
La sorte fa languir,
Che veggia almen i fiori [5]
Con essi impallidir!

"Se l'oro i lacci fece
La ghirlanda a legar,
Se di rugiada in vece
Vidi gemme cascar,[6]

"Un foglio inaridito [7]
Ch'amore planse in su [8]
Da me saria gradito [9]
Oh quanto e quanto più!"

1 "Questo verso è ottonario, mentre debb' essere settenario; '*soave*' in Italiano è di tre sillabe e non mai di due.

2 "Questo verso non ha convenevole accento: l'avrebbe se potesse legarsi 'annodasti,' ma sarebbe strana parola.

3 "Questi due ultimi versi son buoni. '*Immago*' è più usato che *imago*, che ha intanto qualche esempio. '*Non v'è*' suona più italiano.

4 "'*Perciò che*' non è voce poetica, nè è quella che il senso chiederebbe: '*poichè*' dovrebbe dirsi, ma il ritmo non l'ammette.

5 "'*Ch'io veggia*' determina meglio la prima persona ed allontana l'oscurità.

6 "Questa strofa non presenta netto e limpido il senso, e il secondo e il quarto verso non son ben collocati. Sarebbe stato bene che mi fosse stato mandato l'originale Inglese, poichè non son sicuro di essere entrato nell' idea vera dell' autore. Io intendo che il nastro che annodava il mazzolino fosse di seta e d'oro, e che tra i fiori sieno stati rescolate delle gemme, se pure questa parola non è qui metaforica.

7 "'Se due '*foglio* di carta' e '*foglia* d'albero,' di pianta, di fiore e parmi che l'Iden esiga la seconda e non il primo.

8 "Sintassè non Italiana; sarebbe tale se dicesse, '*Su cui pianse amore.*'

9 "Se gli ultimi versi s'invertissero ne guadagnerebbe la dizione, ma perderebbe il ritmo che richiede la rima tronca al termine della strofa."

April. On the 12th of this month set off for London, taking up with me a part of the preface for our next volume, meaning to finish it in town. Arrived in London between three and four. As I made no memorandums during all the time I remained in town, I shall here give extracts from my letters to Bessy to supply their place :—

"Brookes's, twenty minutes past four, April 12th. I have had a most amusing journey of it, my companions being my old eloquent friend H. of Calne (who made me laugh almost as much as you sometimes do), and our new neighbour V., who I am glad to tell you is a very nice fellow, and one likely to make a very good neighbour.

"13th. This morning I breakfasted with Miss Rogers (having walked there with Rogers), to meet Barbara and her husband. Barbara herself but little altered, and he seems a very excellent fellow. They pressed our visiting them in Worcestershire most urgently and kindly.

"14th. You will rejoice to hear that all my fears and scruples about my prefaces have been removed. I hear they are liked exceedingly, and the only fault found is my not telling enough. This is a most agreeable relief to me. My poor old friend Douglas (the Admiral) is, I fear, near his last breath; but this attack must have come on, I think, quite suddenly, as Mrs. Douglas and his daughters left him at his sisters' yesterday, and went to the country. I saw the sisters about half an hour since, and he was then insensible; but they said if he revived at all, they were sure he would be glad to see me, and would send for me. * * * * * *

"29th. Went with the Milmans to Miss Berry's last *soirée* for the season. On my saying something to Miss Berry of the liberty I had taken, as an old friend, of coming there unasked, she reverted, in her odd way, to the early days of our acquaintance, and said, 'I didn't so much like you in those days. You were too — too — what shall I say?' 'Too brisk and airy, perhaps,' said I. 'Yes,' she replied, taking hold of one of my grizzly locks. 'I like you better since you have got these.' I could then overhear her, after I left her, say to the person with whom I had found her speaking, 'That 's as good a creature as ever lived.'"

* * * * *

June 21st. Set off on my long-promised visit to the Godfreys in Staffordshire, taking Cheltenham and Corry in my way. Started in a coach, thinking I was soon to have railway, but found I had got into the "wrong box;" and after an accident with our horses, which delayed us at Chippenham more than an hour, had nothing but coaching all day, and did not arrive at Gloucester till between six and seven in the evening. Was most lucky, however, in the weather, and would not have lost the succession of beautiful scenes I passed through, for twice the speed of the railway. Took the mail at Gloucester and got to Cheltenham between eight and nine, not having had anything for twelve hours, except a biscuit and glass of sherry during our stay at Chippenham.

22nd. Going about all day with Corry, his sister Connelan, and her very gentleman-like and agreeable son, seeing all the pretty places of this most beautiful town and neighbourhood. Dined with Corry and Connelan at Mr. Ramsay's (whom I had never before seen), brother to Lord Panmure. A small party, and the daughter of our host pretty, which was at least something to look at. Sung a good deal in the evening for them.

23rd. Started by railroad to Hughes's. A good story, by the by, of Williams's (the circulating library man), of a stranger passing through Cheltenham, who wishing to devote the few hours he had to stay there in visiting the scene of the great battle of Worcester walked out there alone, and having inquired of some man he met as to the spot on which the battle had been fought, was accompanied thither by this person, who at once entered with much communicativeness into the subject of his inquiry; showed him exactly where the battle had taken place, mentioned how soon the first blood was drawn, and quite delighted the antiquarian with the minuteness of his historical knowledge. "It was certainly a great battle," exclaimed the latter. "Oh, wonderful, sir," answered his informant; "nothing but Spring's wind could have carried him through it." Had received a note from Barbara to say that I should find Hughes, her husband, with the carriage for me, at Wolverhampton; and there he was. Poor Mary Godfrey much affected at our

first meeting. She has lost the use of her limbs; but in all other respects is as much herself as could be possibly expected, after such a lapse of time.

July 1st to 6th. Have just found the note my poor Bess wrote to me, in sending up to town Tom's bill upon me for 112*l.* "I can hardly bring myself to send you the enclosed. It has caused me tears and sad thoughts, but to *you* it will bring these, and hard, *hard* work. Why do people sigh for children? They know not what sorrow will come with them. How *can* you arrange for the payment? and what could have caused him to require such a sum? Take care of yourself; and if you write to him, for God's sake let him know that it is the very last sum you will or *can* pay for him. My heart is sick when I think of you, and the fatigue of mind and body you are always kept in. Let me know how you think you can arrange this." I have already mentioned the difficulties to which this bill of Tom's reduced me: and I had not been more than a week or two at home, when another bill of his, drawn upon me at three months, for 100*l.*, was sent to me for acceptance. This blow coming so quick after the other, was, indeed, most overwhelming. It seems on his arrival at Bombay, he found that his regiment had been ordered on active service, and he was accordingly obliged to provide such an outfit as would enable him to join it. I could not do otherwise, of course, than accept the bill; but how I am to pay it, when due, Heaven only knows.

The following note from the priest who wrote the article in the "Dublin Review" on my writings, reached me about the beginning of this month.

"Respected Sir,

"It gives me the sincerest pleasure to find that you are pleased with the short article in the 'Dublin Review' on your writings; for I feared very much that, from my slender acquaintance with English literature, especially the poetical part thereof, I could hardly produce anything that would not be unworthy of the subject. What you are pleased to term, the 'overplus of praise' was certainly not meant or believed by me to be such. The little I said of your Irish Melodies and Humourous Poems falls short of what I conscientiously think of their merits, especially as regards the Melodies. Allow me to add, that I feel highly honoured by your kind note, and by the too flattering wish you express of knowing me personally. It is many, many years since I first longed to catch a glimpse of Thomas Moore. Circumstances which have occurred within the last month, obliged me to delay the article which I promised on your 'History of Ireland,' and which I would not have thought of undertaking but for the earnest request of that most pious and most learned prelate, Dr. Wiseman. The same circumstances compel me (sorely against my inclination) to wear my mask till next autumn. I shall then eagerly seize the first opportunity thus so unexpectedly offered of gratifying one of the warmest wishes of my earliest years. In the mean time, I have the honour to be, most respectfully,

"Your faithful Servant,

"Author of the '*Art. on Thomas Moore.*'"

August 10th. A visit from our friend Philip Crampton, who kindly made an effort to give us one of the few days he had to spare, during his short English trip. His first intention was to come down by railroad, eat an early dinner with us, and then return by another train so as to accomplish his other dinner engagement in town. This feat, as being one worthy of his dash and activity, I was rather anxious he should perform. But as it was, we had longer enjoyment of his society; and in addition to the pleasure of having him for a night under our roof, he gave me most cheering assurances as to the state of Bessy's health. After a long conversation with her on the subject of the attack she had two or three years since, he assured me that her health was, he thought, improved, and certainly much better than when he last saw her, about ten years ago. This all very delightful to me to hear. Sat talking together till a late hour.

18th. Having arranged with Hume to take a short trip with him to Ireland, started for Lacock Abbey this morning on my way to town. The day beautiful, and I found grouped in full sunshine upon the grass before the house, Kit Talbot, Lady E. Fielding, Lady Charlotte and Mrs. Talbot, for the purpose of

being photogenized by Henry Talbot, who was busily preparing his apparatus. Walked alone for awhile about the gardens, and then rejoined the party to see the result of the operation. But the portraits had not turned out satisfactorily, nor (oddly enough) were they at all like; whereas, a dead likeness is, in general, the sure, though frightful result of the Daguerre process. The evening agreeable.

19th. Breakfasted comfortably (thanks to the railroad) at ten o'clock, with Mrs. Talbot only, the rest of the party being still in their bedrooms, and then set off in their covered cart to Chippenham, from whence I started in the twelve o'clock train. Was lucky enough to have Poulett Scrope for companion, who was very agreeable. Took up my quarters in Sackville Street. Called on Rogers, who had nearly finished a solitary dinner. Wanted to have more dressed for me, but I made my escape and called at Burdett's, who asked me to join him and his daughter Joanna at dinner. But this did not look very promising, and I declined. Thought then of Bryan, who it was probable I should find returned from Ireland, and an evening with him would be at least doing my duty, but I found (though expected to-day) he was not yet arrived. It was now past seven o'clock, and my chances of getting anything better than a solitary cutlet at Brookes's had become desperate. Resolved however to go and leave a card at Lord John's before I turned in for my cutlet. Lord John not at home; but I had hardly given in my card, and resumed my seat in the cab, when the servant looking out, said, "Here's his Lordship coming, sir." "How long have you been in town?" asked Lord John. "About an hour or two." "Then you can dine with *me*?" "Why, I've not dressed, and it is now past seven o'clock." "Oh we shan't dine till near eight, and you've got a cab." So I instantly took the hint, jumped into my vehicle, and in the course of about an hour found myself seated at table with a large party of Mintos, Russells, Villierses, amounting to about fourteen or fifteen in number. Sung abundantly for them in the evening, and was made to repeat several of the songs.

20th. Went to the State Paper Office, and sat for some time turning over the calendar of Elizabeth's reign, to see what sort of task I had before me. Dined at Lansdowne House. Company, Lord Minto, Lord Ebrington, Lord Seymour, and one or two more. From thence to Vauxhall with Lord L.; as I told Bessy in my letter, "We went to Vauxhall like a couple of young rakes, as we are, and found it very bright and pretty; though *I* so far forgot my character as a rake as to wish for *you* there."

22nd. Breakfasted at Rogers's, with a very amusing party: Milnes, Kenny, and somebody else. Wrote a letter to Bessy and sent it as a parcel (this being Sunday), in order that she may have a little treat to-morrow.

23rd. Off to the station at nine, where I was met by Hume.

25th. Had a good passage with my favourite Commander Townley, and got in early in the evening. A great crowd of spectators, as usual, on the jetty, and my name having got about, a good many starers attended my progress. Found my dear little Nell in readiness for me, and was installed in the same comfortable *gîte* as before.

28th. Occupied myself for some time at the College library, but with little success. The key of the MS. room was missing, and when at last found, would not open the door. The MSS., therefore, I suspect, have a very quiet time of it. Went to look for Johnny Napier, but could not make him out. Indulged myself with a solitary peep at two or three spots hallowed by old recollections; poor old Aungier Street House, and the lodgings of my dear Bessy's mother in Suffolk Street. Dined with Norman Macdonald at his beautiful lodge (the Under Secretary's) in the Phœnix Park; the first time I have seen it, though often at the other lodges. This the most agreeable of all, I think.

29th. Went to the Catholic church in Marlborough Street, and heard, as usual, some charming music; Peter Leigh (Ellen's friend) being my companion. We then set out for Kingstown together, and on our way, went into a new chapel (in Merrion Street, I think), to which the old establishment I used to frequent in my young days (Townsend Street Chapel) has been removed. Was introduced to the chief clergyman, who bids fair, as Leigh told me, to be archbishop, on Murray's death; and he told me that this establishment still

retains the name of "The Irish Gentleman's Chapel," which was given to the other in consequence of my book "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman," &c. This I was glad to hear. Went afterwards to the jetty, the great promenade of a Sunday, and was almost stared off my legs; my companions being Leigh and Finlay. Shall not easily forget the hearty hug I got from an honest fellow, who, on my dropping my umbrella, picked it up, and giving it to me, threw his arms round my neck, ejaculating, "My sweet fellow!" Find he is the proprietor of a great glass-shop in Dublin; and Finlay said that nothing would make him more happy than my leaving my card at his house; so resolved to do it. Went from the jetty to Lord Fortescue's, where I dined. After I had dressed, sat looking out of the window at the beautiful bay and the solitary light on Howth, and quite forgot how the time went, till the servant came to tell me that the company were not only all arrived, but were then going in to dinner. Found to my shame that it was so.

31st. Joined Nell and some of her friends at the Portobello Gardens, to hear some very agreeable band music. Had been for several hours before looking over, and transcribing from the MS. Annals of The Four Masters, at Hodges and Smith's. Forgot to mention that one of these days, finding that the Provost had returned to town, I called upon him. We were class-fellows, I think he said, in college, which I had not before been aware of. Was very civil about the MS. room, but insisted to the poor librarian that the difficulty about opening it was all owing to his not knowing how to apply the key, and that he (the Provost) would show him the difference. Accordingly, we all three proceeded together to the library; but, lo, the key was just as refractory in the hand of the Provost, as in that of the inferior officer; and after various grave trials, it was found that the locksmith must be the *dernière ressource* after all, so that my access to the MSS. was put off to another time.

Dined alone with Nell, and went to Lady Clarke's (whom I had called upon in the course of the day) that evening. No one there worth remembering, with the exception of the fair Josephine herself, than whom there are few more accomplished persons. Sang for each other, and I flatter myself to each other's contentment. This morning, as I was coming out of the College, one of the porters ran after me, and begged I would inform him whether I had not graduated in that university. I told him I had, on which he thanked me with a face full of smiles, and said there had been a wager on the subject.

August 7th. This my wind-up day, having settled to be off to-morrow. Dined with the Cramptons; only themselves; and all went to the Opera together. Strong symptoms of the rising spirit of Toryism in the house. Conservative names given out with cheers, and volleys of the Kent-fire, which I now heard for the first time. Was glad to find, however, that *my* name formed a sort of neutral ground, and that a "Cheer for Tom Moore," which they gave two or three times, was well received.

9th. Arrived between four and five in Liverpool. Breakfasted, and started by the train for Cheltenham. Two nice women with their brother my companions all the way. One of them a great singer, I found, of my songs. Dined with honest Corry at Cheltenham.

10th. Took a most delicious drive with Corry and Curran, who is staying here, to see the beautiful valley of Evesham. The day most perfect for it. Dined, Curran and I, at Corry's.

11th. Off for Cirencester by the coach. Corry with me, on his way to town. Found all right at home, thank God!

October 12th. To Bowood. The party, Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, the Milmans, Twopenny, and a pretty girl, the daughter of Dr. Birkbeck. Stratford Canning and myself got on very sociably together, and he tried a good deal to persuade me to take a trip with him to Constantinople. If I were a little younger and had less cares on my head, there are few things I should like better.

November 1st to 4th. Began to work at the fourth volume of my Irish history; and read and noted all there is about the reign of Elizabeth in the books I possess; having brought away with me from Bowood, the Sidney papers, Holinshed, &c., with the same view. Found, however, that I could not get on with any satisfaction without seeing as much at least as has been calendared of the papers of Elizabeth at the State Paper Office, and resolved, therefore, to run up to town.

12th. A note from Sydney Smith asking me to breakfast with him to-morrow: —"DEAR MOORE,—I have a breakfast of philosophers to-morrow at ten *punctually*. Muffins and metaphysics; crumpets and contradiction. Will you come?" Wrote him an excuse, telling him of my engagement at the State Paper Office, and saying that, though his breakfast would be very agreeable, it would "take a large slice of a reign out of me."

16th. To the Paper Office. Found, this day or the last, a most curious letter of the Earl of Essex to Elizabeth, telling her, with the utmost coolness, of a proposal he had made to a fellow to murder Phelim O'Neill for a reward of 100 marks of land a year. Showed this to my fellow workman, Tytler, who, indeed, helped me to make out part of the writing, Essex's hand being one of the most difficult to read. Tytler, who has been well broken in to royal murders by his Scottish History (Cardinal Beaton's, for instance, and he is now ferreting out another), was not quite so much shocked by this discovery as I was. Dined at Milman's; company, Hallam, Lockhart, Westmacott, and one or two more. Very agreeable.

17th. State Paper Office for nearly four hours. Am getting into scrapes about dinners. Company at Murray's, Lord Mahon, Sir Francis Head and his daughter, Lockhart, &c. In the evening Miss Head sung, and very prettily; I was also, of course, called into play, and sung a good deal. Much surprised to find Sir Francis Head such a mild and gentle person, and with so little of the Bubbles of the Brunnen in either his look or manner. Murray sends by me to Bessy a copy of the beautiful edition of Childe Harold he has just published. A letter from Bess full of sweet and good feeling about our poor Tom, who has been very ill in that wretched place, Lower Seinde; but gives great comfort to her, and of course to me, by the better feelings towards home and home associations which his whole letter breathes. He will, I trust in God, be yet a pride and blessing to us.

18th. Dined at Tom Longman's, in the Regent's Park. Company, Dundas, and a few more. Mrs Longman looking very pretty, and sung very prettily also.

19th. After returning from the State Paper Office yesterday, I was seized with a giddiness, during which the room seemed to turn round with me. The cause of this, I have no doubt, is my having kept my head down over those papers for so many successive days, and so many hours each day. This morning, however, I held the paper in my hand and sat upright. Dined at Mr. Grenville's. Company, Lord and Lady Mahon, Rogers, and Mr. and Lady —— somebody, whom I now forget. All very agreeable.

21st. Desperate day of wet. Got off in the half-past ten train. When we were about half way on our road, a gentleman joined us, with somewhat of the foreigner in his mode of speaking; and on my asking him whether he was going any further than Chippenham, he answered, "I am going to the Duke of Beaufort's," upon which I said (hardly knowing why I said it, or what put it in my head), "Pray what's become of the Duke's friend, Matucievitz?" "I am Matucievitz," he answered courteously, and then all flashed at once upon my mind; my meeting him once, and *but* once, many years ago, at dinner at the Duke of Beaufort's in London, and never having known any more of him since, than seeing his name now and then in the newspapers. He seemed much pleased at our *rencontre*, and we had a good deal of agreeable conversation together during the remainder of our journey. Such is life, at least *my* life; for I hardly move a step without something odd or agreeable turning up in my path. Got home, notwithstanding, with a very bad cold, which was neither agreeable nor odd.

December 15th and 16th. About the middle of the month the plot again began to thicken at Bowood, and I was again accordingly brought into play; but not having time to particularise, I can give only a summary retrospect of some of the persons and events. Rogers stayed more than a week, still fresh in all his best faculties, and improved wonderfully in the only point where he was ever at all deficient — temper. He now gives the natural sweetness of his disposition fair play. He walked over to see Bessy, one or two days, through all the wretched mud of the Bowood Lane and our own, making (to us and back again) at least six miles. Among the other successive guests were Dr. and Mrs. Fowler. A good story, by the by, told by Fowler, of a man selling a horse. The would-be pur-

chaser, inquiring as to his leaping powers, asks, "Would he take timber?" "He'd jump over your head," answers the other, "I don't know what you call *that*." Macaulay, another of the guests, and I, stayed for some time. He is a most wonderful man, and I rejoice to learn that the world may expect from him a History of England, taken up, I believe, where Hume leaves off. Rogers directed my attention to the passage in his last Edinburgh article, where he describes Warren Hastings' trial, and the remarkable assemblage of persons and circumstances which it brought together. Agreed perfectly with R. as to the over-gorgeousness of this part of the article. But the whole produces great effect, and is everywhere the subject of conversation. Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) was another of the visitors, bringing with her her American husband and two little children, and their stay was I think for near a fortnight. On one of the evenings she read out to us "Much Ado about Nothing," with much skill and effect. She, and I too, sung on two successive evenings my duet of "Oh come to me when daylight sets." We had also Lord John. He accompanied Rogers one day to Sloperton, to see Bessy, and is in high spirits for the approaching conflict. Among the latest visitors of this month, was Charles Greville, who had never before been at Bowood, and was enchanted with the beauty of the house.

1842.

January, 1842. About the first days of January went over to meet the Palmerstons, Lord and Lady Cottenham, Lord Duncannon and some of his nice family, never forgetting that charming person, Lady Kerry, who has now become a constant inhabitant of Bowood, and it could not have one more ornamental to it. I sung a good deal, as usual, and even the matter-of-fact-looking Ex-Lord Chancellor placed himself close to the pianoforte, and though it didn't quite amount to the "iron tears down Pluto's cheeks," seemed very much pleased. I think it was he who mentioned that the nickname they've now got in Dublin for Peel, is "the Veiled Prophet," alluding to those promised revelations respecting his future policy, for which the world is waiting.

[From this time the Diary of Moore contains a less faithful transcript of the conversations in which he bore a part; exhibits more frequent signs of a decay of memory, and is painfully marked with the difficulties and the distress which were brought upon him by the thoughtlessness of one son and the premature decay of the other.

The eldest son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, whose birth had been the cause of so much exultation, was destined to be a cause of sorrow to his parents. Malignity has said that Moore neglected the education of his children. No charge could be more false. The education of the Charter House, which by the kindness of Lord Grey and Sir Robert Peel, he was enabled to afford to his two sons, is one of the best to be obtained anywhere, and the then head master, the present Dean of Peterborough, was well qualified to maintain the high reputation of the school. In the choice of a school, therefore, Moore performed the part of a kind and judicious father.

His conduct in the choice of a profession for his sons, though equally kind, was not equally judicious. Much endurance, a strong physical constitution, and the power as well as the disposition to bear adverse fortune, are requisite for the military service, either of this country or India. Moore's eldest son had little restraint over himself; he was not physically strong; and, like many a son of a man of genius, he was better prepared to enjoy the advantages which his father's reputation brought with it, than to imitate the study and the early parsimony by which his father's genius had been fostered and strengthened in its way to maturity.

In the indulgence of careless habits young Thomas Moore got into debt; in a thoughtless moment he resolved to sell his commission. In the Diary are to be found traits of kindness on the part of Lord Raglan and Sir John Macdonald, which were, however, unavailing. It is much to be lamented that Moore's feelings of independence did not allow him to apply to such friends as Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Rogers, for the aid of a sum of 400*l*., which would have preserved his son's commission in the English army. He asked for a commission in the Foreign Legion of Algiers, where his poor boy, beloved in spite of his faults by his foreign companions in arms, fell a victim to the climate and to constant exposure which

his impaired constitution was not fitted to endure.—J. R.]

8th. Most sad news to me after all my gaiety. Our darling Russel has been dangerously ill; and though better when Lord Auckland (from whom the account comes) wrote his letter, cannot, the physicians say, remain in India with safety; and was, therefore, in two or three weeks to sail for England. This time twelve months, almost to the very day, the delay of a letter from him prevented my sweet Bess from partaking in the gaieties at Lacock, and now a far worse fear about him jars in with our festivities. Lord Auckland had met the poor boy, as he tells us, out driving, but looking much more fit for the sick bed; and with a kindness, never to be forgotten by me if I were to live years on years, had him brought to the Government House and there watched over and attended to. God bless him for it.

10th. A visit from Lady Lansdowne, to whom Lord Auckland had also written an account of our poor Russy's illness. Nothing could be more feeling and affectionate than her manner. Kissed Bessy like a sister, on leaving us, and said to me, when I was putting her into her carriage, "She is a most marvellous person," alluding of course to the deep but calm feeling with which my poor Bessy is making up her mind to the worst.

11th and 12th. We now find, in addition to our apprehensions about Russel, that Tom, too, if not actually embarked, is coming home upon sick leave. His accounts of himself from Lower Scinde were such as a good deal to prepare us for this; but to say nothing of the anxiety and grief caused by it, how on earth am I to meet the additional expenses which the return of both boys will now entail, while still I am in debt too for most of the money which their first outfit, passage, &c. required? I am still willing, and thank God, able to work; but the power comes slower, and the effort is therefore more wearing. If I could write with the facility and variety which some people give me credit for, I should indeed be like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once." It was but a few months since that I received two letters pretty nearly at the same time, one of them from Mr. Blewit, a composer of comic songs and country dances (who by the by, has turned most of the melodies, both gay and serious, into quadrilles), proposing an alliance between himself and me for the production of all sorts of musical comicalities; while the other letter was from Mr. Bagshaw, on the part of the "Dublin Review," begging that I would undertake an article for that work, on the recent edition of Dodd's Ecclesiastical History. He says among other things, "A notice on this work, by Dr. Lingard, appeared in the 'Dublin Review" at the time of the appearance of the first volume, and the great importance of the work appears to the proprietors to justify troubling you with the present application; the more especially as the delicacy of the task (regard being had to many of the topics discussed, and their bearing upon the actual position and differences of opinion existing among members of the Catholic body) requires that none but a master-hand should be relied on." The juxta-position here, of such men and such subjects—Blewit and Lingard!—jigs and theology!—is *impayable*.

13th and 14th. A most joyful relief to us, one of these days, the 14th I believe, in a letter from Miss Eden, telling of the rapid and (as it would appear) almost complete recovery of our dear Russell from his threatening attack of illness. He had become so well, she tells us, as to be able to join a large dinner-party they had the day before. It is still thought expedient, however, that he should avail himself of his sick leave, as encountering another hot summer might be dangerous. A second most welcome item of her intelligence is that Russell's passage is to be paid by the Company, so *that* burden is also off my mind.

The following squib of mine having been left out of my general edition (though published soon enough to have appeared in it) may as well be preserved here:—

"To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

"Sir,—You have already, I doubt not, been made acquainted with the very old and curious prophecy, called the Schisms of the Isms, which has been for some time past circulating through various parts of the kingdom. As I have been lucky enough, however, to have lighted upon a more correct copy of this singular production than is generally to be met

with, I venture to submit it to your editorial consideration, and have the honour to be,

'Your obedient servant,

"E. G."

THE SCHISM OF THE ISMS.

"There shall come, in the latter days, a schism
Unnamed in Bible or Catechism,
'Mong all such things as end in '*ism*,'
Whether Puseyism, or Newmanism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

"Then, woe is me! not Gentilism,
Nor Judaism, nor scepticism,
E'er work'd such ill as that day of schism.
For all shall then be egotism,
And separatism and cabalism;
And priests shall mix mock Romanism
With very indifferent Protestantism;
And drug the mess with th' unholy chrism
Of Pusey's once dear rationalism.

"Then bishops shall ape the nepotism
That drew on popes such stigmatism;
And bring up their sons to sinecurism,
While rolling themselves in epicurism,
Then Ph—lp—tts, ready for any 'ism,'
But liberalism and Christianism,
Shall show that of all sectarianism,
His natural sect is contrary-ism.
And S—l, too, upon Romanism
Will sport his rarco-showmanism;
And provo, by dint of sheer humbuggism,
That Tipperary swarms with Thuggism!

"When these things happen in synchronism,
Then woe and alas for the Oxford schism!
It hath reach'd its hour of fatalism,
It hath felt its last faint paroxysm.
And Puseyism and Newmanism,
And even long-winded Sewellism,
Shall all, for the want of some better 'ism,'
Be swamp'd in one great cataclysm *!"

Among my letters lately was one from a zealous teetotaller, who is about to publish a book on the subject; and, after saying that he does not recollect having ever seen any published opinions of mine on the subject, begs that I will favour him with a few sentences in favour of the cause. Wrote back to him to say that I thought no man had a right to preach what he does not practise, and that my own habits at table, though certainly *not* intemperate, extended to a freer use of wine than would authorise me with a grave face to recommend abstinence to others. * * * *

February 25th. The difficulty as to how I can raise the 100*l.* to meet Russell's draft, still haunts me most worryingly; there being, in addition to this, the yet unpaid bills for the outfits both of him and Tom. It redounds much to the honour of my kind old friend Hume, that when I wrote to him the other day telling of Russell's draft, he instantly answered, and inquired of me when the bill would become due, evidently meaning to help me through it. This, after all (in a world where money is the universal touchstone), deserves eminently to be noted down as true friendship. Lord Bacon cites some ancient philosopher, who said that "Gold was tried with the touchstone, and men with Gold;" and the great chancellor, who was himself, perhaps (while at Gray's Inn), sometimes run hard for this "trier of spirits," seems to have felt deeply its truth.

March 12th. Had written to Hume to meet me at Brookes's this morning, on the subject of Russell's bill (100*l.*), which was to fall due on the fifteenth, and which I trusted he would enable me by some accommodations to meet. On explaining to him that I merely wanted his acceptance of a draft upon him to that amount, at a month's date, he most readily and kindly assented. Went with him to his banker's, made the bill for 120*l.* to meet some other little exigencies, and wrote to *my* bankers (at Devizes) to apprise them that they should have provision for the bill by Tuesday morning's post. Was delighted to have to tell my dear Bessy that all had been arranged so comfortably. Couldn't help ruminating a little on the essential difference there is between useful and merely ornamental friends. But one musn't grumble; both are good in their different ways.

13th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Company, Everett (the American Minister), Lord Mahon, Milnes, Luttrell, &c., &c. Talking of Lady Holland's crowded dinners, and her bidding people constantly "to make room," Luttrell said, "It must certainly be *made*, for it does not *exist*." Dined at Lady Holland's. Found in the hall, as I was going in, a victim of *one* of her ways of making room, in the person of Gore, who was putting on his great coat to take his departure, having been sent away by my Lady for want of room. Company, Lord Melbourne, Lords Erroll and Kinnaird (if I recollect right), Lord Dalmeny, and a good many more. So great was the "pressure from without," that Allen, after he had performed his carving part, retired to a small side table to dine. All was very agreeable, however, and I have seldom seen Lord Melbourne in

* A learned name for the Deluge.

such good spirits. Rogers's theory is that the close packing of Lady Holland's dinners is one of the secrets of their conversableness and agreeableness, and perhaps he is right.

16th. Dined with Mr. Grenville. Company, only Lady Francis Egerton, the Archbishop of York and his niece, and Lord Harrowby. Choice Church and State companions for *me!* but all very kind and agreeable, and the male portion veterans of the first order, Mr. Grenville himself being eighty-six, the Archbishop, I suppose, little short of that age, and Lord Harrowby, as he told us, eighty. No great deficiency visible in any of them; and Lord Harrowby let off some of his sarcastic jokes as lively as ever. Sat a good while talking after dinner, and then home. The Archbishop, in the course of the day, reminded me of the ancient music, and the little use I had made of my privilege of *entrée* to "the preserve," and Lady Francis asked me to her music to-morrow evening. Had a note from Sydney Smith this morning. I had met him soon, after my arrival in town, at Lady Holland's, and he then told me that his list of dinners was full, both at home and abroad, for ten days to come. Alluding to this in the excuse I sent him, I added, that most willingly would I have *fasted* for the chance of dining with him. The following was his reply:—

"My dear Moore,—I must explain why my invitation to you came so late. Before I knew you were in town, my party was completed; but Lord Carlisle is ill, and I hastened to supply his place from the aristocracy of nature. Ever," &c.

18th. Went for a few hours to the State Paper Office, to see how far they had got on with the calendaring since I was last there. Was sorry to find they had made but little progress. Took some notes of what they had done. Dined at Mrs. Cunliffe's. Company large enough, but (strange to say) quite a blank in my memory; whether through *their* fault or *mine*, I know not. I have heard of a "Tabula rasa," but a whole dinner *table* thus suddenly erased from one's memory is a new phenomenon. In one of Bessy's last letters, she mentioned that a letter had arrived at Sloperton from Tom, dated Lower Scinde, and stated a few of the particulars contained in it. Something struck me that there was much held back by her through the fear of annoying me.

19th. Went to the Horse Guards. Macdonald put into my hand a letter or paper which revealed all that my poor Bessy had withheld from me. Tom has sold his commission, and is on his way home! thus casting away all that I had managed to do for him with so much anxiety and self-denial. Forgot to mention that I breakfasted this morning with Milnes, to meet the American Minister, Hallam, Macaulay, &c., &c. Macaulay opened for us quite a new character of his marvellous memory, which astonished as much as it amused me; and that was his acquaintance with the old Irish slang ballads, such as "The night before Larry was stretched," &c., &c., many of which he repeated as glibly off as *I* could in my boyhood. He certainly obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, "Do all things but *forget*."

20th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Made visits. Called (this day I believe it was) on the Halls, the clever writers on Ireland, who live at Old Brompton; but did not find them at home, so had my long walk for nothing. Dined at Fonblanque's; a very large party in a small room. Got luckily seated between Shiel and our host, so that I had the flower of the whole assemblage.

22nd. Off for home by the half-past ten train, and in the next carriage to me was Jeffrey, Mrs. Jeffrey, Empson, Mrs. Empson and child. Jeffrey, I was sorry to find, not in good health, and going to Clifton for change of air. Asked him to pay us a visit at Sloperton, and said that if possible I would set him an example by coming to see him at Clifton. How comfortable even these glimpses are of old and dear friends. As I say myself, in one of my songs,

> "Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
> To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
> For a smile or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
> Is all we enjoy of each other in this."

This "hastening on" would seem to have been written with a prospective view to my meeting Jeffrey thus in full speed, on a railroad. Found my sweet Bessy pretty well, but, like myself, full of alarm and anxiety about our two boys: the one good and prosperous, but in ill health; the other,—but,

alas! there's no use in dwelling upon what is so painful.

25th and 26th. "Moore's Irish Melodies translated into Irish. By Dr. McHale, R. C. Archbishop of Tuam.—'In every language syllabled by fame' have the Irish Melodies, that undying transcript of a nation's wrongs and honours, been hitherto made known, except, until now, in the native language of their own country. Musical, perhaps, beyond most others, at least as far as the simple expression of feeling may be conveyed through the medium of sound, the Irish nation have as yet had in their mother tongue only bad expositors of their airs, or vapid declamatory modes of reproduction; and while the singers of all the rest of the world have known the words of Moore, the 'mere Irish' were obliged to be contented with the knowledge that their wrongs and their woes found a place in the crowded saloons where fashion and beauty meet, while in their own old and most expressive language alone they found no currency. This reproach, or want, is now likely to be removed by the aid of Dr. McHale, who, in reducing the Irish Melodies from the 'foreign' tongue, in which their own great poet had made them so familiar, to the native, has, as he expresses it in the notice 'to the reader,' which precedes these translations, 'introduced these Melodies to his humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin,' and done 'a service to the taste and morality of the people.' The translator, whose name and position will make these versions as popular at the hearths of the peasantry as the originals are all the world over, thus alludes to the author:—'The genius of Moore must ever command admiration; its devotion to the vindication of the ardent faith of Ireland, and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instruments of every Muse, and became master of them all; sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its poetical melodies; subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and Erin, at once the emblem of piety and of patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of patriotism.' This is high praise, but not beyond Moore's merits. The translations, we are told by those acquainted with the ancient Irish language, are excellent, close, and worthy of the author."

April 6th. We had been for some time daily expecting our dear Russell, and this morning a letter arrived from him, dated Hastings, and telling us we might expect him in the course of the day. Our ears and eyes were of course on the watch for every carriage that approached, and at last we heard his own voice telling the flyman *not* to drive into the gate. Our feeling at this remembrance of his mother's neat garden, and his thoughtful wish not to spoil the gravel, was hardly expressed to us when we saw the poor fellow himself, getting slowly out of the carriage, and looking as if the next moment would be his very last. It seemed, indeed, all but death. Both his mother and myself threw our arms round him, and all three remained motionless for some time; the poor boy the only calm one of the three, and my feelings and fears being far more, I confess, about the mother than about himself. It was very frightful, nor shall I ever forget those few minutes at that gate.

7th to 9th. Have had Brabant two or three times to see Russell, and he evidently thinks him in great danger. No ulceration yet in the lungs, but tubercles, he thinks, have formed.

10th and 11th. My poor Bessy day and night watching over her patient, to whom she has given up her own room, and at every cough she hears from him at night is by his bedside. It is for *her* I most fear.

12th to 14th. Great appearances of amendment, and Brabant evidently begins to think him better.

15th to 18th. I shall now, as some amusement to my mind, notice a few of the various communications I have been receiving lately, and, first and foremost, the following scrap of one of my dear Bessy's letters while I was in town (the very letter which contained, or rather suppressed, the bad news about Tom) deserves well to be preserved. "The violets are getting ready to welcome you back, and I have had a number of little nothings done to keep us tidy; so that without expense we shall go on again looking tolerably decent. The wall is up and the honeysuckle arranged. Polly*

* Mary Hughes, of Buckhill.

and I worked hard at your face* to wash it clean, and we succeeded in a degree. Remember to bring down Mr. Rogers."†

Received last month the following letter from Mrs. Hall, the writer of the inimitable Stories, &c., about Ireland.

"Dear Sir,—I venture to present you with a copy of my 'Sketches of Irish Character;' for though, being my first work, it is crude and full of faults, yet, relating as it does to my native Bannow, and being inscribed to your old friend Thomas Boyse, I hope it may find favour in your eyes. I have long desired to present you with 'my works.' I owe you, in common with all those who can feel, so much gratitude, that even to be able to say 'I am grateful,' is a privilege; but had it not been for your kind note to my husband, I should not have presumed to address you even now. I cannot avoid mentioning a little circumstance which afforded us both much pleasure. We were reading your 'History of Ireland,' and found that you had immortalized a poem on Jerpoint Abbey, by mentioning it with a few precious words of praise. That poem was written by my husband, when quite a youth, and long before he thought of exchanging his pen for a barrister's gown. I am sure you would not regret your generous words, if you had witnessed *my pride* for him. I have the honour to be,

"Your most obliged and grateful,

"A. Maria Hall."

May 1st to 9th. Again disturbed from home and work, and obliged to run up to town on a fool's errand, namely, the acting as one of the stewards at the approaching dinner of the Literary Fund; his Royal Highness Prince Albert having consented to take the chair on the occasion. This is, *indeed*, meeting the spirit of the times more than half way; the King Consort taking the chair at a Freemason Tavern dinner!

10th. Started for town, leaving our dear boy somewhat better. Found, with my usual good luck, a note from Murray, asking me to meet at dinner *to-day* the man of all others I wanted to shake hands with once more—Washington Irving. Called at Murray's to say "yes, yes," with all my heart.

11th. Went to the Literary Fund Chambers to see what were the arrangements and where I was to be seated; having in a note to Blewitt, the secretary, begged of him to place me near some of my own personal friends. Found that I was to be seated between Hallam and Washington Irving. All right. By the bye, Irving had yesterday come to Murray's with the determination, as I found, not to go to the dinner, and all begged of me to use my influence with him to change this resolution. But he told me his mind was made up on the point, that the drinking his health, and the speech he would have to make in return, were more than he durst encounter; that he had broken down at the Dickens' Dinner (of which he was chairman) in America, and obliged to stop short in the middle of his oration, which made him resolve not to encounter another such accident. In vain did I represent to him that a few words would be quite sufficient in returning thanks. "That *Dickens'* Dinner," which he always pronounced with strong emphasis, hammering away all the time with his right arm, *more suo*, "that *Dickens'* Diuner" still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up all hope of persuading him. At last I said to him, "Well, now, listen to me a moment. If you really wish to distinguish yourself, it is by saying the fewest possible words that you will effect it. The great fault with all the speakers, *myself* among the number, will be our saying too much. But if you content yourself with merely saying that you feel most deeply the cordial reception you have met with, and have great pleasure in drinking their healths in return, the very simplicity of the address will be more effective from such a man, than all the stammered out rigmaroles that the rest of the speechifiers will vent." This suggestion seemed to touch him; and so there I left him, feeling pretty sure that I had carried my point. It is very odd that while some of the shallowest fellows go on so glib and ready with the tongue, men whose minds are abounding with matter should find such difficulty in bringing it out. I found that Lockhart also had declined attending this dinner under a similar apprehension, and only consented, on condition that his health should not be given. * * *

* A cast from Kirk's bust of me which stands in our drawing-room.

† A print of himself from Lawrence's picture, which he had promised to give to Bessy.

The best thing of the evening, (as far as *I* was concerned), occurred after the whole grand show was over. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street, when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me, and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Sure, ain't *I* the man that patronizes your Melodies?" He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow projection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last that we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and, while putting me into the cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble) he said confidentially in my ear, "Now, mind, whenever you want a cab, Misthur Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man." Now, this I call *fame*, and of somewhat a more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard. (See Ginguenè.)

16th. Forgot to mention that I went to rehearsal at the Ancient Music this morning, the Archbishop of York having good-naturedly called me to account the other day for never using my privilege of *entrée* to the Preserve. Nothing, certainly, could be more gratifying than my reception now among them. Lord Cawdor, who had been sitting beside the Archbishop when I entered, said laughingly, "Let us place him next the Archbishop," and laying his hands on my shoulders, made me take his seat. Two old stock articles of mine, "Fallen is thy throne," and "Sound the loud timbrel," happened to be among the selections for the day, and everybody was very flattering about them. The manner, however, in which "Fallen is thy throne" was given, worried me not a little, from its dull sameness, and I felt very much relieved when I found they stopped after the second verse. To hear them *snore* out "Go, saith the Lord, ye Conquerors" (into which I myself in singing it throw all the force and passion I can muster up) would have been rather trying. Nothing, however, could have been more agreeable than the whole *séance;* the nice people around me, Lady Lyttleton, Mrs. Gladstone, my old friend Lady Cawdor, and the Archbishop's good-humoured daughter, the beauty of some of the music and the flattering reception given to my old strains, all was very agreeable.

21st. Breakfasted at Hallam's. A grand display of literati; and the poets particularly in great force, there being of the party Campbell, Wordsworth, Rogers, and myself. What a scene for a Blue to peep in upon! and yet the whole thing ordinary enough.

25th. Went one of these mornings to the British Museum to look over works about Ireland. Panizzi and the librarian most alert and kind in their attentions.

26th. Started for home. On arriving found our dear Russell somewhat better than I had expected.

June 4th to 6th. This whole month has been passed quietly at home, if "quietly" I can call it, with such pressing cares and anxieties on my mind. The dying state (for I fear it is no better) of our poor boy at home, and the still worse state (for death is after all not the worst evil) of that unlucky Tom, now thrown upon the world without profession or means of subsistence, make up altogether a prospect which, but for the courage, warm-heartedness, and never-failing spirits of my admirable Bessy, I never should be able to sustain.

7th to 10th. The remainder of this month passed at home and hard at work: somewhat enlivened, however, by the following announcement of an agreeable honour lately conferred upon me by the King of Prussia.

"Berlin, June 1st, 1842.—His Majesty has been pleased to found a Special Class of the Order 'pour le mérite,' to be conferred on persons who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts. The number of the members of the German nation is fixed at thirty. To enhance the splendour of the order it will also be conferred on eminent foreigners, the number of whom is not fixed, but is never to exceed that of the German members. Among the foreign members in the Class of Science (including, it seems, Belles Lettres) are Robert Farady, Sir John Hersehel, members of the Royal Society of London, and Mr. Thomas Moore.—'Prussian State Gazette.'"

July 1st to 4th. Came to the resolution at last of accepting Boyse's friendly offer, as relieving me, at least, from one great source of anxiety, the want of means for small daily demands. Wrote to him to say I would accept his kind offer of a loan of 200*l.*, and, almost by return of post, received from him a most friendly letter enclosing notes to that amount.

5th to 7th. Working at my History, which must now be my whole and sole task. * * *

17th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went afterwards to Warwick Street Chapel, and was lucky enough to come in for Mozart's Requiem. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, having been my own inviter. I had heard, on arriving in town, that he was to have a "Dickens' dinner" (as Washington Irving would call it) on this day, and wrote to propose myself as a guest. Among the other diners besides Dickens, were Rogers, Luttrell, Sir Edmund Head, and one or two more. Had a long *séance* to-day with Macdonald, at his own house, on the subject of Tom. Something that fell from Bryan yesterday gave me a faint glimpse of hope that *he* was a little inclined to interpose his aid on my present emergency. "Wasn't it possible," he asked, "that Tom might enter the army again as an ensign, that rank being so much more easily purchaseable?" I therefore questioned Macdonald on the subject. "Why, my dear fellow," he answered, "an ensigncy would cost 450*l.*, and the payment of 400*l.* would preserve to your son his lieutenancy." He also mentioned, what was most tantalizing under the circumstances, that it was *not*, as I supposed, their intention to continue Tom in his present regiment (where there are near twenty lieutenants before him), but that they had a snug birth ready for him in a regiment which was now in England, and would remain so for some time, and in which there would be but two or three between him and promotion. I forget now the number of this regiment, but he showed it to me in the Army List. This is real and *essential* kindness, if I *could* but have availed myself of it.

19th. It was this day, I believe, not yesterday, that I dined at Burdett's to meet McNab, &c. The loss of my memorandum book has allowed all that was agreeable to escape out of my mind; the disagreeable is sure to remain. Called upon Macdonald, and told him the hopelessness of my case; so there *ends* the whole matter, and with it, I fear, all my unfortunate boy's prospects. Sate a good while with Macdonald, while he was dressing for some levee, and had an account from him of the small beginnings from which he rose to be what he is; all naturally, shrewdly, and interestingly told.

22nd and 23rd. Having now no other hope for Tom, I again turned my thoughts to the chance of the Austrian service for him; but the recommendatory note from Lord Fitzroy which Neumann required, appeared to me rather a stumbling-block. As, however, he could *but* refuse, I wrote him a letter on the subject, which he answered promptly and kindly, enclosing at the same time the required note for Neumann, and thus crowning the uniform course of his kindness to me. Lost no time in delivering this note to Neumann, who said that he would do all he could towards favouring my object.

23rd. Went to Dr. Johnson's, who did not speak quite so encouragingly about Russell's case as he did to Brabant, who told us that in speaking of young men obliged to come home for this sort of disorder, he said, "It is very, very tedious; but they all recover." Dr. Johnson, however, mentioned a physician upon whom he had more reliance in East Indian cases than himself, and said he would procure and communicate to me his opinion on this subject. When I offered my fee he very courteously declined it.

August 8th to 10th. Hard at work at my History, which must now be my whole and sole task, but when to be finished, God only knows.

16th. Received a letter from Tom containing somewhat more comfortable glimpses of a future for him than have for a long time opened upon me. A French gentleman whom he has got acquainted with through our friend Villamil, and who is a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, has invited him to pass some weeks with him at his country house at Eu, and has also suggested, as a possible resource for him, his entering into the Légion Etrangère of the French army employed in Algiers, the king being likely, he thinks, to give him a commission in that service. This is at least worthy of consideration. A very happy use was made by Peel the other day,

in his clever answer to Lord Palmerston, of some lines of mine from the Melodies. Alluding to the flight of Lord John and most of the other opposition leaders from town, leaving Palmerston to stand the brunt of the House alone, he compared him to

"The last rose of summer left blooming alone,
All his lovely companions were faded and gone."

19th and 20th. An amusing instance of the spread of literature just now; one of Bessy's old women in the village sent her lately a letter from her son, in which was the following learned piece of criticism. "The following lines are written by Thomas Moore, Esq. I consider them beautiful; very sarcastic upon the gentry. Then follow these lines from Lalla Rookh:—

"A heav'n, too, ye must have, ye lords of dust,
A splendid paradise,—pure souls ye must.
That prophet ill sustains his holy call,
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all."

This metamorphose of my friend Mokanna into a lampooner of "the gentry" is excellent; a sort of Oriental Tom Brown the Younger.

21st and 22nd. Work and worry, my daily portion. Wrote to Lord Auckland, to welcome him home; to tell him of poor Russell's continued illness, and thank him as warmly as language *could* thank for his kindness to him. In his answer he says, "You are very grateful for a very little. Having a palace and four hundred servants, it was no great effort for me to give a bed to the son of so old a friend."

September 1st to 11th. Received about the 10th or 11th a letter from Tom, which agreeably relieved me from the misgivings I have had about my letter to Madame Adelaide. I shall here transcribe all he says on the subject. "The following particulars, which I trust will give you pleasure, I must state briefly, as time presses. On last Sunday morning I was presented at court. His Majesty received me most graciously, conversing with me in English, which he speaks perfectly, during five or six minutes. The same day I received an invitation to dine at the palace, where I was equally well received. On Tuesday had an audience with Madame Adelaide, and the Princess was most kind. She received me alone, and conversed for a considerable time; but did not open your letter while I was present. But yesterday evening I received the following note from the lady in waiting:—'Madame Adelaide désirerait parler demain à 11 heures à Monsieur T. Moore. La Comtesse de Montjoie s'empresse de l'en prévenir. Château d'Eu.' Accordingly I waited upon Madame this morning, who was really quite friendly both in her manner and in what she said. She told me that on reading your letter she spoke upon the subject to the King, who immediately expressed himself most anxious to meet your wishes. His Majesty also recommended me strongly to Maréchal Soult, to whom she, too, had spoken upon the subject. Madame then spoke to me very kindly concerning the badness of the climate, and the severity of the duty in Africa; observing that after my health having already suffered in India, I should not think of venturing in Africa, &c., &c. Madame concluded by telling me that she had settled everything with Maréchal Soult, who would receive me immediately; and she added, '*Si vous voulez me suivre, je vais vous présenter moi-même à son aide-de-camp.*' *&c.* Maréchal Soult, who *can* be a *tiger*, is gentle enough where kings are concerned; and it was no doubt to the intervention of his Majesty and Madame that I owed the politeness of my reception. But here the first obstacle has arisen, in consequence of my not being in possession of the papers which I forwarded to England by your desire. The Maréchal requires also a certificate, &c., &c. From all that the Maréchal said to me, I could see plainly that my request was a very difficult one for him to fulfil; but he expressed himself most ready to do everything in his power as soon as he should receive my papers and find everything satisfactory. * * Therefore it is that I venture to ask you to obtain from Lord Fitzroy the favour of a letter of recommendation to Maréchal Soult, as a letter from him as our Secretary-at-War to Maréchal Soult, upon whom everything depends, would undoubtedly facilitate the affair, &c., &c. Madame Adelaide bid me write to you to-day, and assure you of the continued friendship for you which exists no less on her own part than on that of Louis Phillippe; and she added that she intended writing to you herself, and assuring you of his kindly dispositions, for, she added, '*votre*

père et moi, nous avons toujours été de très bons amis.'"

There's a good deal more of the letter, but I have given only the most interesting parts. What will come of it all, Heaven knows. But I see not much to hope; and, in the meantime, it is but a continuation of that *spoiling* process to which poor Tom (as my son) has been from his childhood subjected. Let the result, however, be what it may, the kindness of these royal people is even more creditable to themselves than to me, and shows what injustice I did to them in supposing the "*tantœne animis cœlestibus iræ*" to apply also to these earthly godheads. Their anger with me (if indeed they ever felt it) has all evidently passed away. It being the opinion both of Bessy and Ellen that I ought to run up to town and confer with my friends at the Horse Guards on this matter, I started from home on the

12th. My companion a poor sick young clergyman who had been to try the air of Clifton for relief (and 'as happens constantly with me) it chanced that in the course of our conversation, I touched a spring which brought us in *rapport* with each other. In speaking of the Charter House, where it appeared he had been educated, I said that a son of mine had been also brought up there, whom he might have known, named Moore; upon which his poor pale face lighted up with smiles, and without saying a word he took off his hat to me.

14th. Breakfasted at Brookes's, Rogers, my grand dispenser of that meal, having gone for some days to Lord Palmerston's. Wrote a long letter to Madame Adelaide on the subject of Tom, Marshal Soult, Algiers, &c., which was in every respect a most painful operation to me. Took it myself to the French ambassador's, with the hope that he had returned from Paris, and having a sort of notion that I am personally acquainted with him, in which case I would have tried to enlist him in the cause of Tom; but he had not yet returned. Being so near my old (or rather young) lodgings in George-Street, thought I would treat myself to another peep at them; the last time I saw them having been with my poor boy, Russell. But "the gentleman up two pair of stairs" was now unwell, and I got no further than the hall. Met Lady Holland in her carriage in St. James's Street, a god-send or (to speak more gallantly) a goddess-send at this time of the year in London. Asked me of course to dinner to-day, which I most gladly accepted. Had already formed a sort of slip-knot with Easthope to dine at his country house, but he had luckily put me off till to-morrow. I had now dined two successive days at my own expense, which in London is a sort of monstrosity. "Base is the slave that pays," says ancient Pistol, and I feel deeply the truth of this aphorism when paying for a dinner for myself in London.

Company at Lady Holland's (besides herself and Allen), Sir S. Hammick and Henry Bulwer. The conversation very agreeable, and my Lady read to us after dinner a letter from Sydney, quite as piquant as any of her dishes. Thought to have remembered some of it, but my knack at reporting, never very good, is now nearly gone. I remember, however, that before dinner, Allen provoked me a little. That people shouldn't *read* my History is no blame to them, God knows; but that *without* that previous process, they should (before the author's face, too,) profess to give an account of it, and criticise it, is rather too bad, and shows that at least some of our Irish *brass* must have adhered to them. Allen gravely assured the company that the First Volume of my History was chiefly employed in supporting those fabulous claims to antiquity which my countrymen had set up; whereas I am the first real Irishman who has ever ventured to protest against our Milesian pedigree, and relieve the real antiquities of the land from the incubus of that dull fable. So much was this the case, and so essentially had this stale nonsense come to be connected in the minds of Irishmen with their great national cause, that I remember Lynch, the author of "Feudal Dignities" (a man well versed in our real ancient lore), writing to express to me his deep regret that I had adopted this view of the question, and adding that "he foresaw in it future concessions to English prejudice" on my part. In the evening Lord Fitzgerald joined our party. Lady Holland very anxious that I should meet him at dinner to-morrow, and tried all her moods, the imperative among the rest, to make me say that I would come; but, without telling her where I was engaged, I declared it to be impossible.

15th. Called for by Easthope at half-past three. Our companion a Mr. Doyle, a young Irishman, lately added to the staff of "The Chronicle." Easthope's place not far from Oatlands. None but his own family at dinner; three daughters and a son. Being asked to sing in the evening, was glad of the opportunity of again trying my voice, not having sung for months, and the last time I ventured having been before our poor dying boy, when, after a note or two, I broke irresistibly into a fit of sobbing, most painful, of course, to us all. Ever since then I had not ventured to touch the pianoforte till this evening, when, glad of the opportunity of another trial, I consented to sing, and was rejoiced to find I could get so well through it, my voice being much the same as ever, and my audience evidently much touched and pleased.

17th. Called again upon Dr. Johnson, and had some talk with him. Told him of our trial once or twice of the bath he had recommended, and of our leaving it off on account of the painful trouble it gave our poor boy, and the opinion of our physician that it would do him but little good. He then suggested some easier mode of applying the bath, and said that he should like to have it continued. Company at Lady Holland's (besides Rogers who took me), Sir James Kemp, Sir Stephen Hammeck, some foreign minister whose name I could not catch, and one or two more. Some talk with Allen, during which I asked him whether he did not sometimes feel wearied by the sort of effort it must be to keep up conversation during these evenings, and he owned that it was frequently a most heavy task, and that if he had followed his own taste and wishes he would long since have given up that mode of life. For myself (as I believe I told him), that Holland house sort of existence, though by far the best specimen of its kind going, would appear to me, for any continuance, the most wearisome of all forms of slavery; and the best result I find of my occasional visits to town is the real relish with which I return to my quiet garden and study, where in the mute society of my own thoughts and books, I am never either offended or wearied.

23rd. Received Lord Fitzroy's answer to my letter refusing, as I had anticipated, to give Tom the introduction to Soult; but full of most kind and considerate feeling. The following are extracts from his letter:—"I have been considering your poor son's case most seriously, and I really do not feel at liberty to write to Marshal Soult in his behalf. I will confess to you moreover that, however unfortunate his position may be, I do not see the advantage of his entering *La Légion Etrangère;* and I find this to be the opinion of a Gentleman of Authority* in such matters, whom I had an opportunity of consulting yesterday by the merest accident. I do not know what the precise object may be in having with the *Corps d'Armée* in Algiers a *Légion Etrangère*. It can be from no want of men, of whom France possesses an abundance, and whom she can place in the ranks at any moment by means of the conscription. But I conceive it to be from a natural desire to save the national troops from fatiguing and unhealthy services, and to have what must be done performed by those whose lives are less valuable to them. Nor do I know how officers in this corps are paid. It is presumed, however, that the duties to be discharged are such as to render imperative on an English gentleman the possession of comforts which his mere pay alone cannot command; and that, after all the exposure to disease and extraordinary fatigue, your son would not be better off in this respect with the *Légion Etrangère* than he would be in the Austrian army. It is difficult to advise when one has nothing to offer if our advice should be followed, but I cannot help urging you to reconsider this matter in which your poor son's fate is involved, and to see if his admission to the Austrian army is really out of the question."

Nothing can be more kind and considerate than this truly high-bred and soldierly letter, and his words, "your poor son," went to my heart. It is indeed a bleak prospect for the unfortunate boy.

25th to 27th. Some correspondence has passed between me and *Dan* lately, in consequence of a letter I wrote to him respecting a statement made in more than one of his speeches of the hospitable reception given in Dublin to the English Protestants, who fled

* I have little doubt from the wording of this passage, from the capital letters, and the pains taken to state that it was 'by the merest accident' the opportunity of consulting was afforded, that the Gentleman of Authority was no other than the Duke of Wellington.

thither for safety in the reign of Queen Mary. He has frequently alluded to the circumstance in his speeches, and more than once quoted a long account from some book, giving in detail an account of the demonstration made of this liberal feeling by the Catholic corporation of Dublin. Though pretty sure that the short notice we have in Ware, Harris, &c. is our only authority for so remarkable an event, I wrote to O'Connell to beg he would assist me on the subject. His letter (which, being characteristic, I shall give an extract from) tells me of course no more about the matter than I had already known from the authors above mentioned:—

"My dear Moore,—Do not be angry with me for not having sooner answered your letter. The fact is, I wanted to answer it satisfactorily, but have consumed the time in vain. * * * I remember distinctly having read the facts somewhere, though I cannot lay my hand upon the authority: I mean the facts relative to the coporation of Dublin. Of this much there is no doubt, that the Irish Catholics did not persecute any Protestants in the reign of Queen Mary; nay, more: it is quite certain that many Protestants fled from England to escape persecution, and received protection in Ireland from the Irish Catholics," &c., &c.

I have since found, and unluckily lost again, the extract from O'Connell's speech relating to this matter, wherein he enters into details of the public proceedings of the Dublin Catholics on that occasion. I should be right glad that he had any such historical fact to advance; but the real state of the case is, I believe, neither more nor less than what Ware thus states:—"This year several of the Protestants of England fled over into Ireland, by reason Queen Mary began to persecute, &c. viz., John Harvey, Able Ellis, John Edmonds, and Henry Hough, all Cheshire men, who, bringing over their goods and chattels, lived in Dublin, and became citizens of this city; it *not being known wherefore they came thither until after Queen Mary's death.*"

28th and 29th. On looking again at O'Connell's letter, I see that he *does* mention in it one of those poetical facts which he had stated in the speech referred to. "I cannot bring," he says, "to my recollection where I found the fact of the hiring of seventy-two houses in Dublin for the Bristol Protestant refugees, in Mary's reign; but find it I certainly did, and will not cease until I find it again."

October 1st to 3rd. The same melancholy course of life which has been our fate (or rather the fate of my poor Bessy and her suffering invalid) for the last six or seven months; gleams of hope, now and then, but one after another vanishing, and at last Kenrick has told us we must prepare for the worst. One great consolation is, that the poor fellow suffers but little pain; God send it may be so to the last. A night or two since he was singing over some of his favourite songs, and, indeed, sung himself to sleep.

24th. Wrote a day or two since to Tom, asking him to come here as soon as he could to see poor Russell. It is strange, but some lines of my own, long forgotten, have lately turned upon my memory, which are sadly applicable to my poor Bessy's present afflictions. All that I remember of them is that they were written, at somebody's request, for some unhappy mother, who was suffering under the anguish they so poorly describe—

"There is no grief beneath the sun
Like that with which the mother sighs
Who sees her first—her only one,
Withering away before her eyes.

"And if that one be lov'd as well
As thou art, darling child, by me,
Ah, parents' hearts alone can tell
How deep thy parent's agony."

November 1st and 2nd. A visit from Lord Auckland and Miss Eden; neither of them much changed in appearance. Their friend, poor Russell, not able to receive Lord A. in his bed-room, but will, I trust, when they next come, as he now seems really to have made a rally. Took a long walk with Lord A. across the Spye Park fields, in order to put him in his way to Lacock. He has got grey and grave,—a sad alliteration.

3rd and 4th. Received an amusing little book about "Whist," with the following note from the anonymous author:—"The author of the accompanying trifle has been so frequently and so highly amused, delighted, and astonished with Mr. Moore's works, that he has requested his publishers to forward the volume with this note." A most anxious and urgent note from Lady Lansdowne asking me to come for two or three days during the stay of the Clarendons, John Russells, &c., and proposing an arrangement by which her carriage should

bring Mrs. Hughes to stay with Bessy during my absence, and then take her back again. Though not very well myself, and with a mind anything but comfortable, could not refuse such kind importunity. Nothing, indeed, could be more truly affectionate than Lady Lansdowne has been to my poor Bess during the whole of this sad trial. No sister could be kinder.

5th. To Bowood, the carriage having brought Mrs. Hughes; but I preferred walking thither. Company at dinner, the Aucklands, John Russells, Clarendons, Strangways, Lady Kerry, and one or two more.

6th. Read and worked a little during the day. In the evening volunteered to sing, seeing that Lady Lansdowne felt delicate about asking me. Was glad to be able to make the effort, and got on much better than I expected. All seemed greatly pleased.

7th. Meant to have closed my visit this morning, but Lady Lansdowne, and, indeed, the whole party, urged so anxiously my staying over to-day, that I agreed to return, if, on seeing how all was at home, I could do so with comfort. Lord John, too, offered to walk with me to Sloperton, both to see Mrs. Moore, and to bring me back. Our walk very agreeable, and, after sitting some time with Bessy, he returned to Bowood alone, taking along with him my promise to come to dinner. The same company as yesterday, with the addition only of Poulett Scrope. In the evening Lord John begged of me to begin my singing (if I *did* sing) a little earlier, in order that Lady John, who is obliged to go early to bed, might hear me; having missed it last night. Did so, of course.

13th and 14th. The Aucklands called on their way from Bowood (which they have left to go to Lord Grosvenor's), having promised to make another effort to see Russell; but the poor fellow was asleep, and they did not like to disturb him.

December. I have not had the heart to return to this Journal for some weeks past. All is over. Our dear boy expired on the 23rd of last month, and the calmness, sweetness, and manliness of his last moments were such as to leave, even in the mother's heart, not only comfort, but almost pleasure. He suffered but little indeed of actual pain throughout the whole illness, nor was it till two or three days before his death that he became aware of his danger. His mother then, I think, suggested his taking the Sacrament, but he declined doing so. On the morning of the 23rd, he asked his mother to bring pen and ink, and make memorandums of some little gifts he wished to leave. After inquiring about a bequest of 100*l.* left by Betty Starkie, which was to fall at some distant period, he said, "Very well," and thus proceeded: "Mrs. Hughes may have my chain; she will like that." "And your seal ring," asked his mother; "there's your papa." "Papa won't wear it." "But he will use it." "Yes, my ring then, to papa." "Your dressing case; shall Tom have your dressing case?" "He wouldn't like it. Let Herbert Brabant have my dressing case." He then proceeded, "I should like to give something to Annie" (the daughter of our neighbour, Mr. Schomberg, with whom the poor fellow, before he went to India, was rather in love); "let Annie have the little seal." "What for Ellen? Would you like her to have the little lip-salve box, and Rogers's Italy?" "Yes; send my hunting-whip to Mr. Schomberg. Polly Hughes my blue purse. Mr. Hughes, of Buckhill, would like my pencil." "And what for Tom?" asked his mother, again. "I have nothing to leave that he would like. Give him my dying love, and Campbell's poems." He then stopped, as if to rest. "You haven't said anything for Mr. Starkie?" To this he made no reply.—Turning to Ruth, our good-natured housemaid, he thanked her for her kind attention to him during his illness, adding, "I suppose you'll soon be married, Ruth?" (the girl being, he knew, engaged). "Yes, sir, please God, sometime." He then spoke of his clothes, and desired that such as his brother Tom did not like should be sold or given to the poor. After he had rested a little while, his mother asked whether she could do anything to make him comfortable. "Read to me," he replied. "What shall it be?" "Read to me about the Communion." After she had read some time, he said, "I think I shall take it." His mother read a little more, and then said, "Should you like Mr. Drury sent for?" "Yes, but not now." The poor mother then read on until her feelings became too much for her, and she was obliged to stop. After an interval, she asked, "Would you like to see Mr. Drury

to-day?" "Yes." He became then composed, and his mother, as usual, washed him, brushed his hair and teeth, and scented his pocket handkerchief. Drury came, and, after having talked with him for a short time, said that he did not hesitate to give him the Sacrament as soon as he liked. "Now, or to-morrow?" "Now," answered the dear boy, and, turning to the mother, asked, "Will you take it, too?" "Yes." "Very good." He then attentively watched Drury's preparations for the Communion; and having before said that he feared Drury would find the room rather offensive, held out his handkerchief for him to smell to. He swallowed the consecrated bread with much difficulty; but when the ceremony was over, Bessy asked him how he felt, and he said, "Better, and more comfortable." "Should you like Mr. Drury to come again to-morrow?" said his mother. "Yes, if I'm alive." All this, which I have taken down from the poor mother's lips (not being able, myself, to stand the scene), took place on the morning of the 23rd, about eleven o'clock; and within three hours after our beloved child was a corpse.

December, 1842. It is with some reluctance that I enter on this Eleventh Volume of my Journal. I ought to have finished the year 1842 in the preceding volume, but I could not bear to return to its pages after my last melancholy record. If anything could heal such a sorrow as my dear Bessy's it would be the warm, the affectionate interest taken by all those ———; but I forbear to say anything more on the sad subject, and I shall now pass to ordinary matters.

On the 5th of December, Bessy and I went to Bowood to luncheon. Lady Lansdowne had most kindly pressed us to come there immediately after the funeral and stay some time, telling Bessy that she should have apartments entirely to herself, where nobody else should come till she chose it. Nothing, indeed, could be more affectionate and sisterly than her whole manner and conduct towards my poor wife.

31st. A letter from Tom, which affected Bessy most sadly, telling us that he cannot come to us before his departure for Algiers. Bessy had counted upon seeing him most sanguinely, though (foreboding the difficulties that might arise) I endeavoured to prepare her for such a disappointment. The reasons he assigns for not applying for a furlough under the circumstances in which he is placed seem all right and prudent, but, not the less for that, disappointing and saddening. A most kind letter from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy on this subject.

1843.

January, 1843.—4th. To Bowood. Party, chiefly foreign, consisting of the St. Aulaires, the Harcourts, Van de Weyer, Rothschilds, Bobus Smith, Austin, Byng. Had forgot that the St. Aulaires were old Paris friends of mine, but I had not been many minutes in the room before his Excellency himself rose briskly from his seat, and taking both my hands in his, led me in a sort of dancing step across the room, saying in French, "I am going to present you to an old friend of yours." This was Madame St. Aulaire, a very nice person, whom I used to meet at the De Broglies.—Sung a good deal in the evening, and seldom have had a more pleased and insatiable audience; the very handsome young Baroness Rothschild being not the least encouraging of my hearers. By the bye, a song was sent me some days since by an Irish lady (her own composition), in which there are four lines that took my fancy exceedingly, notwithstanding an unlucky defect in one of the rhymes.

> "Oh, breathe not a word of our love,
> Nor remember it ever hath been;
> 'Twas a beautiful dream from above,
> And has flown back to heav'n again."

10th. I was mentioning some days since the circumstance of being one evening at Rogers's, when Wilkie was looking over a set of H. B.'s early things (the first time Wilkie had ever seen them); his admiring some of them as works of art, and saying, as he pointed to a bit in one of them, "That really reminds one of Titian." "*Politician*," muttered Bobus, who was sitting next me.

21st, 22nd. Received, some time since, the following from Moran, being the particulars of the death of my poor friend John Brown, whom I have mentioned in a note on "The Young May Moon" ("Irish Melodies"). The account is from a newspaper of Dec. 9, 1808. "Early in September last (1808), in the island of Mariegalante, John Brown, Esq., a native

of Belfast, and for some time a merchant in Dublin. The manner of his death made it the more distressing to his relatives and numerous friends. On his passage from Antigua to another island, on a mercantile speculation, the ship he sailed in was captured, and carried by the French into Mariegalante, shortly before it was taken by the English forces. The French force having come to a determination to capitulate, they liberated Mr. Brown for the purpose of communicating with the British. Unhappily his joy at his deliverance made him neglect the precaution of taking with him a flag of truce; and on approaching the posts of the British he received a ball in the heart from a black sentinel in their service."

February 1st, 2nd. I find that, among my memoranda for December last, I omitted one (to me most tryingly important), namely, my remittance to Tom of another hundred and odd pounds, to enable him to leave Paris for Algiers. Not having the money (nor, indeed, anything approaching it), I had given him authority to raise the sum in Paris, by a bill upon me at three months. But, on trying to do so, he found that, if manageable at all, it would be at a most ruinous sacrifice. I therefore, immediately on learning this from him (as there was no time to be lost), drove into Devizes, and drew on the Longmans for 100*l.* at three months, adding (at Bessy's suggestion) 20*l.* more from a small deposit I had at the bank, and despatched it to him by that day's post. Was kept in a state of much anxiety in the short interval between this *extempore* draft and the Longmans' answer, and was much relieved by their replying not only affirmatively, but courteously. My poor Bess much disappointed at Tom's not being able (as we had expected) to pay us a visit before his launch into this "new sea of troubles."

The following is Chabot's letter to me (dated December 8th) announcing Tom's appointment:—

"My dear Mr. Moore,—I am requested by Madame Adelaide, to inform you that your son has been named, according to your wishes, a '*Sous-Lieutenant dans la Légion Etrangère en Afrique.*' Her Royal Highness has no doubt that your son will do credit in every way to her recommendation. It seems he is the first Englishman who has got a commission in that Legion, and, as many foreigners are on the minister's lists, it was rather a difficult matter to obtain it. I was very glad to hear from your son that you were in good health and spirits, and busy on your interesting work upon Ireland. Believe me, my dear Mr. Moore, yours very truly, "Chabot."

24th, 25th. Another letter from Tom (dated from Mostaganem, I think), in which he tells me that he is "twenty times worse off than he was in India," and I have little doubt, poor fellow, that it is a hard and pinching fate for him; the pay being as low as the service is inglorious and perilous. He has been "*sucæ fortunæ faber;*" and bungling work the poor weak boy has made of it. However (hard driven as I am), some further effort must be made to save him.

March 23rd. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Jeffrey and Lord John,—two of the men I like best among all my numerous friends. Jeffrey's volubility (which was always superabundant) becomes even more copious, I think, as he grows older. But I am ashamed of myself for finding *any* fault with him. Long may he flourish "*in omne* volubilis *ævum.*" Walked about a good deal with Hume, or rather cabbed with him; he paying, as usual, the damage. Made visits to Miss Rogers, Mrs. Tom Longman, &c. Forget where I dined. Was rejoiced to find that the Kenmares were in London, and called upon them one of these mornings. Ten years she told me, since we last met. Ten? alas, I make a mistake. She said, I fear, twenty! "So runs the hour away."

27th. Have again got into the scrape of being bemonstered by a portrait-painter. Tom Longman's anxiety for a new portrait to prefix to the "Melodies" has conquered my resolution, and I have commenced sitting to Mr. Richmond, who has worked wonders, it is said, with unmanageable faces such as mine. Dined at Lord Auckland's: company, his brother and wife, and Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor. Auckland's brother, an excellent specimen of the best kind of country clergymen; simple, zealous, and, as far as I could see, sensible.

April. Received a letter from Whewell (*the*

Whewell) relative to the statue of Lord Byron by Thorwaldsen, which it was intended to place in Westminster Abbey. "I do not know," says Whewell, "what is the present prospect of such an intention being realized, but have been told that some thoughts are entertained of finding another place for the statue. If this is so, allow me to ask whether the application would be favourably received, if either Lord Byron's college or his university were to request to have the honour of finding a worthy situation for this work of art. His college [Trinity] would be willing to place it in the library, a noble one built by Wren, 200 feet long, and containing at present, I believe, the best collection of sculpture portraits in England by Roubilliac, the greater part, like Lord Byron, members of the College. You are aware that Lord B. formed at his college friendships which he valued though life; and he is still recollected with regard by resident members of the college. He would be among a crowd of admirers of his genius, and, I may add, the building is daily open to strangers, and is visited by all who visit any of the University sights. The other situation which I should wish to propose, if the College be refused, is the new Fitzwilliam Museum, a noble building intended as a museum of arts, and just erected from the designs of Basevi. This edifice will be ready for the reception of works of art in a few years, and if you and the Committee who have to direct the disposal of the statue were inclined to accede to such a request, I shall move our Fitzwilliam Syndicate to request that the work should be placed in the part of the Museum which is appropriated to statues."

May. Received a letter from the second son (as he tells me) of my friend Wyse, the Member for Waterford, asking for my autograph. "I have derived," he says, "many a happy hour in the perusal of your compositions, which otherwise would have been hours of melancholy and sorrow; and you may rest assured that I will preserve whatever you may be pleased to send as a valuable memorial of one to whom I shall ever feel grateful." In the course of his letter he asks, "Is it true you intend to translate into English numbers the hymns of the Catholic Church? for, I have more than once heard it affirmed and denied that such was the case." This has arisen, I dare say, from a conversation I had once, with Bishop Baines at Prior Park, when he showed me, and indeed gave me, a copy of the "Preces Matutinæ ac Vespertinæ" of the Catholic Church, and said how frequently he had wished that I would undertake a translation of them. Young Wyse, in his letter, quotes the lines of mine (from Lalla Rookh) which he wishes me to transcribe for him. I had entirely forgotten them myself, but I must say that he has not chosen very badly. I give them here, as I find them in his letter—

> "Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
> This speck of life in Time's great wilderness,—
> This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
> The Past, the Present, two Eternities!
> Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
> When he might build him a bright temple there,
> A name that long shall hallow all its space,
> And be each purer soul's high resting-place."

* * * I have mentioned, some pages back, a new German translation of Lalla Rookh which has been lately sent me from Bremen. Brabant has since given me an abstract of the touching Preface which the father of the youth, Dr. Meneke, has prefixed to the work.

"In the Preface, or rather Dedication," says Brabant, "prefixed to this translation, some particulars are given of the author. He was the son of a professor, but himself not fond of letters; and, till he had completed his nineteenth year, a clerk in a counting-house. Up to this period his chief pleasure had been hunting and the other sports of the field. But admiration of Lalla Rookh checked his pleasure-loving propensity, and, under the assistance of a professor of the name of Ruperti, he applied himself to a careful perusal of this poem, with occasional attempts at translation; till at length he came to the determination to translate the whole work. In the meantime, a diseased state of lungs began to make itself known, and his life was evidently in danger; but this did not prevent the execution of his task. He died in 1841, being at that time little more than twenty years of age, leaving in MSS. the entire translation excepting only one song. The father was desirous of manifesting his affection for his son by giving a permanent form to this effort of his genius, at least, of his industry; and having submitted the MSS. to the perusal of a gentleman of the name of Wilken, he at length has sent this translation to the press. In particular, he begs to dedicate it to Ruperti, who had contributed so much to

the cultivation of the intellectual powers of the deceased." Brabant adds, "I am not a competent judge, but the little I have read and compared appears to me well and elegantly rendered."

June 5th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Shocked to find that I had promised myself yesterday to Sir Charles Lemon as well as to Bunbury; but if people will not send reminders, what is a many-dinnered gentleman to do? Found myself in another scrape to-day, having promised my company to *some* Amphytrion or other, but couldn't in the least remember *who*. Heard rather bad accounts of the conference yesterday between Addison and Mrs. Power. Dinner hour approached, and still no clue to the "*vrai amphytrion chez qui on dinait.*" In this exigence recollected that Rogers told me he was to dine at home and alone; and so sauntered down to St. James's Place, about a quarter past seven, on the principle that "social sorrow loses half its pain," and that as we neither of us had dinners, we had better dine together. Just as I was passing Burdett's, Mrs. Otway Cave's carriage stopped at the door, and as I handed her out, she asked, "Where are you going?" "To dine with Rogers," I said, "if he is at home." "You had better far stop here," she replied, "for I see dinner is on the table." So in I turned with her, and found myself welcomed most heartily, there being but one other guest, and he an old acquaintance of past days, whose name and self I had long since forgotten. Got on very agreeably, and as Lady John Russell had asked me to join them in the evening, at Drury Lane, went home and dressed. Found the whole family party in the Duke of Bedford's box, and having seen through a petite piece (I forget about what) went off from thence to the Polish Fancy Ball, where Horatia Fielding was mistress of the revels (being the leader of the chief quadrille), and did not get home till between two and three o'clock in the morning! Some one mentioned to-day that Charles Napier *, in writing to a friend the night before his late victory at Meeanee, said, "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I *have* loved."

9th. Dined with Everett, the American Minister, and handed into dinner a very pretty and *aimante*-looking young American, to whom (as I remember a countryman of mine once saying of a young lady whom he met for a quarter of an hour in a stage coach) I "became very much attached." What her name was, however, I forgot to ask.

24th and 25th. While in town, I quoted one day to Rogers, as Shakspeare's, and as beautiful, the following lines:—

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep."*

The next time we met, I found he had been in quest of the lines, thinking as I did of them, and it turns out that they are Byron's.

July 9th and 10th. A letter from an American, dated from West Chester, Pennsylvania, contains the following passage:—"It may perhaps be a gratification to you to know that, even in the abodes of the plainest and humblest of those who seem entirely destitute of refinement, you are known and loved; and our most cherished songs are those melodies which will live as long as memory has power to soothe the soul of man, or feeling to soften his heart."

August 3rd. Breakfasted, I think, at Brookes's. Dined at Tom Longman's. Company, the German traveller, Kohl, Lord Monteagle, and some others. Songs in the evening from Mrs. Tom and myself. Came away with Lord Monteagle, and as I was getting out of his carriage at Brookes's, slipped and strained my shoulder so much in the effort to recover myself that I felt near fainting.

4th. Found my shoulder, though very stiff, quite well enough to admit of my travelling: so I set off by the ten o'clock train for Combe Florey. The day fine and cheering. Found no one but the host, hostess, and son.

5th. Sydney drove me out in his gig to show me Sir Thos. Lethbridge's place (Sandhill). The day delicious and the country fine, but neither Sydney's horse nor his driving were such as to allow me sufficient ease for any enjoyment of the scene. The horse, which had evidently been better fed than taught, took at last to rearing, and I (as the safer break-neck expedient of the two) jumped out and walked the remainder of the way home. Sydney's wit and eke his good sense (*i. e.* upon paper) nobody doubts, but to trust himself with such a horse is stark

* The late General Sir Charles Napier.

* [*Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 4.]

staring foolish. An accession to the party at dinner by the arrival from town of Mrs. Holland with her niece, step-daughter, and one or two other females of the family. Sung a good deal for them in the evening.

6th. Started after breakfast for Taunton, where I had to wait some time for the train. The day delicious, and, being quite alone, I had full enjoyment of the beautiful country through which (or rather over which) I flew. I remember a pretty scene in some ballet where the centre of the stage represented a river on which the hero of the tale sat in a boat, rowing away with all his might, and appearing to pass through a succession of beautiful rural scenery, which was effected, of course, by the constant change of the back scene, and the appearance of progress it gave to the boat. I wanted nothing but the sweet music that accompanied this delusion on the stage to make the enjoyment of my real journey complete. During the stay for nearly an hour at Bristol, I saw our guard tell one of the official persons at the station who I was, and soon after this person addressed himself to me very civilly, and asked if I felt the carriage I was in quite comfortable, as he should be happy to put on one of the easiest they possessed for me. I thanked him, of course, for this courtesy, and said I was perfectly comfortable. Stopped at the Bowood Gate, and left my luggage, not knowing whether I was to dine with the Lansdownes or at home. Found from my sweet Bess it was to be the former. Walked then to Bowood. Party at dinner only the John Russells and myself.

7th. Same party. Lord and Lady John both very anxious that I should visit them at Endsleigh, and there is nothing I should like better. But Bessy *wouldn't*, and even if she *would*, my purse *couldn't*. It is, however, not the less good-natured of them to ask.

12th and 13th. An accumulation of letters and odds and ends of every possible description. Must first despatch some waggeries connected with Combe Florey. Sydney had often laughed at me while there for my occasional absences, and the following letter alludes to them :—

"August 7th, 1843.

"Dear Moore,—The following articles have been found in your room and forwarded by the Great Western. A right-hand glove, an odd stocking, a sheet of music paper, a missal, several letters, apparently from ladies, an Elegy on Phelim O'Neil. There is also a bottle of eau de Cologne. What a careless mortal you are.

"God bless you."

Scribbled him off in return some doggrel, of which I have not kept a copy, but they are pretty nearly as follows :

"Rev. Sir,—Having duly received by the post
Your list of the articles missing and lost
By a certain small poet, well known on the road,
Who has lately set up at your flowery abode,
We have balanced what Hume calls 'the tottle o' the whole,'
(Making all due allowance for what the bard stole)
And, hoping th' enclosed will be found quite correct,
Have the honour, Rev. Sir, to be
yours with respect.

Left behind a kid glove that once made a pair,
An odd stocking, whose fellow is—heaven knows where;
* * * * * *
Such was all that, on diligent search we can find
Which the bard, so mis-called, in his flight left behind;
While, thief as he is, he took slyly away
Rich treasures to last him for many a day.
Recollections unnumbered of Sunny Combe Florey;
Its cradle of hills where it slumbers in glory;
Its Sydney himself, and the countless bright things
Which his tongue or his pen from deep-shining springs
Of wisdom and wit ever-flowingly brings.
Such being, on both sides, the 'tottle' amount,
We shall leave to your Rev'rence to settle th' account.

October 9th and 10th. The following critical letter, sent me again to my own volumes (which I am beginning, I confess, to be rather sick of), in order to see how far the objector is right in his criticisms :—

"As a standard edition of the Irish Melodies will be shortly published, I call on Mr. Moore to consider whether the alterations he has made are always improvements. The curious reading in 'Eveleen's Bower' must be owing to a misprint. A word is changed injudiciously in 'Believe me if all thy endearing young charms,' and in 'Oh the days are gone.' The alteration in 'It is not the tear' is diabolical. In the song of O'Rourk, the change of 'they' into 'our' takes from that splendid lyric much of its beauty; the present spiritless reading completely spoils those lines where sorrow and indignation seem to strive for the mastery," &c. &c. This gentleman (whoever he may be, for he affixes no signature), having proceeded thus to a pretty

large extent, adds, "Mr. Moore has turned out quite a Fadladeen in his criticisms." After giving me these cuts in the head, my critic thus, at the end, applies his plaster. "I hope these remarks will not be ill taken. They are made by one who regards Mr. Moore with veneration and love."

20th and 21st. Another critical gentleman calls me to account for the alterations he finds in the words of some of my songs. "There is," he says, "another matter I may mention to you, and that is the pertinacity with which, through so many editions, the printers adhere to 'Moonlight' for 'Moonlit' almost invariably throughout the Melodies; and really, in this age of parlour music without meaning, it is tormenting to hear a beautiful idea beautifully expressed marred in its passage to the mind, by some boarding-school Miss *mis*reading it; for instance,

"'While smoothly go our gondolets
O'er the moonlight sea.'

You cannot fail to perceive, my dear sir, how the *light* darkens the beauty of the thought." In consequence of this gentleman's letter I have taken the trouble of looking back to earlier editions, and find it has been always "Moonlight sea," and (*pace tanti hominis*) so it shall remain. What does Shakspeare say? "Come see our moonlight revels." * *

November 2nd. I have seen a letter which Sydney Smith much admired, from his *anti-repudiation lady*, but Susan Hughes, the other day, showed me a letter from a young female friend of hers (only twenty years of age) which, on a different subject, is full as well and pithily expressed; and I shall here give a copy of it. "You say you do not think women have any rights. I'll give you credit for jesting when you said that. For myself, I don't care about women having any actual share in the Government, &c., but I *do* care that women should be recognized as the other half of mankind, and not as a third, or quarter, as is too common. It seems to me that there are comparatively very few of our sex who feel what high capacious powers lie folded up in them as well as in *man*. They think so much more of *seeing* than of *being*. I wish earnestly that women would think on these things; and then, when their nature is purified and exalted, whatever rights may become theirs will follow naturally. With respect to politics, it seems to me that those who think the female mind too low, or too high, or too something or other to take an interest in such things, make a great mistake. Whatever really interests the heart of humanity must surely interest one half as well as the other. Different spheres of usefulness may suit different characters and sexes. But whatever comes from the heart,—the cry of justice, the struggle for freedom, the endeavour to promote the diffusion of intelligence and virtue,—surely all these will *go* to the heart also. Though we may not perhaps be fitted or suited to go and fight in the battle against wrong, surely we may give the Godspeed to those who do; and that will be better than nothing; far better than joining in the senseless cry of peace, peace, where there is *no* peace. Can we, ought we, to see our fellow creatures starving for the bread of earth and the bread of Heaven, and not even 'pray for our country?' As to party squabbles and paltry tissues of words without thoughts, they are not worthy of *men*, and, therefore, not of women. It is for principles they should stand up."

3rd and 4th. The application to me for autographs becomes a serious nuisance, more especially in its new form of asking questions; those questions, too, being generally such as one can hardly in common civility decline answering. This last week I have had to write twice to the Messrs. Bosanges, foreign booksellers, respecting a query of theirs, whether the Kelly mentioned in my "Life of Byron," was *Michael* Kelly; the delay of my answer to this important question having rendered *two* letters from me necessary instead of only one. In another instance a gentleman named Stevenson, who dates from the Quay, Great Yarmouth, thus catechises me:—"In cataloguing my library I generally add bibliographical notes to each work or set of works, and shall feel greatly obliged if you will inform me who holds the copyright of your works, and how many editions have been published? Have any translations been made of any part and published? Did you ever read 'Psyche, or the Legend of Love,' by Mrs. Henry Tighe? I think I have heard your name mentioned in connection with the authoress of 'Psyche,' by an octogenarian of my acquaintance, one of the literati. What's

your opinion of the legend and its authoress," &c. &c.

25th. At the end of last week Bessy went to dine at Bowood, an entirely female and family party: Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mount Edgcombe, Mrs. Talbot, and *Lady Bess.* I have just stumbled on a rough copy of the letter which I wrote to Madame Adelaide at the time when I was applying to her in behalf of our unlucky Tom, and may as well transcribe it here; though I take for granted it was a good deal retouched and improved in the copy which I ultimately sent. "Madame,—It is impossible for me to express as I ought the deep gratitude which I feel towards your Royal Highness and his Majesty, your illustrious brother, for the kind and prompt attention which you have both so graciously paid to my request. The hope held out by my son's letter to me that Maréchal Soult will take my son's case into consideration, has given me the sincerest pleasure; and I trust your Royal Highness will forgive my trespassing so far on your patience as to give a more detailed account of the circumstances which have led to my venturing on such a request. The military profession in England is fit only for the sons of the rich; and as I have been, all my life, one of the poorest of poor gentlemen, I should never have dreamt of putting my sons in the army had it not been so decidedly their own wish, that I thought myself bound to make the effort. With great difficulty, and, what is still worse, by incurring a debt which I am still paying, I managed to purchase for my eldest son (the object of your Royal Highness's kind patronage) an ensigncy and lieutenancy in succession; which, together with what I was obliged to add annually to his pay for the two or three years he has been in the army, has amounted nearly to 1500*l.* After all this effort on my part, he got ill in India, was led into expenses beyond his means, was obliged to sell those commissions which it had cost me so much brain-work to acquire for him, and is now living on the few remains of that last resource in Paris. I have ventured to enter into these details because your Royal Highness has made me feel that I *may* do so, without offending; and because, through your kindly intervention, the real state of my son's position may become known to Maréchal Soult, and thereby remove from his mind any impression he might naturally have conceived that it was through some misconduct on the part of my son that I have been driven to make this application. On the contrary, so kind an interest did the authorities of the Horse Guards take in his position, that they suspended, for some time, their sanction of the sale of the commission, in order to give me an opportunity of still repairing the misfortune by paying back the sum of money which my son had received in part payment (viz. 400*l.* out of 700*l.*), and thus enabling them still to retain him in his present position.* Of this great kindness, however, I was unable to avail myself, having exhausted not only my former resources, but intrenched deeply on the future; and though I have friends who, I doubt not, would have come to my aid, if asked, none offered their assistance; and (till now, at least,) I have not been reduced to the pain of asking. Had he not unluckily adopted the army as his profession, I could far more easily have provided for him in some civil line. But now Algiers is his whole and sole resource; and under your Royal Highness's kind intercession, I begin to hope (though hoping with a heavy heart) that the poor boy may yet succeed. I shall venture to finish this appeal by adding a few words respecting my second son, John Russell. With much less expense, of course, I fitted him out for the military service of the East India Company. But, after a year and a quarter in Calcutta, passed most of the time in severe illness, he has returned to us in a state little removed, I fear, from death, being only saved from dying there by the great kindness of my old friend, Lord Auckland, who received and lodged him, for the greater part of the time, at Government House."

I forget whether I sent the whole of these homely details to Her Royal Highness; but, knowing what thoroughly unaffected and *home*-feeling people all the women of that family are, I felt I was taking the best road to their hearts and sympathies by these plain, circumstantial details.

December 1st and 2nd. Received this morning a startling letter (but *agreeably* so), which I have not now time to notice further than to

* It is deeply to be regretted that Moore's friends were not aware of this kind proposal of Lord Fitzroy Somerset. Many would have been glad of the opportunity.

say, that it announces to me a bequest of 300*l.* from a gentleman, lately deceased, in Ireland, who had left it as a token of his gratitude for the pleasure which he had received from the "Irish Melodies."

3rd, 4th. The following is the letter:—

"Macroom, 29th November, 1843.

"ESTEEMED SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that the late Michael Foley Macnamara, Esq., of this town, has bequeathed you the sum of three hundred pounds, as a testimony of his affection for you as a poet and patriot, and the never-ending gratification he experienced from your 'Irish Melodies.' The words of the lamented gentleman, in conveying this sum, are these:—'To Thomas Moore, Esq., the sum of three hundred pounds, a small but sincere tribute of the esteem I hold him in as a patriot and a poet, and respectfully request his acceptance of the same.' I deem it but justice to the memory of Mr. Macnamara to add, that he often, in conversation with myself and others, repudiated the ingratitude of our unhappy land for not having raised a national tribute worthy of the services conferred on it by the publication of your 'Irish Melodies,' a sentiment truly in accordance with my own. The bequests of Mr. Macnamara are now in course of payment, and I, as trustee, shall have the pleasure of transmitting you the sum named on receipt of your letter pointing out the mode by which it will safely reach you. I have the honour to be, sir, most obediently yours,

THOMAS LEE, P.P., Macroom."

Lest this letter should turn out to be only a cruel hoax, I have been very cautious in my mode of answering it, saying, that so very rare were such truly generous and thoughtful acts, that I could not bring myself all at once to believe in the *reality* of the gift. That being daily in the habit of receiving letters from utter strangers, written on various pretences, but having most of them no other object than the now reigning rage for autographs, he must excuse me if I waited another letter from him before I noticed any further his communication.

19th. Meant to have stayed at Lacock two or three days, but Mary Hughes (whom I left with Bessy) being called away by the death of one of her aunts, I was obliged to return home. So much of late has been left unjournalised by me, that I hardly know where to take up the thread. Much of it, too, has been painful, and most especially a letter from Tom, asking me for 50*l.* as quite necessary to keep *him out of prison*. Much of the debt which this sum is wanted for was incurred, he tells me, on his first arrival, when, not having yet got into the ways of the place, he was led into some expenses that were not quite necessary. Much as all this distressed me, yet, having pretty nearly the amount he asked for at the banker's, I felt that I could not do otherwise than send it, though God knows how I shall manage, in my present reduced state, to get on. Sent 30*l.* immediately, and promised that the rest should soon follow. In the interval it was that the cruel letter from Macroom arrived, announcing to me the legacy, and there was an air of truth and reality about it which half lured my poor Bess and myself into hailing it as a providential Godsend. Already, indeed, her generous heart was apportioning out the different presents it would enable her to make to my sister, to the poor H.'s, &c., &c. Alas, alas! I wish no worse to the ingenious gentleman who penned the letter than an exactly similar disappointment.

30th and 31st. A strange life mine; but the best as well as pleasantest part of it lies *at home*. I told my dear Bessy, this morning, that while I stood at my study window, looking out at her, as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. "Thank you, bird," she replied, "that's better than money;" and so it is. "Bird" is a pet name she gave me in our younger days, and was suggested by Hamlet's words, "Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come bird, come;" being the call, it seems, which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

1844.

JANUARY 4th. Paid a visit to my wife, who was staying with our friends at Buckhill. Addition to the party at dinner of Hobhouse, Sydney Smith, and one or two more. Was made again to sing in the evening, and gave Miss Fox her favourite rebel song, "We tread the land that bore us." Told them of the new reading suggested in this song: instead of "The friends we've tried," to make it "The friends *they*'ve tried."

9th. A visit from Byng and Gore (Lord Arran's brother). Sat some time. Lady Lansdowne generally gives some hints to her guests not to break in on my mornings. But Byng is an old friend, and so he was welcome.

19th and 20th. Forgot to commemorate here, though it gave me great pleasure to hear it from Lady Kerry, that Dr. Kinsella, the Catholic bishop of Kilkenny, is a great admirer of my—"What for a ducat?"—my poor neglected "History of Ireland!" I made her repeat it over again to me (to her great amusement), in order to be quite sure that I heard her rightly.

February 2nd to 4th. A note from Phillips, the music lecturer, &c., offering me a box, whenever I may come to town, to hear his lecture on the Hebrew Melodies, and proposing the following strange query to me:—"I have been told that you presented the original copy of 'The meeting of the waters' to the landlady of the inn at the foot of the Vale of Avoca. Is this true? Because I do not like asserting that to the public which I cannot substantiate." He is very right; and I myself should find it very hard to substantiate when, where, or how I wrote that ballad at all. As to my presenting it fresh from the mint of inspiration to the fat landlady at the foot of the vale, that's too good a story to spoil, so I shall leave it for Mr. Phillips' next lecture.

8th to 10th. Have been laid up all this time more with the consequences of influenza than that disease itself, the violent coughing having strained me so much that I found it necessary to send for Norman to Bath; at least, my dear Bessy, in her anxiety, thought it necessary, though at an expense of 10*l.*, which was the amount of his fee. Such is her noble nature; sparing of all unnecessary expenditure, but on great occasions, whether of use, honest pride, or generosity, ready to the last farthing.

14th and 15th. I often think of a passage in one of Lady Lansdowne's notes lately to Bessy, the feeling of which is as just, I believe, as it is melancholy. "I never," she says, "can wish any one I love to live long."

16th. I see that O'Connell's closing speech on leaving Dublin winds up with the following anticipation of his fate, from the "Melodies"—

> "Far dearer the grave or the prison
> Illumed by one patriot name,
> Than the trophies of all who have risen
> On Liberty's ruins to fame."

The poor "Melodies" have had their share of suffering in the cause. I remember a little barrister in Dublin, who, during a pause that took place in my work, brought out a collection of Melodies of his own; and the facetious Dublin people used to call them the "Counsellor's *Maladies*." While on this subject I shall give an extract from a letter received by me many months since, the writer being a brother melodist, the parish priest of Castletown delvin. "Once again," he says, "pray accept my most grateful thanks for all your great kindness, and you will not deem the prayer less acceptable, because offered by a priest and a countryman, when I wish you the enjoyment hereafter in heaven of those more abundant and undying glories, many of which, here even upon earth, Heaven has already bestowed upon you."

17th and 18th. There have been few fames of a *quiet* kind kept alive and cherished so fondly as that of my poor friend Mrs. Tighe. I have received several letters about her in the course of this last year; and the following reached me about two months since:—"* * In a collection of poems I have seen one of yours addressed to 'Mary;' and affixed to it is a note stating that it is supposed to have been written to Mrs. H. Tighe. A friend of mine informs me, on the authority of Mrs. Blackford, that you used sometimes to style her daughter your 'guardian angel;' and if indeed she be so still, your companionship is holy, your society sweet; the very idea is elevating, and I trust often ministers to holy associations of thought."

20th to 22nd. A letter from R. S. Mackenzie, dated from "University Herald" Office, Oxford, begins by saying that he sees by Longman's list I am now concluding (would to Heaven I were) my very difficult task, the "History of Ireland," and proceeds to say: "It strikes me that if you include Emmett's affair of 1803 you might like to know that a copy of his speech, on the trial, is in existence, in his own writing. Mr. Marshal, who gives out the books in the Reading Room of the Museum, is in possession of that document, and I believe can trace it from the hands of the person to whom Emmett gave it. As a

politico-literary paper, it may interest the poet and historian of Ireland."

March 1st to 3rd. Still in a state of recumbency: Have had two or three very kind notes from Brodie, asking me to come up and put myself under his care, which I have made up my mind to do, as soon as I think myself in a travelling state. Most kind letters from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy, making inquiries about me. Meanwhile I work a little at my "History;" or rather, I ought to say, work a great deal to produce but a little.

4th to 6th. I see my friend John of Tuam, the "Lion of the fold of Judah," as he is called by the Repealers, continues to publish in monthly numbers his translations into Irish of Homer and the Irish Melodies. My latest newspapers from Dublin contain specimens of the work, together with remarks on the version of the Melodies, of which here are some specimens: "To all who are acquainted with Irish literature it is well known that the Archbishop of Tuam has for some time past snatched an occasional moment from the little leisure which the onerous cares of his pastoral duties allow him, for the purpose of rendering into our own ancient and harmonious tongue those sweet melodies of our glorious Moore which have so often excited sympathy or aroused indignation for our country's wrongs in lowly cottage as well as in lordly castles, &c. &c." "Of the fidelity and beauty (says the writer) of the translations, it is impossible to speak in terms too eulogistic. Irish scholars are already aware of the exquisite manner in which the songs published in the two former numbers have been rendered in Irish." The writer then gives specimens of the translation which may be (for aught *I* know, alas,)

"Sweeter than all the heathen Greek
Which Helen spoke when Paris wooed."

There is one curious circumstance, however, which I did understand, namely, that "in the Irish version the metre of the original is accurately adhered to in each song." I sung them over to myself (as far as I could decipher the words), and found this to be the case.

Here's an anonymous scrap which I received a month or two since, and which, as a proof that *some* people give a thought to my poor Irish History, is welcome and consoling to me, homely as my friend the suggester is.

"Sir,—It would be a great convenience to the poor people of this country if you would republish the 'History of Ireland' in monthly numbers. Moreover, as Ireland is the general topic of conversation! Also Ossian's poems, and to establish his real birth-place, which surely is not Scotland.

"A Well-wisher to Ireland."

10th and 11th. Oddly enough, since I transcribed the foregoing scrap, I received a letter from Mrs. Shelley, whom I had not seen or heard of for many months, and she, too, is pleased to be pleased with my Ireland. "But you do not," she says, "come to town, so I write at last that I may not be quite dead to you. You cannot be so to me; for your delightful volumes on Ireland would remind me, even could I forget your kindness in old times."

12th. Forget whether I mentioned some months back a precious present made to me by a young Pole, of the proof-sheets of a Polish translation of the Fire Worshippers, rendered more precious by the circumstances associated with it. In thanking John of Tuam for a copy of his *doubly* Irish Melodies, I thus alluded to the gift of the Pole: "I shall place it on the same shelf with a precious fragment I was presented with the other day, namely, the proof-sheets of a Polish translation of my Fire Worshippers, which were themselves snatched from the fire in the last rout and flight of the poor Poles from their persecutors. The two translations will lie kindredly together."

I need hardly say why the following extract from Miss Strickland's Elizabeth took my fancy: "'For that matter,' replied (Sir Thomas) Smith, 'I, for my part, make small account of height, provided the Queen's Majesty can fancy him. Since Pepinus Brevis, who married Bertha, the King of Germany's daughter, was so little to her that he is standing in Aquisgrana, or Moguerre, a church in Germany, she taking him by the hand, that his head reaches not her girdle, and yet he had by her Charlemagne, the great Emperor-King of France, reported to be almost a giant in stature.' * * * Thus did Ambassador Smith fluently vindicate the worth and valour of little men."

"Perishable nature of modern poetry. We

have seen too much of the perishable nature of modern literary fame, to venture to predict to Mrs. Hemans that hers will be immortal, or even of very long duration. Since the beginning of our critical career we have seen a vast deal of beautiful poetry pass into oblivion, in spite of our feeble efforts to recall or retain it in remembrance. The tuneful quartos of Southey are already little better than lumber; and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride. We need say nothing of Milman, and Croly, and Atherstone, and Hood, and a legion of others, who, with no ordinary gifts of taste and fancy, have not so properly survived their fame, as been excluded by some hard fatality from what seemed their just inheritance. The two who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel, and with the least mark of decay on their branches, are Rogers and Campbell, neither of them, it may be remarked, voluminous writers, and both distinguished rather for the fine taste, and consummate elegance of their writings, than for that fiery passion, and disdainful vehemence, which seemed for a time to be so much more in favour with the public."—*Criticism of Lord Jeffrey.*

"What thanks do we owe, what respects and regards
To Jeffrey, the old nursery-maid of us bards.
Who, resolved, to the last, his vocation to keep,
First whipped us all round and now puts us to sleep."

15th. Having got a little more confidence in my bodily state, set off to town, and being allowed by Lady Elizabeth to take up my quarters in Sackville Street, found everything there most comfortably ready for me.

17th. A kind note from Brodie, asking me to dine with him. Company, a party of men, all strangers to me. B. himself very kind and agreeable. Rogers had wanted me to meet the Headforts at dinner with him, but my Doctor claimed the precedence.

20th. Breakfasted at home, and went immediately after to the State Paper Office, where I worked about the same length of time as yesterday. Dined at Lansdowne House to meet only Lord Normanby, and accompany them afterwards to the French play; of which I soon got tired, and went home.

21st. Went to the British Museum, and made my searches for some hours. Much struck with the beauty and neatness of the manuscript volume containing the despatches of Fevre de la Bodèrie, who was French Minister to the English Court in the reign of James I. Went with Rogers to dine at his sister's. A large party, and considerable addition to it in the evening; when some young ladies sung duets very agreeably, and I was much pressed to sing also, but the party being too large, declined.

22nd. Was much surprised the other day at hearing Mr. Lemon (of the State Paper Office) say that Lingard had never come to consult their papers. This from any other authority I should have pronounced downright impossible; but as far as I have yet had time to examine, am inclined to believe it true, for, in a volume of his which I am at present employed upon, all the authorities he cites are from other sources. I have since seen one or two references by Lingard to letters in the State Paper Office.

I find, from the want of my usual memorandums, it is not in my power to specify dates, places, persons, &c., as I usually do in journalising; and so must (to use a *poetical* expression) *lump* the whole together as correctly as I can manage. Besides the dinners already noted, I dined, the day following my dinner with Rogers, at Tom Longman's. Talbot and I went together. A very good party. Macaulay, Sydney Smith and wife, and many more. In the evening was made to sing a good deal.

Dined another day with the Lionel Rothschilds, and sate at dinner next to the pretty Baroness herself. * * * * * Young D'Israeli, the only one of the guests that I knew or now remember. Sung a good deal; Madame Rothschild herself also sung, and very well.

April 1st to 3rd. John O'Connell, who has taken to quoting me as well as his father, gave a new reading of me the other day, in one of his speeches, which, for aught I know, may be an improvement. In "Oh the sight

entrancing," instead of "The sword may pierce the beaver," he makes it "The falchion's blade may shiver."

May 1st and 2nd. Received a letter from my old Paris friend, Wright, on a subject which we used often to converse upon; namely, the much-agitated text of 1 John, v. 7, which he is employed in writing a history of for the Encyclopædia of Biblical Literature; detailing everything of any interest respecting it from Erasmus to Scholz, the last critical editor of the New Testament: "Who, you are no doubt aware," says Wright, "has omitted the passage as altogether spurious." He then tells me that Dr. Todd of Dublin is examining for him over again the Codex Montfort in the Library of Trinity College, which has been generally supposed to have been the Cod. Britannicus of Erasmus, the solitary MS. which led him, against the authority of all others, to insert the text in his 3rd edition. It is, however, (continues Wright) far from certain that this is the same MS. He then adds as follows: "Dr. Todd is also examining for me with the same view the Codex Armachanus, which is referred to by Dr. O'Connor in his *Rerum Heb. Script.*, where is an imperfect description of the MS. in a communication of Mr. Watkin Wynne for the papers of Humphrey Lhuyd (Vol. I. Epist. Nuncup.). This is probably the oldest MS. of the Vulgate (containing the Catholic Epistles) in existence, even if we should not admit, with Sir W. Betham, that it is in the handwriting of Aidus, Bishop of Sletz, who died in 660. I do not know whether you are aware that both Dr. Todd and Mr. Petre maintain that the copy (MS.) recently discovered in the Domnpach was St. Patrick's own copy of the Gospels. However, when Scholz's Greek Testament came out in 1836, the poor Bishop of Salisbury, Burgess, who had contributed largely to the publication (in the expectation, no doubt, that it would contain his favorite passage), wrote his last pamphlet, in reply to Scholz's *diatribe;* but only survived the publication three weeks, &c. &c."

14th. A visit long promised from Tom Hume and his clever, warm-hearted wife. My poor Bess so ill from cramp and general weakness, that it was no small effort to her to receive them.

June 3rd. Went to the British Museum. The only object I hoped to be able to manage being some references to the MS. of Rinuccini's Memoirs, which Panizzi showed me when I was last in town, and which I understood he intended at some time or other to publish. To my great joy, it appeared that he had been anticipated in this object, and that it was possible I might find a copy of the work at Rolandi's, the foreign bookseller. So off I set thither, and found that of the few copies they had imported only one remained to them. This I was most glad to purchase of them for 10*s.* 6*d.*; and thus, instead of poking over the old Nunzio at the Museum, was able to carry him off with me, body and bones, to Sloperton. I forgot to mention that on Sunday last (the 2nd) I went to Hanwell to pay the first visit I have paid there for many years. Most kindly and hospitably received by my old friend the host, and his handsome wife. On my way to the station, I had called on Sydney Smith, and found him at home, confined by gout. Was not a little amused as well as surprised to find him industriously employed in teaching himself French. There was his copy-book lying open upon the table at the place where I took my seat, with all the verbs and their moods and tenses, &c., written out as neatly by his own hand as any young boarding-school Miss could have done it. What an odd pastime for such a man, and how he would have laughed at any other septuagenarian so employed! I have since recollected that one day, at Bowood, he began *àpropos* to nothing, to speak French in the middle of dinner, and went on with some common-place sentences in that language, looking much pleased while so doing. This was now explained to me; he was then practising his school lessons upon us. Dined with Lady Holland; a very dull dinner. Forgot to mention I found another subject of Sydney's late studies was the large octavo edition of my poetical works; and he was pleased to say that what surprised him most in them was their "variety and fecundity."

6th. A letter from Bessy to say she had been left quite alone, and hoped I would return without delay. Went to the Boyses, who, I knew, would be disconcerted at this news, as Boyse and I were to dine to-day at Lord Fortescue's. But knowing how Bessy

suffers from nervousness when left without any companion, I resolved to be off to her. The Boyses full of regret at my going. Called upon the Lansdownes, with whom I was to have dined the day after to-morrow, and started by the two o'clock train.

13th, 14th. The Rev. Mr. Pulling, of Cambridge, whose sonnets I lauded some time since, and who, to judge from the extent of the praise he has received, must have been very successful in his sonneteering, has just sent me one on myself, which at a hazard (for I have not yet read a word of it) I will transcribe here:—

"Unto thee, Moore, I will a lay devote,
And would with liquid beauty it might be
Fraught like thine own; then melting melody
Thereto would give a charm and magic note.
While thee I think upon, in air I float——"

There I was about to leave him, but the remainder is worth going on with:—

"At the command of fancy and of glee
And reach a garden full of fragrancy,
Where Philomel I hear with warbling throat.
Vainly I toil to match thee in thy grace,
Thou lauded poet, wholly void of peer,
Who always wilt adore thy natal place;
Erin will ever hold thy memory dear,
And fondly on thy honoured tomb will trace
(Oh be that day remote) 'Give Moore a tear.'"

July 1st to 3d. The Irish Society, I see, has at last succeeded in getting afloat. There has been a dinner, with Lord Clanricarde in the chair; and Dr. Croly has made a speech, in which, after eulogising many of the statesmen, writers, &c., of Ireland, he thus glorifies my small self.

"Your Lordship, in alluding to our literature, gave an honourable tribute to the poets of Ireland. Who can forget that we have among her living writers the most delicious poet in the world? (cheers.) The national melodies (to make no reference to the other works of Moore), will be a lasting testimonial to his most successful ability. What Milton has told us of the marriage of 'music to immortal verse,' has been realised by this distinguished writer, but with a still more legitimate and more charming connection—his is immortal verse 'married to immortal music,' and that golden band wil never be dissolved" (cheers).

5th to 7th. I have not mentioned my having been summoned to town for the melancholy purpose of attending as one of the mourners at poor Campbell's funeral. Besides the painfulness of the task, it would have been very embarrassing to me in many ways, and I felt compelled to decline it. Poor Campbell! if I was to outlive both our span of years I could never forget the manfulness of the atonement he made to me for the rash letter published by him on the Byron affair. "I ask you to forgive me," were the closing words of his frank *amende*.

16th to 18th. I am getting into great repute, I see, with the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers. At one of their great evening festivals, some time since, there was a series of illuminated scrolls exhibited with the names thereon of the great champions of their cause, and there I was, in full blaze, by the side of Ebenezer Elliot, who, it seems, is the other great Laureate of the League. Some short time since, too, Dr. Bowring, who is also one of their *Dii Majores*, read in his speech, at one of their meetings, the whole of my long squib about the Owhyhean Lords.

"Who of all afflictions, ills and vices,
Thought none so dreadful as low prices.
Wherefore they held it just and meet
That the world should not too cheaply eat;
Nay, deemed it radical insolence
To wish to dine at small expence,
And swore for the sake of themselves and heirs,
That, happen what might, with other wares,
No bread should be less dear than theirs," &c. &c.

September 10th, 11th. In Lord Denman's late memorable speech on the Irish State Trials, the following sentence amused me not a little. "There was a great deal," he said, "of law taken for granted, which when it came to be examined, was found to be no law at all." Alas, the same is, I fear, the case with philosophy, and many other grave and grand things of this world.

"There was a Spanish doctor, who had a fancy that Spanish, Italian, and French were spoken in Paradise: that God Almighty commanded in Spanish, the Tempter persuaded in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French."

The scrap here extracted, I found in an old book, at Hobhouse's, the other day. Lord Marcus pointed it out to me, and I thought it worth preserving.

21st, 22nd. Here is an anecdote of William Spencer's which has just occurred to me. The dramatis personæ were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon the historian, and an eminent

French physician, whose name I forget; the historian and doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favour. Impatient at Gibbon's occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him, "*Quand mi lady Elizabeth Foster sera malade de vos fadaises, je la guérirai.*" On which Gibbon, drawing himself up grandly, and looking disdainfully at the physician, replied, "*Quand mi lady Elizabeth Foster sera morte de vos recettes, je l'im-mor-taliserai.*" The pompous lengthening of the last word, while at the same time a long sustained pinch of snuff was taken by the historian, brought, as mimicked by Spencer, the whole scene most lively before one's eyes.

October 5th to 8th. The Bowood family arrived, and almost at the same time a kind note from Lady Lansdowne, asking Bessy and me to come and dine there on Monday. So the winter campaign there has opened, and how I am to fight off these kind and agreeable attacks I know not. In my answer declining Monday's dinner, I depicted somewhat more strongly than I intended, or perhaps ought, the situation in which I am placed between printers' devils assailing me from without, and the cares and wants of home staring upon me from within. Am sorry I let that word "wants" escape me.

November 8th to 10th. My poor Journal fares but badly in the total absorption of all my time which this weary History demands. I often think of an old Scotch song which I used to sing as a boy, and to which, indeed, I wrote words, which are, I believe, printed, beginning, "The wreath you wove." The subject of the original words is an old woman employed on a long, weary task of spinning (or weaving) a pound of tow, and the burden of every verse is, "The pund o' tow, the pund o' tow, the weary pund o' tow." Much the same feeling as the old woman's is that which I experience in returning day after day to the same endless theme.

11th to 13th. Three or four weeks of respite from company, which I have turned to account as well as I could; but what with time's *speed* and my own *slowness*, little is done.

December 5th to 8th. A most friendly letter from Lord John, saying how long it had been since he heard anything about me and Mrs. Moore, and asking me to write to him. In my answer, said I agreed with him that friends ought not to go on thus, trusting to each other's remembrance, without now and then a word or two to refresh the recollection. It was all very well to say of *lovers*, "*Ils ne se verront plus, ils s'aimeront toujours*," but *friends* require a little poking of the fire now and then, to keep it alive.

9th to 11th. Having let a long time elapse since Rogers's misfortune (the robbery of his banks) without writing to him even a line, I feared he might think it unkind, though delicacy was in a great degree my motive, and I accordingly wrote to him one of these days, or rather nearly a month since. I do not remember exactly what I said, but I know I alluded to the ill-luck that seemed almost invariably to attend poets in all connected with money; even in his case, where by a rare alliteration, wealth and wit, money and the muse, were found together, this fatality of poets seemed resolved to assert its rights, and to show that the two gifts were incompatible; that

> "Where such fairies once have danced
> No grass shall ever grow."

"But this," I continued, "will not be the case with you, my dear friend; your grass will, I trust, still grow, and your fairies dance for many and many a year."

12th to 14th. Some really *friendly* friend of mine, and one knowing a good deal of the matter, has published the following statement in reference to the stupid paragraph about me. I cannot conceive who it can be; but he has made himself accurately acquainted with the transaction.

"Anecdote of the poet Moore. We find the subjoined statement in several of the papers, but without the original authority being quoted:—

"'The following anecdote is related of the poet Moore; there is an excellent moral in it:—Moore had just returned from his Government office in the West Indies, a defaulter for 8000*l*. Great sympathy was felt for him among his friends, and three propositions were made to cancel the debt. Lord Lansdowne offered simply to pay it. Longman and Murray offered to advance it on his future works, and the noblemen at White's offered the sum to him in subscription. This was at a time when subscriptions were on foot for getting

Sheridan out of his troubles; and while Moore was considering the three propositions just named, he chanced to be walking down St. James's street, with two noblemen, when they met Sheridan. Sheridan bowed to them with a familiar "How are you?" "Damn the fellow," said one of the noblemen, "he might have touched his hat. I subscribed a hundred pounds for him last night. "Thank God, you dare make no such criticism on a bow from me," said Moore to himself. The lesson sunk deep. He rejected all the offers made to relieve him; went to Passy, and lived in complete obscurity in that little suburb of Paris, till he had written himself out of debt. Under the spur of that chosen remark were written some of the works by which Moore will be best known to posterity.'

"The 'excellent moral' in this case is never to believe such silly improbable gossip. We have counted five positive untruths in this paragraph. No English nobleman who had subscribed to relieve Sheridan from his necessities would behave in the vulgar *parvenu* manner here described. This one circumstance taints the whole statement, but it is manifestly and historically untrue. Mr. Moore never had a Government office in the West Indies. He was, however, in 1803, appointed Registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda. He visited the islands the same year, but returned in 1804, leaving a deputy to discharge the duties of his office. The deputy, according to the general practice, was guilty of embezzlement, and the absentee poet was made liable in claims that were ultimately fixed at a thousand guineas, towards which an uncle of the deputy, a London merchant, contributed 300*l*. The first trace we have of the poet's misfortune is in 1818—fourteen years after he had returned from Bermuda, and two years after Sheridan had cancelled all his earthly debts by death! The memory of "poor Sherry" may, therefore, be relieved from the ignominy of a too familiar bow! Mr. Murray was not Mr. Moore's publisher, and was not consulted at the time in question; nor did the poet produce his best works in France; his 'Irish Melodies' and 'Lalla Rookh' (on which his fame must ultimately rest) were written in England. It is true that at the period of his difficulties, Mr. Moore retired to France, and declined all offers of assistance from his friends, among whom were the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. He redeemed himself from his embarrassments in less than three years; adding one more example to those which should serve as beacons to young authors, in which we find, crowned with brilliant success, the union of high talents and genius with honest industry, and manly independence of character."

1845.

January 1st to 3rd. A most unexpected and welcome Godsend for our poor Tom, one of these days; no less than 95*l*. announced in a letter from Lord Fitzroy Somerset; being the sum deducted from the price of Tom's commission to pay the passage of his successor to India. But the East India Company having given his successor a free passage, this sum has been put to Tom's credit at Cox and Greenwood's. Wrote instantly, of course, to tell him this good news, and suppose before long we shall see him here.

The following verses appeared a few days since in the "Chronicle," and are from the pen (if I recollect her initials rightly) of my clever friend, Miss Costello.

TO THE POET.

"They are gone to the skies, they abandon the earth;
To the seraphs, their kindred, our minstrels are flown,
And have left to the land, that is proud of their birth,
One ray of their brightness—one Poet alone.

"There are many whose numbers are graceful and fair,
Whose thoughts are harmonious, whose melodies please;
And some, as they listen, can idly compare
With the jewels of old simple sparkles like these.

"But let the great Master once waken the lay,
Once rouse from the sleep that has held him too long,
And as from the sun burst the clouds troop away,
They shall all be o'erwhelm'd in his torrent of song.

"One lay of his country, all passion and tears,
One wail of her grief, or despair, or disdain,
Is worth all the efforts—the study—of years—
Oh! when shall we hear them and hail him again?

"Bid the minstrel awaken, and charm us, as when
We knew from his verse what the spells were of yore;
The harp is his book, and its chords are his pen—
What darkness enshrouds thee?—return to us, Moore.

"L. S. C."

Lady Elizabeth Fielding, in sending me these verses, which she had cut out of the newspaper, says, "See how the public call upon you, and you go on treating them with silent contempt. Shame, shame!"

Copy of a note from Mrs. Sydney Smith* to Longman, July 7th, 1845, in reference to a letter I had written to him, expressing my fears that we should not be able to raise such a monument to Sydney as would be worthy of the man and his fame. This Longman sent to Mrs. Smith, and the following was her answer:—

"My dear Sir,—I honour Mr. Moore more than I can express for the contents of this note. That he should think more of the fame of his lamented friend, and make his own advantage a secondary and subordinate consideration, shows him to be indeed worthy of the distinction conferred on him by the genuine regard and affection of one of the best of men. He alone must decide whether our materials be of such a kind as will justify his perseverance," &c., &c.

The following epigram, which has just fallen into my hands, must have been written as far back as the project set on foot for making me member for Limerick:—

"When Limerick, in idle whim
Moore as her member lately courted,
'The boys' for form's sake, ask'd of him
To state what party he supported.

"When thus his answer promptly ran,
(Now give the wit his meed of glory)
'I'm of no party, as a man,—
But, as a poet, am-a-tory.'"

From verses sent me by one of my foreign correspondents:—

"Alma dal ciel divisa
Fugge invano alla sorte,
Va passeggiera in vita
Va prigionera in morto.
Sempre sospira, e teme,
Finchè non torna al ciel:
Al ciel, dov' ella nacque,
Dov' ha l' eterno amoro;
E dopo un lungo erroro
Spera di ritornar."

Here is a good House of Commons' scene:

In the Irish House of Commons one night, a blustering orator having triumphantly, as he thought, exclaimed, "I am the guardian of my own honour," Sir Boyle Roche quietly settled the orator by saying, "I wish the honourable gentleman joy on his sinecure appointment."

Here is another House of Commons' scene:

Government side: "Mr. Speaker, have we laws or have we *not* laws? If we *have* laws, to what purpose were those laws made unless they are *obeyed?*"

Opposition side: "Mr. Speaker, did that gentleman speak to the purpose or *not* to the purpose, and if he did *not* speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?"

Not to forget Pakenham (the admiral) calling out after me one day in the Castle Yard, Dublin, when I was walking along with my old friend and bad brother-poet, Joe Atkinson, "Moore, take care you don't let that fellow write any of your verses for you."

When I was in Kerry with Lord Lansdowne he received a letter from one of his tenants there, in which was the following puzzling passage:—"As the Lord has given you power over every thing, I wish you'd tell the Mayor of Cork not to mix butther with his timber." The poor fellow *meant* to say that the mayor was not to mix timber with his butter, it being a trick with the butter vendors there, to increase thus fraudulently the weight of the casks or firkins in which the butter was packed.

One night when John Kemble was performing, at some country theatre, one of his most favourite parts, he was much interrupted, from time to time, by the squalling of a young child in one of the galleries. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage, and, addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on." The effect on the audience of this earnest interference in favour of the child may be easily conceived.

It was Judge Payne, I believe, who had a habit of saying, in his decisions, "As I humbly conceive it, look, do you see?" and, in allusion to this custom of his, somebody wrote the following:—

"The man who holds his lands by fee,
Need neither quake nor quaver;
For, as I humbly conceive it, look, do you see,
He holds his lands for ever."

I don't know where I found the following, but there is a homely sort of philosophy in it that rather takes my fancy:

"This world's a good world to live in,
To lend, and to spend, and to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for one's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

* Sydney Smith died in 1845. Mrs. Sydney Smith died in 1852.

The death of his only remaining child, and his last and most beloved sister, deeply affected the health, crushed the spirits, and impaired the mind of Moore. An illness of an alarming nature shook his frame, and for a long time made him incapable of any exertion. When he recovered, he was a different man. His memory was perpetually at fault, and nothing seemed to rest upon his mind. He made engagements to dinners and parties but usually forgot half of them. When he did appear, his gay flow of spirits, happy application of humorous stories, and constant and congenial ease, were all wanting. The brilliant hues of his varied conversation had failed, and the strong powers of his intellect had manifestly sunk. There was something peculiarly sad in the change. It is not unusual to observe the faculties grow weaker with age; and in the retirement of a man's own home, there may be "no unpleasing melancholy" in the task of watching such a decline. But when in the midst of the gay and the convivial the wit appeared without his gaiety, and the guest without his conviviality—when the fine fancy appeared not so much sobered as saddened, it was a cheerless sight.

Happily for Moore and his partner, they had a certain income derived from the bounty of the Sovereign, which flowed on in a stream not exuberant indeed, but perpetual. On this income Mrs. Moore regulated her expenses, and regulated them so as to incur no debts.

The remainder of the Journal contains little that is of interest. Some extracts shall now be given, however, from the last MS. volume of Moore's "Diary."

From the commencement of the year 1845 down to the *present* date, August, 1846, I have "taken no note of time" as a journalist; misfortunes having befallen me during that interval which were quite painful enough to suffer without dwelling upon them constantly, and thus aggravating both our loss and our sorrows. But having now, thank God, a good deal surmounted these feelings, I shall here, with the aid of my dear wife's memory, detail the most prominent events, as well sunny as sorrowful, that have chequered this eventful period of our lives.

March. Received a letter from our son Tom, saying that he was sick and tired of Africa, and expressing a strong wish to have interest made for him with the Russian general, Woronzow,* who had just then been appointed to a high command in the Russian army, and who, as Tom fondly hoped, might be induced to make him one of his secretaries. As Lady Pembroke, then in England, was sister to Prince Woronzow, it was thought by Tom that, if I would write to the Russian prince, and likewise apply personally to Lady Pembroke, there could be no doubt of the success of our suit. Tom, himself, had already written to Prince Woronzow, relying, as he said, poor fellow, on my reputation as a poet in Russia; and added, that if I would apply personally to Lady Pembroke, there would be no doubt, he thought, of the success of our suit. Though regarding the whole scheme as mere Quixotism, yet, to satisfy him, I despatched a letter on the same foolscap errand.

In the month of May this year (still 1845) I was called up to town. Found London in a state of bustle and excitement, which every one allowed to be unprecedented. The night before I arrived there had been a dreadful fire at an hotel not far from Boyse's, in which a poor woman was burned to death; and Lord H., who was staying there with his family, had narrowly escaped by a ladder from the window, holding his child, a young infant, in one hand. H. joined us after dinner, and gave us an account of the particulars of his escape. One frightful thing he mentioned was, that, when half-way down the ladder, he felt the strength of his arm failing him, and, for a moment, had the horrible thought that he must drop the child.

That night, or the next, there was a large ball at the Queen's, to which I was *not* invited, nor shall ever, I dare say, again, having lately declined two or three of her invitations; nor have ever, indeed, gone but to *one* of her assemblies, when I went with Lord Lansdowne. This time, however, I was sufficiently amused by going about to different houses, where I saw some very pretty specimens both of dress and beauty; but none that gave me such pleasure as our bright and smiling Lady Mount Edgcumbe. Next day

* Prince Woronzow, born at St. Petersburg in 1782. His father was for many years Russian Ambassador in this country, and died here.

I called upon Miss Coutts, whom I had seen in all her splendours the night before, and found her preparing to send it all back to the Bank. "Would you like," she asked, "to see it by daylight?" and, on my assenting, took me to a room up-stairs, where the treasure was deposited. Amongst it was the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette; and on my asking her what, altogether, might be the value of her dress last night, she answered, in her quiet way, "I think about a hundred thousand pounds."

Though I had delivered, as I hoped and thought, the last pages of my weary work (the History of Ireland) to the printer, there still remained enough of my task to worry and delay me; and, worst of all, was the supposed necessity of my prefixing some sort of Preface to the Volume. In vain did I try for two or three days to satisfy myself with a few prefatory sentences, but they would not come as I wished; and at last, in utter despair, I left to the Longmans to finish the abortive Preface.

As my *business* was now all finished, Mrs. Moore, who wished to obtain some advice respecting her eyes, from which she had a good deal suffered, joined me in town, where I had got apartments for a few days at Cox's, in Jermyn Street. On seeing her, Brodie pronounced that it was a physician she wanted, not an oculist; the eyes being sound, though now in an unhealthy state. We consulted, therefore, Dr. Holland, who asked us to breakfast with him for the purpose, and his opinion agreed very much with Brodie's. While thus the most eminent men of the profession were not only gratuitously, but promptly, at our service, nothing could exceed the kindness towards us of *all* our friends. Their carriages were daily at Bessy's disposal, and she drove out by turns with Lady Lansdowne, Rogers, Miss Boyse, Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Story, —all old and cordial friends.

On the 22d of July (still 1845), my dear sister Ellen paid us her accustomed visit, and remained with us, to our great pleasure, till the 22d of September. We then set out with her to see her part of the way; but, on arriving at Birmingham, found that we had left part of our luggage behind, and had a most wretched night to pass in that noisy town. We were so lucky, however, next day, as not only to recover our luggage, but to find in the train Mr. Gould, a new American friend of mine, who was on his way to Liverpool, and who, taking charge of my dear Ellen, got her comfortably aboard the packet.

From thence we went to pay a visit to the Hughes's, near Wolverhampton—Mrs. Hughes being the niece of one of the best and dearest of our friends, the late Lady Donegal. The few days we passed with them were very interesting to us. Philippa Godfrey, who lives with them, reminded Bessy in many of her ways, and looks, both of Mary and Lady Donegal. Their vicarage is prettily situated; their children nice and playful; and altogether the few days we passed with them were very agreeable.

On our return home, we found a long melancholy letter from Africa, telling us that Tom was dangerously ill, and saying, that if he recovered from the fever, he must leave that country and return to his native air. It being late on Saturday night when we reached home, I could not, of course, get money till Monday; on which day I sent 30*l.* to Mostorganem, and in a few days after 100*l.* We were left in this state of anxiety for some time, and then heard from Tom himself. He was better, and full of joy at the idea of returning home after so many years of absence. Soon after, we heard again from him—still improving, but could not leave Africa before the spring, on account of a cough he complained of.

We heard no more for some time, and were kept in constant anxiety by the accounts in the newspapers. I myself, indeed, began to feel certain that we should never see him again. His poor mother tried not to agree with me, though her own feelings grew every day more sad and hopeless. In November, Mr. and Mrs. Hall came to us, for a few days, and we found them very agreeable as well as *clever* people —qualities not always found together. We asked to meet them our little friend Mary Hughes, of Buckhill, and they were greatly pleased with her.

December. Our old and kind friend, Hughes of Buckhill, getting worse—Lady Kerry (who has a house near him) coming over very often in her carriage to take Bessy to see him. Bessy, indeed, has been unremitting in her attentions to this old friend of ours, and on the 25th of this month, closed his eyes.

I still continue to take my Diary down from Bessy's dictation, and a mournful task it now begins to be, though (such is life!) the very first item I have now to enter is a gay ball at our neighbours the Schombergs', January first [1846], where I was one of the guests.

At the beginning of February, my sister, Ellen, mentioned in a note to Bessy that she was not well, and was going to Black Rock (near Dublin) for change of air, but would write again on Sunday, and tell us "how she was coming on, or going off,"—her own words. She mentioned also several concerts and other amusements she had in prospect. On Tuesday, no letter coming, Bessy expressed her fears that she must be worse; but I had no such apprehensions. On Wednesday, we were to have had some friends to dine with us—a rare occurrence with us now. Before I came down to breakfast, Bessy had received a few lines from my cousin Margaret, to say that Ellen was worse. This Bessy thought it best not to tell me, as I was feeling then very nervous, and she decided to let the dinner take place. So agitated was she herself during breakfast that she was obliged to leave the table; and on her saying, "I fear Ellen must be worse," I answered, "I assure you I think she will outlive us all." However, about eleven o'clock Susan Hughes, a kind friend of ours, called upon us; and on Bessy remarking that she looked pale and troubled, and asking anxiously what was the matter, Susan said, "Have you not heard, then, from Dublin?—is not Ellen ill?" Bessy looked up in her face, and seeing there the sad truth, said, "Then Ellen is dead?" "She is," was the sad answer.

The difficulty of telling me was so great, and the shock to Bessy herself so sudden, that when she came into my study some time elapsed before she could tell me the dreadful fact. At length she gradually brought it round, by saying that Ellen was very ill, and that Mrs. Meara had written to Susan to beg her to break to us the sad tidings in the best manner she could. Then came the awful truth, that my beloved sister was gone—gone, in a moment, while getting into bed,—or a few minutes after; for when the maid, who had just been with her, returned, all was over, and apparently without any suffering. * *

It was on the 17th of February we heard of this dreadful loss, and at a moment, too, when we were full of fear and anxiety about Tom, not having heard from him since the letter he wrote in November. We had feared, indeed, to tell him of our loss, for he dearly loved his aunt; and at the time he was quartered in Dublin, she had done all in her power to make his stay there happy and comfortable—often, indeed, to her own inconvenience and expense. She was herself of so youthful and cheerful a disposition, that it made her happy to see all around her so; and she and Tom loved each other most cordially.

About the middle of March, we received a strange and ominous-looking letter, which we opened with trembling hands, and it told us that my son Tom was dead! The shock was at first almost too much to bear; but, on reading the letter again, we saw reason to doubt the account it contained, and sent immediately to London and Paris to know if there was any truth in the rumour. It was, alas! but too true. The last of our five children is now gone, and we are left desolate and alone. Not a single relative have I now left in the world!

The last letter we received from the poor fellow is now before me, and I shall give a few extracts from it here. He was lying at the time when he wrote it in the hospital of Mostorganem; and in describing some part of the duty in which he had been engaged, he says, "You can easily conceive that exposing myself constantly through that period to the night air and penetrating dew was very unfit for one already so much weakened by illness. During a long time, indeed, I slept on the stones of the Court Gateway, where there was only a cheval-de-frise, as I had the command of the guard; and the Arabs continually fired through the gateway on our sentries. During all this time, I had violent cold 'night-sweats,' which ended by bringing on a cough that eventually fell upon the chest; and it now appears that those doctors did not perfectly understand my complaint." His heart and hopes being then set on returning home, he thus calculates his means for effecting this object:—"The Government stops fifty francs a month for the expenses. This leaves sufficient of my pay for the daily necessities; so that after having drawn what is necessary to pay my

debts (from the sum you so kindly sent me), I trust I shall be able to save the remainder intact until my departure for Paris, from whence, when fully restored to health, I shall be able to reach Sloperton." Poor fellow! home and its comforts, and his "excellent mother" were in his thoughts to the last. The state to which he was reduced when he wrote this letter is thus described by himself: —"You would really laugh to see me; I am only skin and bone, and might be easily mistaken for Don Quixote's eldest son."

I will only add to this extract from my son's letter what Sir John Macdonald, who was always very kind to him, said, in speaking of him, one day lately when I called at the Horse Guards:—"I cannot tell you how much I was struck at the manly and cheerful spirit with which your poor boy made up his mind to encounter the horrors which he knew awaited him at Algiers."

About the middle of May, this year (still 1846) I went up to town, partly to hasten the last lingering sheets of my weary history, and principally to seek in the distractions of London some relief from the sad thoughts with which I have lately been too conversant. As my notes to Mrs. Moore, while away from her, have for a long while formed my only diary, I shall here content myself with such memoranda from her letters as may keep together the links of my daily doings.

My usual good fortune in travelling attended me in the present instance; for I met at the station Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, her charming children, and her lord's nieces, and we all got on together most socially through our journey. My first dinner, if I recollect right, was at Lord Lansdowne's; the next with Mr. Grenville, where the only man I met who deserves recording was Panizzi.

Called on Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, and sat some time with her. She now occupies the house in Sackville street, and in showing me the old room where I so often slept, told me it should still be at my service, in the old way, when Talbot was not in town.

Though I had written to Bessy so sanguinely respecting my task, there was still a short preface to be despatched which I had not taken into account. Alas, I *ought* to have known better the provoking restiveness of my pen. Nimbly as I can deal with *thoughts*, and rapidly as they present themselves to me, yet, until I can clothe them in *words* which satisfy me, I seldom can budge a single step. And such was the case with this abortive preface, which, after labouring at it, I will not say how long, I left to my brethren of the Row to complete as best they could.

In reporting to Bessy the close at last of my dull drudgery, I find I gave way to the following blue-devilish strain:—"Thank God I feel *now* as if I should survive this dreary task. But often, while employed upon it, I have felt a sort of presentiment that both the work and its weary writer would fall into oblivion together." In a postscript to this same letter I tell her "I am going to-day to dine with Lord Auckland," an announcement which I know will give her a melancholy pleasure; as his kindness to our poor Russell in India is never forgotten by her.

Dined with Lord Granville (whom I like much), and met here Lord Bessborough, and likewise the Clanricardes.

Before I came up to town I had seen "Lalla Rookh" announced in the newspapers as about to come out at the Opera House, in the form of a divertissement, and the appearance thus together before the public of two such different works of mine as my light "Lalla" and my heavy "History" amused me not a little.

I had exchanged also some letters with the opera people, and when I came up to town was introduced to Mr. Lumley (the new lessee of the Opera House), who very courteously asked me to dine with him, and offered me a seat in his box to see the first night of the ballet; adding that the Duke of Leinster was one of the persons I should meet at dinner. All this I should have liked very much, but as my friend Boyse's house had got into other hands, and I was there only on sufferance, I thought such an effort to prolong my stay would hardly be worth while, and therefore resolved to remain satisfied with the engagements I had already formed. One of these, however, having been suddenly postponed, I was thrown dinnerless on the wide world, and in this forlorn condition was walking past Lansdowne House about seven o'clock in the evening, when my good genius prompted me to ask of the porter "if my lord or lady were at home." Both were at home and visible; and I had hardly time to make my salutation to them, when

Lord L. exclaimed, "Oh, Moore, are you by any good chance disengaged, and will you dine with us to-day?" "*That* I will," said I, "most gladly," and then told him the dreary fate from which he thus rescued me. I found, too, that my good fortune was even more signal than I at first thought, as the company I met at dinner was composed of such an assemblage of authors, actors, connoisseurs, and artists as only an Amphytrion like our noble host could have managed to bring together.

The following was in contradiction of a paragraph which had lately appeared in the newspapers, representing me to be so dangerously ill that my life was despaired of. I give but two of the paragraphs which I have seen on the subject.

"Thomas Moore.—Those persons in Dublin in most communication with the family of Mr. Moore, contradict emphatically a report concerning that gentleman's health, put forward in a very absurd paragraph that lately went the round of the papers. The letters of Mr. Moore himself to his old friends have been such as they were for the last forty years."—*Pilot.*

"The Poet Moore.—The 'Courier Français' announces the alarming indisposition of the poet Moore, in the following terms:—'The brilliant composer of "Lalla Rookh," the poet of the "Irish Melodies," the friend of Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, is at this moment expiring.' A paragraph stating the serious and alarming illness of the illustrious poet appeared some weeks since in an Irish provincial journal, which probably was the foundation for the announcement in the 'Courier Français.' We are most happy to have it in our power to give the most unqualified contradiction to all such statements. Thomas Moore is in excellent health. We have been favoured with the following extract of a letter, received in Dublin yesterday, from a friend and neighbour of the poet:—'In reply to your inquiry respecting the foolish paragraph that has been taking the round of the papers, I have the happiness to tell you that it is totally unfounded. Our gifted friend is, thank God, in excellent health and spirits. He has just come over here from his annual visit to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood, and is about to return to that seat of princely hospitality."—*Dublin Evening Post* of Tuesday night.

This is not the first time I have been killed by the newspapers. They disposed of me in the same manner when I was in America, and I remember the Prince one night, when I met him on the stairs of the Opera, alluded graciously to this report, and added, "I assure you it was a matter of general concern."

On looking back to this visit of mine to town, I find I have omitted to mention an incident, half painful, half gratifying, which occurred while I was there. One day, as I sat at my task in Albemarle Street, a visitor was announced to me who turned out to be my old friend Kenny* (the dramatist), and the purport of his visit, poor fellow, was to ask my aid and interest in procuring for him a grant of money from the Literary Fund. Though long aware of his difficulties, I was in hopes he had surmounted them. The sum he now asked for was a hundred pounds; but the Fund pleaded the low state of their means at that moment, and gave him but eighty pounds. This was, however, most welcome to the poor dramatist.

I now, for almost the first time in my life, found myself an idle gentleman, and how far the change is likely to agree with me, mentally and corporeally, is a query that time alone can answer. As Christmas came near, the rumours of expected guests began to reach us from Bowood; but as Lord Lansdowne was then very frequently called to town by business, the visitors there were as yet few and fleeting. One of these birds of passage was Lord de Mauley, who walked over to Sloperton to see me, and remained some time. But the most agreeable altogether, of all the *rèlaches* I had at this time was during one of Lord Lansdowne's visits to town, when Lady L. being quite alone, asked Bessy and me over to Lacock to meet Mrs. Talbot and her charming children. It was then about the middle of November, and we staid there five or six days: the Lansdownes' carriage taking us there and bringing us back.

As this was my first visit to the Bowood

* Kenny's most successful farces were, "Raising the Wind," "Sweethearts and Wives," "Love, Law, and Physic," and "False Alarms." He was highly agreeable as a man, besides being humorous as an author. He died in 1849.

Library since I had got rid of my dull Irish *corvée*, I felt for some days a refreshing variety,—a sort of zest in reading other men's books, which could only, I think, have been given to them by the long and dullifying dose I had had of my own: so enlivening, indeed, was this new course of study to me,—and the newer and lighter it was the better,—that, for some days, like Shakspeare's "chartered libertine," I roved, unsated, from shelf to shelf.

As we got deeper into Christmas, the plot began to thicken, and we had in succession at Bowood the Stratford Cannings, Hallam, Luttrell, Panizzi, the Howards, Lady Kerry and spouse, Lord Carew, Senior, and Lord and Lady Holland. Lord Grey, who had taken his departure before I came, I was very sorry to lose; for, though knowing but little of himself, with his truly noble father I was well and long acquainted.

Among those of the guests whom I was most glad to meet, were Lord and Lady Holland*; this being the first time of my ever seeing *her;* and, so far as kindness went, I found them *both* worthy of the old *House;* the lady being a nice person, and, in her proffers of hospitality to me, even more earnest and cordial than her lord. "Mind," she said, "whenever you come to town, you must fix your home at Holland House."

I have omitted, I find, to mention a short excursion which I took in the autumn of 1846, for the purpose principally of getting some advice respecting the state of my eyes; and as I had found, when in town with Mrs. Moore, that Brodie was the man *first* consulted, in eye cases (as well as in most other cases), I resolved to run up to town to consult him; and a near neighbour of mine, a clergyman, Mr. Brown, who wished also to consult the great surgeon, respecting a child of his which had some ailment in the leg—we went up for our several purposes together. It was then the dead time of the year when Brodie, like other professional men, retires to his country seat, and only comes up on certain days to meet the multitude of patients that then assemble.

Through my interest with Sir Benjamin, the little squaller from Wiltshire took precedence of all the adult patients; so that my friend the parson was thus enabled to reach his home the following day.

As Brodie had kindly stipulated (as a condition of his prescribing for me) that I should pass a few days with him at his seat in Surrey, I accepted readily his terms, and accompanied him thither. Our company, the first day, was only his own family; but on the second we had a large party of neighbours to dinner, not one of whom I was at all acquainted with.

In the morning I had walked with my host for some time about his grounds, and was much struck by his saying, in the course of our conversation, that among the many dying patients he had attended, he had but rarely met with one that was afraid to die. Let us hope that this picture of death-beds, drawn as it is by one who had often studied them, is as true as it is consolatory and even cheering.

Among those neighbours and occasional visitors that form our small society here, I have not yet, I think, mentioned an American gentleman, Mr. Robert Howe Gould, who made his appearance among us, for the first time, a few years since, as a lecturer on American poetry, in the Town Hall of Devizes. With this gentleman I have now the pleasure of being well acquainted, and to his pen am indebted for one of the most eloquent, as well as most gratifying, tributes that, either in the Old or the New World, has ever rewarded my humble labours.

Prefixed to the verses which Mr. Gould sent me was the following letter from him:—

SIR,—Retaining a vivid recollection of the courtesy which you accorded to me last winter, and of the pleasure which I received from my brief association with you, I have sought the opportunity of which I now avail myself to solicit your acceptance of a curious (and now somewhat rare) record of the peculiar greatness of Washington. Of his principles and his actions you, Sir, must, I feel assured, entertain a high and thorough appreciation; and I, therefore, venture to hope that, if this little volume has not before met your eye, it may prove acceptable to you.

"This is my excuse for laying it before you; but I fear that I can neither find nor invent an apology one half so valid for my presumption in prefixing to it an inscription IN VERSE.

* Henry, third Lord Holland, married Lady Augusta Coventry.

I can only say, in my own defence, that I am far from imagining myself to possess any real *poetic* talent, and that I have prefixed a few lines to this volume merely as an unassuming expression of the grounds upon which I have based my belief that the offering might interest you.

"Still it *is* presumptuous to address in verse a Master of the Art; but I am sure that no one more readily than yourself will admit that certain classes of ideas find more appropriate and fluent utterance in that form than in any other.

"The position which the public voice and the public feeling have so long accorded to you will redeem from the suspicion of insincerity the expression of profound admiration and respect with which I esteem it an honour to subscribe myself, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

"ROBT. HOWE GOULD.

"London, June 28, 1845."

MR. GOULD'S VERSES.

"The foremost Patriot of all time
Must hold high place in His regards,
The power and fervour of whose lays
Have stamped him first of Patriot Bards.

"The Bard and Soldier share the praise
Of equal patriotic fire;
To Freedom one devotes his sword,—
The other consecrates his lyre.

"The poet prompts the noble deeds
The warrior's sword achieves;
The soldier from the poet's lyre
His meed of fame receives.

"The bold assertion of the truth,
'The love of right, the scorn of wrong,'
Shine in the Western Chieftain's deeds,
As in the Island Poet's song.

"Kindred their souls,—each boldly stood
The champion of his native shore;
Fate handed Washington the sword,
And gave the impassioned lyre to Moore.

"On the high altar of the Muse,—
Where long his myrtle-branch hath hung;
I place these records of such deeds
As oft the patriot bard hath sung.

"Sacred to him is now the shrine,
On which I lay my offering down;
His genius will avail, to twine
The laurel with the myrtle crown."

ROBERT HOWE GOULD, of Connecticut.*

I had now for more than six months been almost entirely a recluse. I therefore resolved to indulge myself with a short flight from home, and an incident which just then happened came aptly to my purpose. A very near neighbour of mine, the Rev. Mr. Brown, a great admirer, or rather idolater, of the poet Wordsworth, having heard that he had just arrived in Bath, and knowing that I was acquainted with him, intreated that I would allow him to accompany me thither, and make him proud and happy by presenting him to the poet.

I very readily agreed to his proposal, and the more so as, by having the use of his carriage, I should be saved the expense of a fly to Chippenham.

I had never, I think, seen Wordsworth but once, and that was at Rogers's, many years before; nor had I forgot that on that occasion he took great pains to impress upon us how mistaken were those who set much value upon continental fame;—the fact being, I believe, that of all us poets of the day, Wordsworth is the one least known to foreign nations.

1847.

My old quotation, "We take no note of time but by its loss," grows daily, alas! more applicable to me. Here have I arrived far into the year 1847, and during that time not a single line have I chronicled in this Journal. I must now, therefore, by as many *mems.* as I can conjure up, atone for these omissions. When I last had time "to prate about my whereabouts, I was doing the honours to Wordsworth at Bath. Finding that Lord Mount-Edgcumbe and his family were then there, I called upon them, and was most kindly asked by them to dine with them, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe himself being confined to his bed by dreadful gout. But in the evening he admitted me to his bed-chamber, and I was glad to hear next day that he was all the better for the few hours I passed with them. They wished me to stay over next day, when Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, who was engaged then at Windsor, would be returned; but having some notion then of extending my tour a little farther, I declined their kindness.

The flights from home which I have since indulged in must be briefly despatched. My first, which was somewhat more far-fetched,

* Of the comparison kindly but rashly ventured in this Poem, all I shall say is, that to compare me with General Washington is like placing a mere pigmy beside a giant.

I was tempted to by the same wish, namely, for a ehange of air and scene; I had also the allurement of being invited to the house of an old friend, James Corry*, by far the best of all our eomie foree in the famed Theatrieals of Kilkenny. He has long loeated himself at Cheltenham, and now invited me to pass a week at his house. Both host and hostess were most kind and hospitable; and I had also the greal pleasure of seeing and dining with very old friends of mine, the family of old Joe Atkinson of Dublin, whose voiees and faees, but little altered, took me freshly baek into old times.

About the beginning of July, 1847, I was seized with another rambling fit, and knowing that my friend Rogers was still at his post in town, I wrote to proffer him my company for a few days. In order to preserve the preeious treasure of his autograph, I shall here transcribe the answer ho sent me:—

"My Dear Moore, — There is a small house in a dark and narrow corner of London (Memory Hall, as it was onee ealled by a reekless wight, who has played many a freak therc, and who now sleeps in Harrow churchyard), where you will be most welcomc. So pray come and make it your home, and stay there as long as you can.

"To-morrow I leavc it for three or four days, but I shall be there again on Tuesday, the 29th of June, and pray come as soon as you can. Whether I am returned or not, you will be cordially and hospitably entertained. If somebody else eomes with you I should be delighted. Pray persuade her. Yours ever,

"S. Rogers.

June 24, 1847."

During the week I passed with Rogers he did most kindly all in his power (and his power is an extensive one) to make the time agreeable to me; his carriage always at hand for my daily visits, and himself generally aeeompanying me, to suggest those I should eall upon. Onc of the most interesting of these were the young people of Holland House, whom I grieved not to sec more of during my stay. The all-charming Jenny Lind I neither heard nor even saw, though the lord of the Opera, Mr. Lumley, plaeed a box one night at my servicc. But the heat of the weather was most trying and sultry, and my round of gaieties had been too much for me. I was compensated, however, by two other Syrens, having heard Grisi in most eharming forcc, and dined and lunched with my nice and long-known friend, Lady Essex. Among those whom I visited and sat some time with, was the Dowager Lady Grey, all agog, as she said, for Italy!

Talking of Italy, I havc already, I think, mentioned the *éclat* with which an opera, founded upon "Lalla Rookh," was brought out this year at the Qucen's Theatre; and the example was followed promptly by many of the minor theatrcs, as this fragment from one of the newspapers will show:—

May, 1847. "Mr. John Parry's Concert. —This entertainment attracted an overflowing audience, last night, to the Hanover Square Rooms. Of course the chief features in the programme were the new songs with which Mr. John Parry is aceustomed to treat his patrons and the public annually. The subjeets of the present effusion were 'Lalla Rookh,' and the 'Rival Houses.' Thc first, designated 'a grand oriental overland transit buffo-romance,' is a comical parody of the leading ineidents in Moorc's poem, in which the author, Mr. Albert Smith, has introduced, with quaint humour, sundry allusions to Lieutenant Waghorn and his plans. The music is adopted from popular melodies. Madame de Lozano, a Spanish lady, who has

* James Corry, horn in Dublin in 1772, eduеated at Trinity Collegc, and called to the bar in 1796, hut did not follow the profession, having, on the death of his father, snceeeded to the offiees he held of Clerk of the Irish Journals in the House of Commons, and Secretary to the Linen Board. After the abolition of the Linen Board in 1810, Mr. Corry left Ireland, and resided in England up to the period of his death, which took place at Cheltenham, in January, 1848. Being without family, in easy eireumstances, of a genial temperament, and gifted with wit and humour, he shared largely in the accomplishments and amusements which distinguished the best era of Irish society: a taste for the stage was among the most prominent of those amusements, and he was accordingly an active and successful member of the celebrated theatrieal amateur company of Kilkenny, which ineluded Moore. But Mr. Corry had other and higher qualifications; for he was a man of singular generosity, of enlarged views, of liberal opinions, and of a catholic philanthropy. Ho was the intimate friend of some of the most eminent men of his day—of Grattan, Langrishe, Bushe, and Plunkett; and to Moore, whom he had known from his childhood, he was especially endeared hy the unremitting kindness which he displayed towards his family.

Mrs. Corry was the daughter of Thomas Sherrard, Esq.

been compelled by adverse circumstances to become a professional singer, sang the 'Pensa alla patria,' from the 'Italian in Algieri,' very creditably, but it was scarcely judicious to choose that cavatina which Alboni has made her own. Mr. John Parry sang his two new songs by Albert Smith, 'Lalla Rookh' and the 'Rival Opera Houses,' with great spirit. Lindsay Sloper and Rouselot assisted in the scheme; but of the other artist we can report nothing favourable. Owing to the regulation prohibiting the artists of the two Italian opera houses from singing at concerts, the town is inundated with a set of continental mediocrities."

While nightly thus my muse inspires the songs of that great warbler Mr. Parry, I find Lord Ashley, at the Bath election, pilfering from me some of those old, defunct quotations of O'Connell's "First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;" while, in another quarter, Lord George Bentinck thus with more novelty turns my muse to his purpose.

The whole passage, as I cut it from the newspaper, may, perhaps, be worth preserving:—

"For 300 years you endeavoured to put down the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland by persecution. Down to 1783 or 1784, Catholics could not hold land in Ireland. My grandfather, the Duke of Portland, was sent by the government of which Burke was a member to repeal those laws. Did Protestanism make progress in Ireland under the system of Persecution? The result was notoriously otherwise. Look where an opposite system prevails. In Canada, the Protestant and Catholic churches are established side by side, and there the number of the Protestants increases. A similar result is observable in India. Prussia furnishes a striking illustration of the wisdom of adopting a wise and just policy in this respect. At the conclusion of the last war, the King of Prussia, having obtained a large accession of territory, chiefly occupied by a Roman Catholic population, placed persons of that religion on an equality in every respect with those of the Protestant religion. At that time, the Catholics were in the proportion of five-eighths to the Protestants; now they have dwindled to three-eighths (Hear.) Common sense as well as experience show, that we have adopted an erroneous mode of dealing with the religious convictions of the people of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Cromwell tried the sword, made it penal, and, I believe, a capital offence, for a Roman Catholic or an Episcopalian to preach, baptize, christen, marry, or bury in public. But my religion is not of that kind described by Hudibras; I am not one of

> "'That stubborn crew
> Who do build their faith upon
> The holy text of pike and gun,
> And prove their doctrines orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks.'

No; I rather concur in the beautiful sentiment expressed by the Irish poet:—

> "'Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
> In the cause of mankind if our creeds do agree?
> Shall I turn from the friend I have valued and tried,
> If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
>
> "'From the heretic girl of my heart shall I fly,
> To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss;
> No; perish the heart and the laws that would try
> Truth, valour, and love by a standard like this!'

I am aware that much prejudice exists on account of a speech made by Lord Arundel and Surrey in the last Parliament."

Extract—I know not from whom or where. —"This idea—that of the Whig and Liberal party—has, we are convinced, far more moral power than any other in Ireland. This party alone in Ireland has a moral and historical existence. The mind of that country, as far as it has been developed, has affected such principles. All the brilliant reputations of Ireland, in the senate, literature, or at the bar, belong to moderate liberalism. Her most popular viceroys, her foremost statesman, Grattan; her best debater, Plunkett; the brightest spirit of the Irish bar, Curran, were all Whigs. Nor is that all. Her popular statesmen, with powers of public effect, may be claimed for the same party. Flood acted through life upon their principles. The leading minds of the Irish Catholic church, from Arthur O'Leary down to Archbishops Croly and Murray, have all been favourable to toleration and social progression, but averse from violent convulsion, or menacing schemes of politics. To most of Dr. Doyle's sentiments on Ireland an English Whig might cry 'ditto,' as the Bristol merchant said to Burke's speech at the hustings. The muses in Ireland have strung their lyres to the same tune.

The 'poet of all circles and the idol of his own' has through his manly life never written one line tinged with a sectarian or unsocial spirit. The ascendancy on the one side, or the Corn Exchange upon the other, supplied him with no inspiration; but true to the mind of his country and his own genius, he poured forth those strains which have been echoed by every class, and in every clime."

[I here conclude the extracts from the "Diary." The reader may have perceived in it traces both of confusion and loss of memory. For an instance of the first, I may mention the enjoyment he derived from ranging at large over Bowood Library placed in connection with his visit to Lacock. And of the second, his forgetfulness of his meeting with Wordsworth at Paris, recorded in the second Volume..

There remains a collection of letters, from which, up to the year 1818, I have already published a selection. But having put these letters, and those which have been preserved of a later date, into the hands of a mutual friend, he has enabled me to add to the value of this volume by a large addition of correspondence. Among them will be found some from Mr. Rogers, who was kind enough himself to select those which he permits to be published.]

LETTERS.

To his Father.

"London, June 6, 1799.

"Dear Father,

"I am very much inclined to think that I shall see and embrace you this summer. The primary motive which induces me is indeed the melancholy idea of being separated so long from those I love, as I must be if I omit this opportunity; but there are other circumstances which incline me to return; and though they be not strong enough to render it *necessary*, they are enough so to obviate any objections to its *propriety*. The summer is not the period of the year for publication, and all therefore I could do during that time would be to prepare something for my *début* in winter. This I could do as well in Ireland as here; for as to the idea of turning a literary *hack*, I find it to be such a premature grave of talents, that, till absolute exigence demands, I will not have recourse to it. Then for my study of the law, I cannot procure books here; to purchase them were expensive, the public libraries are inconvenient and unsatisfactory, and I am not intimate enough with any legal men to apply to them for the loan of those books that I should find necessary: all this would be obviated at home. I have other reasons, important and otherwise, which altogether make me very much disposed to returning. However, I submit it entirely to your wishes; and I pray you, do not think that my heart is *decidedly* set upon it, for I know that with such a persuasion, your indulgence would lead you to consent, in compliance more with my inclinations than your own judgment.

"I sat with Lady Flood to-day for near an hour. Miss Flood is going to be married to a man of very large fortune. Sir Fred. has just come from Ireland about it. I was delighted to hear him give such a comfortable account of the returning appearance of tranquillity in Ireland.

"You said in your last letter that my mother was *pretty well:* this qualified expression has made me apprehensive that she was not well. *Do* let me know particularly of *her* health and *your own*. Tell her with what delight I shall meet her, if it prove expedient that I shall return this summer, to enjoy that dear little family circle which absence has taught me to know the whole value of.

"Give my warmest love to my dear Catherine. Heaven bless my sweet girl, and make her understanding as progressive as her goodness! Tell little Ellen that '*Brother, Sir*' does not forget her, and remember me most affectionately to my uncle Joice. Is my aunt

recovering her health? Send her my loving remembrance; and, for you, my best of fathers, need I tell you with what true affection I am your ever grateful and loving son,

"T. Moore.

"Thursday night.—Write to me immediately your determination. Mrs. M'Mahon will, I believe, travel with me."

To his Father.

"London, June 25, 1799.

"Dear Father,

"I am now determined upon going, and only wait for the decision of the bookseller, who has the manuscript of my little poems. If he gives me but as much as will bring me to Ireland, it will be pleasant; though I scarcely can expect more than a free publication, as poems are really, in the present taste of the age, a heavy article on the booksellers' hands. I am glad, however, to get rid of them if I can, on any terms. I will write again before I set off, and I hope to meet you all happy and in health. My last letter I suppose surprised, and, I hope, disappointed you; but you must always allow for the fluctuating oddity of my mind, which can never account for those melancholy little whims which it falls into. I have nothing particular to tell you.

"My love to my dear mother, and Catherine and Ellen; to my uncle Joice and aunt, &c.—The day after to-morrow I expect to set off.

"Yours, &c.,

"T. Moore."

To ———,

"Wednesday, 1800.

"My darling Brother*,

"This has been a most delicious day, and I have been basking about the streets in great happiness; everything looked so new and so bright to me—the coaches all made of gold and the women of silver; besides, every one was so glad to see me, and I saw one poor man who had been as ill as myself, and we met like two newly-raised bodies on the day of resurrection,—so glad to see each other's bones with a little flesh on them again. I met Mr. Thompson, and he looked at me, but not taking me for myself, he passed on; indeed, he never saw me before without a flannel gown and a sofa. Well, it is a most sweet thing to feel health returning, and if my side but keeps well, and the sun keeps shining, I have some very, very happy weeks before me. I am now in the 8th week of my illness, and this is the first day I have *walked* out, though I have been *twice* with Lady D. in the carriage. I hated coming back to my room and my sofa to-day, but as it was the first time, I could not venture to stay out.

"God bless all ours. Tell my dear *uncle* how stout I am getting, and give her dutiful nephew's love to my aunt.

"Your own

"Tom."

To his Mother.

"Donnington Park, Dec. 31, 1800 (at night).

"My dear Mother,

"This is from my bed-chamber at Donnington Park, where I arrived at two o'clock today, through snows mountain deep; the cross roads were impassable; so that I was obliged to take a round, which has made it a little expensive: but it can't be helped, it has not made much difference. Nothing can be more princely than the style of this place, nor anything more flatteringly polite than my reception here. Lady Charlotte told me she regretted very much that I was not here during the Prince's stay, and that she had written to her mother to beg of her to hurry me. The Prince, too, she told me, expressed a wish that I had met him. Dearest Mother! there is no fear of my not doing *everything*. Keep up your spirits, my little woman, and you'll find I'll make you as rich as a nabob. But I am now far away from you, and that is the only idea that can hang heavy on my mind; but, dear Mother, be happy and contented, and then you'll be everything to us. Your *excessive* solicitude for us is the *only thing* we can blame you for. I shall not stay here more than a day or two, certainly, for I find my portmanteau tormentingly troublesome. I dread the packing of it again; and I have to *root* into it for everything I want. Lord Moira has but this moment left me, after attending me very politely to show me my bed-room.

"Good bye.

"Thomas Moore.

* His uncle by the mother's side, whom he called by the name of brother.

"I believe I left my little brooch behind me. Take particular care of it, and send it or enclose it by the first opportunity. I may, perhaps, not be able to write again from this, on account of the uncertainty of their sending off a post-boy; but I shall write the moment I arrive in London. Send the enclosed letter under cover to 'Earl Granard, Castle Forbes, Longford.'"

From Miss Godfrey.

"Dec. 27, 1801.

"I have this moment received your letter, and *me voici la plume à la main pour y repondre;* not to tell you what we can make of you, for God only knows what you are good for, or whether you are good for anything, but to lament and groan over your restless disposition. Your talents might fit you for everything, and your idleness unfits you for anything. You want to come to town, I know you do, merely to get away from those country-bred, sentimental ladies, the Muses, and I pray that you may have no other ladies in view to supply their place. You really might, if you pleased, study all the morning, and amuse yourself all the evening. I entreat you to make an effort, and not devote every hour and moment of your existence to pleasure. You know my sermons make you laugh—*tant mieux.* I never despair of you when you laugh; if you yawned I should give up the thing as hopeless. Lady C. Rawdon has so often regretted, and I have so often forgiven her not writing, that I have not the least objection to our going on regretting and forgiving to the end of the chapter. Abstraction, self-contemplation, etiquette, and, God forgive me, I *was* going to say, *strict morality,* but I retract that, are not great enliveners of society, and I don't wonder at the Muses being a little discomposed by such an interruption. But who was the unfortunate fair one to whom those very pretty lines which you sent me were addressed? If Nature had been as kind to me as she has been to you, I would write you something upon the occasion; but Nature has treated me abominably ill, for which I shall never forgive her;—she has given me feelings to admire with enthusiasm the talents of others, and she has denied me even the faintest ray of genius. I never heard of the 'Seven Fountains' before. What sort of a book is it—poetry or prose? If I should happen to read it, I suppose I must 'give God thanks, and make no boast of it.' The snow after which you inquire so kindly has departed this life, to my great joy. I never am in good will, either with myself or my fellow creatures, in cold weather: are you? I did intend writing to you to-morrow, for which I had a very wise reason best known to myself, but when I received your tragi-comic, or rather your more comic than tragic letter, I resolved to answer it immediately, to encourage you to remain at your post. Nothing ever was more disinterested than this advice, and I never shall cease to admire myself for giving it; for if I followed my own inclinations, which in general don't lead me astray like yours, I would say, 'Come up to town by all means, and the oftener we see you the better.' I consult your interest when I say the contrary. But yet if you do come, if the truth must come out, I shall most heartily rejoice to see you, and so shall we all. Say pretty things for me to Lady Charlotte about love and friendship, and writing to each other. I shall give you a *carte blanche* upon the occasion, for I suspect she does not care the least in the world for me—it is all stage trick and fine acting; this is quite *entre nous.* Remember me to Lord Forbes. God bless you and make a good man of you (I believe it is almost impossible).

"Yours very sincerely,

"M. Godfrey."

From M. G. Lewis, Esq.

"Dalkeith House, Nov. 19, 1802.

"My dear Moore,

"I have just received your letter, and all that I *can* do I *will* do; but I am afraid that will not advance your cause much, for instead of ranking among your '*great friends,*' I must submit to being classed among your *little* ones in every respect. In the first place, I am not conscious of possessing '*personal influence*' with any one person in the world, my sisters excepted.* * * If you hit upon any person to whom you think my applying would be of any use, let me know without scruple; and if I possibly can do the thing with the least propriety, I shall obey you with pleasure. For my own part, I know of nobody to whom my speaking would be of the least

effect. All my *great friends* are merely *liaisons de société;* and the few people who might possibly feel a pleasure in obliging me are all on the wrong side of the question. As to Ministers, I know none of the present; and, between ourselves, have not the least inclination to know them. Your request is couched in such very general terms, that it is impossible to make any particular application of them. If you were to pitch upon any individual object, perhaps I might be of more use to you. It is possible that, if you could find some trifling situation vacant in the India House, I might serve you more than elsewhere; but *you* must *find* it;—and so, assuring you that I shall always feel gratified by an opportunity afforded me of showing you my friendship, I shall lay aside this subject for the present.

"What the deuce became of you for the last fortnight which I past in London? Everybody was in pursuit of you, but no tidings could be obtained of your whereabouts for love or money. Count Beaujolois*, too, previous to his leaving London in the end of July, tired to ferret you out, but with no better success. My sister Sophia sent me word that all London was persuaded that *you* were *the Invisible Girl*, and I believe she conversed with that unseen fair-one in that character. I am sorry that you did not come to Scotland. I have been passing my time very pleasantly, though constantly on the move, never staying above a fortnight in the same place. I found Beaujolois at the Duke of Athol's, whence we adjourned to Inverary; there William Lamb†, and Kinnaird, Lord Lorne‡, my sister, the Campbells, and numerous other people were assembled; and we contrived to keep up such a continual riot, that I changed the name of Inverary to that of *Confusion Castle*, with universal approbation. We had plays, music, billiards, gaming [but in moderation], with a thousand other nondescript amusements; among the most admired of which was a newspaper, giving an account of all the domestic affairs of Inverary, and in which we all abused one another; the want of your assistance in the poetical department was much lamented. From Inverary Count Beaujolois and myself adjourned to the Duke of Hamilton's, where we had a week's racing and dancing. We there separated; he to pay his devoirs to Monsieur, and I to pay mine to Lady Charlotte Campbell at the villa, where she is now residing, and expects every day to be confined. I am now come for a couple of days to the Duke of Buccleuch's; I mean to pass a couple more with Lady Charlotte, and then I shall set out for England; but as I have some visits to make upon the road, probably I shall not travel with much expedition. When shall you be in London? I have not read *Aristodemo.** If it is worth reading, and your own property, bring it with you when you come to England. In spite of my dissipation since I came to Scotland, I have not been quite idle; for I have got through three tremendous volumes of Gibbon, and the whole of Voltaire's Universal History; of all which I do not remember one syllable.

"Farewell, and believe me,

Yours, most truly,

"M. G. Lewis."

* Brother to Louis Philippe.
† Afterwards Lord Melbourne.
‡ Afterwards Duke of Argyle.

From M. G. Lewis, Esq.

"Inverary Castle, Nov. 9, 1803.

"My dear Moore,

"I was both very *sorry* and very *glad* to hear from my sister that you had got a situation in America; the *first* on thy own account, the second from my good will towards *you.* I understand that your situation is both respectable and emolumentary, and you know I thought it high time that your *grashoppering* system should be at an end, and that you should begin to collect a provision of corn against the winter; but at the same time, I cannot help being conscious that I shall miss your society very much, and feeling some little regret at your having been appointed to an employment which puts you out of my reach. While we were so completely within call of one another I told you that our corresponding would be unnecessary; but now that we are separated (and that probably for some time) it will give me real pleasure to get a line from you now and then, as it will at the same time give me the assurance of your welfare, and that you have not forgotten a friendship which, though it has not been of long duration, is by

* A tragedy of Monti. In the life prefixed to his works it is called "La sua prima e famosa tragedia *l'Aristodemo.*

no means a cold one. If you comply with this request, direct to me in Devonshire Place; but this request is not the only one which I have to make; you promised to give me the proof-sheets of the priuted half of your poetical romance, and (like too many other of your similar engagements) this promise has uot beeu performed. From a message which you sent me by Mrs. Lushington, 'that you had left your book half published,' I indulge some faint hopes that you may have left it for *me*, and told Carpenter that I was to have a copy of as much as was priuted; but these hopes are very faint, as I know that you uever will be accused of having too much thought and recollection. On my return to London I shall inquire of Carpenter whether there is any fouudation for the above supposition; but if you have said nothing to him on the subjeet, of eourse he will not deliver me the poems. Now, as I really am too anxious to see this book to wait with any sort of patience, till it shall suit your good pleasure to return from America and finish its publieation, I must summon you to keep your promise, and write me a line without loss of time, authorising Carpenter to deliver me the said proof-sheets. If you wish it, you may depend on my not showing the book to any person; but at all events I insist upon your letting me have, with all convenient diligence, the dithyrambic story of Hebs's accident, as it has been running in my head ever sinee. If it is not yet printed, you *must*, absolutely and positively must, transcribe it for me with your own fair hand, and forward it to London. I have been at the Duke of Argyle's between two or three months; we have been tranquillity personified. Very few inmates, no visitors. Lady Charlotte was absent at Edinburgh, where her husband's regiment is quartered; Lord Lorne was very much oeeupied by his Lord-Lieutenancy; and Lord John * is but just arrived (having effeeted his escape from the horrors of a Freneh prison by assumiug the dress of a woman). Consequently, I have had my time almost entirely to myself, and have read most furiously; among other things I waded through the three last volumes of Gibbon, but with so much labour, that when I elosed the book I said to myself, '*Jamque opus exigi!*' But among other things I have read a book published by a young Seotchman on the subject of Colonial Poliey*, which really made my blood run eold while I perused it, for it stated very clearly that the inevitable consequences of the iudependence of St. Domingo would be the ruin of the other West Indian eolonies, and of Jamaica iu the first plaee; in which ease, *Morbleu!* I should be in a pretty pickle. The worst of it is, too, that I think the author is quite in the right, and begin to imagine what a mighty indifferent figure I shall eut with poverty on my right haud and the gout on my left; (for you are to know, that the latter gentleman (or lady, if you like it better) has lately paid me a sort of flying visit; and though he did not aetually leave a eard with his name upon it at my door, his hints were sufficiently broad to leave me no doubt that he means to be on a very intimate *footing* with me one of these days). However, to return to the West Indies; 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' and therefore I will still indulge the hope that *I* shall one day be as rich as I was born to be, and that *you* will one day return from America as rich as you deserve to be (for, as the Devil will have it, there is no goiug on without those same infernal riches), and then will we lead such a life as never entered into the fairest visions of Utopia. We will form a *coterie*, which shall be the rallying point of beauty, genius, aud worth. No flimsy wits, would-be fashionables, or ugly *Mæcenasses* in gowns and petticoats; no Lady Cork's Welsh porters, or Harry Grevilles; we will set up an *Academia* for the elegant pleasures and the graces of life; the circle of our Society shall be a sort of round-robin of poetry, painting, musie, love, and philanthropy; till the angels shall come down from heaven, and beg Lady Charlotte Campbell to take them to sup with us. What do you think of the scheme? And yet, after all, it is both provoking and humiliating to think, that sueh a dirty thing as money must needs be the foundation-stone of so beautiful an edifice. I shall leave Inverary Castle ou Sunday next, and proeeed southwards; but as I have many visits to make on my road, I probably shall not reach London till near the eonclusion of the year. However, *my* visits must depend entirely upon Buonaparte's; for if he comes to Seotland immediately (where he is very

* Lord John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll.

* Lord Brougham's work on Colonial Policy?

soon expected, though not with absolute *impatience*), the roads about Edinburgh are to be broken up, and then I shall be obliged to return home by a different way; so that every night and morning (like the old woman who found a silver penny and bought a pig with it) I cry out to Boreas,—'Pray, Boreas, sing French; French *will* invade Scotland; Scotland *will* break up roads; roads *won't* let carriage pass; and I shan't get home this year.' Now, if you are so profoundly and unpardonably ignorant as to know nothing about the old woman and her pig, the whole merit of the above prayer will be lost upon you. We are mighty bold here about the Invasion, as far as regards *our* island; as to *yours*, as the man says in the Critic, 'On that subject, the less that's said the better.' Frederick French writes me word, that the Irish peasants have been discovered in taking oaths *not* to serve in the army of reserve. News, from this isolated quarter of the globe, I can send you none at present; but if you will answer this soon, my London letters will probably be more interesting. Yet I will not be so humble, and, I *hope*, so unjust to *you*, as to suppose that you will think this letter totally *un*interesting, since it contains the assurance of my being

"Yours very sincerely,
"M. G. Lewis."

From Mrs. Merry.

"Georgetown, near Washington, Sunday, 1804.

"Before this letter reaches you, you will have heard of our landing at Alexandria, after six days' *disputation* with winds, tides, and ignorant navigators. The following morning we set off for this place in a coachie. The cold was very severe, and the roads intolerable; nevertheless, I laughed every step of the way. Mr. Thornton met us at Alexandria, and advised this mode of conveyance as the best both for ease and quickness. Mr. M. had never been in one of these vehicles, and his *quiet* astonishment and *inward groaning* gave rise to my mirth and risibility. On entering our apartments here, I asked the master of the house what he could give us for dinner. He immediately changed his *position*, walked to the fire-place, reclined his head on the chimney-piece, looked at me, or rather stared, and replied, 'Why, Mistress Merry, our custom is to give the best we have, but I *keeps* no *schedule* whatever. My house is full; but you shall have *yare* dinner.' So we had, God knows! but neither his B. Majesty's Minister or Mistress Merry could eat a morsel that was served. A few days will, I hope, place us in some hovel of our own. Mr. Thornton is indefatigable in his endeavours to procure us every comfort. He is a *quiet*, sensible, well-informed man, without brilliancy or elocution. Well educated, and full of information, which he details slowly from a natural impediment in his speech. Upon the whole, he is a great acquisition, and I rejoice to hear he is not likely to leave us; but this *entre nous*—let not a word escape you that I write—trifles become *giants* in the mouths of Americans. We have alarmed the Congress itself with the number of our servants and the *immensity* of our baggage: the former they cannot account for; the latter, they have ingeniously settled, is to be sold, and that their *home markets* will be injured if foreign ministers are allowed to bring over such profusion of luxuries for sale. Do they deserve to have one of Dr. Parry's Christians live amongst them?

"I rejoice you did not come with us. At this season the Potomac is a poor reward for the *innumerable* difficulties and impositions a traveller meets with. Its immensity inspires awe and surprise that almost deadens sense, and its sameness, for some hundreds of miles, is quite overpowering; to this add a total want of cultivation, without any diversity of ground, without an atom of sublimity or grandeur, or even cheerfulness. Within a hundred miles of Alexandria the scene changes for the better. You have well-clothed mountains and magnificent woods that may charm in their summer or autumnal dress, but in the month of November they show you the savage deserts, the miserable negroes' huts, and the causes why this country is so devoted a victim to disease. At some moments I wish you were here. Matter arises every instant that you would convert into amusement, but the *per contra* makes us both bear the deprivation of your society with resignation, though not without regret. When we are comfortable come and see us. You have older friends, but none who value you more highly than Mr. M. and the writer of this blackened scrawl. I hope you are a good decipherer, or you will soon regret entering into a correspondence with me; I cannot write

well, nor read what I write. I should have told you the house you heard talked of for us is not to be had either for *love* or money. Mr. M. frets, and every moment *exclaims*, 'Why it is a thousand times worse than the worst parts of Spain!' I laugh, and resolve to bear up *stoutly* against difficulties while Heaven blesses me with health. I am now perfectly well, and to-morrow shall *exhibit* at the Capitol. The Capitol—good heavens, what profanation!! Here is a creek, too—a dirty arm of the river—which they have dignified by calling it the Tiber. What patience one need have with ignorance and self-conceit.

"Adieu! let me hear from you soon, and accept the sincere friendship of

"E. MERRY."

From Lady Donegal.

Monday, 1805.

"I should have long since contributed my mite towards disturbing your repose at Donington, but that the *cares* and *distractions* of this world leave me but little time for the pleasures of it. However, as this word pleasure admits of different definitions, perhaps in your dictionary it is explained by 'great dinners—crowded assemblies—long list of visits to people you don't care about—seldom seeing those you do—never having an hour to yourself—and living in a constant bustle all day long.' Now, if this is your definition of pleasure, what a happy woman you must think me! for it is the exact description of the life I have led ever since you left us. But, as I define it differently, I am more anxious than I can describe for the freedom of the country, where one may follow (sometimes) one's inclinations; and, at all events, shake off some of the fetters which here one must submit to wear. We hope to be at Tunbridge on the 1st of July; and *who knows* but that we may have the gratification of seeing you there soon after. That would be exactly according to my ideas of *pleasure*. In the meantime do tell me how far you are *advanced*, and when you mean really to *bring forth*. I dread your missing the best time of the year. And I have you so much upon my mind, that I feel an anxiety about your first appearance which almost amounts to folly.

"How beautiful your 'Love and Reason' is. But why is it that Reason cannot be made more interesting? Who would desire to have her, if she is that joyless, frigid dame you poets describe her to be? She, however, has her revenge for the injustice the world does her. Other fair ones may be forsaken with impunity, but even poets will rue the day they neglect her. Take my advice, and keep on good terms with her. There are many pleasures to be found in her society,—none that last long out of it.

> "'Now fare thee well; yet think awhile
> On one whose eyes do long to see thee.'

"There is to be a masquerade at Marlborough House on Friday next, for which I understand Mr. W. Spencer has got tickets to give away. If you should have time to do so, I wish you would write to him to let me have two or three, as I have a great desire to make a fool of myself there, and to plague some of my dear friends to death.

"Yours, most sincerely, &c.,

"B. D."

From M. G. Lewis, Esq.

"Barnes, March 21, 1805.

"My dear Moore,

"Johnson's definition of the word epistle is —'a letter: this word is *seldom* used but *in poetry;*' but you will please to observe, that he does not say that it is *ever* used to mean a *poem*. He adds, 'or on occasions of solemnity or dignity.' Now, though I have not read the one at all, nor seen the other for some time, I cannot help thinking that this last definition will not be found very applicable either to your epistles or yourself; pray admire the quotation by which Johnson illustrates the latter part of his definition—

> 'When love's epistles violate chaste eyes,
> She half consents, who silently denies.'

There's an occasion of dignity and solemnity for you!

"Both Dr. Johnson and myself (two great authorities) absolutely deny that 'epistle' by itself ever meant, or will mean to the end of the world, a poem; to mean *that*, it should be stated to be an 'epistle in verse.' Are St. Paul's Epistles called so '*affectedly?*' When we read 'Dr. Atterbury's *Epistolary* Correspondence' in a title-page, are we to expect to find a book full of verses? *Epistle* is not in common use for *letter*, I allow; but though

it be a *poetical word*, it does not therefore mean a poem, any more than any *other* poetical word. It means simply 'a letter;' it may be a letter in prose, or a letter in verse; but as more letters are written in the former than in the latter, if you say, 'I will show you an Epistle'—unless you state it to be an epistle in verse, I ought to believe it to be one in prose. Yes; 'though epistles are not necessarily poems, poems have been very often epistles,'—and so have cooks very often been Blackamoors, though Blackamoors are not necessarily cooks; but you would not advertise in the newspapers, 'Want places, a middle-aged-woman cook, and three other Blackamoors.' The word 'other' which follows (you say) determines the *nature* of the epistles, and makes the prefix of 'poetical' unnecessary;—so that your advertisement is quite a dramatic composition, in which an agreeable surprise is kept in reserve to enliven the last act. But, my good fellow, in *my* opinion, it is this very word 'other' which makes all the mischief; for 'epistles and poems' would be well enough, and then when we bought the book we should find out whether they were in verse or prose. If you insist upon telling us *how*, you ought to say 'epistles in verse, and other poems.' But while you go on advertising 'epistles and other poems, dedicated to Jews and other natives of Ireland' (for you know '*though natives of Ireland are not necessarily Jews, Jews have been very often natives of Ireland*'), the reader of every newspaper has a right to be highly incensed at the trick '*which you've been after putting upon him.*' You assure him, upon your word of honour, that you are going to publish a volume of epistles. He very good-naturedly makes up his mind to read them; and as soon as he has so resolved, you call out, 'A bite, by Jasus! my epistles are poems, every mother's son of them!'—*He* starts back thunderstruck, and *you* enjoy his surprise. *I* certainly would *not* say 'tragedies and other poems,' unless those tragedies were in *verse;* would *you* say, 'comedies, and other poems,' though comedies are not *always* ' in prose? I will not pretend to say that Horace might not have written nonsense at Rome, and I should not care three skips of a flea if he had; but I maintain that Carpenter in your name has written nonsense in London; and I care too much about *you*, not to wish that this should be put a stop to. This place is so cold and so dreary that I will not at present ask you to come down here; but in May I shall remember your proposal, and claim your promise of passing a day with me, and longer if you like it. I shall come to town for a few days about the end of next week, and will make a point of seeing you; and if circumstances will leave me at liberty, I shall be very happy to share your beef-steak.

"Yours most truly,

"M. G. Lewis."

From Miss Godfrey.

"1806.

"Though I am badly off both for time and paper, yet I must contrive, some way or other, to tell you the very sincere pleasure we all feel at your complete triumph over the Edinburgh Reviewers. You will, of course, know before you receive this note that there is a new edition, just come out, of that review where you were so violently attacked; that the criticism of your works is altered and corrected, and all the violent abuse left out; and that Mr. Jeffrey desired you might be informed of it, and of his regret that, under all the circumstances of the case, he could not do more without appearing inconsistent, or, perhaps, having it supposed that he had been bullied. I believe Mr. Horner is to inform you of it. Yesterday my sisters dined with Rogers, and he told them all I have written to you, and which I have had so much pleasure in writing. My next pleasure will be to read the review. I must own, however, that though I think there is a sort of *grandeur d'âme* in acknowledging to all the world that one has been in the wrong, and very much in the wrong, yet, as a reviewer, I should suppose Mr. Jeffrey has given himself a death-blow, and has laid himself open to the attacks of every author whom he abuses for the future. Everybody argues, however, that it must be very gratifying to you, and I am sure you will believe that we most truly rejoice at it. I wish that I may happen to be the first to inform you of this little event in your life; and as I have not another moment to say another word, I shall bid you farewell for the present.

"M. G."

From Lady Donegal.

"Worthington, Sussex, Monday, 1806.

"I have been prevented writing to you as soon as I intended, by a bad headache, which has made me good for nothing for some days past; but as it has at last taken its leave, I shall let you rest in peace no longer, but call you to a strict account of what you have been doing since we parted. I do not expect to hear *much* good of you, which I think a lucky circumstance for you—for in this case, if by any chance I should hear of a *little*, it will have double weight; and if I should not, why then one is no worse than one was before. But I really am afraid that you will be again laid up if you are not more prudent than you were when we were in town—which is not likely, as you have no good-natured friends now at your elbow like us, to bore you all day long with lectures upon prudence, and to worry your life out with receipts for preserving it. The 'Morning Post' has informed us of your having been at another masquerade—where it was very stupid of you not to go in a character. It has also had the goodness to tell us that you were of Walsh Porter's *tête-à-tête* party, which I should think must have been rather an *oddish* one. What does he say of his friend the Prince? and what is the general opinion of the poor unfortunate Princess? I have not a doubt of her innocence; and I only hope that those may be punished who have had the cruelty to accuse her; but I fear that from motives of policy towards the Prince, the story will be hushed up. Is it true that the Duke of Brunswick is coming over? if it is, I shall wish myself in London, for there must be a *kick up* amongst them all, if he comes over.

"I take for granted that you see the three sisters all day long—beware!

"Have you any thoughts of making us a visit before you go to Ireland? I hope you have, but I would rather you did not come for a fortnight, as we are now about a mile from the town, which you would find inconvenient, and at that time we mean to remove into the town. Nothing can be more quiet than the lives we lead here; but we have been wretchedly off for books, as we came relying almost entirely upon the library here, which is wretched. However, your poems (our constant companion) will console me till we can get books from town.

"My sisters desire me to say a thousand fine things which you must suppose said. And pray believe me, very sincerely yours, &c.

B. D."

To Miss Godfrey.

"Remston, Leicestershire, Sept. 20, 1806.

"'Thus far into the bowels of the land have I marched on without impediment.' I know you will say I am an odd fellow, and as long as you say no worse of me I shall be contented. Why didn't I write all the last fortnight that I have been *Septembrisé* in town? Why didn't I apprise you that I was about to transport my illustrious carcase hither? And why didn't I—but the only answer I can make to Why didn't I? is Why—I didn't. The fact is, I was neither happy nor comfortable, and I did not like to throw the shade of my mind upon paper for you, though little bodies do not in general cast great shadows; yet you cannot imagine what an eclipse I spread around me whenever my orb becomes opaque with sorrow, or that the light of the heart does not shine pleasantly through me; and this has been the case all this fortnight past. I have had every possible *colour* of annoyance,—*brown* study, *blue* devils, not forgetting '*green* and *yellow* melancholy'—in short, I have been a 'rainbow ruffian' (as some sentimental poet styles a well-dressed soldier) and my *reflections* on paper would have been all of the prismatic kind. 'Oh, this learning! what a thing it is!' But to come to the plain matter-of-fact (which, you know, I love as well as I do roast mutton), I was fidgetted and teased by my impatience to get away from London, and by the impossibility from day to day of accomplishing it for want of those *paper-wings* which are so necessary to the *flights* of even poets themselves. I have, however, contrived to fly thus far; and oh! that I had the wings of a *Lottery Pigeon*, that I might flee away and be in Dublin. I hope in two or three days to manage this. I came down here in a new carriage of Rancliffe's, with his German servant to frank me along ('base is the slave who pays'), and the title of 'My Lord' lavished on me all the way; not without some little surprise that his lordship had

grown so much of late. I was unfortunate enough to be just in time for the Leicester Races, where I went with '*burning* eyes of love' after my long night's travel, and figured away at the ball in the evening to the tune of Paddy O'Rafferty till three or four o'clock. The Duchess of Rutland was there. Think of her dining *in ordinary* with about two hundred Leicestershire *racers* and *graziers*, in their boots just fresh off the race-ground, staring at her with all their eyes and mouths. She did the honours in a most *queenish* style; and I asked one of those turf gentlemen whether he did not think she was a fine '*Monarch Mare*.' Now this is a joke even still more distant from your comprehension than jokes in general, because it is a familiar designation among sportsmen for the female descendants of a certain famous gentleman whom they call *Monarch;* and I assure you that it had all the 'jest's prosperity' among the black-legs.

"Best love to Lady Donegal: direct your next letters under cover to Edward Connor, Esq., War Office, Dublin Castle. Yours,

"T. M."

To Miss Godfrey.

"Dublin, 1806.

"I hope Lady Donegal received the letter which I wrote to her on my arrival here, though I think if she had, she would have been honest enough to have repaid it before now; and *I* should not have delayed so long answering your *very dear* letter, if I had not been for these five or six days laid up in my old way on the sofa, not so much with illness as with the dread of illness. I had two or three broad hints from my side that it intended to recommence operations; so, without waiting for the attack, I adopted that 'stirring little man, Bonaparte's' system, and marched an army of leeches over it immediately; a little hostile blood has been spilt, and everything, I am happy to say, seems restored to its former tranquillity. You cannot imagine how desperately vulgar and dreary this place is! I have not even Mrs. Tigh* to comfort me, but I expect she will be in town in a week or two. I regret very much to find that she is becoming so '*furieusement littéraire:*' one used hardly to get a peep at her blue stockings, but now I am afraid she shows them up to the knee: however, I shall decide for myself when I see her, as certainly this city, among the other features of a country town which it has acquired, has not forgotten that unfailing characteristic, *scandal*. If it were not for my own dears immediately about me, and the old books of Tranquil Faber in St. Patrick's Library, I should die the death of the desperate here. I have been received certainly with every possible mark of attention: most of the men of situation have left their cards with me, and, amongst the rest, the new Provost of the University, who as being the depositary of the morals of the country, and personally a very High Priest into the bargain, gave me more pleasure by his visit than any of them. The Harringtons have asked me two or three times to dinner; and this very day I was to have been presented at a private audience to the Duke of Bedford, but he has not come to town on account of illness I believe, and it will not take place till to-morrow. All these things, to be sure, are merely *feathers in the cap*, but they are feathers I like to shake in the eyes of some envious people here amazingly. I entreat of you to write often to me. Your last letter was like summer sunshine to me—not only bright but warm, not only luminous but comfortable. That blessed ingredient, *affection*, which would sweeten the homeliest draught, comes doubly sweet in the Falernian you sent me, and I beg of you to repeat the dose as often as possible.

"Best love to Lady Donegal and your sister Philippa.

"Ever yours,

"T. M."

To Lady Donegal.

"Dec. 4, 1806.

"I have often said that correspondence between two friends should be like the flow of notes in music,—if too long an interval is allowed to take place between the tones, one loses the *chain* of song, the idea of melody is interrupted, and we listen to the sounding note (when it comes) with faint, or at least diminished, gratification. Is it not exactly so with letters? But all I can say is, that it was *you* who taught me this bad practice; and that if I had not found you so slow to *answer*, I never could have become so slow

* Author of "Psyche."

to *write*. *Action* and *reaction* is as much a law of friendship as it is of nature; and it is but too natural for my writing to cease in proportion as it finds your *answering* so tardy. This causation, I know, includes us both: but I call all the gods to witness that yours is the greatest share of guilt; and if you will but show promptitude in answering this letter, you will find me as true a hero as ever *exchanged paper* with an antagonist. Dublin has at length become gay; but it is a kind of *conscript* gaiety, in which the people assemble with all the ill-grace of French *volontaires forcés*. There is nothing, however, but dinners,—daily, dull, d—n—ble dinners; and I have time to do little more than 'faire le saut de l'Allemand, du lit à la table et de la table au lit.' The Bedfords have been very civil to me, and have had me to dinner and at private parties with them. The Harringtons, too, are gracious, but it is 'leather and prunella.' My heart is sick of them all, and I see nothing for me but to become either one of Bonaparte's Kinglets, or enlist among Sir Francis Burdett's bludgeon-men. Any little hopes I have had of advancement are gone. Among the great, both in England and Ireland, there is nothing now left but pride, self-interest, and, I think, a fatal insufficiency, whose day of trial seems to be near, and whose fate may be too much what it deserves. The country parts of Ireland are in a most disturbed state. Under the name of *Threshers*, the United Irishmen are again organizing; and the propheey-mongers tell us that Bonaparte is the Grand Thresher, who is described as coming to 'thresh the nations.' Certainly no one ever performed a mission more completely. Our Judges are going down, under strong escorts, to these disturbed parts of the country; but Judges are not the people to send against *Threshers*. In short, the lightning is flashing in our eyes, and some people will not see it; the thunder is rolling in our ears, and some people will not hear it. But the bolt will fall, and then (as young Rousseau said, going to bed without his supper) 'Good bye, roast beef!'

"I was delighted to see that our friend General Spencer has got a regiment. But where is he? I have seen no account of that expedition since I left London.

"It goes to my heart to think that it will be so long before I meet you again, and that you will be caring less and less for me every day of that time. I know your opinion about absence, and I dread so much that you speak from feeling and from practice! I have sometimes indeed, in my own case, found my stock of recollections nearly exhausted, and then I confess that the eyes of the object were the only warehouse where I could lay in a new store, genuine and fresh; but these were recollections meant merely for light 'summer wear,' and not even expected to last. I shall hope, however, that ours is of a different texture, and that even if it does diminish, the wear of it, like that of gold, will be so slow and insensible, as not to make us feel any loss in its value. I shall go to Donnington village when I leave this, and there bury myself, as I have no idea any longer of letting my light shine, like the sun in the Zodiac, for the *illumination* of *monsters*.

"Pray give my best remembrances to your sisters. Tell Miss Godfrey that if she would not stand upon the ceremony of hearing from me by this post, and write immediately, it would give me a very high opinion of her benevolence. I shall fire a letter at her to-morrow or next day. But this day I happened to dine at home, and, behold, you have the fruits of it.

" 'Tis now ten at night, and my brains give no light,
And the Postman rings ding-dong.

"So good bye. Believe me,
"Yours very cordially,
"THOMAS MOORE.

"Atkinson, to whom I have sent this to be franked (too late) begs his most cordial remembrances, and hopes that he is not forgotten by your Ladyship."

To his Mother.

"Thursday, April, 1807.

"My dearest Mother,

"I got letters from all the little circle the other day except yourself. Tell dear Ellen I was very happy to welcome her prefaee to our correspondence, and that I hope she will not lag like other people; though indeed I retract all my blame of Kate, for she has been very good to me. I am going to-day to the first gay thing I have had since I came—indeed, I have not seen a face but Mary Dalby's, and

that but once a week, since I came; but to-day I gig it to Ashby, nine miles off, where I dine with Parson M'Doual, Lady Loudoun's cousin, and then proceed in the evening to a concert and ball, consisting of Ashby amateurs and amateuresses; and I expect to find my corked-up spirits flying like spruce-beer or soda-water. I assure you, whenever I meet any one to talk to now, they suffer for my long silence by myself, and my fits of oratory are prodigious. God bless you, dearest mother! My father's letter gave me most sweet comfort. Ever your own "TOM."

From Miss Godfrey.

"June 9, 1807.

"You are the most ingenious man at making excuses, telling lies, and deceiving poor woman, that ever fell in my way in my pilgrimage upon earth; and your last letter to me is a most beautiful composition of this sort, and, albeit, might impose upon any one of my sex but myself. Alas, and alack-a-day! I have not lived so long with you for nothing. I have found you out, and know full well, to my sorrow and regret, that unless you are in love with a woman you don't care a pin about her, if she does not worry and torment you into thinking of her sometimes; and poor dear Friendship, after being obliged to march up boldly and take you by assault, must keep a constant watch upon you afterwards, or she will most certainly lose you. Well, there is no help for it—with all your faults I like you still. Pray don't think of going to Ireland without paying us a visit either here or at Tunbridge. We shall be excessively disappointed if you do. I changed my plans since I wrote to you last, and have remained on in town; in the first place, because I got better, and in the second place, because the Shaftesburys would not let me stir, whether I were better or worse. So here I am, and here we all are, till the middle of next week, and then we propose to return to Tunbridge, and either here or there, a visit from you will give us the sincerest pleasure. I think your return to Ireland looks like marrying, and if the lady be young and handsome, and rich, what better can you do? The latter she *must* be, or you *must* not think of her, and all the rest I hope she will be. Are you really thinking of such a step? * * * * *

Lord Shaftesbury* is reading and admiring your poems at present; he desired me to tell you that he has got an Anacreon for you which he means to give you when he sees you. It was given to him by a Professor in the University at Genoa, who understood English, and admired your translation to the greatest degree; and upon Lord Shaftesbury saying you were an acquaintance of his, he made him a present of this Anacreon, which is printed in capital letters, or something uncommon, which a poor ignorant woman cannot be expected to understand or explain. I forgot to tell you in my last that I saw Cumberland at Tunbridge, and I took an opportunity of mentioning to him how much you were obliged by the manner in which he had spoken of you in his book. So he smiled and panted, put his head on one side, and said how happy he was—that you were quite charming: 'He has more talents than any of them; I was obliged to admit his faults to obtain credit for what I said of his excellences, otherwise praise would have been injudicious and useless.' I asked him if Rogers had not told him, as I begged he would, how flattered you felt upon the occasion; and his answer was, 'He be hanged; he never told me one word about it.' The Fincastles set off for Scotland yesterday; they are to remain there two years. I am sorry for it, as I really like them both, and him in particular. Rogers is gone to Hampshire for three weeks, and I suppose Spencer is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing his teeth, an operation which he will take care to perform in public that he may be seen of men. What do you call this but ill-nature? And yet I swear to you I hate ill-nature, and I don't dislike Spencer; he is a good-humoured heartless fellow, and we shake hands and are jolly whenever we meet. Whenever you see Lady Shaftesbury† you must love her, for she is all over heart and goodness; and Lady Barbara is a pretty, amiable little girl, and you can't help loving her. Now, farewell; perhaps this day twelvemonth I may receive the answer to this letter, scolding me, as you always do, when you are conscious of behaving ill to me, for my long silence.

"M. G.

"Your letter, having gone round by Tunbridge, came too late for us to drink your

* Anthony, fifth Earl.

† Daughter and heir of Sir John Webb.

health on your birthday. I shall drink it twice next year."

"You are a shabby fellow for having written three long pages to Mary, without once mentioning the name of unfortunate me. I wish I could flatter myself that this omission was intentional, for then I could forgive it; but as it proceeds from downright forgetfulness, I own my wrath will endure till you have atoned for such an outrage against friendship. With all your sins upon your head, I hope we shall see you at Tunbridge, as it would grieve me sincerely to think that you were to return to Ireland without seeing us, even for one week.

"Yours most truly, &c. &c.
"B. D."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Jan. 21, 1809.

"No, my dear Moore; I must insist upon firing shot for shot, and if you have not received my fire, it was only because I could not take my aim, for I left Town immediately on the receipt of your kind letter, and unfortunately left it behind, with your address contained in it. I rejoice to hear you have been so well off in the most important of all things —*at least so*, to your happiness and mine; and though Mrs. Seymour has left you, I dare say you have alread filled up the vacuity. The last month I have idled away at private houses in the country,—at Woolbeding*, where all was luxury; and at Glynd, a seat of Lord Hampden's, as old as the world itself, where the long, long galleries and gigantic staircases were as windy as the sea-shore; and where my own bed-chamber, hung with arras, smelt so strongly of time, that I could have sworn that John of Gaunt, or some ancestor of his, lay asleep in his stone coffin under my bed. Brighton, from which I came yesterday, is still very gay, and full of balls. There I left (full of smiles, and talking much of you) Miss Dallas. Do you remember her at R. Thornton's breakfast? I told her you wished to dance with her there, and her eyes brightened into diamonds. There also are the Grattans, the Thompsons, the Lady Isabella Fitzgerald †, as full of romance as any heroine, and Miss Tudor, an American, who says she knows you, though you must have forgot her, and who is rather admired by the men, though hated by the women, reciting odes of Horace, and in beauty surpassing anything I have heard of among her countrymen—the Iroquois and Illinois, the Cherokees, the Chicsaws, the Chipewaws, the Ottawas, or Catabaws. Our friends in Davies Street * I have seen but for ten minutes since my return; but they are well, and look better and gayer than I have ever seen them. They upbraided me very deservedly for my not writing to you. They had a party last night—the Berrys, Mrs. Damer, T. Hope, and other delectables; but I could not go, being knocked up with a cold. Arthur goes to school next week. A month ago Gifford called to communicate *confidentially* his design to publish immediately a Review on the plan of the 'Edinburgh,' to be called the 'London Review.' † I must confess I heard of it with pleasure, as I thought it might correct an evil we have long lamented together. He wishes much for contributions, and all contributors (as is the case with the 'Edinburgh Review') are to be paid indiscriminately. He is exceedingly anxious that you should assist him as often as you can afford time. You may choose what book to review you like (and you are to receive twenty guineas for every sheet of letter-press), subject, however, to any alterations and corrections whatever of the Editor, who is to retain an unlimited control, as Jeffrey retains at Edinburgh; a very proper regulation I think. I gave him great hopes of you (as well as some of myself), and he has since sent Hoppner to me once or twice to urge me to write to you on the subject. Some circumstances which I have since learnt must, however, be stated to you. They affect my mind a little, and not a little. It seems the politics of Jeffrey's 'Review' have long given great offence to the Government party, particularly at Edinburgh; and Walter Scott, who formerly wrote in it principally in the quizzing department, has on that account (and perhaps for some private reasons) withdrawn his countenance and support. At the desire of

* Lord Robert Spencer's.
† Married the Count de Chabot.

* Lady Donegal.
† This design was soon afterwards carried out; but instead of the "London," it was called the "Quarterly" Review.

some persons in power, particularly Canning and the Lord Advocate, he has written a very long letter on the subject to Gifford (which I have seen), detailing, ably enough, the plan on which the Review should be conducted, and pressing the scheme upon G. as a good desideratum 'to counteract the deleterious principles of the "Edinburgh Review."' At this I took alarm; but Gifford assures me that though of course the politics will be Ministerial, it will by no means be a principal object; and he desires me to assure you so. However, I confess it shakes me a little, though Hoppner, who is very sanguine about it, does not think it should. I have now, at their ardent desire, made my report to you. When I first hinted your name to G. he jumped at the sound, and I believe has not slept since. His intention is to pay ten guineas a sheet, but the Edinburgh people pay twenty, and he cheerfully agrees to it in your instance. It seems Brougham's Review of Cevallos * has blown Edinburgh into blaze, and lists have been taken from house to house to collect the signatures of those who would engage no longer to take it in. All this in *confidence*, of course, as the secret is not my own. I have now fulfilled my promise to torment you on the subject. I meant to write about girls and verses, and it has ended in a long prosing on Scotch Reviewers. Spencer is still, I believe, circumstanced as you left him. The subscription goes on; but I fancy with no great effect. When I saw him at Gilwall two months ago, he mentioned an idea (suggested by the D. of Devonshire) of publishing his poems by subscription. I have not seen him since. As for myself, I am now reprinting mine with a few additions. I had thoughts of adding more; but, alas! I have none to consult with now you are away. You say nothing of your employments. A thousand, thousand thanks for a most elegant set of volumes. I am delighted with your intention to make your *debût* on the stage,—as an author, I mean. Of your fame as an actor I have had many reverberations. Your sketch of Ireland is most melancholy, and gloomy enough is the scene here just now. Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

* In Edinburgh Review, vol. xiii.

"When are we to expect you?

"I have still Methuen's effusions. He writes about them, alas! every post.

"I dine to-day in Davies Street. How I wish you were of the party! Lady D.'s faintings have just returned upon her."

From Miss Godfrey.

"Feb. 15, 1809.

"If I were to give way to my feelings, I should scold, fight, and quarrel with you for three long hours to come; but having a wonderful command over myself, and always listening to the voice of reason; and being of a Christian-like, forgiving temper, and possessing ten thousand other virtues which I have not time to mention at present, I shall pass over your sins and offences as lightly as I can, and refer you for all I leave unsaid to your own mind. See that page of it where all your best feelings and recollections are recorded, and tell me if you find nothing there to reproach you. A line or two to an absent friend now and then, one would suppose, was no weighty sacrifice. It is just the affair of five minutes; and if you carry your Epicurean love of repose so far as to think this a great effort, I am sorry for you, poor Tom, and very sorry for myself and all your other friends, for you will forget us all at last, merely because it is too much trouble to remember us. Rogers growls at you also. But I don't fight anybody's battles but my own. I wish I knew when you really intend to come back, and what you are about, and what has become of your learned and pious women, and whether you have seen my sister Philly, and a great many other wishes also I have, of different sorts and sizes too tedious for insertion. I wonder what you have felt and thought, and feel and think, about the Court of Inquiry, our miseries in Spain and our fooleries at home. Do you feel any compassion for the Duke of York, as a great many people do? I do; for I dare say the greater part of his accusers are just as guilty themselves. Once upon a time high situation, like charity, covered a multitude of sins: that day is completely gone by, and the higher the criminal at present the greater the punishment. Public disgrace falls so much heavier upon a Royal Highness, than the pillory would upon his *valet-de-chambre*, and its effects are so much

more fatal. I believe we are all advancing fast to revolution. Not that it appears to be at all the wish of contented, stupid John Bull; but event after event seems to lead to it, and while he lets every abuse pass silently by, circumstances draw him on in spite of himself, and I am sure we shall all wake some fine morning in the middle of a revolution, without knowing where upon earth it came from. The King is quite miserable at it, and has said that it is the first time the House of Brunswick has degraded itself. * * * No one can guess where inquiries and prosecutions will stop: and there is a general apprehension of the result. In the meantime the House of Commons roar with laughing from five o'clock in the evening till two in the morning. Every house that you go into is occupied with the subject. No one talks of anything else. Our brave men fell, and are forgotten by every one but Bonaparte, who is not so ungrateful as to forget all that we have done for the success of his schemes. I really can't help writing you all this, for I hear no other subject talked of. Yesterday the crowd was so great, that it was with difficulty the Members could get up to the House. Lord Strangford got on badly enough at the Brazils. He is very much disliked by the English; but he has an unbounded influence over the Prince's mind. I'll tell you the rest in my next letter; but the post-bell rings, and so adieu. Bab sends her best love to you.

"M. G."

To his Mother.

"Donnington Park, 1809.

"My dearest Mother,

"I think I have got into some mistakes in my reckoning, and whether I have given you a letter too little or too much I cannot at this moment determine. A squire in the neighbourhood here came and forced me over to dine with him and Lord Robert Manners, and I *dawdled* away two days with them, which has deranged all my calculations. The letter that Kate asks about was written for publication, but not in the manner that Sir John's luminous biographer has introduced it; it makes part of a prospectus which I wrote for Power, and which I dare say you have seen by this time printed on a single sheet. The letter was never written to the Knight, or you may be sure I should not have been so ill-bred as to quote Latin in it. I have lost all my comforts here already. The house is arrayed in all its company-dress, and waits in prim expectation of their arrival, like the poor maids of honour in George II.'s time, who used to sit up all night in arm-chairs with their heads drest, in order to be ready for Court next morning. I can't stir an inch without meeting some crimson carpets, &c., that must be spotless for my Lady's eye when she comes. God bless you. Ever your own "Tom.

"By the bye, there is the best Irishism in that said 'Dublin Magazine' that ever I met with. The editor in a note upon the last cover very gravely entreats the reader to 'keep in mind' that Miss Owenson's portrait *is not* Sir John Stevenson's."

From Miss Godfrey.

Davies Street, June 20, 1809.

"I cannot bear this profound silence any longer. I believe you could bear it to all eternity—to your everlasting shame be it spoken. In the natural course of human affairs it was Bab who should have written and not me, and she has been always talking of doing so. I have seen the pen in her hand for the purpose, and even the first line composed; but as it has never gone farther my patience could stand it no longer, and I made a vow that I would write to you myself, and put you in mind of your poor dear absent friends, and ask you also about your poor dear self at the same time. And pray, sir (says I, very civilly), how are you, where are you, and what are you about? Are you conversing with the mighty dead, or addressing yourself to future ages? or, albeit, are you ingloriously chatting with your Fannys and Phillises in the corner, and swearing to the dear creatures that you can't live without them? As for me, sweet sir (for of course you return my kind inquiries by still kinder ones about myself), I am, at this present writing, sick to death of London, oppressed by its bustle, stunned by its noise, choked by its dust, and stifled by its smoke. And if you know any worse state of existence than this, take up your pen instantly and

describe it to me, that I may have the pleasure of answering you by the return of post, and proving clearly to your satisfaction that you are in the greatest of all possible errors if you can suppose any situation can be more miserable than the one I have just had the honour of describing to your excellency. * * * Parliament is to be up on Thursday, after having 'played such fantastic tricks before high heaven as,' I take it for granted, 'made the very angels weep.' This very moment it occurs to me that this was the cause of the wet season we have had—it was all angels' tears which we vulgarly called rain.

"At present what do you say about revolution? I think we shall escape. We are in the high road to reform. It is the fashion of the times. Every man that wants to make a name finds out an abuse. The Opposition are just as much alarmed at this spirit as the Ministers, and are just as unpopular with the people, at which they are quite indignant. This third party is called the Mountain. The Archduke Charles and Bonaparte keep the world in a state of breathless expectation. Whoever gains, rivers of blood must flow, and anarchy or slavery is the miserable alternative. It makes one sick.

"Rogers is very much discomposed at your having anything to do with Carpenter. Still he says you do yourself great injustice in continuing in his hands, and I believe so too, for we suspect him—at least Bab and I do—not to be in circumstances to pay you as other booksellers would. I have not said anything of the disappointment we felt at your not coming to England this year. We did, however, feel it truly and sincerely; but what can one do upon such occasions but submit with a good grace to what one can't help?

"Bab's love to you, and mine also.

"M. G."

From Lady Donegal.

"Tunbridge Wells, July 14, 1809.

"It positively is a grievous misfortune to have any one belonging to us of a more active turn of mind and with nimbler fingers than our own,—for the natural consequence is, that indolence is indulged in till it becomes a vice; and we all know how difficult a matter it is to conquer vicious habits; and that you, Mr. Little, should be the means of conquering mine is what must appear extraordinary to many. But so it is; for your 'Sceptic' has converted me to the true faith of writing to my friends again, and, in the *true* spirit of friendship, of finding fault with them when I see occasion for it. I am more vexed than I can say at your attack upon ——. Every one must know her in a moment; and though none can like her, or even tolerate her, yet she is a woman, and as such ought not to be attacked when she has no way of defending herself. Do what you will with Lords Mulgrave and Castlereagh, or with any other lord or gentleman you choose, but let poor women pass unmolested.

"You will be surprised at my taking her part; but it is not for her sake, it is for yours that I feel vexed. And I would give a great deal to have her name effaced; for those who do not know you as well as I do will impute the attack to some unworthy motive, and perhaps call it pique, or revenge, for the rudeness of her conduct to you. I implore you, therefore, to scratch her out, and have done with her. In the meantime I will confess that I have carefully locked up the copy you sent to me, and do not talk of it to any one, Mary excepted, who thinks with me about it, and who joins with me in regretting that where there is so much to admire there should be any drawback to our admiration. What a lecture this is! and what an opinion I must have of your disposition, and of your regard for me, to suppose that you will pardon it! But I pique myself upon knowing you well, and I therefore feel sure that you will 'forgive the freedom of a friend.'

"What a pretty return all this for your kindness in sending the poem to me, and yet I do assure you that I feel very much obliged to you for your recollection of us, and very much gratified by it; for one constant dread I have upon my mind is, that your long absence will weaken your feelings for your friends at this side of the water, and that every day your recollections of them will get fainter, till at last they will melt into the horizon, and the foreground of your picture will be the only part that will interest you. Arthur, Mary, and myself comprise our family party here, where we arrived last Monday. At present there is nobody here that I would ever wish to see again; but in a little time

we expect the Ellenboroughs, the Berrys, Charles Moore, and Rogers, none of whom have any particular attractions in your eyes; and yet there are some good heads and some good hearts amongst them, though few of the faces are worth looking at.

"Mary desires to be affectionately remembered to you.

"What are you now about? Be it good or be it bad, tell me. Yours very truly, &c.,

"B. D."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"London, July 10, 1809.

"My dear Moore,

"I have nothing indeed to do but to throw myself upon your generosity, having so shamefully abused it, and to promise amendment, the only reparation in my power; but, alas! is it in my power? If I may confess my weakness to you,—a weakness I have never concealed,—I have no hope. I cannot write; and continually do I walk miles to save the necessity of writing a single line. Nor, on reflection, can I say that I remember ever to have given any assurance on the subject. No; I was too well acquainted with myself to make any. I said to you, 'Stay here, and let us converse, face to face.' You replied, 'No; let us do it with pen, ink, and paper.' Now as you will not—perhaps cannot—indulge me in my wish (and sincere it is, as you well know), it seems a little hard that I am to be blamed by everybody for a mental incapacity which I have often acknowledged to my friends with shame and sorrow; and besides, if you were a person of *an amiable absence*, it might be politic in us, if we had the vanity to think it was in our power, to render that absence as pleasant to you as possible. As it is, my dear Moore, we cannot wish to reconcile you to it by any exertion of ours.

"Now I have vapoured and bullied,—and to blame others is always wise, when we ourselves are in the wrong. I will tell you how much I miss you in my walks in the Park, and at Vauxhall, and on the Thames; but much as I grieve, I must say that you have determined wisely. Lady Charlemont is again on the wing for Dublin, as beautiful as ever. She talks of your songs with the same enthusiasm she used to do. The other night, at Lady Cork's, I heard Lady Hamilton sing, 'Friend of my soul,' and 'The Wreath you wove,' with great spirit. I could not help thinking, and so, perhaps, did many others, that I had heard them sung differently. Jeffrey has been here, and is gone: he inquired very particularly after you. The 'Edinburgh Review' used to sell 10,000 copies; the 'Quarterly' sells 2500. Walter Scott has just left us. He dined with Princesses and Ministers of State, and was always engaged a fortnight deep. He made rain and sunshine in this town at pleasure. Cumberland dined with me yesterday. He is greatly changed, but still lively. He took up a volume of your Anacreon that was lying on the table, and spoke of you, as he always does, in the warmest terms. Poor Spencer! He took the field again when Lady Susan returned, but ill-health drove him back to Gilwell, and there he now is, with some symptoms of dropsy upon him. When he came to town, he drove to Ward's; but when he entered the house, he found, as he told me, trunks in the hall, and many alarming signs. Ward, in less than a week, let his house, and fled to Spain. He then drove to L. Dicks', and there he passed the two months he spent among us. D. was very vain of his guest. He never disturbed him, appointed two men to wait upon him; and whenever S. dined at home, Dick gave a *fête*. So Methuen has resolved to print. Woe is me!

"Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

"Yours, ever,

"Samuel Rogers.

"A pamphlet is just left with me. Many thanks! It is worthy of the former, though, I think, written with a little more rapidity. The second time I read it, I liked it still better than the first. It is full of point and nerve; and will, I am sure, establish the fame of the former, as well as its own. Alas! I have no account to give of myself.

"I am printing a new book, full of old things —*i. e.*, a new edition."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"St. James's Place, Dec. 23, 1809.

"No, my dear Moore; never will I presume to say what you shall do. Your 'nightly visitant' will whisper better things in your ear than any human voice; and if you are in a vein of satire just now, for heaven's sake write

satire. So long as you write such lines as conclude the 'Sceptic,' I shall never complain for one. I am rejoiced to think that you are happy, which indeed you cannot fail to be while you are making others so; but don't let the Graces supplant the Muses. You mention nothing of the subjects that engage you, and perhaps you are right. I have just now sent forth a new edition of an old book, a little better, I hope, than the last. It is not, however, I believe, yet abroad: when I get a copy I will try to send it to you. I suppose Carpenter will undertake to do it. As for me, I have been for the last month something of an invalid. Bile and Baillie have been my only companions, save and except a very well-drest company of black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray; but they have now taken leave, and I am beginning to break the shell, and hope soon to fly, if not to sing.

"Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

"Ever yours, most sincerely,

"SAMUEL ROGERS."

To Lady Donegal and Miss Godfrey.

"Birmingham, Monday, 1810.

"I am so far on my way to you, and just wait to take breath before I encounter the various kinds of feelings that I shall have upon my arrival. It is a sad thing to be ashamed to meet one's friends, and I should be sorry to think that I have any such feeling about me; yet, when I know that I have so long disappointed the wishes and hopes of those who are interested about me, it is impossible not to dread such reproachful salutations as, 'I am sorry you did so,' and, 'I wonder you didn't do so,' and a thousand other anxious comments, which one must only feel without answering. But the good nature and the true cordiality with which I *know* I shall be received in Davies Street, give me courage to meet even the reproaches which perhaps may be mingled with them; and all I intreat of you is that, for a little while at least, you will neither ask me what I *have* done, or even what I *mean* to do, but draw upon your *first* good opinion of me (if that fund be not entirely exhausted) to enable you *still* to look forward with a hope of something good and respectable from me. To tell you that I mean to give up society would be only to make you smile and remember how often that wise resolution has been *paraded* by me: but *years* make some difference even in fools, and though they may not give us *wisdom*, they do a good deal in changing the *objects* of our folly. After this preparatory letter, which, I am afraid, has always the clumsiness of a pioneer without his strength, I shall bid you good-bye till Wednesday or Thursday, when I mean to have a hearty shake of the hand with you in Davies Street. This letter is to *both*, as my friendship is.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To Lady Donegal.

July, 1810.

"I shall not attempt to defend myself; for it would really require more sophistry and more impudence than (bad as I am) I possess to think of proving that I am not *quite wrong* in having so long deferred writing to you. But is there not *some* little grace in this avowal? and would it not require the hardest heart in the world to be angry with me after such an humble confession of my errors? I *know* you will forgive me; because, after all, you understand very well yourself the sort of unwillingness one has to take up a stitch that has long dropped in a correspondence; and though I think I am as sure of your heart as of any heart in this world, yet I do firmly believe that '*yours sincerely*' is the only part of a letter that you take any real pleasure in writing to me—isn't it so? As for myself, there are *a few* in the world for whom I would *willingly* shed my last *blood*, and yet I *cannot help* being sparing of my *ink* to them. I know sister Mary thinks this very odd, for she would sooner draw a pen than a sword at any time; but it is my *weakness*, and a very lazy weakness it is, I confess,—one great inconvenience of which is that my letters, when they *do* come, are only apologies for those that did *not* come, and my not having written is almost the only thing I have to write about. Pope says that 'Heaven first *sent letters;*' but if it required *answers* to the letters it sent, I am afraid that Heaven would have found me an unpunctual correspondent.—So much for the main subject of my epistle; and now, having made such a bad hand of what I have *not* done, I wish I could give you even a tolerable account of what I *have* done; but, I don't

know how it is, both my mind and heart appear to have lain for some time completely *fallow*, and even the usual crop of *wild oats* has not been forthcoming. What is the reason of this? I believe there is in every man's life (at least in every man who has lived as if he knew how to live) one blank interval, which takes place at that period when the gay desires of youth are just gone off, and he has not yet made up his mind as to the feelings or pursuits that succeed them—when the last blossom has fallen away, and yet the fruit continues to look harsh and unpromising—a kind of *interregnum* which takes place upon the demise of *love*, before ambition and worldliness have seated themselves on the vacant throne. * * * I am now on a visit with a man who has ten thousand a year, and who keeps the best table within the bills of mortality; but the house, notwithstanding, is most preciously dull; the cook and I are the only *savans* on the establishment, and the *sauce* is the only thing *piquante* I have to deal with in it. I intend however, if I can, to turn my seclusion to account, and to write something *marketable* for this next year; for money I *must* have, if the Muses were to die for it; and of all the birds of the air, the *gold*finch's notes for me. By-the-by, talking of money, you insult me in a most pointed manner by never once touching upon the subject in any of your letters. You seem to think it quite as ridiculous to mention money-matters to *me*, as it would be to write to Hammersley about the Loves of the Plants; but I'd have you to know —— seriously, I take it rather unkind of you that you do not tell me how you are getting on with those sad samples of nobility you have to deal with, for though my hard fate prevents me from being any thing but a burthen to you, yet you ought to do me the justice to feel that I am anxious about all that concerns you, and that to know the *worst* from yourself is better than being made to fear everything bad by others. Mrs. Crookshank, about a month ago, told me some circumstances which gave me much and real pain. Ah! nothing goes *right* in this world, *except* for *those* with whom everything (*please God*) will go *wrong* in the other. Really, one is obliged to feel either very profanely or very piously, when one sees the kind of persons that are put upon the black list in this life. Do, pray, let me know something about your affairs, and do not for an instant suppose that I am not as warmly and anxiously alive to everything connected with you and your happiness, as I was when near you, and as I ever, while I live, shall continue to be.

"I hope you did not dislike my dedicatory letter to you. It was sent to the press before I recollected that I ought to have asked your permission for the step, and it was this afterthought that made me resort to the awkward expedient of putting only the initials of your name. Most people here think it is Lady Downshire, which is very stupid of them, though perhaps *you* will not be sorry for the transfer. As to politics, I begin rather to hope that the kind of change most for *my advantage* (and perhaps most for the advantage of the country) will take place next sessions, and that the Whigs will come in, in spite of my other friends the Reformists, who seem to be dropping off the perch very fast indeed; and certainly never did *dirtier sticks* ascend in the *bright shape* of rockets than some of these said Reformists have proved themselves to be. Cobbett is contemptible; Wardle is in the mud; and Burdett himself is, I believe, beginning to think that politics, like 'poverty, brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows.' When I mention my hopes from the Whigs, I found them chiefly upon the impression which my last pamphlet has made among them. I have had letters of the most flattering kind possible from Grattan, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Moira, the Duke of Bedford, &c., and the language which they use, particularly Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Bedford, looks very like a persuasion in their minds that I might be somewhat useful to them. But I was almost forgetting to tell you of the strange honour that came by surprise upon me the other day. I received a letter from Stockholm, through Hammersley's house (where it had been detained *about a year*), informing me that I had been elected a Knight of the illustrious, secular, equestrian, and chapteral Order of St. Joachim*, on account of my reputation for literature on the Continent. This, you know, is one of the orders made hereditary in the family of Nelson. I thought for a moment that it was a

* See Preface to vol. ii. of Moore's Collected Works.

hoax, and the name of the saint appeared to me very well chosen, being easily convertible into St. *Joke-him;* but upon applying to Naylor, the Windsor genealogist, and others, to whom this letter from the Vice-Chancellor of the Order referred me, I found it to be all a most illustrious and chapteral matter-of-fact; so I am now Sir Thomas Moore, K. J., elect. I have not yet answered the letter, but it is my intention respectfully to decline the honour, as literary knights (even if the knighthood were acknowledged) are anything but reputable personages in the eyes of John Bull, to whom the respect for authorship that exists on the Continent is as unintelligible as their cookery, and goes against his stomach quite as much.

"And now, good bye. Give dear sister Mary my best and warmest regards; tell her I shall write just as long a letter to her very soon, and that *that* letter and another will be about long enough to cover the space between this and our meeting, which I trust will be a happy one; and to which I shall carry just as warm a heart and as constant a spirit (I mean in friendship) as ever.

"Yours,
"T. M."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Oct. 21st, 1810.

"My dear Moore,

"When I received your last letter, I sat down immediately and wrote an answer to it. If you wish to know what became of the answer, you *shall* know—I burnt it. I will now proceed to subjects I like better. Your rencontre with the D. of R., as they relate to yourself and not to me, must have affected you not a little. The conclusion was alike honourable to both, and will be pleasant by-and-by to look back upon among the adventures of your life. Your pamphlet, for which I have never thanked you (though the burnt MS. was full of it), I read with great delight. Grattan spoke of it in the warmest language, and it deserved all he said. Your prose I always greatly admired, and look with great impatience for the wreaths you are preparing for the brows of Virgil and Horace. Don't you sometimes imagine that they are sitting by you in your chamber, while you are writing their lives (as you mean to do) from their own lips? Catullus has long left you. He was the first called upon, no doubt. Have you yet read the poems of W. Scott? The story of the last is very pretty, though the execution is inferior to that of the first. But I have so many questions to ask you, and they crowd so fast upon my pen, that I must throw them all aside till I see you, which I do hope will now be soon; or is your return to be deferred till the Peace? Really, my dear Moore, human life is so short, and the bright moments in it of such rare occurrence, that I cannot endure such privations. Pray, come and scold me *vivâ voce*, and then I will reply to you with what frankness I can. There is no holding a *tête-à-tête* across the Irish Channel.

"Lady Donegal and Miss D. returned to town for the winter on Saturday. Their last six months have been spent at Tunbridge. I was with them there for a fortnight. The Marchioness of Douglas (Miss Beckford) is still in or near town. The prince has heard her sing. He admired her song, but not her beauty. Methuen has published his poems and taken a wife. I lamented exceedingly, last spring, that an illness which confined me for many weeks prevented my seeing J. Atkinson. I called a few days after he had left town. Spencer goes on as before, dividing his time between Gilwell and Chiswick, and now and then taking a breakfast at Somerset House. As for myself, I jog on as usual, mixing rather less with the world and writing less than ever. I sometimes think that I have lost the faculty of making verses, good or bad; but when you return, perhaps I may try again. Campbell lives at Sydenham, writing for the booksellers, and anything, I believe, but poetry. The Lake people seemed to be completely silenced by the broadsides of the 'Edinburgh Review.' Jeffrey has been lately in town, though I missed him. In his way hither he stopped at Keswick, and saw Southey and Coleridge. He seems to have been dazzled by the rhetoric of Coleridge, whom he had never seen before. W. Scott has made 10,000*l.* by his poem!* and will, I dare say, double the sum. Will not you rejoice to hear that the Tunbridge waters have almost restored Lady D. to her old health and spirits?—at least so I concluded

* The Lady of the Lake.

from her last. What changes you will find on your return to England! Some dead, some married, some rich, some poor, some with new titles, some, alas! with new faces, and some—no less a wonder than the rest—just the same as you left them! Among the last, my dear Moore, I flatter myself you will find, though now and then a little angry with you,

"Your very sincere friend,
"Samuel Rogers."

To James Corry, Esq.

"June 4, 1811.

"My dear Corry,

"You have every reason to be very angry with me—but I really have such an unconquerable aversion to writing letters, that I have often thought Captain Brady's resolution not to answer anything but a *challenge* was the most peaceable way of getting through life. But I feel myself particularly reprehensible in not attending to *your* letter; not only because it was the most agreeable I have received since I left Dublin, but because it was so good-natured of you to write to me *at all*, after my 'angel visits, few and far between,' to Lurgan Street. However *you* may forgive me, I can by no means be so lenient to myself for having *seemed* (for it was only seeming) so insensible to the many repeated kindnesses I have experienced from you and Mrs. Corry; but distractions of various kinds beset me in cities, and it somehow happens that those I love best come off worst with me. I rather think you will understand what I mean; and indeed you and Mrs. Corry show that you *feel* what I mean, by continuing your kindness to me through all chances and changes, through all my neglects and aberrations. I have not yet had a *business* day with Power, which means that we have not yet *got drunk* together; but he is good enough to be one of my allies next Monday, when I take the chair at a dinner of the gentlemen educated at Dublin College. I wish, with all my heart, that *you* could pop your *nose* in amongst us. Beecher has the misfortune to be *English*-bred, and so cannot be with us.

"With respect to the opening lines of the Prologue for Kilkenny, I am afraid you must fill up the *hiatus* with stars, for, poor as they were, I have robbed them of their only trinkets for a song in the next number of the Melodies; therefore you must give it only as a fragment, and say '*Cætera desunt*,' the rest is *not decent*, or some such cause.

"Pray do not translate any of my Latin for Mrs. Corry, but give her, in plain English, my warmest remembrances, and tell her it gave me sincere pain to hear of her illness; but that I strongly hope I shall see her here with all her good looks and (may I say?) kind smiles in summer.

"Ever yours, my dearest Corry,
"Thomas Moore.

"You see I have presumed upon your privilege to enclose a letter, which you will oblige me by sending as soon as possible."

To Miss Godfrey.

"Dublin, Sept. 11, 1811.

"My unfortunate opera* was at last launched the night before last; and though the actors expected so much from it, I doubt whether it will turn out at all so attractive as they supposed. I have not seen it myself yet; but last night I am told it went off without the slightest opposition, and to-night I dare say I may venture, without danger to my nerves, to go and see it. I knew all along that I was writing down to the mob, but that was what they told me I must do. I however mingled here and there a few touches of less earthly mould, which I thought would in some degree atone for my abasement. I am afraid, however, I have failed in both: what I have written up to myself is, they say, over-refined and unintelligible; what I have written *down* to *them* is called vulgar. I have therefore made a final resolution never to let another line of mine be spoken upon the stage, as neither my talents nor my nerves are at all suited to it. I must tell you, at the same time, that the piece has (what the actors call) *succeeded*, the second night having been fully attended and unanimous in applause. Most of the paper critics too have been friendly; the 'Times' making a most formidable exception. The article in that paper yesterday was really a brain-blow, from the style in which it was

* M. P. or the Blue Stocking.

written and the candour with which it affected to praise me in other departments of literature: they however made a most ridiculous and unaccountable mistake in accusing me of royalism and courtiership, when the fact is, the piece was dreaded by us all as dangerous from the opposite quality, and I had a long struggle with licenser for the retention of several most ticklish passages about bribery. The worst of it is, that I fear Arnold means to trick me out of all but the first advance that he made me in the spring; this is too bad. However, you shall know more when I have ascertained his intentions.

"I shall now take to my poem, and do something, I hope, that will place me above the vulgar herd both of worldlings and of critics; but you shall hear from me again, when I get among the maids of Cashmere, the sparkling springs of Rochabad, and the fragrant banquets of the Peris. How much sweeter employments these than the vile joke-making I have been at these two months past!

"Best love to dear Lady Donegal from hers and yours ever,

"THOMAS MOORE."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Aberystwith, Sept. 19, 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"Many, many thanks for your very kind letters. I was indeed very anxious; but you have removed all my fears, and I wish you joy from my heart. If you had escaped, I should have felt some alarm. When bowmen and riflemen erect butts to shoot at, we, who are butts ready-made, must not expect to escape; and though the arrows are poisoned, it is our own fault if they raze the skin. To succeed is no little crime in the eyes of those who fail; and those who cannot climb will endeavour to pull you down by the skirts. The only thing that surprised me was your account of Arnold's terms. Had you no conception of them till it was too late? With regard to publishing, you are the best judge. If the dialogue is murdered on the stage, should not it do itself justice in the closet? But consult your own feelings, and you will be sure to act right. Only, if you publish, would not Longman be the best man to deal with?

"Your little history of your own and X's feelings on the occasion interested me much; but, thanks be to Heaven, all is over, and you are both alive and well. The music, I have no doubt, will amply repay you, and I hope, extricate you completely from C's clutches. I shall be delighted to hear that you are worshipping fire and committing every extravagance in those regions of the sun.

"In a fortnight I hope to see you, and hear what, I am sure, you calumniate most vilely. Here I am just now on the sea-shore, and though nothing but Welsh is talked under the window, I live *on* very comfortably. Last week I made a little excursion into North Wales, and travelled round Snowdon, who revealed himself in great pomp on the occasion. My ears are still full of Welsh harps and mountain torrents.

"Ever yours,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"I slept at night at Wm. Madocks's. He is a great lord in his little city of Tre-Madoc, —has built a church and a market-place, and a town-hall, and a square, and a street, where the sea roared a year or two ago; and this week holds an Tysteddford or Meeting of Bards. The comet is very brilliant here, and every evening makes a *brilliant path* across the water."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Aberystwith, Sept. 20, 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"You know me and my faults too well to be much surprised at my long silence; and now (forgive me for my selfishness) I am not sure I should have written at all, but to make you write, and tell me something about yourself, &c. What have you done? Is the dramatic concluded and the epic begun? Are you now in a pavilion on the banks of the Tigris? or, in the shape of a nightingale, singing love songs to a Rose in the gardens of Cashmere? As for me, I have been visiting an elder brother, who, many years ago, retired from the world, to cultivate his own patrimonial fields and read his Homer under the shade of his own beech-trees near Hagley. His farm is beautiful, very woody and uneven, and full of little dingles and copses and running waters. A green lane, a mile

long, leads to the house, which overlooks the fields. The prospect, enlivened with a few cottages, is bounded by a chain of hills, which affect almost to be mountains; and beyond these appear, every now and then, over their heads, such as are fully entitled to the name, and as blue as a blue atmosphere can make them. From one circumstance or another, it is now some years since I came there: his girls, now very lovely, are nearly grown up, and I am half tempted to get up every time they come into the room. It makes me feel very old, and very melancholy too sometimes. I think of the time when they used to sit on my knee and tease me to tell them stories of the world they were about to enter into. The other day it was proposed to dine in a wood; and I was surprised, when I came, to find everything set out there in a hermitage. The tables, the chairs, napkins, knives, and eatables all carried on their heads and under their arms; not a servant assisted. How little, said I to myself, when I saw them smiling over their work, would the fine ladies in town be inclined to think of such a thing! But we are now all transported to a very different scene,—a bleak, mountainous seashore in Wales. How long I shall remain here I cannot say,—probably a month; so pray write me a line in the course of a fortnight at least. Rebuke me by setting me a better example. I have received a letter from Mrs. Grattan, and as I am writing a line to her and Lady D., shall inclose both under cover to G. My book, I fear, is at a standstill. I have written but a very few lines, and those of no moment. Some time or other you shall see them. I hope to be in town in about five weeks.

"Ever yours,

"Samuel Rogers.

"I am very anxious about your proceedings with Arnold, and am continually looking out for an opera. Have you given it a name?

"My sister desires to be very kindly remembered to you."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Thursday, Oct. 24, 1811.

"My dear Corry,

"Now for it—I am quite ready for you—proof sheets—play bills—I'll dash through all with you. Seriously, my dear fellow, though not altogether *désauvré*, yet I am just now in want of an interposing relief to more serious studies, and I know of nothing better for the purpose than our Kilkenny undertaking; so don't spare me, but as many tons burden as your franks are allowed to carry, freight away without any remorse,—the linen trade will be all the better for it.

"You perceive I have been qualifying myself still further for the task by putting on the sock in *writing* as well as *acting*, but I am sorry to say I feel it rather *slipshod* on me. You will see a resurrection (when you read me) of many jokes that were tolerable in *their lifetime*, but which wear rather 'a *ghastly smile*' in their present cold-blooded reappearance. *One* of those *revenans* you will recognise as having once given some signs of life in a letter to *you*; but there are many of them which not all the efforts of the Humane Society (and the audiences are very much of this description) could warm back into any respectable state of animation.

"I wish you would tell Dalton that, tolerant as I am (from sympathy) of those who will not write letters to their friends, yet (like Mr. Perceval, &c.) there is a certain point at which my toleration stops; and Dalton is degenerating into such very licentious silence, that, with all my liberality upon the subject, I must say that he abuses his privilege.

"There is no news that you'd care to hear of, except that the Prince is to have a villa upon Primrose Hill, connected by a fine street with Carlton House, and is so pleased with this magnificent plan, that he has been heard to say 'it will quite eclipse Napoleon.' It is feared, too, that Mr. Perceval, by *this* and *other* '*primrose paths* of dalliance,' is finding his way very fast to the Regent's heart.

"When you write, or rather when you *research*, do not forget that some little *biographical traits* of our *brotherhood* would form a very useful feature of your investigation.

"Ever most truly yours,

"Thomas Moore."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Holland House, Friday Morning, Nov. 1811.

"My dear Moore,

"I am very happy indeed to think that an

affair conducted in a manner so honourable to both parties has terminated so pleasantly,* though I cannot but think you have been a little reserved to me on the occasion. We have long admired Lord Byron as a writer. His manliness and candour in this correspondence must now excite our esteem for him as a man; and if I can, by introducing myself as a peacemaker where indeed there is nothing but peace already, acquire the honour of his acquaintance, I shall think myself very fortunate, and greatly obliged to you.

"If I might, I would leave my name at his door; but perhaps you can negotiate the business for me; and I cannot say how happy I shall be if his Lordship will do me the honour to dine with me in St. James's Place. Any day but to-morrow will suit me perfectly.

"Ever yours,

"Samuel Rogers.

"Thomas Moore, Esq."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1811.

"My dear Corry,

"I have only time at this moment to thank you for all your communications, great and small, and to tell you that I have sent the *covers* of your *packets* to Sir Francis Burdett, that he may make a speech about them at the opening of Parliament. I suppose you have heard that during the Talents' administration Windham received an express from Lord Grey, which made a great sensation in every town it passed through, but which turned out (upon opening the gilt despatch-box) to be the *annonce* of a battle between Gulley and Gregson, sent by the Foreign Secretary to the War Secretary 'upon public service.' I thought of this when I received your Linen Board enclosures. What an enormous book you mean to make of it! μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον. A great book is a great evil. (N. B., writing Greek when a man is in a hurry!) Seriously, I fear we must either reject much of the printed materials, or considerably diminish the scale upon which it is executed. Such a heavy book upon such a light subject would be quite an anomaly. Think what can be done to reduce its corpulence; for really it rather terrifies my little muse to be wedded to such a Mr. Lambert of a book as it must necessarily be when preface, plates, &c., are added to its present bulk. I find I have only time now to throw out these hints; but I shall write more fully in a day or two.

"Your kindness in thinking of my interests gives me the sincerest pleasure and gratitude. What you and Dalton were talking of (an author's night) would be not only serviceable, but flattering to me; and I should like to be *surprised* with such a favour exceedingly. As you have been good enough to ask how you can serve me, the following query will show that I take you at your word: What are the *longest dates* at which you could get *two bills* upon *Power* in *Dublin* cashed for me, being for the sum of one hundred pounds each? I wish to know this immediately (though I ought to have prefaced it with another question, which is, whether you would get them cashed for me at *any* date). I want the money for the approaching Christmas, and he has this sum at my disposal, but wants as long a shot for paying his bills as Acres did for killing his man. So pray, without mentioning the circumstance to any one, let me know what you can do without inconveniencing yourself, and believe me to be,

"Most hastily, but as *sure* as if I were *slow*,

"Yours,

"T. Moore."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Friday, December 13, 1811.

"My dear Corry,

"Many thanks for your kindness in offering so promptly to *translate* my English into *Spanish*, 'cum *notis*,' &c., &c. The sooner the *version* is done, the better; I enclose the *original*.

"Though Power is of such *longue haleine* in the bill way, I think the number of resting-places you offer him cannot but satisfy him.

"Give my very best remembrances to Mrs. Corry; and tell her, though given in a letter upon money-matters, they have not a tinge of *the dross* about them.

"I shall keep my dramatics for another letter.

"Ever yours, in haste,

"Thomas Moore.

"Send the enclosed letter to Power. By-

* In allusion to the hostile correspondence between Moore and Byron.

the-bye, I forgot to ask whether your powers of *import* (in the *franking* way) are as unlimited as your *export* privileges; because a friend of mine has a *young child* he wants to *frank* over."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Keswick, 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"Many thanks for your kind letters, and your indulgent reception of my mountain verses, which you could not expect to find so smooth and polished as if they had come from the South. I am rejoiced to hear that you found the madonna and child alive after so long an absence; and hope from my heart that the first is recovering. You do me a little injustice when you think I did not continue in my former sentiments; but I believe on second thoughts you were right, for I can assure you I think better and better of the person you mentioned; and the account I wrote to my brother and sister has given them no small interest in her welfare. On the shores of Windermere I found Sir James Mackintosh, who was indeed the first to recommend Little's Poems to my serious perusal. I found him again at Keswick; and my Journal, could I send it to you, would be a tissue of voyagings and clamberings, and hair-breadth escapes. In two or three days I shall remove to Lowther. * * * I have nothing to add but a few *craggy* lines; and, indeed, to get your opinion of them is one great reason for my inflicting on your patience this unprofitable and expensive epistle. The first eight will stand as you tolerated them.

"Oh, I was there, one of that gallant crew; *
And saw, and wonder'd whence his power He drew;
Nor then of his great Adversaries knew,
Then uninstructed.—But my sand is run,
And the night coming . . . and my task not done!

"You will remember that my monk is in *articulo mortis*, and may, therefore, when thinking of his situation, be allowed to stammer a little. By the night, I mean that 'in which no man can work.' I thought these lines would serve pretty well to introduce their excellencies, the Devils, in the third Canto; and as Sharp and Wordsworth particularly like the last couplet, I have, though I don't quite like it, retained it, not finding a better.

* "Voyage of Columbus," canto iii.

This change of person, from your humble servant to the monk, will, I think, render the poem a little more dramatic, and occasion the following alterations:

"Canto I.—Sung ere his coming, and by Heav'n designed.
"Canto VI., last page.—At length among *us* came an unknown Voice!
"Canto VIII., second page.—Slowly to land the sacred cross *we* bore.
"Canto X.—Who now danc'd forth to strew *His* path with flowers,
And hymn *His* welcome, &c.

"'Then uninstructed' is a pause I rather like; 'my task not done' is, I will confess, not in my manner, though, I think, rather Miltonic, and such as would please me in blank verse. I am afraid I should have written, 'ere my task is done.' But those critics are so decided against me, I have knocked under.

"I am delighted to hear that your Muse is not daunted by the discouragement she thought she met with. I can assure you I am as much in love with her as I can be with a lady without flesh and blood. Pray remember me very affectionately to the two ladies of your house, and believe me to be,

"Ever yours, most truly,
"Samuel Rogers."

To his Mother.

"Friday, 1812.

"My dearest Mother,

"I am very anxious indeed at not hearing from home. *You* were ill when Ellen wrote last, and our dear Kate was on the eve of her trouble; on both of which accounts I am very solicitous about hearing from you. Bessy is getting, I think, a good deal better, and very much, I believe, by the means of milk and chocolate. I know milk does not agree with you, darling Mother; but I should suppose *chocolate* would, and it is very strengthening.

"Did you see the account of the 'Religious Liberty' Dinner at Kilkenny, where they gave 'Thomas Moore, and the Union of Patriotism and Poetry?' They so seldom do me justice in Ireland, that I rather suspect I was indebted to a man from London, who was there, for this compliment.

"Make Ellen write immediately, with full particulars both about yourself and Kate; and believe me, my dearest Mother,

"Ever your own,
"Tom."

To his Mother.

"Tuesday, 1812.

"My dearest Mother,

"I went and dined at the Park yesterday. Lord Moira seems to think that this late victory, instead of confirming the Ministers in their seats will rather undermine them by tending to *increase* the power of Lord Wellesley, who goes hand in hand with *him;* but I fear he is too sanguine. He has set about *retrenching* at last most manfully, and has dismissed no less than *twenty servants*. There is no doubt but in a few years this system will set him on his legs again.

"I am going to dine with the Stories of Lockington. They offered to send their carriage for Bessy if she would come; but her back gets so weak and painful after dinner, that it is uncomfortable to her to go into society.

"I am beginning to be anxious about a letter from home, and hope, my darling Mother, that you have no returns of your summer illness. Yesterday and to-day are, at last, *true warm* summer with us.

"Ever your own,
"Tom."

To Miss Dalby.

"Oakhanger, Wednesday, 1812.

"My dear Mary,

"I arrived here the latter end of last week, and immediately set out upon a *cottage hunt* to Wales, 'the cheapest country in England!' How much people are deceived at a distance! —its cheapness is all a flim-flam, and nothing remains as it used to be, but its glorious scenery.

"We are now packing up to retrace our old steps home toward Derbyshire, &c. &c., and if we are not stopped short by some pretty resting-place near Ashbourn, you may perhaps see us back among the Kegworthies once more. At all events, I think, we shall be very near you.

* * * * *

"I wrote this, by command of Bessy, who is buried in trunks, packing-cases, &c. I fear she has been a sad truant in the way of letter-writing since I left her.

"Ever yours,
T. Moore."

To his Mother.

"Kegworth, 1812.

"My dearest Mother,

"Lord Moira is appointed Governor-General of India, and he and Lady Loudoun, with the three eldest children, are to sail in January next. I cannot possibly tell at present what effect this very important event will have on my destinies, but it appears to me the worst way in the world that he could be provided for for my interests, though the only way by which *his own* could be served in the present state of politics, and the ruined condition of his finances. What he will propose to me I cannot imagine, but they are coming down here in a fortnight, and then I shall know all. I wrote a letter from Cheslyn's to you by Friday's post, and I hope you received it; it was to say that my dearest Father might depend upon my assisting him through his December difficulties. I only want to know the sum he will require, and the time.

"We passed five days at the High Sheriff's very gaily, eating turtle, playing, singing, and dancing.

"I am quite in a fidget about Lord Moira's intentions, and shall be till I see him.

"Ever my darling Mother,
"Your own
"Tom."

"I hope soon to hear that dear Kate is well over her crisis."

From James Corry, Esq.

"Lurgan Street, May 16, 1812.

"My dearest Moore,

"I received your letter the day before yesterday, and have been till this hour so much occupied in bustling through the arrear of business that had accumulated in my absence, as to be unable to devote an earlier hour to the duties of friendship. Other men may talk of *their* papers, but *mine* presented such a heap, that had they taken a frolic in *their head* to make an attack upon *my own*, *another* great man would have been lost to the country.

"I participate most fully and most warmly in *almost* all the feelings which seem to have had possession of you while writing your last letter. I say *almost* all your feelings, for I

will not pain you in thinking that either your *honour* or your *happiness* were, or can ever be, in danger. No, my friend; you have done too much to advance and establish *both* to have any fears about *either;* and unless you be the most severe and unreasonable observer of yourself, you must ever have in your own heart a rich and most abundant source of happy, enviable, honourable feeling. *Macte tuâ virtute.*

"I have seen nothing yet of the bill, but don't make yourself uneasy about the provision for it; above all, my dear friend, consider that this bill is only to get quit of a debt, which you very properly would not suffer to remain due to a cold and taunting creditor, the language of whose *condescending acquiescence* in your request is infinitely more insulting than he could have possibly rendered a *refusal;* whereas, my proposition to you was to make me your banker, when you wanted money in *advance*, instead of unprofitably anticipating the fruits of your talents among these *tradesmen*. But let us not be too angry with your correspondent: the magnitude of an offence is only to be measured by its *motive*, and this man, perhaps, instead of *thinking* that his letter was calculated to offend you, *thought*, perhaps, he was writing a kind one; so let it pass. Some one told me that *Carpenter* was considered among the literary men not to be very liberal in money matters, which made me glad that you had formed another connection with one who was thought to be more *friendly*. But 'call you this backing your friends?' I could have wished that your *musical* publisher (if Power's personal kindness had not naturally attached you to him) were a man of more extensive dealing. I may be very hard to please, but the spring of my fastidiousness is a desire to see your talents a source of the greatest profit as well as honour to you, and to see them, too, introduced into the world under the best possible advantages.

"It occurs to me that I could render your future drafts on me most acceptable in England, by opening some correspondence (through La Souche's bank) with a London house, where I could make them payable. If this be necessary, tell me. If you shall have occasion, as I trust you will, to write to me about our book, or Carden, or politics, or what will be infinitely more acceptable to me, about Mrs. Moore or yourself, don't say anything about money in your letters, but put that subject into a separate bit of paper; for the interest which your friends here take in everything that happens to you would make them anxious to hear this and see that, and there is no third person in the world has any right to know anything of our private arrangements. By the by, our dear friend Richard Power and I had much conversation on our journey home about you; and in every word he said his friendship was apparent. I thought I saw an anxiety in him to open a conversation with me about our both speaking to you, in the honest freedom of friendship, upon this same cursed subject of money,—this '*bane* and *antidote*.' But my own feelings taught me (long before I received your instructions to that effect) the necessity of preserving what we had said to each other *sub mille rosis*, even from *him;* and I only mention the circumstance now to prevent your thinking *my* attachment to you capable of *any* extent, to which *his own* love for you would not lead him.

"We are all looking upon each other here in speechless and horrible surprise at the late occurrence in London. The *private* virtues of the late Mr. Perceval will insure to his memory the most lively and sincere respect, even among those who most condemned his measures.

"Mrs. Corry entreats that Mrs. Moore will accept the assurance of her warmest respect; and she unites with me, my dear friend, in wishing you both many years of health and happiness.

"JAMES CORRY.

"P.S.—The letter is inclosed."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Kegworth, Leicestershire, Friday, May 19, 1812.

"My dear Corry,

"We have at last got down to our country retreat, where I have no doubt of surmounting all my difficulties. If we had staid much longer in town, the curiosity to see 'Moore's wife,' combining with the kindness of my friends, would have ruined us. She was asked to the three most splendid assemblies in London, and Lady Lansdowne's disappointment

at her not going to hers was quite diverting. I know all this will give you pleasure, my dearest Corry. What are we to expect next after the late horrors in London? Some change may take place in politics now, but I build no longer upon such phantasies. Ever yours, with best regards,

"T. Moore."

"Mr. Corry."

To William Gardiner, Esq.

"Kegworth, June 24, 1812.

"Dear Sir,

"The more you do me the honour of *valuing* the assistance you expect from me, the more I lament my thoughtlessness in offering it; for I ought to have recollected (when Miss Dalby told me that you wished some verses of mine) that I am no longer a free agent in the disposal of my writings,—at least of those *connected with music*,—having giving, by a regular deed, the *monopoly* of all such productions of mine to the Messrs. *Powers* of London and Dublin. These legal trammels were so new to my muse, that she has more than once forgotten herself, and been near wandering into infidelity, very much, I assure you, from the habit of setting no price upon her favours; but I think you will agree with me that it is worth while keeping her within bounds, when I tell you that the reward of her constancy is no less than *five hundred* a year during the time stipulated in the deed. For not complying with your request I need offer no better apology; but for inconsiderately promising what I could not perform I know not what I can say to excuse myself, except that (and believe me I speak sincerely) the strong wish I felt to show my sense of your merits made me consult my *inclination* rather than my *power;* and it was not till I had actually begun words to one of your airs that I recollected the *faux pas* I was about to commit.

"I thank you very much for the sermons*, which I am reading with great pleasure, and I beg you to believe me, very sincerely yours,

"Thomas Moore."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Monday, June 29, 1812.

"My dear Corry,

"I have waited for your *post-liminious* letter till I am out of patience, and though I doubt whether this will catch you in Dublin, yet it shall take its chance; and the first thing I feel impatient to express is my very sincere sorrow at the account which you give me of Mrs. Corry's health. I was not a little glad to hear, however, that Cheltenham was recommended to her, as it gives us some faint chance of seeing you both in our humble mansion at Kegworth. Pray bring her. I think it would do her good to see us so happy; and Bessy shall be her handmaid and nurse, and smile her into health again.

"I am afraid your plan of a short season at Kilkenny will not do. So few of your *staunch sitters-out* will think it worth while to go for that short period; and, then, it is too narrow a mark also for your *chance* visitors to hit; when they had the space of three weeks they were sure to make some part of it convenient to them, the least intervention of business now will make them give it up as hopeless; however, you may try, it will add a few pages more to my book, and if I have to record a failure (*quod Deus avertet!*) it will produce a *variety* which I did not expect.

"Politics are, as you say, going to the Devil. I don't know what to make of my friend Lord Moira's conduct. A sword when put into the water will look crooked, and the weak medium of Carlton House may produce an *appearance* of *obliquity* even in Lord M——. But both the sword and he, I trust, are as bright and straight as ever. God bless you.

"Ever yours,"

"T. Moore.

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"July 8, 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"Your letters, as full of happiness as kindness, give me great pleasure. I received your last when I was sitting here after dinner in a quartette with Jekyll, Lord Byron, and Sir George Beaumont. Oh! that she and yourself could have made the four six. But somehow or other I would rather have you both to myself under a green hedge, or by a brookside, where one might talk nonsense, and such nonsense as one likes best. Pray tell her I would not deprive her of her amusement for the world—only tell her she must not be

* Sermons by Robert Hall.

too happy at it. I myself mean to figure as an angler, sooner or later, though I dislike the definition not a little,—a rod with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other. Your couplet is sanctified by high authority—Eloisa to Abelard—and is not only pardonable, but most beautiful! As for me, I am just finishing the out-set of Columbus; in a few days he and I are to be on the great ocean. To-morrow night I shall be tossed literally in a mail coach to Glasgow. So pray, pray for me. I hope to visit the Dunmores, and look at the Scotch mountains, from the highest of which I shall pen an epistle to you, my dear Moore. Lord Byron was to have gone part of the way with me, but, alas, his occupations are very different just now. Last night I opened the street door to a knock, between 12 and 1, the servants being in bed. It was a message from him, to offer to take me to a masquerade. Lord Moira, in the kindest manner, had asked me to Donnington, and I had accepted it,—my motive I need not mention to you; but Knight, with whom I am to travel in the north, is now on the road to Glasgow, and I have no alternative but to fly.

"Ever yours,
"Samuel Rogers.

"Here I am still, my dear Moore, and last night I heard Lady Hamilton sing 'Friend of my Soul,' and 'Go where Glory,' to the Regent. He asked 'whose the last was,' and she answered, 'Moore's,' breaking out into a eulogy on the 'Irish Melodies.' Well, now I have changed my plans. You may thank yourself for it, for you are the cause. On Saturday I leave town, and on Sunday evening I hope to raise the dust at Kegworth, and raise a dish of tea (remember I eat no suppers). So pray provide a bed for me at the inn, or under your own roof, as may be most convenient. I mean to stay six and thirty hours with you, my dear Moore, and I must, I suppose, make my bow at Donnington. Pray go with me there.

"Lord Byron complains bitterly of your silence to him."

To Lady Donegal.

"Kegworth, 1812.

"I went over and dined with the Moiras yesterday, and saw poor Lord M. in his Star and Garter, which he sat down to dinner in, with a couple of parsons and myself, to celebrate the Prince's birthday! They leave this, I believe, next week, and it is a fine thing to see at last the manly resignation with which he is disbanding whole regiments of servants and horses, and reducing his expenditure to a scale which can hardly exceed two or three thousand a year. I feel most deeply interested about him; and both he and she have given me new cause for the warmest gratitude by their kind attentions to Bessy. Rogers and I had a very pleasant tour of it, though I felt throughout it all, as I always feel with him, that the fear of *losing* his good opinion almost embitters the *possession* of it, and that though, in his society, one *walks upon roses*, it is with constant apprehension of the *thorns* that are among them.

* * * * * *

He left me rather out of conceit with my poem, 'Lalla Rookh' (as his fastidious criticism generally does), and I have returned to it with rather an humbled spirit; but I have already once altered my whole plan to please him, and I will do so no more, for I should make as long a voyage of it as his own 'Columbus' if I attended to all his objections. His *general* opinion, however, of what I have done is very flattering; he only finds fault with *every part* of it in detail; and this you know is the style of his criticism of characters—'an *excellent* person, *but*——'

"I find my hour draws near, and I have talked so much of Rogers that I have only time to say I hope Tunbridge has made you both as stout as in our best days of Tunbridge happiness.

"Best love to dear Mary, and believe me,
"Ever yours,
"T. Moore."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Thursday, Aug. 5, 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"I hope you came safe to your own door on the wings of the wind, and found B. and N. well and happy. Pray remember me kindly to both, as well as to the Magpie, and tell me how the first is. As for me, I set off at twelve in a stage, with an old man in a night-cap,—slept four hours at Manchester in

a horrible inn, and proceeded at one in the morning by the mail to Kendal and Windermere Lake, where I now am among mountains. Here are Sharp, and Wordsworth, and Mackintosh, who desire to be remembered to you. I have had little leisure, but here are the verses, as I threatened. Pray give me your opinion *forthwith* in a *day* or *two*, directing to me under cover, to Richard Sharp, Esq., Low Wood Inn, near Kendal, Cumberland.

"In a week I shall go to Keswick, where I hope to see Southey, and remember you to him. I will write again. All you have done, and all you think of doing, rises every hour in my mind.

CANTO III.

An Assembly of Evil Spirits.

Tho' chang'd my cloth of gold for amice grey—
In my spring-time, when every month was May,
With hawk and hound I cours'd away the hour,
Or sung my roundelay in Lady's bower.
And though my world be now a narrow cell,*
(Renounc'd for ever all I love so well,)
Tho' now my head be bald, my feet be bare,
And scarce my knees sustain my book of prayer,
Oh! I was there—one of that gallant crew†—
Nor of His great, great adversaries knew,
Then uninstructed. But my sand is run—
And the night coming—and my task not done.

'Twas in the deep, immeasurable cave

Variations.

Oh! I was there among the gallant crew—
Nor his great Foe, his great Preserver knew,
Then uninstructed.

Nor then of his great adversaries knew—

my task undone
ere my task is done"

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Keswick, Aug. 21, 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"I have now spent a week alone at this place, walking for the most part of the time in a place so wild and solitary and awful that I think you would have knelt in your devotions. It was among some old oaks in a crevice of the great mountain of Skiddaw, a cataract leaping with fury from rock to rock by my side. Only two little girls did I ever see there, and they stopped at the sight of me, and made me such long and low reverences, with looks so full of awe, that I began to think myself the deity of the place.

"There it occurred that something was necessary at the beginning of the poem; and as you are now my Magnus Apollo, I must inflict my effusion, as before, upon you. I have two or three readings, and you must tell me your opinion, under cover to the Earl of Lonsdale, Lowther, near Penrith, where I hope to find an answer to my last *affliction* or infliction. Horner passing through Keswick, in his way to Edinburgh, I have procured a frank, so that I am now not drawing upon you for pelf as well as patience.

"By the way, it strikes me that introducing the pronouns 'us' and 'we,' as I suggested in my last, will clash with the lyrical style of the poem, and give the abruptness a pompous and unnatural air. Perhaps I had better compound by letting my monk only appear in these introductory passages. *Que pensez vous?*

"Pray forgive me, and pray give my love to the two ladies under your roof, though I have not quite forgiven them, the one for breaking her promise (of going to Matlock), and the other for being the cause of it.

"Yours ever,

"Samuel Rogers.

"I am sorry I have no better paper, but my stock is exhausted, and the stationer of Keswick has shut up shop and gone to the sea for a little bathing.

"Say, who first passed the portals of the West,
And the great Secret of the Deep possess'd?
Who first the standard of His Faith unfurl'd
On the dread confines of an unknown world?
Sung ere his coming—and by Heav'n design'd
To lift the veil that cover'd half mankind.
Oh! I would tell of Him!—My hour draws near—
And He will prompt me when I faint with fear.
—Alas! He hears me not! He cannot hear!

Variations.

Him would I now invoke! My hour draws near—
And he will strengthen me when faint with fear."

From Lady Donegal.

"Tunbridge Wells, August 28, 1812.

"I can never sufficiently admire the reformation that something has wrought in you; for, instead of scolding and reproaching you for never writing to us, I have to make my excuses, as well as I can, for having let two letters of yours remain so long unanswered. Bessy, I conclude, is the reformer, and good

* Many of the first discoverers ended their lives in a cloister. See Bernal Diaz, and other contemporary writers

† "Voyage of Columbus."

luck to her in the undertaking. Your description of Rogers is too like him. How vexatious it is that a man who has so much the power of pleasing and attaching people to him should mar the gifts of nature so entirely by giving way to that sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with every thing, and disappointed in all his views of life. Yet he can feel for others; and, notwithstanding this unfortunate habit he has given himself of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends, he really can feel attachment; and to you I am certain he is attached, though I acknowledge that the thorns sometimes make one wish to throw away the roses, and forego the pleasures to avoid the pain. But with all his faults I like him, though I know he spares me no more than any of his other dear friends. I feel great compassion for Lord Moira, yet wonder how he could ever have expected any thing from the Prince but what he has met with from him, for he knew him; and, in knowing him, how could he hope any good from such a head and heart? He was, however, so gracious as to ask me a second time to Carlton House, though he was not so gracious as to speak to me when he saw me there; this, however, for particular reasons must rest *entre nous*. We staid in London till the 17th of August, when the workmen turned us out of the house; for we are making great alterations, and I grieve to say that you will hardly know your old haunts again. The house is to be painted and papered from head to foot, and the old crimson couch is to change its colour. So you must come to town this winter, or you can no longer see us in your mind's eye; and I would not give a fig for a friend, or a poet, who could rest satisfied with mere imagination. But I am afraid you are both so horridly comfortable, and so much pleased with the country and with each other, that our chance of seeing you is but small. On our first arrival here we had all sorts of disasters. We have, however, got the better of them by degrees, and we are comfortably settled in a bow-window house on the top of Mount Sion, where we lead quiet sober lives, and scandalise our neighbours by our early hours. The knowing ones say, with a significant look, that 'people do not go to bed at ten o'clock for nothing.' And they are right, for we walk ourselves off our legs all day, and are very glad to go to sleep as early as we can at night. The pantiles were put into an uproar last Tuesday by the arrival of the Princess of Wales on a visit to the Berrys. She brought Lady C. Campbell and Mrs. and Miss Rawdon with her, but not a man did she bring, or could she get here for love or money, except Sir Philip Francis and old Berry, who, egad, liked the fun of gallanting her about, and enjoyed himself more than the fair daughters did, who were in a grand fuss, and were forsaken in their utmost need by Beaux their former suppers fed, and had to amuse her, as well as they could, with the assistance of a few women that she did not care about.

"Charles Moore is to come here next week, for our consolation. In the mean time there is not a soul in the place that we care about except the Berrys, and now and then thorns are to be met with in that quarter, too, but with them many amiable and friendly feelings. But I hardly know where one can turn without meeting with thorns, except to you; and this is no compliment, for it is what Mary and myself often say; and I think, if it were possible for us ever to feel disappointed in you, that we should hang our harp upon a tree, and sing the song of friendship no more.

"Now write to us soon, and tell us how you are both going on in this wicked world. You say that you are about something, and that Rogers has discouraged you with his ifs and his buts; but pray trust to your own judgment, and do not fine and refine your work away to please him. What is the subject? and when is it likely to see light? Mary's love, Philly's, and mine to you, and kindest remembrances to Psyche.

From Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"37 Portland Street, Oxford Road, Sept. 18, 1812.

"My dear Sir,

"I am sure you will pardon my delay in answering your very kind and acceptable letter, when I tell you that I have scarcely been able to put pen to paper, notwithstanding what my public duties forced from me occasionally. My disorder has been a bilious one, of a most annoying and hypochondriac description, so that for weeks together I suffered a kind of waking nightmare,—looking on life, at times, even with a sort of horror, though I knew very well all the while (and this made

it worse) that I had nothing to make me unhappy. If I had had a bad conscience to boot, or a sorry taste, or an irresistible appetite for cutlets and noyau, the prince might have concluded himself revenged; but I was not quite so far gone; though of such strange materials are we and our philosophy composed, that a potato or a glass of milk would cause me more trouble than all the princes and attorney-generals put together. However, I am now, thank Heaven, getting better and returning heartily to my books; and one of the first pleasures, which I hasten to seize, is to thank you for your inquiries, and return (if you will allow me) all the cordiality which suggested them.

"You gratify me much by liking my verses in the 'Reflector,' and infinitely more (highly as I value your praise) by ratifying, with your own mouth, the conclusions they had drawn from the character of your later poetry. In this world, where Providence appears to be at work with certain stubborn materials in order to extract eventual good out of evil—perhaps eventual perfection out of an original fatality of frailty—it is of the last importance that all those who can draw to them the delighted attention of their fellow-creatures should be on the best side of things; but I will not trouble you with metaphysics, or throw a sermonising air upon that cause, which you will so well know how to recommend with all its natural graces. I recognised your hand in the 'Insurrection of the Papers,' in the 'Plumassier,' too, and in several other little pieces since, if I am not mistaken, not excepting a parody of Horace the other day. In pieces like the last, the musical flow of the composition would betray you, even if you could get rid of your lightsomeness of wit and felicity of adaptation. You rejoice me by the promise you have thrown out to the 'Examiner' on this head. During the vacation of Parliament, and in the absence of better original matter, I have been rummaging my portfolio myself, and shall have a succession of little effusions, poetical and otherwise, as well as the 'Chronicle;' so I give fair warning. This morning I have published an imitation of Catullus's 'Acme and Septimius,'* as a sort of *amende honorable* for a common-place parody which I made when a youngster; and next Sunday there will be an improved republication of a version which I made of another delicious little thing of his, the 'Return Home to Sirmio.'* I choose these felicitous originals—whether I succeed in them or no—as studies of expression, having been over head and ears for some time in styles, and rhythms, and structures of verse, on account of a poem which I am now writing, and which, I hope, may possess a more serious claim on your approbation than anything which has hitherto had the good fortune to please you.

"But I am talking here most ungallantly of myself. Allow me sincerely to congratulate you on your marriage, the blessings of which state I have experienced and respected, without losing a jot of my proper feeling for what is amatory. I had heard of it before, as you guess; but I have so been in the habit, for years past, of hearing all sorts of reports, and finding them untrue, that I neither believed nor disbelieved it. I am contented to wait for these matters till the parties, who know most on the subject, choose to tell me themselves. However, since you have raised my curiosity, I hope you think yourself bound to satisfy it. I see so much heart in you (which has indeed encouraged me to use this freedom of language), that I am persuaded, the more I know of it, the more I shall wish to know. Pray offer my respects and good wishes to Mrs. Moore, and tell her that we shall look to her in future for a proper account of you in the literary world. To be a father must be a delight as great as it is new to you, if I can judge from what my own feelings were when my first was born; for you must no longer talk of my child, since I have two boys now instead of one. You say you can furnish a 'companion picture' for one of them, but can you furnish a wife? for you do not say whether it is a boy or girl, and this is a great oversight in matters of grave family communication. I envy your library, and should envy your rural retirement, were I not upon the look-out for some such place myself in the neighbourhood of Hampstead,—a spot of which I am particularly fond. Pray write to me when you have an hour to spare. Mrs. Hunt desires her best respects and congratulations, and she is quite as sincere on these occasions, as, dear sir, yours very truly,

"Leigh Hunt."

* Carmen 45.

* Carmen 31.

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1812.

"My dear Moore,

"Letters being once more free (would that all mankind were) I seize the first moment to beg you will accept as many thanks as there are miles between us at this moment for your ready compliance with my request, when I troubled you with my rhymes from Keswick vale. Your criticisms were as just as they were friendly, and like yourself; and, though from being obliged to do something I was led to venture in the face of your verdict in one instance, I shall not rest till I have satisfied you and myself too with something better.

"Poor Byron! what I hear and read of his prologue makes me very angry. Of such value is public favour! So a man is to be tried by a copy of verses thrown off perhaps at hazard, and *invitâ Minervâ*. The same injustice, probably, awaits 'Rokeby' if it proves a flash in the pan.

"I was rejoiced to hear you were again at work. I hope you are still so, and as happy as you can be in this world. Happy, indeed, you must be, circumstanced as you are. Pray remember me very affectionately to Psyche. She may say what she will, I must still love her, and I hope you, my dear Moore, will forgive me if I do. 'Tisn't my fault, but hers. My sister wants to know whether she is still as interesting as we all thought her in town. With regard to your verses, if you like them, you may rely upon it we shall, and I am very sure we shall. To tell you the truth, I had no conception that anybody in so short a time could have so imbued his mind with Eastern literature. Your garments could not have been more fragrant if you had just left a cinnamon grove.

"As for me, I have led a vagabond life since we parted, among lochs and mountains, tartain-plaids, and Erse-songs. Had I found Mary and her little court in Holy-Rood, and had I supped now and then with her and Rizzio in her little chamber there—any night but one—I could scarcely have been better pleased, for nowhere could I have been received with more kindness than in Scotland. I wrote a letter some time ago to Lady Donegal, but have had no answer; I will hope, however, she and her sister are well. I wait here a day or two in the expectation of seeing Jeffrey, who is coming, as he says, on purpose to see me. He brings Dugald Stewart; and when they go I shall take my flight homewards. Farewell, my dearest Moore, and believe me to be, as ever, yours very affectionately,

"Samuel Rogers.

"Poor Mrs. Pigou! There never was a finer mind, or a more feeling heart. No day has passed away since without my thinking of her."

To Lord Moira.

(Extract.)

"Kegworth, Nov. 4, 1812.

"My Lord,

"I had the pleasure of hearing of your lordship's appointment near a week ago from those friends in this neighbourhood to whom it was communicated; but I did not feel myself authorized to address you upon the subject till I had received the intelligence from those public sources through which it is now known to every one.

"Though I read the fate of Ireland in your government being withheld from her, and though I think her last, last hope is now leaving her, yet I cannot but congratulate your lordship on being removed to so honourable an appointment, far away from the contemplation of evils which you are not suffered to remedy or even alleviate.

"Thomas Moore.

"To the Earl of Moira."

From Lady Donegal.

"Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 3, 1812.

"I believe I ought not to rejoice on hearing that you are *not* going to India with Lord Moira. Yet I cannot, if I was to die for it, look grave upon the occasion. I should look much graver if I were to hear that you were packing and preparing for your departure; and as the newspapers say that you have been at Donnington lately. I wish you would *stir yourself*, and tell us if anything upon this subject passed between you and Lord M——, or if he means to negotiate any place for you at home, which he might do, and which would answer much better for you than any appointment he could give you in India, where the expenses are more than adequate to the pay; and you are such a thoughtless fellow, that, with all Bessy's preaching and praying, she would

never be able to keep you within bounds, where all was extravagance and profusion around you.

"I am, for all these reasons, quite sure that even a small place at home would be more desirable for you; and I do not think, exclusive of everything else, that you have health for the East Indies; and I am selfish enough not to be satisfied with *hearing* that my friends are happy, I must see it, and enjoy it with them. Now for all these wise and good reasons I sincerely hope to hear that you are not thinking of leaving England.

"Did you see Rogers when you were in Town? and is it true that he has at last published his 'Columbiad?' If he has, I hope it will be well received, and kindly treated by the reviewers; for I have a sneaking kindness for him, which gives me an interest in all his little affairs.

"The gallant gay Lothario of the day has been here also. He is now gone to attend his duty in Parliament and elsewhere, and his family remain here, as does Lady Wellington and her brothers; but we see nothing of them all, except in our walks, and live very quiet retired sort of lives, such as you would have thought dull enough once; but Bessy has taught you another story, and you now think that *home* is a very pretty place, and that one may pass one's time very agreeably there without the *turmoils* of a large society. Our kindest remembrances to Bessy. She will think us very free and easy for calliug her so familiarly, but we cannot help it; and I have not time now to make speeches on the occasion. Both sisters beg to be affectionately remembered to you. Ever yours most truly and sincerely, &c.

"B. D."

From James Perry, Esq.

"Strand, Dec. 4, 1812.

"My dear Sir,

"I am, I must own, extremely surprised at the conduct of the noble Earl (Lord Moira); for I had concluded that his vanity, if not his feeling of necessity, would have led him to importune you to accompany him as his sheet anchor and his standard—as his security and his fame. Your judgment, I think, would have made you decliue the invitation, but I had no doubt that it would have been made. Console yourself with the reflection that it may be for the best: it will be for the best if it shall make you resolve to draw on the resources and energies of your own mind for treasure and renown. You have only to resolve to be rich, aud you will be so. You see the taste is for poetry, and a work from your pen would be scized on at your own price. And, *en attendant*, I feel infinitely obliged to you for giving me leave to speak to you frankly on this topic. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to have your most cordial and assiduous aid in my paper in a conspicuous department; but that I am aware would not be suitable to your views nor agreeable to your taste. But in the way that you yourself suggest—your occasional contribution of whatever strikes you—will be most acceptable, and shall be held in the strictest confidenee, as I do assure you I have hitherto kept your secret most inviolably; and I shall be happy to honour your drafts for 200*l.* a year as an inadequate recompense, but from the enormous expense of the disgusting, though necessary, reports of Parliamentary chattering, I am forced to limit myself to this offer. Of course I can hope only for your *égaremens de l'esprit*, for the fruits of idleness, the alteratives from severer thought. I am mortified at the idea of your having been suspected as the writer of any of the delectable effusions with which you favoured me; but I can answer for it that it is only surmise, and not information. If I had seen the same morsels in another paper, I should have drawn the same inference—for the delicacy of the *tournure*, the music of the versification, the fancy of the thoughts, could only be the offspring of your Muse. I do assure you that I have done everything that depended on me for concealment, and the secret of Junius has not been more closely kept than yours. By the by, you know I am under engagement for Lord Eldon's costume. Pray enable me to pay my debt.

"You think of coming nearer Town. I think from every consideration,—of society, of books, of the incitement of Town, as well as of economy,—it would be better. Aud if you resolve ou it, pray honour Mrs. Perry and me with your company, by making Tavistock House your home in the interval of

your settlement. Make our best respects to Mrs. Moore, and believe me to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"Ja. Perry.

"P. S. We have great news to-day. Bulletins stating that Bonaparte has suffered almost irreparable losses near Smolensko. I enclose the 'Sun.'

"I have got a frank through the messenger at the House of Commons, from a stranger to us both."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Monday, Dec. 30, 1812.

"My dear Corry,

"A right merry Christmas to you and yours! You have contributed not a little to enliven mine by the inclosure which accompanied your last letter amounting to 181*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*, as well as I can recollect, for the sum is wonderfully '*mutatus ab illo*' since the day before yesterday.

"And now to return to our editorial labors,—first premising to you that you are the treasure of treasures in this line of industry, and that you would be worth any money to an *omne-editing* man like Walter Scott. Indeed, if the linen trade could spare you to literature (where you certainly would be much more at *home*), I think you and I together might set up such a book manufactory as would leave the Stephenses and Gronoviuses quite behind us. Never was anything so clear and convenient as the arrangement you have made of the paper for me. There are, however, two, I think, wanting (beside those which you marked down as deficient), and I have the memorandum of them among my papers, but not just at hand now, to tell them to you. I wish we could get rid of the prologues and epilogues altogether. I dare say there are not six lines 'nantes in *gurgite vasto*' which are worth saving. I include my own in this denunciation, for they are both *very bad*, and I think it is much better to let our posterity *imagine* what sallies of wit and fancy must have been struck out during the Institution, than to embody such a mass of evidence against ourselves *to the contrary*. In my opinion a slight sketch of the progress of private theatricals in Ireland, a list of the company of Kilkenny for each season, with the plays acted, and the casts of the principal characters; a series of portraits of those chiefly concerned, with brief notices of their talents, &c., would comprise all that could be in the least degree interesting, and would be a much more tasteful monument of our establishment than this ponderous load of play-bills, and this swarm of 'wounded snakes,' that, drag their slow lengths along' in the form of prologues and epilogues. This, however, is merely my opinion; it makes not the least difference in *my* part of the business, only that I feel I should be deficient in proper zeal for this undertaking if I did not both *think* of what would be *best*, and *tell* what I think fairly. At the same time I by no means expect that any one of you will agree with me; and indeed, as perhaps the feelings of some of our oldest members might be hurt by the sacrifice of so large a portion of the materials, I by no means press it. All, therefore, I shall suggest is, that as there *must* be a *canister* to the *tail* of the book, it ought to be of as *light construction*, and as little of a *trumpery canister* as possible. Selections, perhaps, might be made, and you would find me a true *Brutus* in this task, for my own children should be the first to go to the block. Talking of my own children, there is a very awkward error of the press in the answer to the Charitable Institutions which I wrote. I do not quite remember the words of the sentence, but it is something like 'whatever difficulties, &c. &c., by your co-operation we were enabled to surmount *them*,' where the word 'them' is omitted, to the no small mutilation of the grammar and construction. I suppose the same error was in the Kilkenny paper.

"When you first mentioned the idea of 'an author's night,' I thought it was merely one of those momentary speculations which flash before one's eyes and vanish; but as you seem to be, with true friendly feeling, following up the intention, I think it but fair to tell you that I would by no means accept of it. If Dublin had many such ingredients in its mixture as you, Power, Dalton, and a *very* few more, I would look upon a tribute of this kind as not only advantageous, but honourable, and should reckon up the '*golden* opinions' of *such* 'sorts of men, with great pleasure; but alas, alas! to lay myself under an obligation to —— and ——, and to have tickets, ostensibly for my benefit, circulating among the low, illiberal,

puddle-headed, and gross-hearted herd of Dublin (that 'palavering, slanderous set,' as Curran once so well described them to me), —this, my dear Corry, would never do. No, no! a man must indeed think with the often-quoted *night-man* of antiquity, 'bonus odor nummi ex *re quâlibet*.' Who would receive it reeking from such uncleanly sources? I love Ireland, but I despise Dublin; nor has it one claim on my gratitude (speaking of it as a public) to prevent my doing so. I have never been valued by them as I am here, and I question whether, even in a *lucrative* point of view, you would not be grievously disappointed in your hopes of making a house for me. My 'Melologue' (which is good writing compared to such a thing as 'M. P.') never, that I know of, drew a soul to the theatre in Dublin. Therefore, pray put it out of your head, my dear friend, and tell Dalton and Power my reasons, at the same time assuring them that I feel as I ought all their goodness in proposing it.

"I am truly happy to hear that Dalton has got such a comfortable addition to his income. If anything could spoil such a good fellow as Dalton, I think accepting a place from the hands of Wellesley Pole would go near to effect it; but I am convinced his *heart* is place-proof, which, in these times, is saying a good deal for it. Your description of the *pole's* turning towards the *milky way* is highly amusing.

"Well, I have written enough, God knows! so good bye, my dearest Corry, and believe me,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"Thomas Moore.

"I dined with a party of statesmen yesterday,—Tierney, Ponsonby, Erskine, &c. They all look very *blue*, and not the *Prince's blue*, I assure you.

"I wish you would frank the enclosed letter to Joe Atkinson, *Atanna*, *Ballynakill*. He wouldn't thank the angel Gabriel for a letter, if it was not franked."

To Miss Godfrey.

"Mayfield Cottage, Thursday night, 1813.

"We slept in our cottage, for the first time last night, after having served an ejectment on the *ghosts*, who have been its only occupants for some time past. We have the luck of getting into haunted houses; for our Kegworth mansion, though as matter-of-fact a *barn* as ever existed, must needs affect the *spirituel*, and had actually the reputation of being *troubled*. There is certainly every conveniency *here* that a ghost could require, and we see nothing like a habitation from our windows, except just the upper part of an old church, which stands at half-a-mile distance among the trees; so that we really are (as our landlord pronounces it) as *lural* as possible, and I feel quite happy at my emancipation from the methodists and manufacturers that swarmed about us at Kegworth. We are, however, as yet, but very imperfectly settled, and, till I can get my little library up comfortably, the fields are my study; my 'books in the running brooks, sermons in stones,' &c. &c. We have had an exceeding good riddance of our widow, who is about the most trumpery person I ever met with, and the more tiresome and oppressive to us, as we were obliged to seem grateful to her for a vast deal of really very good-natured but, at the same time, very disagreeable civilities. She is romancing about coming to live near us! but I sincerely hope some captain or other may lay hold of her and her jointure, and spare us the pain of *cutting* so very dear a friend.

"We walked this evening into Ashbourne, and brought back some peas for our supper, which Bessy carried in a little basket upon her arm, as happily and prettily as any market-girl in Derbyshire.

"One of the very few pleasures I look forward to, that do not depend upon *myself*, is that of hearing frequently from you and dear Mary; so mind you do not disappoint me, and let me hear all the gossip you can collect for me.

"Ever yours.

"Best remembrances to sister Philly.

"T. M.

"Do not tell Rogers you have heard from me till I have time to write to him, which will be in a day or two."

To Miss Godfrey.

"Mayfield, 1813.

"I was a good deal relieved from my apprehensions about Lady Donegal by your letter, for though you mention colds, &c., I was afraid, from what Rogers said in his letter, that her old complaint had returned with

more violence than usual, as he mentioned that she was obliged to eonsult Baillie, and I always eouple his name with something serious and *clinical*. But indeed, Rogers himself in the next line to this intelligenee, mentioned having met her at Gloneester House the Saturday preeeding; whieh (unless *aqua regalis* or *royal wish-wash* was among the doses preeribed by Baillie), I did not think looked like very serious indisposition. If *wishing* you both well and happy, and free from all the ills of this life, eould in any way bring it about, I should be as good a physieian for both your bodies and souls as you eould find anywhere. So you insist upon my taking my poem to Town with me? I will if I ean, you may be sure; but I eonfess I feel rather down-hearted about it. Never was anything more unlueky for me than Byron's invasion of this region, whieh when I entered it, was as yet untrodden, and whose ehief eharm eonsisted in the gloss and novelty of its features; but it will now be over-run with elumsy adventurers, and when I make my appearanee, instead of being a leader as I looked to be, I must dwindle into an humble follower—a Byronian. This is disheartening, and I sometimes doubt whether I shall publish it at all; though at the same time, if I may trust my own judgment, I think I never wrote so well before. But (as King Arthur, in 'Tom Thumb,' says) 'Time will tell;' and in the mean time, I am leading a life whieh but for these anxieties of fame, and a few ghosts of debt that sometimes haunt me, is as rationally happy as any man ean ask for. You want to know something of our little girls. Barbara is stout and healthy, not at all pretty, but very sensible-looking, and is, of eourse, to be everything that's elever. The other little thing was very ill treated by the nurse we left her with in that abominable Cheshire, but she is getting mueh better, and promises to be the prettier of the two. Bessy's heart is wrapped up in them, and the only pain they ever give me is the thought of the preeariousness of sueh treasures, and the way I see that *her* life depends upon *theirs*. She is the same affeetionate, sensible, and unaffeeted ereature as a mother that she is as a wife, and devotes every thought and moment to them and me. I pass the day in my study or in the fields; after dinner I read to Bessy for a eouple of hours, and we are in this way, at present, going through Miss Edgeworth's works, and then after tea I go to my study again. We are not without the distraetions of soeiety, for this is a very gay plaee, and *some* of the distraetions I eould dispense with; but being far out of the regular road, I am as little interrupted as I eould possibly expeet in so very thiek a neighbourhood. Thus you have a little panorama of me and mine, and I hope you will like it.

"Good-bye. Ever yours,

"T. Moore."

To Lady Donegal.

Mayfield, 1813.

"You may be assured that I was anything but angry on reading your kind leeture: the only thing is that I think you *quite* mistook me, for, as far as I ean reeolleet, my feelings were by no means those of *levity* when I wrote that letter, and if they wore that air, it was only from the habit one has got of giving a light turn to everything, the present age being so very anti-sentimental that every one is obliged to go in gay masquerade, and 'no blaek dominos are admitted' on any aeeount. As for the rest, I believe you and I differ a little in our opinion of virtue — at least if you think, as you seem to do, that there would be more merit in having *lost* one's former propensities than in *conquering* them: in *my* mind the struggle makes all the virtue.

"'When the sea is calm
All boats alike show mastership in floating.'

It is he that steers steadily onward, in spite of the surge of passion beneath, and the songs of Sirens around, who deserves the praise of resolution and virtue; and I cannot help thinking that I, poor Searamouehe, here, with all my love of pleasure and of folly as fresh on me as ever, yet leading a life of patriarehal purity, and *happy* in it, am a mueh greater hero in virtue than if all my said propensities were gone to sleep, and I had nothing to do but put on my night-eap and snooze quietly by their side. I know you will say that this is a very tieklish situation for poor virtue to be plaeed in; — but no matter, the more danger the more honour; and bad as it is to go wrong from *too much* feeling, it is, at least, a

duller thing to go right only from the *want* of it. I have a lovely, pure, and attached wife, and a smiling, rosy, pug-nosed child, one look from whom, if I were in the very claws of Old Nick, would loosen his grasp and restore me to heaven again. And now having given you one of those open confessions that are as good for the soul, they say, as other aperients are for the body, I must tell you that my book, such as it will be (for various calamities of criticism, anticipation, forestalment, &c., have made it very unlike what it was intended), shall most certainly come out in the course of this spring. What a nice opportunity it would be *now*, while Jeffrey's in America! When some savage French reviewer died, Bensarade wrote an epigram, which ended,

"'Dieu merci!—Je vais faire imprimer mon livre.'

"What you tell me about Mackintosh is very delightful, if the compliment does not die, under the editor's bow-string, before it meets the light. So many pretty things have been lately *going* to happen to me! I was *going* to be very rich from the American war, and Lord Byron tells me he was *going* to dedicate the 'Bride of Abydos' to me. if you come to that, 'how do *you* like the "Bride of Abydos?"' In the country we never know *how* we like things till we hear how you like them in London.

"I have not time for more now. Best love to Mary.

'Ever yours,
"T. M.

"We had a grand ball here the other night, and you cannot imagine the sensation that Bessy excited: her dress was very pretty, and 'beautiful,' 'beautiful,' was echoed on all sides. I was (as the poet says) as pleased as Punch!

"The note to Longmans is of some consequence, so pray let it go soon: the twopenny-post will do."

From Miss Godfrey.

"London, Feb 22, 1813.

"It is a certain fact, that since I heard from you, I have, in my own mind, written you five or six letters, as excellent as ever were penned, though penned they never were. How should they, when I never had a pen in my hand since I sent you off my last little flying reproach? And how could I have a pen in a hand that was never divested of a needle, thread, and thimble, except when I was nursing the sick or conversing with carpenters and upholsterers? This is all as much as to say that I have been very busy; first, preparing to go to Brighton with Lady Shaftesbury; secondly, taking care of Bab, whose illness prevented my leaving town; thirdly, helping to make the furniture, and assisting in putting our house in proper order fit for people to live in. I have still too much to do to allow me to write a long letter, which is so much the better for you, but a short one I must write in answer to yours. Your first letter, after wandering about the world, reached us long after your second. As to Lord M.'s conduct to you, one can have but one opinion of it; and it is better for him that that opinion should not be expressed—it would be only uselessly adding to the weight of censure that he has lately drawn upon himself, for the friend and the statesman appear to be pretty nearly made up of the same weak, miserable materials. All the good points of his character are mined by his weaknesses. And there is something very melancholy in seeing how completely he has outlived all the visionary splendour that so long surrounded his name. We were heartily sorry, however, that you let him off so easily. Why did you not accept his offers, such as they were? it was still keeping up a claim on him. Your answer he will take as a discharge in full; and he satisfies his *honour*, I dare say, in the reflection that he has made the offer. And, my dear Moore, as to your political opinions, it was very fine to indulge in them and act up to them while there was a distant perspective in so doing of fame or emolument, and at the same time a feeling that the triumph of such opinions, and the success of the party you belonged to, might be conducive to the prosperity of your country. But now when those opinions have less and less influence, and that party less and less consideration,—when your family is increasing, and your wants of course increasing with it,—don't you think prudence should have its turn? Would not your love for your wife, and anxiety for the welfare of your children, reconcile you to some little sacrifice of political opinions? I have a great deal of good reasoning upon this subject in my

own mind for you, but there it must remain at present, lest I should tire you without eonvineing you. I wish we could see you and talk the matter over with you; I should not then despair of sending you back a eomplete rat. The time of Roman virtue, if such a thing ever existed, is gone by; and why will you remain bolt upright, talking of systems and opinions to people who are only thinking of places and pensions, and only trying to get into power that they may have the full enjoyment of them? Get into plaee and power whenever you ean, and tell a plausible story how a sudden light from heaven shone upon you and eonvinced you. Your wife and children will be all the better for it, and yourself and your country not a bit the worse. Now that you see what a state of depravity my polities are in, I shall answer your questions regularly. First, we are not both quite well: Bab has been very ill with a very severe epidemic cold and eough. She is now much better, though not yet quite well. Secondly, we retain the kindest remembranee, and the warmest interest, for you and Bessy, of whose confinement we beg you will inform us. We shall be most happy to hear that she gets over it well. We see Rogers often in the morning, but he does not dine here, as we have only one room that we can inhabit at present, and we have not yet dined with him. I sometimes like him very much, and sometimes I think him so given up, body and soul, to the world, and such a worshipper of my Lords and my Ladies that I think it a great waste of any of my little spare kind feelings to bestow them upon him. Love without a coronet over it goes for nothing in his eyes. However, he amuses me, and I had rather be upon kind terms with him than not. Bab is more his than I am; she sees him with kinder eyes, and shuts them oftener to his follies. Her affairs in Ireland are all settled for the future, but the arrears eome in very slowly, which is a great ineonvenienee, as she has a eonsiderable fine for the renewal of this house to pay off, beside great expense for the repairs, &e.; but patience and economy will at last, I hope, set her affairs right, and they are now so far settled as not to worry her, which is a great point gained. The secret about the Prineess Charlotte and Lady De Clifford was only that the Prinee ehose she should have another governess, and the Princess Charlotte chose to keep her good old snuffy woman, who had always let her do as she liked. She resisted the new appointment stoutly, but at last yielded. Bab never thought of applying for the place, and to you and one or two more friends she owns, without scruple, she would never have aecepted it had it been offered; but, from her intimacy with the Queen and Princesses, she does not volunteer this deelaration. The Princess of Wales has made a fine uproar: they say, however, there are no proofs for a divoree, and so things are to remain just as they are. Lady A. Hamilton is her favourite lady of the bedchamber, and the honour of writing the letter lies between her and Mr. Brougham. He denies it, but rather faintly; and as he asked Rogers what Ward thought about it, it looks as if he had a little hand in it. Sir F. Burdett, they say, repents his promised motion, and is eoming round to the Prince. 'Rokeby' is cried down. The bell rings; so with kindest love to you and Bessy from us all, believe me,

"Ever yours,

"M. G.

"Bab will soon write, but says you are too lazy, and you put her out of patience.

"After writing at full gallop to eateh the post, John brings me back my letter to say that it was wrong dated. I am glad he found out the mistake, as I am sure it is not worth postage. If I had time I'd write you a better, but I have not, so this shall go as it is tomorrow."

To Miss Dalby.

"Oakhanger Hall, April 8, 1813.

"My dear Mary,

Bessy is so occupied with Mrs. ——, that she has not a moment to spare for writing to you, and therefore has deputed the very agreeable but hasty task to me. What do you think? On our arrival within four miles of this plaee, we heard (what I had often strongly anticipated) that poor old —— was dead! He died the day but one before we eame. You may imagine the perplexity this threw us into, for I regarded our visit as completely frustrated, and I passed a miserable night at the miserable inn of Sandbaeh, turning over in my mind, with an anxiety I have seldom felt, the extreme awkwardness of our situation, and the difficulty I should find in disposing of

myself and the dear little group along with me, after our abandonment of house, furniture, and everything like a home. The morning, however, soon dissipated all this gloom; for, in answer to a note which I sent Mrs. ——, there arrived a gay barouche, and two smiling servants, who conveyed us and our baggage hither, and, if there was not such a thing as a *corpse* still in the house, you would scarcely suppose that Death had ever showed his ugly face within the walls. The son-in-law and daughter are expected every hour, and after the will-reading and funeral are over, I think we shall be as if nothing had happened. Mrs. —— takes most violently to Bessy, and as dispossession from Oakhanger (if at all) will not be enforced for at least a year, we shall get on for three or four months quite as pleasantly as we expected. The place is beautiful. We have a suit of delightful rooms that open into each other;—a bedroom, my study, and a room for the maid and Barbara; and I write to you now at a window that looks over a sweet little lake anda glorious country. Your little daughter was very ill indeed on our arrival, but we have got a wet-nurse for her, and she already begins to recover and revive.

"Bessy sends her best love,—she is always talking to them about you. Ever, my dear Mary, your sincere friend,

"Thomas Moore."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Abergeley, Sunday, June, 1813.

"My dear Corry,

"I seize the very first quiet moment I have had for two months to give you some little account of myself, and ask pardons innumerable for my long and most criminal silence; but, if you knew the way (or rather the million ways) I was pulled about in Town, and the difficulty I found in snatching a minute for my *daily* letters to Bessy, you would forgive me without hesitation, and only think of congratulating me on being released from a bustle and dissolution, always so bewildering, and now become so very uninteresting to me. I went through it, indeed, quite as a task, for I thought it a good thing to see and be seen a little, and to put the springs of my town friendships in play again, lest they should grow rusty from disuse. You will be glad, I am sure, to hear that, in this point of view, I have every reason to be delighted with my visit; I never met with more kindness, and certainly never with half so much deference, or half so many flattering tributes to me both as a man and an author. My conduct with Lord Moira is known to all those whom one is anxious to please, and I find it has got me indeed much more credit than I deserve for it. You will be surprised, too, to hear that the *Post-bag* has done me infinite service,—so differently do things sometimes turn out from what their tendency, at the first cursory glance, appears to be! Whether it be from any talent shown in it, or its courage, or the general dislike towards the Prince, nothing I ever wrote has gained me so much *pleasant* fame.

I am here *cottage-hunting*, but with so little success that I believe I shall try back towards my old ground in Derbyshire, or thereabouts. Wales is certainly so far from everything civilised, that nothing but its scenery and its cheapness could recommend it to one. The former, of course, remains always beautiful; but as to *cheapness*, it is become quite a humbug: if I may parody a line of my friend Byron's,—

"'Beef, mutton, poultry fails, but Nature still is fair.'

Your letter inclosing the draft, travelled to Kegworth, Cheshire; and at length, after these easy stages, reached me in town, from whence it returned, both letter and draft, unanswered, unaccepted, unannealed, to Cheshire again, where it now lies; but the moment I get back again you shall have the valuable instrument you inclosed, with all the validity that a poet's name can give it. A bill like this resembles those animals that lie in a torpid state for months together, and I shall be but too happy if I am able to *waken* it into *cash* in November.

"Give my best regards to Mrs. Corry, and believe me, my dear Corry, ever your very attached friend,

"Thomas Moore."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Ashbourne, July 1, 1813.

"My dear Corry,

"At last I have found a resting place, and you may now direct to me, in the true poetic style, to 'Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Der-

byshire.' I have got a pretty little stone-built cottage, in the fields by itself, about a mile and a half from the very sweetly situated town of Ashbourne, for which I am to pay twenty pounds a-year rent, and the taxes come to three or four pounds more; but though this sounds so cheap, yet the expenses of furnishing, and the beautiful capabilities of the place, which tempt one into improvement so irresistibly, will make it, I fear, rather a dear little spot to me. Once done, however, to my mind (if the supplies will enable me to do it so), I think I shall not be easily induced to quit it, but shall keep it on still as a *scribbling retreat*, even though I should, in a year or two, find it more to my purpose to live in London; but certainly until my *Grande Opus* is finished, I could not possibly have a more rural or secluded corner to court the Muses in. We are fitting up a little room for a friend; and though it has but a low ceiling and cottage windows to it, yet I flatter myself we could make you and Mrs. Corry comfortable in it, if you would take us in your way to Matlock, Buxton, or any other given gay place you may be bound to. We are within four miles of that most poetical of all spots, Dovedale.

"At length, my dear good fellow, after my long, long incubation, I have hatched your draft into something like an acceptance; and all I ask is, if it passes out of your own hands, that you will give me timely notice, that I may be fully prepared to ward off the '*irrevocabile* telum.'

"I do not remember whether I told you that I was solicited very flatteringly, while I was in town, to lecture at the Royal Institution next year. Campbell has just concluded his lectures. I should not have disliked it, but by Rogers's advice and that of some other friends (who thought it *infra dig.*) I declined it. A day or two since I received a very cordial letter from Whitbread, containing a most urgent entreaty that I should undertake something for Drury Lane. This, however, I shall not think of till after my poem.

"Write soon my dear Corry, and tell me all about the health and happiness of yourself and your dear Maria.

"Ever yours, faithfully,
"Thomas Moore.

"My Bessy and babes are quite well, and would *all* jump with joy to see you."

From James Perry, Esq.

"Strand, July 2, 1813.

"My dear Sir,

"Your letter came to my hand seasonably, as I am going out of town to-morrow. I sincerely hope that you have made a happy choice of a retreat, though I cannot avoid thinking, that for every purpose of retirement and economy, you might have been as fortunate in your selection within an hour's walk of London. I have ordered your paper to be forwarded to your new address. I dare say that you have a bank at Ashbourne (for what village is without one?) and if so, they will give you money for a draft on me. In the meantime I enclose you 30*l.* in part of the 75*l.* bill transmitted to me, and you will please to draw on me for the remainder. Do not talk of balances. It will give me very sincere pleasure, as you may believe, to hear from you, and to know that you are proceeding in your great work. With kind respects to Mrs. Moore,

"Faithfully youre,
"Jas. Perry."

From James Corry, Esq.

"Lurgan Street, Dublin, July 9, 1813.

"Everything, my dear Moore, that contributes to your fame, your interests, or your happiness, must be most gratifying to us, and therefore your *two* last letters (strange you should have *two* unanswered) have been the occasion of most sincere congratulation and comfort to Maria and me.

"You have indeed, my dearest Moore, in this *remote part* of this *remote town* two very warm and very faithful friends; two, who, believe me, Moore, will yield to none of the many great ones in the gay world you have lately left, in affectionate attachment to you.

"It were in vain to tell you, therefore, with what joy I read your account of your reception in London. That it was *everything* it *ought* to have been is very evident, because you were satisfied with it *yourself;* for if statesmen, warriors, and poets are not hard to please in these particulars, then are they a class of gentlemen very cruelly calumniated by the rest of the world.

"Of the prodigious sale and popularity of your *Postbag* I had heard from various quar-

ters; our latest account was through Lord Ormonde, who arrived a few days before your letter; and though its success must only make my poor judgment in these matters appear more humble to you than it ever was before, yet I think I could rejoice in your happiness, though it were only procurable by a greater sacrifice to myself than that. No, Moore; the qualities which *I* possess to entitle me (if anything can entitle me) to an occasional letter from your pen, or render one of mine worth opening, are not those of the *head*, and therefore in the truest freedom of my heart you must let me tell you what I think of the offspring of your muse; and when my opinion fails in appealing to your judgment, it may at least have a favourable influence on your *spirits—utrumq. paratus.*

"The respect paid to your name at the University dinner had been previously communicated to me in a very circumstantial account of that day's proceedings by our worthy friend Power. From *his* letters, as well as from former letters from *yourself*, I am well aware of the unfavourable opinion you have of the estimation in which you are held by your own country. You think it is not as *kind* and as *partial* as it *might* be, nor even as *just* as it *ought* to be; and you rest that opinion, I know, among other things, upon the circumstance of your health being omitted at a public meeting at Belfast, where the name of every one, however remotely connected with the literary fame of the country, was toasted. I am reluctantly obliged to agree with you in the most of what you feel: the public mind of Ireland, if ever it had any, *is gone;* some of its best days were from 1770 to 1790. There did exist in those days a band of men who would have done honour to any country,—Malone—Daily—Burgh—Flood—Grattan—Charlemont, &c., and something like a love of literature and literary men prevailed; but I fancy they were respected only *among themselves*, for Ireland never was, in *the general*, a *literary* country; even the *political* changes of the times have none, or, if any, a very transient influence on her feelings. A single * county, town, or city could not lately be found to raise its voice of condolence upon the sufferings of our much-injured Princess. I went myself to the theatre not two months since, to see 'Henry VIII.' (Kemble's Wolsey), with some *hope* (I own it) that the pathetic pleadings of Queen Catherine would, from the application of the scene to the events that were passing, have *struck fire* into the hearts of the audience; but *not a hand was raised.* So help me God, I do believe the *million* of this country never knew the impulse of any other public feeling but a *love of Popery* and a hatred of the *English name.* In the tumultuous agitations which these two topics have occasioned, wonder not if *the sighs of the bard are unheard.*

"But still, my dear Moore, in justice to my country, give me a word about Belfast.

"I well remember that meeting, and the circumstances of it, and I can assure you that you are not to regard the events of that day as in anywise expressive of the *public* feeling towards *yourself.* It was a meeting convened by the friends of a Mr. Buntin, who had published about that time at Belfast, of which he is a native, a collection of *Irish Melodies. In the spirit of trade* they bumpered to Mr. Buntin and *his* Melodies; and then, affecting to give a literary character to the meeting, they drank a list of literary men, from which they carefully excluded the name of every one connected with *certain other Melodies* that had made their appearance about the same time. This, I *believe*,—I almost *know*,—was the fact.

To that same town of Belfast, Maria and I set out *to-morrow* on our way to the '*land of brown heath.*' Thither we go, alike *unknowing* and *unknown*, with a map of the roads, and Providence for our guide. And *where are you going*, Corry? Upon my soul, Moore, I can't well tell you. Some little longing to tread on ground immortalised by the muse is the only impelling motive, I know of, that we have. This is the *quo animo* of our journey.

Onward we shall go, therefore, careless though we may be

> "'Catched wi' warlocks in the mirk,
> By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.'

Thence we mean to move towards Edinburgh, '*romantic town;*' perhaps stretch northward far enough to see the place where Birnam Wood *was* before it moved to Dunsinane; and from thence, turning southwards, we must go

* The address of the Catholics was the policy of a *party*, not the honest expression of *national* feeling.

to '*view fair Melrose aright*,' and so home, by the Lakes: Such is the plan of our intended tour: and the only objection I have to it is that our path does not lead us near the '*little stone-built cottage in the fields, a mile and a half from Ashbourne.*' Now, I should like to put on my working jacket there, and under the direction of *Bessy* set about whitening the building, cocked up on the kitchen stool, or nail up the curtains to the little cottage windows; and should the noise of our hammering make you lift up your head from the *grande opus* on your table, and smile at us both for the fuss we were making, I'd chide you (*and not the first time*) for laughing at the attentions paid to the lovely *Lady Godiva* by the *worshipful Mayor of Coventry.*

"All the world is gone to-day to a public breakfast at Carton. The Duke of Leinster honoured us with a card; but everything being fixed for our departure to-morrow, Maria had some little domestic troubles on her hands to-day. So, while she is locking up plates, spoons, and dishes, I am occupied, you see, in settling *your house*, instead of *my own.*

"I hope you will have leisure to ruminate upon the Whitbreads' requests after your more important work is finished. I can't help thinking that you possess every quality in the world for succeeding in dramatic writing. In political satire you have no equal.

"You did not, I hope, make a *present* of the *Post-Bag* to the bookseller. Would to heaven that you had but a fair proportion of the wealth you have created for others! But you'll have enough, please God.

"Oh! how I should like to see one good edition of *all* your works (your song poetry included) undertaken by yourself. But I crave, perhaps, about what I do not understand; 'tis under such circumstances, however, that our wishes are most fervid.

"God bless you, my dear Moore; and with Maria's and my kindest regards to Mrs. Moore,

"Believe me

"Your most faithful friend,

"James Corry.

"P.S. *If* you should happen to feel disposed to give us the happiness of hearing from you while we are out on our rambles, direct as usual to Dublin, and your letter will be forwarded."

To Miss Dalby.

"Mayfield, 1813.

"My dear Mary,

"Bessy leaves the *literary* part of your letter for me to answer. Lord Bryon's last poem *did give* me (I am sorry to tell you) a deep wound in a very vital part—my story; and it is singular enough, for he could not know anything about it. Your brother and Mary Matchett are both in extremes on the subject of his bride. He *could not* write anything bad, but it would have been much finer if he had taken more time about it. He is half-way or more through *another* poem, 'The Corsair.'

"Bessy would have written more if she had not been so ill, and so would I if I were not so busy.

"What does Sir C. Hastings mean by saying Bonaparte is not a great man? I almost agree with him about the Ministers; though, if they have not come round to the good cause, the good cause has certainly come round to them.

"Ever yours,

"T. M."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"July 23, 1813.

"My dear Moore,

"I cannot tell you the pleasure I felt when I received your letter from Fairy-land. You are now where you ought to be; and I hope you have already initiated Psyche into all the mysteries of Dove Dale. If you see the Kingfisher I saw there, pray let me know. How far are you from Throp-cloud, and Ham Churchyard, and Oak-over Hall,—names consecrated in my imagination before I was fifteen? I can assure you I wander with you both very often, and flatter myself I sometimes hear *myself* mentioned in those regions of enchantment. My dear Moore, if you don't now write better verses than any of us, I shall disown you as a friend. Byron has made some additions to 'The Giaour,' that exceed everything. The passage, 'He who hath bent him o'er the dead,' will thrill you through and through. I longed for you, but in vain, in my boat to Richmond the other day. The ladies were innumerable; and the slow airs on the water came as *thro' the gates of Paradise ajar.* I met Madame de Stäel in Kent, the other day, and she was always reading the Irish Melodies.

It was at Lord Darnley's, and she asked for them again and again. London is breaking up very fast; but I have not ventured farther at present than Holland House. Here I am writing, and I wish you were with me. Frere, Mackintosh, and Luttrell slept here last night. As Lord B. and Lady D. are your correspondents, I have little to tell you.

"August 1.

"I have now to thank you for two very kind letters; tho last inclosing what I shall highly value; if it was written with pain, it was read with pleasure; and I can truly say that I think myself MUCH OBLIGED to her for her acceptance of what I sent her. I know her friendship will strike her blind to all the faults in the world. So you have been in Dove Dale? I fear it is not within reach of an evening walk. How I should have enjoyed it with you; and how I wished for you at Vauxhall! My sister mentioned you more than once. It was one blaze of light; and one thing affected me not a little, to see the name of a schoolfellow, whom I remember a little dirty boy, and who toiled with me (we worked by ourselves) through Simpson's Euclid, written there in letters of fire! Many thanks for the kind things you say of the review. I have heard, but I hope not, that it was the work of my friend, J. W. W. One person, Lord Wellesley, has expressed his indignation to me in a most friendly manner, as well as to others. It is certainly done with no great goodwill to the author, as many things are said which the reviewer knows are not true. Lady Donegal is just now with Lady Glenbervie*, at the Pheasantry. 'Is Moore arrived?' said Madame de Staël to me, at a dinner last week; 'I have a passion for his poetry.' She complains that she cannot understand Lord Byron's; but I believe he has not been very attentive to her. Strong feeling delights her most. The death of Clarissa, she says, comes to her constantly as one of the events of her life. Her daughter† you would like; she is very pleasing, and dances a shawl-dance beautifully. The mother, too, you would like,—very good-natured, very lively, and eloquent. She speaks English well, but not fluently. Pray come and meet her, and bring Psyche. She dines with me next Friday, and chairs shall be reserved for you both—so I shall expect you. Sheridan dined with me last Wednesday. He says he has found a cottage for you at Fetcham, and seems quite astonished at your having settled elsewhere. By the by, I have not seen yours, that I remember. He says if you and I and himself would but be neighbours, we might scorn the world; and Lord Byron says, in that case, he will give up his restlessness, and settle there too. Pray say everything you can think of to Psyche. I would have written to her, but it is on a subject I am ashamed to touch upon; by and by I will. I am rejoiced to think she is well, and beg she will keep so. A kiss to each of your babes. The allusion to the days of Homer I think I have seen before.

"Ever yours, S. R."

From Miss Godfrey.

"London, Aug. 5, 1813.

"Rogers gave me the enclosed to get franked to you. I can't resist taking the opportunity to ask after you and Bessy, and little Barbara, and the other little animal;—are you all flourishing in health and happiness? and do your absent friends ever by any accident occupy a stray thought? The worst of love in a cottage is, that it lives all for itself, and the rest of the poor dear world may go to the dogs for anything it cares about it. By the by, I think it right to inform you that by the time you and Bessy come to live amongst us Christians again, I flatter myself I shall be well qualified to assist in teaching Miss Barbara Moore how to read, for I make daily progress in the art of educating young ladies. We are just come back from visiting the Glenbervies and the Berrys, at Strawberry Hill. The weather was beautiful, the country ditto, and we had some pleasant society; so we passed our time much to our satisfaction, and found London on our return in a galloping consumption, and just expiring, to our great joy. Farewell,

"M. G.

"I see your eleventh edition advertised."

From Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"Surrey Jail, Sept. 20, 1813.

"My dear Moore,

"I know not what conclusions you have

* Daughter of Lord North (the Minister).

† Duchesse de Broglie.

made with respect to my politeness, and am afraid to think about them; but you will forgive much, I know, to bad habits and to worse health, and will be sorry to hear that I have had so many relapses of ill health lately, as, conspiring with the natural indolence of my disorder have rendered me almost unfit for anything. I have got better, however, within these few days, still reckoning myself stouter than when I first came here; and I sit down, this fine morning, to say how much obliged to you I am for thinking of me and my verses in your new scenery of enjoyment. If ever I can prevail with myself to write a batch of them over again, I shall be truly happy to send them you; and at any rate, I trust that when I have the pleasure of another visit, you will tell me all that you think concerning them in the way of criticism, both verbal and otherwise;—but at present, I have advanced only thirty-four lines beyond the place you saw last, and have found it necessary to relieve myself from that intentness of thinking which grave composition requires, by falling in with an old plea, 'the request of friends,' and busying myself in preparing for re-publication the 'Feast of the Poets,' with additional verses and notes. To these are to be added some little pieces I have lately written, such as translations from Horace, Sonnets, &c., in order to make up a decent volume; and as I have retouched the verses and written additional ones, I hope very shortly to have the pleasure of sending a copy into Derbyshire.

"I shall anxiously keep in mind what you say about unusual words, and beg that when you look at my lines, you will have no mercy in pointing them out, for I assure you I will turn them out if they have no business there. A writer may get a trick of using some words of this kind, before he is aware of it; but if they are merely unusual, and not such as a man in a natural mood would utter from the impulse of some powerful abstract feeling or reflection, they have nothing to do with poetry. The *ahas* and *afars*, you know, I have already delivered over to your secular arm; and am much afraid that you will not let a heterodox couplet pass in the 'Feast of the Poets:'—it is where I have introduced Coleridge and Wordsworth,—

'When one began spouting the cream of orations,
In praise of bombarding one's friends and relations
And t' other some lines he had made on a straw,
Showing how he had found it, and what it was for,' &c.*

But will not the ballad humility of the lines excuse it?—By the way, I have taken the opportunity of this re-publication to make peace with my conscience and speak much more highly of Wordsworth than at first. I do not pass over his puerilities; they only make me, if possible, still more indignant; but then I do not suffer my indignation to run away with itself; and certainly in the better parts of Wordsworth there appear to me all the elements, not only of a good, but of a great poet,—strong intellect, strong feeling, and dignified consciousness, and a command of the very identical words which he requires.

"May I, in return for the disclosure of all my frailties, request at least a taste of your poem,—the first paragraph, for instance? I will promise to keep the lines quite to myself; they shall be enjoyed by me in a corner; as a boy takes his solitary apple;—but pray if the thing is inconvenient, think of it no further.—Make my best respects, if you please, to Mrs. Moore, with whom, in consequence of her sympathies with imprisonment, I reckon myself acquainted already,—in heart if not in person.

"Yours, my dear Moore, very sincerely,
"Leigh Hunt.

"P. S. I have not again had the pleasure of a visit from Lord B.; and have sometimes endeavoured to flatter myself that he was waiting to be invited.—Should you be generous enough to write me another letter before long, I shall be eager to show my proper sense of it and answer it immediately."

To James Corry, Esq.

Ashbourne, Oct. 25, 1813.

"My dear Corry,

"I did not like to risk writing to you while you were away, as I was afraid my letters might have to follow you from place to place, as Lord Moira's venison followed Joe Atkinson; and whereas the latter was quite *alive* when it caught Joe, my letters, I fear, would have lost even the little life they

* An article in the "Friend," in defence of the Copenhagen business.

had at setting out, in the chace: but now that the cold winds of the North have, I presume, sent you home again, I feel most happy in returning to fresh communion with you, and in asking how the journey has agreed with you, as well *spiritually* as *corporeally*. Mrs. Corry too,—I hope most sincerely she is all the better for it, and I again renew my claims upon a little postscript from her own hand, when next you write to me: now, mind, she must not forget this.

"We have got into rather a gayer neighbourhood here than I bargained for, but I am determined to go into a torpid state for the winter, and suck my paws, like the bears, as indeed, if I do not work hard, I shall have little else to live upon;—after all, however, it is better than turning Poet Laureat. What do you think of Southey? Is it not *quite* a pity that such a Pegasus as his should be turned into a royal 'cream-coloured horse, for state occasions? I heartily mourn over him.—You will be sorry, I am sure, to hear, that my Island of Bermuda is far from being a *Cucagna* to me, no Island of dainties, but barren of money, as its rocks are of vegetables. I am sure, I am cheated, and yet I do not know how to help myself. Bessy and I have been lately on a visit to Derby, and found a nest of young poetesses in a family there that amused and interested me a good deal, particularly as some of them were pretty and natural.

* * * * *

They are daughters of the *Strutts* (with one of whom we were for a week), three brothers in the cotton trade, who have more than forty thousand a year between them, and, what is much better, love literature, music, and everything else that cotton manufacturers are not likely to love. The Edgworths were our predecessors at their house.

"I wish, my dear Corry, you would write to me often; your letters are always the pleasantest I receive, and Bessy quite claps her hands with joy at the sight of a letter from 'dear Mr. Corry:' so, do gratify us with long, very long ones. The only very faithful and voluminous correspondent I have is Lord Byron, which is exceedingly delightful to me, as he is just as gay a companion and correspondent as he is a sombre and horrific poet.

"Best regards to Mrs. Corry, and believe me most truly your very attached friend,

"Thomas Moore.

"I inclose a postscript, or rather inscript."

From James Corry, Esq.

Lungan Street, Nov. 1, 1813.

"My dear Moore,

"Your last letter must have sailed from Holyhead much about the same time that I embarked from Port-patrick, both bound for the same place; but as *I* had further to travel to our capital, *it* reached Dublin before me.

"I left Maria at my sister's on our way through the North, about thirty miles from town, a little jaded from her journey, but very well; and am here once more, my dear Moore, after the most delightful tour that I believe the United Kingdom, at least, is capable of affording. Scotland is to be sure one of the most romantic countries in the world; it is a region of mountains, lakes, and water falls; but its river scenery surpasses all. In the principal glens along the western and Northern coast, the *road* and the *bridge* (particularly the *bridge*) exhibit a great deal of beauty. The bed of the river in those mountainous districts lies, of course, very low down, and the road is half-way up the hill, and whenever it becomes necessary to cross the valley, they wisely choose some narrow part of the glen, that affords two opposing rocks to support their arch: the highest rocks are always preferred, as coming nearer to the level of the road; from whence it follows, that a bridge in the Highlands is everywhere the seat of romantic beauty, for then you have always *a high arch*, and a torrent tumbling between rocks, at a great depth below. But we did not confine ourselves to the *Continent* of Scotland; we visited some of the principal *Islands* of the Hebrides. We spent a week in *Mull*, *Ulva*, &c. and from thence embarked for *Iona* and *Staffa*, which latter place I was anxious to see, because Fingal's Cave is the *basaltic boast* of Scotland; and we had seen the Giants, Causeway in the Irish part of our tour; but unfortunately the surf among the rocks was too high to let us land.

"Our *poetical* and *theatrical reveries* gave us a great deal to do in the course of our journey. We visited the cottage in Ayrshire where

poor Burns was born; peeped into Kirk Alloway with him; and traced him to his last home in the churchyard of Dumfries. I was delighted to hear that his three sons were all provided for in the public service, and his widow enjoying a neat mansion, and a comfortable competence in the town of Dumfries,—the fruits of his labours. But we did not neglect living poets in our respect for the dead; the *Minstrel's last lay* was not forgotten, nor was any part of the scenery of the Lady of the Lake left unexplored. We set out for Loch Katrine, of course, and

> "'In the deep Trossach's wildest nook,
> Our solitary refuge took.'

From the glen of the Trossachs we embarked on the lake, and landed at the '*Goblin Cave*,'

> "'A wild and strange retreat,
> As e'er was trod by human feet.'

From which we crossed to Ellen's Isle, and climbing up

> "'From underneath an aged oak
> That slanted from the islet rock,'

we reached her supposed habitation. From this part of the world the muse of Walter Scott sent us to the banks of the Teviot and the Tweed, along which we travelled with William of Deloraine, from Branksome Castle to Melrose Abbey, which, of course, in obedience to the poet's instructions, we took care to visit by the 'pale moonlight.' Our labours did not end here; we traced the whole *topography of Macbeth*, though the different places connected with his history lay some hundred miles asunder. We visited *all* his castles, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, *Inverness*,—the scene of Duncan's murder, and travelled along the *blasted heath*, uninterrupted, however, as Johnson says, in his own dry way,—'uninterrupted by the promises of crowns or kingdoms;'—inquiring as we went of every lonely traveller we could venture the *quiz* on, in our best tragic voices, 'How far is't called to Forres?' On we travelled to Forres, and saw the stone erected in memory of the defeat of 'Sueno, Norway's king,' for licking whom Macbeth got his second title: from thence we traced the tyrant to the southward, to Birnam Wood and Dunsinane, and did not part from him till we came to the field where he fell by the hands of Macduff; from which we attended his successor, Malcolm, 'to see him crowned at *Scone*.' In short we travelled near 1,500 miles, and saw *everything interesting* in Scotland. An extraordinary and very pleasant adventure happened to us at the commencement of our tour. We fell in with two of the most delightful young men I ever saw—two brothers—the elder a young templar, the younger an under-graduate of Oxford; and after half an hour's conversation in one of the most romantic passes on the Western Coast, we liked each other so well that we became companions for the rest of the journey: they lived with us for *six weeks!* Our mode of travelling was the same,—each a chariot and post horses,—so that by changing with each other we had a constant variety of company. I think I see you heartily tired of my gossiping account of our adventures: but after *Pat* has seen anything new or wonderful, you know he always meets his friend open-mouthed, and without even waiting to ask him how he does, begins and tells him his story all at once, without stopping.

"It's high time to ask you, my dear fellow, how you are, and how '*my dear Mrs. Moore*' is, whom, by all the rules of the *Lex Talionis*, I am entitled to call by that name; but I'll not tell you the half of what I feel *in this letter*, because I'll send it to Maria to add—not her *postscript* (for the best of reasons), but her *inscript*—you might else have *two tours* through Scotland, so this shall go to Madam to-night; and before to-morrow's post goes out I'll give you a line or two on business,—till when Heaven bless *you and yours*.

"JAMES CORRY."

From James Corry, Esq.

"Lurgan Street, Nov. 8, 1813.

"Pray forgive me, my dear Moore, for my delay in sending you this promised *supplement* to my Scotch Rhapsodies, but in faith the arrears of business that accumulate in the course of so long an absence from the shop, has been the means of keeping me so busy since my return, that I have been often obliged to throw myself on the indulgence of my friends, and few I know are more disposed to forgive than you.

"If I thought you would allow me to say one word more of Scotland, it would be this. I spent some time with Lord and Lady Kinnaird*, at their beautiful seat in Perthshire,

* Olivia, daughter of William Robert, second Duke of Leinster.

Rossie Priory, and it was no small addition to our happiness there to hear them speak in a way of you that was delightful. Whenever I hear you flattered I always hold up my head the higher, as if part of the praise belonged to myself. Maria and I often wished for you both, although I am not sure whether Mrs. Moore would have liked to have heard so lovely a woman as Lady Kinnaird say so many pretty things of you. We had Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siddons there for two days. * * * * * Lord K.'s kindness to us was not confined to his *hospitalities*. My way was towards Edinburgh on leaving him. Had your *friend Jeffrey* been there he would have given me a letter to him; but Jeffrey is gone to America, it seems, upon some matrimonial speculation. He gave me an introduction, however, to a most able and intelligent man, a Mr. Murray, who is at the Scotch Bar;*—I believe a *literary ally* of Jeffrey's in his review—so at least they told me. He spoke to me of you as a poet, in the kindest manner, and before I said I knew you, he told me he considered your 'Twopenny Post Bag' the cleverest thing you had written. The *Dinner* he said he preferred to everything else, even to the *Insurrection of the Papers*. I thought, as the conversation proceeded, it would have been uncandid in me (for a week's residence in Edinburgh made us very intimate) not to tell him how far I had presumed upon my friendship for you, in writing to you when that work came out. 'You were *right*,' says he, 'if you bottomed your opinion on the impolicy of such a man's *spending* himself in *detached* writing, for detached writing will never convey that portion of fame which the talents *necessary* for compositions of that nature would bestow on a writer who succeeded in a greater work; but you were *wrong* if you thought it unworthy of his talents; for I must repeat to you, that I think it the *cleverest* thing he ever wrote.' Our two young English companions, whom I mentioned in my last, told me they thought it was more generally read in London than any book they had ever seen, and everywhere as generally admired. I know you will regard all this as *atonement for my errors of judgment*. But no, Moore, upon my *honour* I am only telling you, and *truly* too, what *others* have said. Those two young Englishmen—Messrs. Rickets (their father was Attorney-General in Jamaica for many years)—said they would give the world to know you. I gave them a letter of introduction to you when we parted, but I have learnt from their letters since, that they met letters at Edinburgh, which obliged them to abandon their carriage and hurry in the mail to London; one of them said, that somewhere in Derbyshire he travelled for a while on the roof, and there met a young lady who was going to your cottage.

"Dublin is now pretty full. Poor Miss Grattan! You know of course of her death. Her nephew, Gervas Bushe, succeeds to most of her property. Mr. Grattan and his wife, and Henry and the two girls, have been, I may say, *living* at Richard Power's for these ten days past. And I (being a *bachelor*) have been living with them. The elder girl is to be immediately married to Blackford. I meet the Daltons there every day, both looking very well, but poor Dalton appears to me more lame every day. You know Mr. Grattan's peculiar way of thinking and talking. I can't help telling you what he said of the Catholics, speaking of their conduct to the Prince. 'They have abused him in every possible shape; for *first* they have abused his *person*, of which he is very vain; and *secondly* they have abused his *mistress*, of whom he is very fond; and *thirdly*, not content with all that, *they have praised his own wife*. Poor gentleman, he is sadly used.'—I expect *my* wife home to-morrow. She tells me that she has made a request of you—to accept, whenever you revisit Ireland, a bed in this house;—is there the most remote chance of our ever having such a happiness as that? Such an arrangement would make us too proud. A thousand *loves* to Mrs. Moore. Farewell my dearest friend, and ever believe me, Moore,

"Yours most faithfully and fondly,

"James Corry."

From Miss Godfrey.

(Probably Feb.) 1814.

"We were rejoicing in the thoughts of seeing you again, and just going to tell you so, when Rogers informed us your plans were all changed, and that you had put off coming to

* The present Lord Murray,—one of the best, kindest and most generous men living.

Town for the present. We felt quite disappointed, and very earnestly hope you will come up in the spring. We rather wish, however, that you may be able to keep clear of Lord Ellenborough's wig; it cannot be a very pleasant sight to you, who have never treated it with the smallest respect. But pray bring your poem with you. The time you have been about it is quite absurd in the nineteenth century, when poets produce something new at least once a month. 'The Corsair' is very much liked; and it certainly has many beauties; but surely the dedication might have been done with as kind a feeling and yet with better taste and better judgment. Lord Byron never ought to write prose,—don't you think so? Is there not a sort of inelegant pertness in his style? I give him credit for kind feelings towards you, but we are both very angry that he did not express them better. Perhaps you may think us unreasonable and unjust, and so I shall say no more upon the subject. Madame de Staël never ceases expressing her desire to know you, and always asks when you are coming. She is a great admirer of your talents. About a fortnight since, we met her at dinner at the Duke of Gloucester's, and his band played 'Lady fair' twice in the course of the evening, to her great delight, and her son and daughter, who, I believe, set up for a sort of musical geniuses, were quite in raptures. This dinner was given to bring about a meeting between her and Mr. Wilberforce, which was very interesting. But I have given you so much of her in my letters of late, and she is so much talked of, and occupies so considerable a place in the society of London at present, that I am almost tired of her name. I shall, therefore, send her off with Lord Byron. You have no idea of the very great anxiety that every soul feels about the affairs of the Continent. People tell us we are to have peace immediately, and alas, with Bonaparte! for which thanks to the shabby Austrians, who preserve him to trample upon mankind a little longer. And to say the truth, mankind well deserves it, for it has a wonderful respect for tyrants. * * * *

How have you all got through the winter? Such a winter never was felt before in this country. We have all been invalids in one way or other, and are still plagued by coughs and colds, which will probably see the winter out. We have been extremely quiet, seeing only a few friends in a very quiet way, and going on just as you have seen us go on for years. Rogers says you have sent up your Epilogue. I dare say it is very good, and will succeed well. Give our love to Bessy. What sort of little girls are yours—are they like father or mother? Are they strong and healthy? A thousand kind things to you from us both.

"M. G."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Jan. 13, 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"Living in the fields, as we do, we cannot stir a step without pioneers and shovels, and I cannot find it in my heart to send a servant into Ashbourne through the waste, so that I am obliged to lay hold on any unfortunate person who brings me a message, and make him useful to me by taking ten times as many messages back again. Just such a *return*-courier is now in the house, and I take the opportunity of writing by him a very few lines, lest you should leave Lord Spencer's before you receive at least an acknowledgment of your very, very kind letter from Althorpe. I can hardly wish you where *I* am in this very *anti*-cottage weather, but I wish heartily we were together somewhere, for I want you, *selfishly* want you, often; and the glimpses I get at you through letters, is something like what we have of the sun at this season,—very bright, but distant and cheerless: yet not cheerless, either, except in comparison with the same kind things, said *à quattr' occhi* over a good fire, with one of your best smiles illustrating every word. That's what I want, and that is what, for some months to come, I fear I shall not have. Lord Byron dedicates his 'Corsair' to me, which I look upon as a very high niche in the Temple indeed,—to be placed so near *you*, too! Between you and Lord Holland I fear I shall have applied to me the *reverse* of the famous epigram,—

"'Wisdom and Wit full-sized were seen,
And Folly, at *small length*, between.'

I think there are few more *generous* spirits than Lord Byron's, and the overflowing praise he has lavished on me in his dedication (if he preserves that of which he has sent me a copy) is just such as might be expected from

a profuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for the scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise, as sailors lend money, by 'handfuls.' Let others think what they will of it, he has made *me* very proud and happy; and the more he commits his judgment for my sake, the more grateful, of course, I must feel for his goodnature.

"My *return* post-boy is clamouring below stairs, so I must have done, and shall write to you a longer letter next week, directed to St. James's Place.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To James Corry, Esq.

"Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1814.

"My dear Corry,

"I have been very slow in thanking you for your kind panegyric, which had all the features of the warm heart and sound head it came from. I suppose you have before this seen Lord Byron's overflowing eulogium. He has got into a tremendous scrape with the Carlton House faction by the avowal of his 'Lines to the Young Princess.' 'The Courier,' 'Morning Post,' &c. &c. have been all, as he says himself, 'in hysterics' since their appearance; and I have come in for my full share of the bespatterment. When scavengers become assailants, there is no coming very clean out of their hands. Indeed, 'The Courier' has taken the only method such dull dogs could hit upon for annoying Byron, by raking up all his past and *suppressed* abuse of those he is now friends with; and they have quoted the very passage upon which I called him to account (and from which sprung our intimacy), to contrast it with his present praise of me. Byron tells me that till his avowal of those formidable lines to the young Royalty, the Regent always thought they were *mine*.

"What has *Bryan* been doing? I have seen some severe strictures upon his conduct; and as I am a good deal interested about him, you will oblige me very much by telling me frankly, and, of course, in perfect confidence, what is the general impression his conduct has made, as I have only seen 'The Dublin Evening Post,' and that paper is naturally under much iritation against him.

"The spring is beginning to shine out upon our cottage very deliciously, and my only alloy is that Bessy is not as well and strong for the enjoyment of her garden and flowers as I could wish.

"I believe I told you that I had been requested to write an Epilogue for Mrs. Wilmot's forthcoming tragedy. Were *you* of the party with Power to hear her read when you were in London?—if not, ask Power whether the play she read was 'Ina of Sigiswold,' for that is the name of the tragedy to which I have written the Epilogue. I hope it may be done but half the justice to in the speaking that my Kilkenny one was.

"I am getting on with my poem, though I begin to tremble about its appearance this season; this, however, shall not interfere with my Grand Memoir—as once over the fit period for publication, I have a long summer for all my jobs before me.

"Still in debt to Mrs. Corry! If warm and frequent remembrances are a satisfactory *interest* upon the *debt*, I pay them faithfully; and am, dear Corry,

"Hers and yours, very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I have a copy of 'The Corsair' lying by me for you ever since it was published; but I have been startled by the idea that it would be too heavy for your franking privilege. I feel your pulse in that way with an enclosure now, which I must beg you to forward for me immediately."

From Leigh Hunt, Esq.

Surrey Jail, March 4, 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"I do not see why you should have had the 'unquiet conscience' of which you speak. I took your criticism upon critics in the very best part, I assure you,—and for more than one reason. In the first place, you are inclined, after all, to agree with me on the subject of the dews and flowers,—at least to *a certain extent*, and that is all which your admirers would demand. I protest, therefore, against performing the part of a Derbyshire blight, and being considered as an interferer with your floral enjoyments,—enjoyments, which I would riot in if I could, as well as yourself. In the next place, I am very much inclined to agree with *you* on the

subject of critics in general, considered as *mere* critics; but you must know, I make a modest exception on this point with regard to myself, for nobody has the free and unfettered interests of poetry more closely at heart; and one of the main objects of my notes on the Feast, was to give another finishing blow to the cold French school that established itself on the neck of our better literature. Let us return to our old fancy and feeling, and our fine, various, pregnant language, and my criticism will be nothing but panegyric; or, rather, I shall lay down my critical pen for ever, and try to be a poet as well as the rest of you. Yourself I have always considered, in the general cast of your genius, as opposed to the school of poetry that has now existed for a hundred years back. Your fancy belongs to the former age; and what I have ventured to object to your style in any respect, was for fear you should be considered by those who did not know you as well as I do, as countenancing the monotony and confined sphere of inferior spirits. You are capable of enjoying *all* nature, and are bound to do so.

"The author of the criticism upon you in 'The Champion' I know. He is, as you handsomely acknowledge, a very clever fellow, but he is apt, also, to go to extremes both in his censure and his praise, and is aware how much I differ with him in the present instance. He has no ill motives, however, of any kind; and I think I can undertake to say for him, that he will be ready to acknowledge his mistake in his very warmest manner, when he discovers it, as he must do in the course of your future writings. He shall be acquainted with such facts of your letter as are necessary for him to know, with the caveat, of course, that you mention. By the way, I must not forget to tell you, that I saw Brougham yesterday, who is one of your admirers, political as well as poetical, and who expressed his regret upon this occasion.

"The 'Missionary,' I suppose, is my brother editor, poor Montgomery. I have not heard of the circumstance, but I guess him to be the man. Talking of poets and their destinies, pray do you know anything of Lucien Bonaparte and his epic?* I am curious to know what is thought of him by those who have seen his verses. You are bound to gratify my curiosity in some way, as you have excited it in speaking of your own poem. Why did you not send me a paragraph,—a single paragraph? It would have come upon me like the glimpse of a spring day; and I assure you I could not pay you a better compliment in my anticipations, for never was sick prisoner more heartily tired of a winter than I have been; and yet the fellow seems resolved to hold it out to the last, with his chills and blusterings. Unfortunately, my two oldest friends and companions have been compelled to be much away from me for the last six months,—one of them, indeed, in the country during the whole time; and as I am not fond of ordinary acquaintances, and have rather avoided them, I have had the least portion of society at the very season when I most wanted it. By this you may guess how much I regret your non-appearance in town this March. The other day I had a visit from two handsome young ladies, and had scarcely sat down with them, when I was interrupted by some members of a Lancasterian institution. You will allow that, under all the circumstances, this was a hard trial of my philanthropy at the expense of my *philoguny*.

"Yours, my dear Moore, most sincerely,

"Leigh Hunt."

* "Charlemagne."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Mayfield, April 10, 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"Though I owe many letters to many people, and don't owe *you* one at all, yet you see, like Charles Surface, I let my generosity outstrip my justice, and write to you. The last time I heard of you, you were at Hope's with the Donegals; but I dare say, long before now, you have bid him and his magnificence farewell (*Spes et Fortuna, valete!*) and are now preparing to take flight somewhere for the Easter. I wish I had Cornelius Agrippa's glass to trace you through your rambles; though it would not do if I could not *hear* as well as *see* you in it; and when *shall* I either see or hear you? I suppose the Donegals have told you that I think of making my next move near to London, and then, what delight I have in anticipating, my dear Rogers, that we shall go on seeing each other every

day, perhaps, till the end of our lives. This is a pleasant prospect, and what chiefly determines me to the step, for there are many considerations against it, of sober and shadowy hue, economy, prudence, &c., &c., all which are best consulted in the country; but then I flatter myself I am become steady enough (with Bessy's aid, who is a very Minerva of economy) to resist all the town's temptations to expense; and then the times are getting cheaper, and I shall, I hope, be getting richer, and, to crown all, I shall see you and the Donegals—shall hear music—go laugh at Liston—go walk in Hyde Park, and a thousand other intellectual amusements. Here, I really am in a desert; if I go to a dinner, the dulness of the good people is like suffocation.—I can hardly draw my breath under it. I have hopes, too, that the change of scene may do poor Bessy service, who has fallen off in everything but her sweetness of heart, most sadly; but *you'll* take her by the hand kindly, and *that*, too, will do her good. *Au reste*, I am going on as usual, at the easy rate of ten lines a day, with but little interruption. I made a figure at Derby the other day, at a Lancasterian dinner, where I spoke about fifteen speeches, which astonished not only the company, but myself. I have got half-entangled with my Derby friend, Strutt (you know my unlucky facilities in this way) to accompany him for a fortnight to Paris, in a month or two hence. I am certainly most anxious to take a peep at it before another Revolution, perhaps, lays it in ashes; and as Strutt, I believe, gives me a seat in his carriage, I may not find the opportunity amiss. My ambition has long been to see it with a very different sort of companion, namely, yourself; and who knows but even this may happen some fine spring or other? but the Louvre!—the pictures!—'and echo answers, where are they?' Oh, what a pity I wasn't with you last summer!

"Give my best regards to your sister, who I hope does not forget Bessy, but will let her come to Highbury with us sometimes.

"Ever, my dear Rogers, most truly yours,

"Thomas Moore."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Tuesday, April 12, 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"I have indeed thought it long since you received my last letter, but I am glad you have not quite forgot me. You must now be growing more and more an object of envy every day, with your woods and your meadows, and your rural neighbours. Have the scarlet cloaks yet made their appearance before your windows? You live in the fields, you say; pray what are you doing there? Lord Byron, as you know, has removed into Albany, and lives in an apartment, I should think thirty by forty feet. He is satisfied with the 'Quarterly Review,' and I am glad G. Ellis has let him off so gently, for I suspect they have no good-will towards us. Some years ago, I delivered a message to you from those said Reviewers, which you answered as I knew you would do. I have now a commission of a much pleasanter kind, and I hope it will meet with more success. I send you Jeffrey's letter *in confidence;* it was not, perhaps, intended to be seen; but it will speak best for itself. Perhaps you had better write such an answer to it, addressed to me, as I can send to Jeffrey; not, however, discovering in it that you have seen the very letter itself. I must say I think it would be a respectable thing at least to have written two or three articles in the 'Review.' Your name will be studiously circulated by Mackintosh, Brougham, Horner, Playfair, and Jeffrey, and they may be such as may afterwards, with slight alteration, be re-published in another form. Campbell wrote one article,—'A General Review of English Poetry;'—and I have often heard it mentioned with praise. What a dream have we had lately! A man a fortnight ago disdained to accept the throne of Louis XIV., and now retires to a little island in the Mediterranean on a pension of 250,000*l.* per annum. How could he overlook Caprea? I am glad you like the 'Wanderer.' I have not read it, but here it is not liked. Mr. P—— of Iona is to me unknown.

"Samuel Rogers."

From James Perry, Esq.

"Strand, July 25, 1814.

"My dear Sir,

"I have had a friendly conversation with Mr. Longman. I told him, of course, that I had no authority to enter into any negotiation with him; but that, as your friend, I should be happy to communicate to you any proposal that he might wish to make to you on the sub-

ject of your poem. He said that he was most desirous to treat for it,—that he understood from Mr. Orme I had mentioned the sum of 3,000 guineas as the price that I thought you should fix upon it,—and that this sum was so large as to make him desirous of seeing the copy of the poem before he made up his mind. He begged to be understood that he felt the most perfect confidence in you, and was ready to own that no one but yourself could be entitled to ask such a price; but that from long experience he conceived himself capable of judging of the probable demand that there would be for the work, and it would satisfy his mind if he could have an opportunity of forming this judgment. At the same time he said he would pledge himself to you that no other human being should see it, for he wanted no advice on the matter.

"This is, in short, the substance of our conversation; it run into some length, and he spoke with the greatest admiration of your talents. His anxiety as to previously looking into the poem arose simply from the experience, that so much depended on the catching nature of the subject, as to the popularity and rapidity of its run. He was sure of the intrinsic poetical beauty, of the strength and harmony of the versification, the warmth of the passion, and the brilliancy of the images, &c. All that he wished to ascertain was the character and design of the fable. You will be the only judge of your conduct on this proposal. I did no more than say that I should faithfully consult you, and let him know your feeling on the matter. I think him quite in earnest as to his wish to treat. Of his judgment in the way of anticipating the popularity of a poem I can form no estimate. There may be a bookseller's knack; but I foresee an obvious inconvenience in this mode of treating. If after seeing the copy he should hesitate in giving the sum, or attempt to chaffer, he might wound your delicacy, and even injure the character of the work, by saying that he had refused it. I am not sure, therefore, my dear sir, whether I ought not to tell you my own sentiment on the matter, which is frankly to decline the previous communication. If you agree to show it, I shall say that it is not merely a proof of the high confidence you have in his honour, but of your own most liberal and generous nature, since you thereby incur a risk which you might safely avoid.

"I need not tell you that I shall execute your commands literally; and I shall have great pleasure if I can do it to your satisfaction. I envy you the enjoyment of fresh air this delightful weather. I have as yet no news from Mrs. Perry, and I am sick with anxiety, as it is a month since she sailed from Lisbon for Bourdeaux.

"With respects to Mrs. Moore, believe me to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Your faithful Servant,

"JA. PERRY."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

Mayfield, Sunday night, 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"I have taken it for granted that you have all been too occupied with your sovereigns, &c., to give one thought to an humble cottager like myself, and have accordingly refrained from interrupting your 'emperatorial' (as the Myronian Gallery has it) delirium, till the fever had been well sweated off in balls and processions. From what I read in the papers, I conclude that, mad as London has often been, it never was so gloriously mad before; and if I could have known with certainty that another week would have brought on the fit, I should have been very glad to have waited to witness it, though, as it is, I feel so happy and quiet once more with my cottage, and my Bessy, and my books, and my Barbara, that I cannot say I much regret the loss; and I shall the less care about it, if you will write me a long account of all that has been *ridiculous* (for *that* is the best part, after all) in these shows and ceremonies. How does 'our fat friend' go on? among all these fighting chieftains, he seems particularly to distinguish himself in what is called *fighting shy*. *Is* he or is he *not* hissed wherever he goes? and is the Princess of W. likely to survive Paul Methuen's speeches in her favour? Tell me all these important points, and likewise, whether you faced the sovereigns in full dress anywhere, and whether they expressed curiosity to see any of *us Authors*, or were merely contented with the Prince Regent, and such food as their worthy chamberlain catered for them? Were they civil to the Opposition, and did Lady Jersey tell them, as she told Prince Paul and many others, that the Regent was a '*bête?*'

I *hope* she did.—You see I leave you no excuse for withholding news from me, for I put all the questions that I wish to have answered, and as the Sovereigns leave town on Tuesday, you will have time to attend a little to *me*.

"Poor Bessy is beginning to cry out a little, and I should hope in my next letter I shall have to announce the dear girl's safe recovery; her delight at my return, and her gratitude for my hastening it, more than repaid me for a hundred such sacrifices. I have written but sixty lines of my work since I came down; it really required some time to recall my emigrant thoughts, and establish order in the capital again; but I shall now go on vigorously.

"Where is Jacqueline?* *she* too, I fear, has suffered in this bustle of royalty. Do send her down here as soon as possible out of such company. Ever yours,

"T. Moore."

"Pray remember me to your sister. One of the things I have thought of since I came away is, how *very* little I saw of your brother Henry while I was in town."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Brighton, Aug. 19, 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"I hope by this time you are relieved from all your anxieties, and Psyche from her miscalculations, and that in your next, addressed to me at the *Poste Restante*, Geneva, I shall hear that all is as you wish. I am here on the sea-shore with my sister and Mackintosh, who both desire to be most kindly remembered to you. We have secured a cabin in the 'Nautilus,' and in three hours shall be on the great ocean. To-morrow we hope to breakfast at Dieppe, and to arrive in Paris on Tuesday. There we propose to spend three or four days, and then press on to the Ice-Mountains in Switzerland. I wish with all my heart that you were with us, my dear Moore, and so do we all; but as that is impossible (a human soul with all your intelligence, in a human frame with all her sensibilities, being bound hither, from what pre-existent state I know not), all I can do is to tell you of my regret, and to send you the last bit of paper I shall scrawl upon before I leave England. Lord B. has been at Hastings; he is now in London, and I had a glimpse of him in his *vis-a-vis* the day I left Town, but his sister was with him,—so much did not pass between us. He talks of instantly setting off for Paris. Murray, I hear, has sold 10,000 copies of 'Lara.' Jeffrey's review of him has delighted him much. I am happy to hear of your prose, though I could wish you had overlooked poor Lord T. I hope your verse is as flourishing. An Epistle the other day in the 'Chronicle' I could not mistake; but, I will confess to you, exquisite as it is, I wish you would take up your satirical pen and throw it into the bottomless pit. Write a Lutrin, a Vert-vert, a Rape of the Lock, though, if you will; and I flatter myself, when the Peris have ceased to be your nightly visitants, that you will do some such thing. Lady Donegal and Miss G. are now, as you know, at Tunbridge. Your friend, the Regent, is here, and probably in the arms of Morpheus at this moment; though the god must envy Atlas himself this weather. How long we shall remain abroad I cannot say—set a beggar on horseback, &c. &c.;—but I hope to see you, or your annual Revelation of yourself, in May next. Pray give my love to the Madonna della Sedia—for such she is by this time again, I hope—with her babes about her; and believe me to be,

"Ever yours,

"S. R."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Donnington, Monday, Aug. 29, 1814.

"My dear Rogers,

"This is by way of answer to a letter of yours which I have *not* received; for I left home on Tuesday last, and Bessy tells me there is a letter from you waiting me there. I am come for a few days' rummage of the Library on the subject of the *Fathers*, which is to form one of my articles for Jeffrey. People will be a little surprised, I think, at my leaving the mothers and daughters, to take to the *Fathers;* but, heaven knows! it is time for me—a third child! only think. My dear Bessy got over it very safely and stoutly, and I left her coming on as well as possible. I took the Derby Races and Ball

* Jacqueline, published with Lara, and called by Lord Byron "Larry and Jacky."

in my way hither, and met a very tolerable cluster of London stars there: your old friend Miss Fawkener in the character of Mrs. Henry Cavendish; which connection I was so totally ignorant of, that I told her I was quite surprised to meet her in Derbyshire! The Duke of Devonshire has given me a very kind invitation to Chatsworth for next Thursday, to meet the Harringtons, and stay a week; but I do not think I shall go. I have no servant to take with me, and my hat is shabby, and the seams of my best coat are beginning to look white, and—in short, if a man cannot step upon equal ground with these people, he had much better keep out of their way. I can meet them on pretty fair terms at a dinner or a ball; but a whole week in the same house with them detects the poverty of a man's ammunition deplorably; to which, if we add that *I* should detect the poverty of *theirs* in *another way*, I think the obvious conclusion is, that we ought to have nothing to do with each other. At the same time, I think the Duke one of the civilest persons in the whole Peerage; and he took every opportunity of speaking kindly and familiarly to me at Derby.

"Are you thinking of France? I have put it out of my head for some time, upon many accounts. This reviewing, and my Sixth Number of 'Melodies,' has thrown me back considerably in my work; and if I let pass this next season without producing it, I fear it will turn out a *fausse couche* entirely. I am more anxious than ever that you should keep my secret about the *plan* and the *title*, as I really am so nervous upon the matter, that I have serious thoughts of passing off a pious fraud upon the public, and saying, when I publish these Tales, that they have merely sprung out of the poem I have been employed upon, and that I reserve *that* for publication at some future period. This will not only take away all air of pretension from the Tales, but it will keep indulgence alive by giving a hope of something better unproduced. Don't betray me;—no one but yourself and Bessy knows the truth; and I will not venture to ask your opinion upon the *morality* of the step, lest you should say something to scare me out of it. For my own part, I think every possible trick fair with that animal *ferœ naturæ*, the Public.

"How do 'Lara' and 'Jacqueline' get on? I see them on every table; so I suppose they prosper. There are some of our fair neighbours who read 'Jacqueline' much oftener than their prayer-books.

"Ever, my dear Rogers, yours most truly,

"Thomas Moore.

"I shall not get your letter (to which this is an answer) before Wednesday evening."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Venice, Oct. 17, 1814.

"My dear Moore,

"Last night in my gondola I made a vow I would write you a letter if it was only to beg you would write to me at Rome. Like the great Marco Polo, however, whose tomb I saw to-day, I have a secret wish to astonish you with my travels, and would take you with me, as you would not go willingly, from London to Paris, and from Paris to the Lake of Geneva, and so on to this city of romantic adventure, the place from which he started. I set out in August last, with my sister and Mackintosh. He parted with us in Switzerland, since which time we have travelled on together; and happy should we have been could you and Psyche have made a quartett of it. I hope all her predictions have long ago been fulfilled to your mind, and that she, and you, and the bambini are all as snug and as happy as you can wish to be. By the way, I forgot one of your family, who, I hope, is still under your roof. I mean one of nine sisters—the one I have more than once made love to. With another of them, too, all the world knows your *good fortune*. Apropos of love, and such things, is Lord Byron to be married to Miss Millbanke, at last? I have heard it. But to proceed to business; Chamouny, and the Mer de Glace, Voltaire's chamber at Ferney, Gibbon's terrace at Lausanne, Rousseau's Isle of St. Pierre, the Lake of Lucerne, and the little Cantons, the passage over the Alps, the Lago Maggiore, Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice,—what shall I begin with? but I believe I must refer you to my three Quartos on the subject, whenever they choose to appear. The most wonderful thing we have seen is Bonaparte's road over the Alps—as smooth as that in Hyde Park, and not steeper than St. James's Street.

We left Savoy at seven in the morning, and slept at Domo Dossola in Italy that night. For twenty miles we descended through a mountain-pass, as rocky, and often narrower, than the *narrowest* part of Dovedale; the road being sometimes cut out of the mountain, and three times carried through it, leaving the torrent (and such a torrent!) to work its way by itself. The passages or galleries, as I believe the French engineers call them, were so long as to require large openings here and there for light; and the roof was hung with icicles, which the carriage shattered as it passed along, and which fell to the ground with a shrill sound. We were eight hours in climbing to the top, and only three in descending. Our wheel was never locked, and our horses were almost always on a gallop. But I must talk to you a little about Venice. I cannot tell you what I felt, when the postillion turned gaily round, and, pointing with his whip, cried out, 'Venezia!' For there it was, sure enough, with its long line of domes and turrets glittering in the sun. I walk about here all day long in a dream. Is that the Rialto? I say to myself. Is this St. Mark's Place? Do I see the Adriatic? I think if you and I were together here, my dear Moore, we might manufacture something from the ponte dei sospiri, the scala dei giganti, the piombi, the pozzi, and the thousand ingredients of mystery and terror that are here at every turn. Nothing can be more luxurious than a gondola and its little black cabin, in which you can fly about unseen, the gondoliers so silent all the while. They dip their oars as if they were afraid of disturbing you; yet you fly. As you are rowed through one of the narrow streets, often do you catch the notes of a guitar, accompanied by a female voice, through some open window; and at night, on the Grand Canal, how amusing is it to observe the moving lights (every gondola has its light), one now and then shooting across at a little distance, and vanishing into a smaller canal. Oh, if you had any pursuit of love or pleasure, how nervous would they make you, not knowing their contents or their destination! and how infinitely more interesting, as more mysterious, their silence, than the noise of carriage-wheels! Before the steps of the Opera-house, they are drawn up in array, with their shining prows of white metal, waiting for the company. One man remains in your boat, while the other stands at the door of your loge. When you come out, he attends you down, and calling 'Pietro,' or 'Giacomo,' is answered from the water, and away you go. The gliding motion is delightful, and would calm you after any scene in a casino. The gondolas of the Foreign Ministers carry the national flag. I think you would be pleased with an Italian theatre. It is lighted only from the stage, and the soft shadows that are thrown over it produce a very visionary effect. Here and there the figures in a box are illuminated from within, and glimmering and partial lights are almost magical. Sometimes the curtains are drawn, and you may conceive what you please. This is indeed a fairy land, and Venice particularly so. If at Naples you see most with the eye, and at Rome with the memory, surely at Venice you see most with the imagination. But enough of Venice. To-morrow we bid adieu to it,—most probably I shall never see it again. We shall pass through Ferrara to Bologna, then cross the Apennines to Florence, and so on to Rome, where I shall look for a line from you.

"Pray, have you sermonized the discordant brothers? I hope you have, and not forgotten yourself on the occasion. When you write to Tunbridge, pray remember me. Tell Lady D. I passed the little Lake of Lowertz, and saw the melancholy effects of the downfall. It is now a scene of desolation, and the little town of Goldau is buried many fathom deep. It is a sad story, and you shall have it when we meet. I received a very kind letter from her at Tunbridge, and mean to answer it. I hope to meet you in London-town, when you visit it next; at least I shall endeavour to do so. My sister unites with me in kindest remembrance to Mrs. Moore; and pray, pray believe me to be,

"Yours ever,
"S. R.

"At Verona we were shown Juliet's tomb in a Convent garden! In the evening we went to the play, but saw neither Mercutio, nor 'the two Gentlemen' there."

To Miss Godfrey.

"Oct. 29, 1814.

"I ought to have written much oftener lately (I mean much oftener than—not at all) but that I have been most overwhelmingly busy, making up for a whole month's idleness, which was inflicted on me by a visit from my musical friend, Sir John Stevenson. We did something, however, in Power's way, with whom I am again to start, as before, next March. This was my own wish, as I am anxious to keep the rest of this year unencumbered by any more jobs for him, and free for the final completion of my never-long-enough-to-be-expected poem. I suppose you have, before this, seen my *début* as a reviewer. I have heard nothing of it but from Jeffrey and Byron; the former of whom says 'nothing can be more entertaining or more cleverly written;' and the latter, 'There is wit, taste, and learning in every line of that critique, and by G—— I think you can do anything.' My article upon Mr. Boyd's Translations from the Fathers is to be in the next number; and then, I think, I have done.

"I am sorry, very sorry, to hear that dear Lady Donegal still suffers from those attacks, and I really think the sooner she tries other air and other scenes, the better. It is a sad thing to think that there is such sweet sunshine going on in France and Italy, which we might all be enjoying instead of coughing and shivering through the fogs of this most unamiable climate. How *nice* it would be (you recollect my old word) if you should be starting next year at the same time that I set out on my experimental or pioneer visit to prepare the way there for the transportation of my whole family. This is a wicked trick of Mr. Vansittart's, if true, to send the income-tax riding double after all travellers. He sticks to one like the little old man in the 'Arabian Nights.'

"My good Bessy is very well, and getting up her looks again; but I am sorry to see this last little one has increased her figure a good deal; and I very much fear she will grow large. She does not like the idea of going to France, and has hopes that I shall be disappointed and give up my resolution, when I have seen it myself; but she makes no difficulties about anything I wish, and I know she would soon get reconciled to the change; but still it is very possible that what she looks to may happen, and that I shall not like the country well enough, upon trial, to make it my residence. The moment I mention its cheapness all her objections vanish. Tell me a little of what you hear about it in this respect when you write.

"I agree with you that a great part of 'Lara' is very prosy and somnific; but it has many striking parts, and the death is very fine. 'Lara's' waiting-maid, poor 'Jaequeline,' is in general, I find, thought rather *niaise* than otherwise; which I am sorry for, as Rogers sets his heart upon fame, and his heart is a good one, that deserves what it wishes.

"You must not mind the blunders and blots in this letter, as I write it after dinner, with Barbara on my back.

"Ever affectionately, with love to Lady D., and kindest remembrances to *Philly*.

"Yours,

"T. M."

From Miss Godfrey.

"Tunbridge Wells, Nov. 12, 1814.

"You should have heard long since how pleased we were with your *Petit Tableau de Famille*. If we had not been so very much occupied in restoring the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors—that job being performed to the astonishment of all mankind—one may now quietly sit down and ask oneself whether one is really awake, or only in a sort of extraordinary dream; and as I am at present pretty sure of being awake, I just civilly beg to know what you think of it all? Have you no ode, satire, or ballad ready for the occasion, and will you let that greatest of tyrants make his exit without hissing him off the stage? Have you seen Lord Byron's ode? They say it was written in five minutes. I think it was a pity he did not take a quarter of an hour, and make it more perfect. It is not a bad outline; at least one rejoices so in the subject, that one is disposed to judge favourably of the poem. You will rejoice to hear that our Most Gracious Regent is in the third heaven, and attributes every wonderful event now passing in the world to his own great talents. To say the truth, I am not surprised at his delight, for he has been in a most glorious run of luck.

Bab was presented to Louis XVIII. and the Duchess d'Angoulême at their drawing-rooms, and was very much pleased with them both. The King has a happy talent of expressing himself, and has gratified several people by *àpropos* compliments. Among others, the Grattans. He said to James Grattan, that he must congratulate him upon being the son of such a father. It is said to be an absolute fact, that Bonaparte expressed a wish to be let live in this country, as he felt a reliance upon the generosity of the English character. I think it was a great compliment. When do you think of coming to town? Pray come soon, and look on a little at the wonders of the day. The Emperor of Russia is to be here in a fortnight, and the Duchess of Oldenburg is established here for the present. They say she inherits all the talents of Catherine, with a pleasing appearance and very captivating manners. If you get a cheap little lodging, it will be your only expense; for as to breakfast, dinner, and supper, you know you have always more waiting for you in ever corner of the town than you can possibly eat. If Bessy comes with you, she will always find us too happy to have her, and only regretting that we have no bed to offer her. So pray, dear Moore, let us hear that you have arranged all your plans to pay us a visit very soon. Bring your poem with you, and publish it; for it really is time to send it forth to seek its fortune. Rogers' friendship for us has all oozed out, like Acres', and we are here waiting till that happy moment arrives. We have outlived everybody at Tunbridge except the Fincastles, Hopes, Rogers, and Lady Ellenborough. The Fincastles grow upon me; I am always pleased in their society. * * * William Spencer has been here from time to time for a week, but never longer. He wrote a prologue for Lady Susan's play, and another little thing, that I will copy for you in this letter if I can. It was written upon seeing a rose-tree between two willows.

"Yon lonely rose, that climbs the eaves,
How bright its dew-dropp'd tint appears!
As if Aurora on its leaves
Had left her blushes with her tears.

"And see two drooping willows nigh,
What heat their sickly foliage blanches!
As if a lover's burning sigh
Won all the gale that fann'd their branches.

"Ah! wish ye not, pale plants of woe,
Yon rose's blooming state your own?
Methinks I hear them murmur, 'No;
Yon rose is blooming—but alone!

"'Know'st thou two hearts by love subdued?
Ask them which fate they covet, whether
Health, joy, and life in solitude,
Or sickness, grief, and death together.'"

"I suppose no woman in her sound mind ever wrote any man so long a letter before. Well, I shall be more moderate the next time. Philly desires her compliments to your sister (why should not I do the same?), and her love to you. Yours, very truly and sincerely,

"M. G.

"Say kind things for us to Lady Charlotte Rawdon. Do you see her much?"

To Miss Dalby.

"1815.

"My dear Mary,

"You will, I am sure, be sorry at the news Bessy has given you; and I assure you, *you* and the sweet fields about us are the *only* regrets we have in the place ourselves; but what can we do? *Shaw* will not let me have *this* house, and you will not make Mr. Milward let me have his, and with those children in this nutshell I should get crazy (or rather *cracked*, as it's a nutshell); but come see us you *must* as soon as the weather grows fine, and we will then arrange about 'annihilating both space and time' for our meetings hereafter.

"I am writing away hard and fast, both at my Poem and the 'Sacred Melodies.' My week at Chatsworth was very delightful. You cannot imagine what a sensation my 'Song to the Prince' produced (which is now four verses): copies were sent off in all directions to all possible Whig lords and ladies.

"Bessy is very indignant at Lady Loudon's calling her 'little.' She says it is all owing to *me* that she is supposed to be little.

"Yours ever,

"T. Moore."

To Samuel Rogers Esq.

"Mayfield Cottage, Monday, May 22, 1815.

"Welcome, my dear Rogers, most welcome back again. I was beginning to feel seriously anxious about you, and feared very much I should not hear any tidings of you before my

departure—yes, my departure. You have caught me upon the wing for Ireland: this very evening we set off. I have long, you know, been promising my dear mother a sight of her new relations; and, anxious as I was myself to see them altogether, I would willingly have still deferred it a little longer; but the declining health of my mother, and poor Bessy's very delicate state, both in spirits and health, since the loss of our last little child (Olivia Byron), have altogether determined me to sacrifice my own convenience to their gratification. The sight of her little grandchildren will be new life to my mother, and the change of scene and air will be sure to do Bessy service. You will hear from our friends in town that I had determined upon a trip thither, and I now more than ever regret my inability to achieve it, as I should have had at least one shake of the hand from you; but the exchequer was not adequate to the two journeys, and I was obliged to sacrifice London to Dublin. I shall return myself in August; but if the sea-bathing agrees with Bessy, I shall prevail upon her to stay behind me as long as she can take advantage of it.

"I *have* sold my *Poem* (for so it must be called still) for three thousand pounds! There will of course be a revision of the contract, and perhaps a retractation, when I disclose the real nature of the work; but I have gained at least the tribute to my reputation, and I do not much fear any *considerable* diminution of the sum, when they find the same quantum of poetry they have bargained for (5000 lines!), but divided into tales instead of one continued poem. Pray keep my secret about it with your accustomed fidelity. Your calling it 'my tales' in your letter quite startled me—I felt as if the whole thing were known,—for I never call it anything but my poem.

"I cannot write any more now, for we are in the very agonies of packing; but you shall hear from me from Dublin.

"Your letter from Venice I received, but not till the end of March, when I knew it would be useless to answer it. It made me unhappy for days. How I envy you!

"Best regards to your sister. The next time we meet, my dear Rogers, it will be, I hope, for a *long spell.*

"Ever, ever yours most affectionately,

"Thomas Moore."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

June 7, 1815.

"My dear Rogers,

"I snatch one moment from the bustle of greetings and visitings that assail us here, to tell you of our safe arrival and the thousand hearty welcomes we have met with. If we had as many hands as Briareus, they would be all nearly shaken off. My friend Richard Power, who is now in England, has lent us his house (one of the best in Dublin with an excellent library,) during our stay, and all Dublin is at our doors, in carriages, cars, tilburies, and jingles, from morning till night, to the no small astonishment of a Derbyshire maid we have brought with us to take care of the little ones. The sight of us has been quite a renewal of the lease of life to my dear good mother and father, and I had the happiest dinner among them all on my birthday,—*far* the happiest I have enjoyed for a long time. They loved Bessy *upon trust*, before they saw her, and the little children are never out of their arms. We are going to pay some visits at country-houses next week, amongst others to Lord Granard's, and altogether I shall have but little breathing-time till my return to the dear cottage, which I hope to achieve before the end of August, and to which (in spite of all the cordial chaos about me) I look forward with a feeling most ungratefully impatient.

"I have seen Curran once; he talked of the 'intensity' of your attachment to me, and, for once, I hoped his style was not exaggerative. Of Lord Moira, too, he spoke much, but in a far different strain:—'I have mourned over him; I have held an inquest upon the carcase of his dead fame, &c. &c.;' and then finished by a climax quite characteristic of his eloquence,—'that, in short, it was but too true he (Lord M——) had a great dash of the Piper about him!' Notwithstanding all this bad taste, there is nothing like him for fancy.

"Do, my dear Rogers, let me hear from you as soon as possible, and direct, 7 Kildare Street, Dublin. Bessy, I hope, is somewhat better, though she hardly knows how she is in this eternal bustle. She has this instant looked over me, and bid me not forget 'her love.'

"Best remembrances to your sister, from,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"Thomas Moore."

To Lady Donegal,

"Kilfane, July 3, 1815.

"Your letter, which Arthur gave me in Dublin, found me so whirled about in visitings, dinnerings, hand-shakings, &c., that I had not a moment to myself, and I know you would forgive my deferring my answer till I got a little out of the bustle. Our reception, indeed, has been highly flattering and gratifying, and the attention every one has paid to Bessy is as creditable to themselves as it is pleasant to her and me. We are now with Richard Power's brother, who has a most beautiful place here, and gives us a very hospitable welcome. We have been with the Bryans for a week or ten days, and a few days with Joe Atkinson's daughter, Mrs. T. Kearney. Next week we return to Dublin, that Bessy may get a little sea-bathing, which has been ordered as quite necessary for her; and thence we have two more visits to make, to the Duke of Leinster and Lord Granard, if the latter family shall have sufficiently recovered their grief for poor Hastings* to admit us. What fearful and wonderful things are happening! Tragedy and farce come so mixed up together, that to do justice to the world, we ought to be like the grimacier at Astley's, and cry at one side of the face while we laugh with the other. I suppose it is all over with the Great Nation, and with the Napoleons, both great and small. His Imperial Majesty, I perceive, is coming quietly to England, and you will perhaps have an opportunity of letting your house in Davies Street to him; though I rather think you would burn it to the ground after such profanement, as the gentleman did with his mansion after the Constable Bourbon had slept in it. I am afraid you and I would have some little squabbles about the poor Bourbons if we were together just now; and I hope, for the sake of your repose in this very hot weather, that all the persons around you are thorough coinciding, sympathising, and never-ceasing Tories. Reprobate as am, I am sure you will give credit to my prudence and good-taste in declining the grand public dinner that was about to be given me upon my arrival in Dublin. I found there were too many of your favourites, the Catholic orators, at the bottom of the design,—that the fountain of honour was too much of a *holy-water* fount for me to dabble in it with either safety or pleasure; and, though I should have liked mightily the opportunity of making a treasonable speech or two after dinner, I thought the wisest thing I could do was to decline the honour. Being thus disappointed in *me*, they have given a grand public dinner to an eminent toll-gatherer, whose patriotic and *elegant* method of collecting the tolls entitles him, I have no doubt, to the glory of such a celebration. Alas! alas! it must be confessed that our poor country, altogether, is a most wretched concern; and as for the Catholics (as I have just said in a letter written within these five minutes) one would heartily wish them all in their own Pugatory, if it were not for their adversaries, whom one wishes *still further*.

"I have written to Lord Byron about your Tunbridge friend, though I fear the application will have but little success. Did you hear that *I* was applied to to join the Committee?

"Bessy, as you may collect from what I have already said, is not very strong; but the little ones are quite well, and go about with us everywhere.

"Best love to dear Mary, and believe me, ever

"Most affectionately yours,

"T. Moore."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Dublin, Aug. 9, 1815.

"My dear Rogers,

"I am most anxious to hear something about you. I'm sure you do not like me *in Ireland*, for you never write to me here. There are now two able and full-grown epistles of mine unanswered near three months. However, on matter for that, I do seriously believe that they who *bottle up* their remembrance of each other have it in much higher order and effervescence when they meet, than they who let it out, drop by drop, through the post-office; and I can answer at least for my own being at this moment as strong, cordial, and *racy* as ever, my dear Rogers.

"We have made two country tours since I wrote to you, and are now just returned from a three weeks' visit to my married sister in Tipperary. Alas! it would be but a poor return for your delicious pictures of Italy—your 'thoughts that breathed' of the sweet air in which they were born, and your 'words that burned' with the pure sunshine which they

* Honourable Hastings Forbes, killed at Waterloo.

described, to give you any account of what I either felt or saw in the foggy, boggy regions of Tipperary. The only thing I could match you in is *banditti;* and if you can imagine groups of ragged Shanavests (as they are called) going about in noonday, armed and painted over like Catabaw Indians, to murder tithe-proctors, land-valuers, &c., you have the most stimulant specimen of the sublime that Tipperary affords. The country, indeed, is in a frightful state; and rational remedies have been delayed so long, that nothing but the sword will answer now. We lost a visit to the Grattans by this barbarous trip—a sort of sacrifice which I am often obliged to make, but which *your savoir-faire* so happily always extricates you from. On our return to town last week, in high spirits at the prospect of sailing immediately for England, and getting back to our dear, *doubly* dear cabin once more, poor Bessy had to encounter the shock of finding our darling Barbara (whom we left at my father's) dangerously ill of a bilious fever. Nothing could be more unseasonably distressing. She is now, however, recovering rapidly; and if in a week after the receipt of this you will sit down, like a good fellow, and answer it, your letter may find me, I trust, at Mayfield Cottage.

"Persia, of course, has suffered by Tipperary; but I shall work double tides to make it up again.

"Best regards to your sister, from hers and yours faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To Mary Godfrey.

"Mayfield Cottage, Thursday night, Oct. 19, 1815.

"There is nothing like demanding an answer by return of post. It is the only way with such correspondents as I am, and I wish you always had some baron or other to put me in requisition, for many is the self-reproach it would save me; but I know no more of said baron than of the man in the moon, nor has William Spencer (who will be 'responsible,' poor fellow! for any thing but his debts) ever written me a single line on the subject; you know, however, I cannot give words for music to any one but Power. I am bound hand and foot,—at least my lyrical *feet,*—and you may tell the baron it would cost me five hundred a year to give him even so much as a 'Down derry down' of my own composition. Strange that such penalty should be on Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, but so it is, and you can swear to it, for you read the deed. We arrived here two or three weeks since, after the most anxious journey I ever had to encounter. Poor Bessy (who was by no means well when we embarked) suffered so much on a long and sickening passage, from her own illness and attention to the children, that on our arrival at Holyhead, she was most alarmingly indisposed, and it was with great delay and many difficulties that I was able to get her along the road at all. The sight of her own little home, however, and the comfort of being there after the very bothering bustle of our Irish visit, was like magic in restoring her, and though she is still very weak, I have great hopes that rest and care will bring her about again. Among other welcome things that greeted me at home, was your *thrice*-welcome letter from Tunbridge, and if yours were but 'generous letters that no answer wait,' or if there were any way in which you could know how thoroughly they delight me, and how warmly I remember you both every hour of my existence, without my taking a dirty pen in my hand to tell you so, the whole pleasure of the thing would be as unalloyed as it is delightful; but since it is impossible, I suppose, for me to enjoy that perfection of friendly correspondence, where (as Sir Boyle Roche says) 'the reciprocity would be all on one side,' and where you alone should write and I should read, I must only endeavour to muster up as *much* reciprocity as possible, and if you will even give me two letters for one, I shall be satisfied.

"I am returning to work again, but the idleness of our Irish trip, and the necessity of completing my year's job for Power, make sad havoc in my time and thoughts. How unlucky I have been in not seeing Paris before it was 'shorn of its beams!' Often do I think with regret of the opportunity, the golden one, you gave me and I missed. It is a proof perhaps that my life has not been *very* miserable, when I say that the loss of that opportunity is one of the things I *most* regret in the course of it. How do you like the way your friends, the legitimates, are disposing of the world? At all events, the ball is completely at their feet, and we shall see whether old women

priests and fat regents, assisted by French renegades and drunken corporals, are, after all, the best agents of Providence for the welfare of mankind. I suppose they are, at least it is but loyal to think so. The boxing epistle *is* mine, the only thing of the kind I have done for a long time.

"I have written often to Byron about your Tunbridge friend; but he seems to say, like King Arthur, 'petition me no petitions,' and will not mind me; I will try Kinnaird next.

"Love and regards from both to both.

"Ever yours,

"T. M."

From Mary Godfrey.

"Nov. 6, 1815.

"As I have the happy talent of believing everything I wish to believe from those that I like, I take *au pied de la lettre* all the kind and flattering things you say to us in your last letter; and being very willing to pay any price for the pleasure of hearing from you, we agree to the proposal of sending you two letters for your one; and, I assure you, if you knew the aversion I have taken to writing and Bab's idleness upon that subject, you would understand in some degree how much we value your letters. We were quite amused at the way William Spencer had done the honours of you to the poor Baron, who was in despair at his disappointment. It seems Mazinghi (I really don't know how to spell the man's name, if I were to die for it) told him that he knew you could not assist him on account of your engagement with Power. But William Spencer said that was all fudge; he would settle that with you. Bab is very busy preparing for a visit to Windsor to-morrow. She is to be in the Castle and to spend a few days there. She implores you, for her sake, to spare all the females of that family and the Duke of York. The Princesses are the greatest admirers of your Melodies, and even of the last. The Princess Augusta has composed very pretty variations to 'Love's Young Dream.' And these are the Princess Elizabeth's own words in a letter written about a month ago: 'My music goes on ill without I am tempted to sing an Irish Melody. I hear that your friend Anacreon Moore is bringing, or has brought out another set. How lovely is his taste!' Bab trembles lest anything in this Cumberland * business should tempt your wicked pen; but she knows for her sake you will resist temptation this once. As to our fat and gracious Regent, he is very much at your service to do whatever you like with him, though, to say the truth, you have done pretty well for him already. I wish Bessy would copy your boxing epistle and send it to us. We are sincerely glad to hear she is recovering. Alas! I fear the air of Ireland is good for none but rebels. When is your poem to be ready for the press; and when shall we see you again? Walter Scott's 'Waterloo' is not the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo. It is by all accounts a very poor performance. I have not seen it yet, nor am I very impatient about it, as I have read the gazette of that grand battle, in which it is better described, and just as poetically, as I am told. Money, however, is his object; and besides what he makes by this poem, he is to publish his 'Travels to the Netherlands,' the price agreed on, before he set out, five hundred pounds. Rogers is just returned from Paris, and in the very extreme of agreeableness.

"The post bell rings; so farewell. Very kind remembrances to Bessy.

"Truly and sincerely yours,

"M. G."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

Mayfield Cottage, Dec. 25, 1815.

"My dear Rogers,

"As this is about the time you said you should be on your return to London, from your bright course through that noble Zodiac you've been moving in, I hasten to welcome you thither, not alas! with my hand, as I could wish,—*that* joy must not be for a few months longer,—but with my warmest congratulations on your safe and sound return from the Continent, and hearty thanks for your kind recollections of me—recollections, which I never want the outward and visible sign of letter-writing to assure me of, however delightful and welcome it may be, in addition to *knowing* that there's sweet music in the instrument, to *hear* a little of its melody now and then. This image will not stand your criticism, but you know its *meaning*, and that's enough—much more indeed

* The suicide of Sellis, the Duke of Cumberland's butler, which caused great scandal at the time.

than we Irish image-makers can in general achieve. My desire to see you for *yourself alone*, is still more whetted by all I hear of the exquisite gleanings you have made on your tour. The Donegals say you have seen so much, seen everything so well, and describe it all so picturesquely, that there is nothing like the treat of hearing you talk of your travels—how I long for that treat! You are a happy fellow, my dear Rogers; I know no one more *nourri des fleurs* of life, no one who lives so much 'apis matinæ more' as yourself. The great regret of my future days (and I hope the *greatest*) will be my loss of the opportunity of seeing that glorious gallery, which, like those 'domes of Shadukiam and Amberabad,' that Nourmahal saw in the 'gorgeous clouds of the west,' is now dispersed and gone for ever. It is a loss that never can be remedied; but still perhaps our sacrifices are among our pleasantest recollections, and I ought not to feel sorry that the time and money, which would have procured for myself this great gratification, have been employed in making others happy,—better hearts than mine, and better happiness than *that* would have been. With respect to my *Peris*, thus stands the case, and remember that they are still to remain (where Peris best like to be) *under the rose*. I have nearly finished three tales, making, in all, about three thousand five hundred lines, but my plan is to have *five tales*, the stories of all which are arranged, and which I am *determined* to finish before I publish—no urgings nor wonderings nor tauntings shall induce me to lift the curtain till I have grouped these five subjects in the way I think best for variety and effect. I have already suffered enough by premature publication. I have formidable favourites to contend with, and must try to make up my deficiencies in *dash* and vigour by a greater degree, if possible, of versatility and polish. Now it will take, at the least, six thousand lines to complete this plan, *i. e.* between two and three thousand more than I have yet done. By May next I expect to have five thousand finished. This is the number for which the Longmans stipulated, and accordingly in May I mean to appear in London, and *nominally* deliver the work into their hands. It would be then too late (even if all were finished) to think of going to press; so that I shall thus enjoy the credit with the Literary Quidnuncs of having completed my task, together with the advantage of the whole summer before me to extend it to the length I purpose. Such is the statement of my thousands, &c., which I am afraid you will find as puzzling as a speech of Mr. Vansittart's; but it is now near twelve o'clock at at night, which being an hour later than our cottage rules allow, I feel it impossible to be luminous any longer—in which tendency to eclipse, my candle sympathises most gloomily.

"Your poor friend Psyche is by no means well. I was in hopes that our Irish trip would have benefited her; but her weakness and want of appetite continue most distressingly, and our cold habitation in the fields has now given her a violent cough, which if it does not soon get better, will alarm me exceedingly. I never love her so well as when she is ill, which is perhaps the best proof how *really* I love her. How do Byron and my Lady go on? there are strange rumours in the country about them.

"Ever yours, my dear Rogers,
"Thomas Moore."

From Lady Donegal.

Jan. 7, 1816.

"A thousand happy Christmases to you and yours, and a hundred thanks for your two little notes, particularly the last, which announces your intention of trusting yourself in this wicked town early in February; and so determined are we to have you all to ourselves, that we shall not name this intention to any one. And if we should be asked about you we intend to look very grave, and to lament over your love of the country, your never coming to town, &c. &c.; and so to reward us for this pious fraud you must breakfast, dine, and sup with us every day you are in London.

"Barbara sends you lines written by William Spencer on her names, which are many. He passed six weeks at Tunbridge this autumn, and was a great acquisition; at times, however, his spirits failed him, and one could not help feeling the greatest compassion for him. Then they would return again, and he would become the life and soul of the party. Rogers we have seen but twice since our return. Jekyll is become a dear friend of ours; and,

as I have not yet heard the same story twice, he amuses me very much. He talks of you with great regard for yourself, and admiration for your talents; besides which, he loves music passionately, and is delighted (if there is truth in man) with Barbara's playing. But, what is more to the purpose, Cramer, who is now giving her lessons, says that she plays 'charmingly.' We are anxious that you should hear her, and we intend to bore you to death about her music when you come.

"Do you know anything of St. Michan's Church in Dublin? Lord Clifden tells miraculous stories of the wonderful things lately discovered in the vaults, such as—I have not time to tell you now, for I am later than I thought I was. Our love to Bessy. Mary says she will not have little Thomas forgotten for your John Russell. Barbara says she should like to join in the practical jokes very much.

"Ever yours,
"B. D."

From Miss Godfrey.

"Monday, 1816.

"I have nothing to say for myself. With regard to my promise, I have broke it as gallantly as any French marshal could do. I think I shall behave better for the future—at least it is my intention, for I know I promise myself a great pleasure when I provoke a letter from you, and therefore I think I shall act no more *à la Françoise*, but adhere honourably to my engagements. I like Longman's gallantry to Bessy prodigiously, and I hope you will reward it without loss of time, by giving him an immediate opportunity of publishing your poem, which all the world is expecting with impatience. Bab, who is the most heroic and loyal of women, wants you to celebrate Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, ditto of York, &c. &c. As to Walter Scott, he ought to be shot upon the field of battle as a peace offering to the manes of the illustrious dead whose deeds he has so ill recorded. Charity, that covers a multitude of sins, and does many other kind and good acts, certainly does not produce good poems. 'Waterloo' was written for the benefit of the subscription for the soldiers, as 'Don Roderick' was for the Portuguese; they are both the worst things he has written, and not half so much to the purpose as a charity sermon. Rogers is wandering in the troubadour style from one great baron's castle to another, recounting his adventures. Whether the ladies of the castles reward him with their smiles or not I have not heard, but I am sure he tells his story admirably well. He has seen every thing so well, and tells it all so distinctly, and is so picturesque and so sentimental, that I think it a very great pleasure to listen to him when he is put upon the subject of his travels. He has been at Woburn, and is now at Bowood. I am surprised he has not written to you. London is very quiet, which suits us very much. The Berrys give parties; nobody else does; so they pick up all the curiosities they can lay their hands on. They are going to show off to-morrow evening Generals Sebastiana and Flahaut; they are come here for safety while the trials are going on at Paris. Sebastiana, by way of being very correct and proper, went to consult the French ambassador upon the propriety of going to the house of the Opposition; he asked whether he might do it without giving offence to the English Government. The ambassador said he might certainly, for though the French Opposition were all traitors, in this country the Opposition was made up of loyal and respectable men. He then asked whether there would be any impropriety in going to the Miss Berrys. I suppose he was told not as he has been there three or four times since. How do you like the peace we have given the French? I am afraid, as it was you who wrote the boxing epistle, that you will not like it. You think those tigers and monkeys should be still left at large to worry their fellow creatures. But you who love liberty, why don't you rejoice that its greatest enemies are punished and tied up? Don't be so inconsistent as to lament over the fall of a tyrant and his most willing and obedient slaves. I love freedom too well not to rejoice at the present prospect of things. That poor wretch, Ferdinand, is serving the cause in Spain; and Louis is much more ready to give a free constitution to France than France is to take it.

"And so farewell till the next time. With kindest remembrances to Bessy, earnest prayers for the speedy appearance of your

poem, a warm wish for something about Waterloo.

"I remain, ever,
"Yours sincerely,
"M. G.

"I did not receive your letter till Saturday, and intended to send you this to-day, but I find my frank is for to-morrow."

From Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"Vale of Health, Hampstead, Feb. 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"I believe I have owed you a letter for some time;—I have tried to believe otherwise,—I was going to say I *flattered* myself you did not expect one, but this would have been a very erroneous phrase; for the fact is, I have flattered myself that you did, and yet I have sent none. I preferred a bad conscience before a twinge to my self-love. Sticking fast, therefore, to the latter quality, I have hastened to make an author's amends by sending you my poem *the moment it is out.* You will receive in company with it a second edition of the Feast, which you ought to have had sooner; but why do I stand making appeals to the forgiving part of you? At all events you will see what I think of the said part, and will allow that I have not been making my court to an Edinburgh Reviewer. By the way, my recognition of you in that quality was just the reverse of what you seem to have imagined, for I did not detect you as the critic of Lord Thurlow, and did as the 'orthodox reviewer of the Fathers.' Do you think I have read *Abelard and Eloisa* for nothing? And yet I did not see why you should have escaped me in the other criticism. The touch about 'that eternal old gentleman Tithonus' was taking exquisite advantage of a common phrase, and haunted me like a tune long before I knew whose it was. I have never mentioned Tithonus since under any other cognomen.

"And now you must not think me coxcombical, if I say a word respecting an incident in my poem. It is about the book the lovers were reading when their passion overpowered them. You know *you* have written books which appear to me somewhat dangerous on this score, though it is a theory of mine that works of that description, upon the whole, do not do injury, otherwise (see my Pangloss Philosophy) Providence would not have suffered them. But I carry this theory, or whim, still farther,—or at least undertake to analyse it still farther; and it appears to me that those only are wrong in writing them who have a sense upon them of the injury they may be doing in some respects. In *that* case, the consciousness should outweigh the eventual excusability. Thus I should think you culpable now, if you have the suspicion that it would be wrong; but for the rest, I can only compare works of this nature to fuel which Providence seems to think it necessary occasionally to administer to such as are of dull natures, and *counter*-works to an equally judicious application of water when the fire threatens to be too great. Pray admire, at all events, the depth of my speculations. I was going to say something to this effect in my Preface, but thought that the public would not understand me. Indeed I profess to have no moral, as it is, in my poem, except perhaps *charity;* and a hint about the danger of *progressiveness* in love-matters; and some persons, I find, think me rather lax than otherwise.

"If you see the Examiner here, as I hope you do, it may not be disagreeable to you to know that my chief coadjutor in the Round Table, and the writer of the theatrical criticism, is a brother reviewer of yours, and author of the articles on Novels and Romances, Sismondi's Helicon Literature, and I believe a forthcoming one, on Schlegel's Dramatic Essays. Pray encourage me, at your leisure, to write you another letter, and believe me, my dear Moore,

"Ever sincerely yours,
"Leigh Hunt.

"You must know I demand, as a poet, a right to interest myself in all ladies and their proceedings, and therefore give you plain notice of my regard for Mrs. T. M. on the score of her maternal affections. Mrs. H. wishes to know her, if it is only on that account."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"April, 1816.

"Many, many thanks, my dear Moore, for your very kind letter. I can assure you in everything I shall rejoice to meet you two-

thirds of the way; and happy indeed shall I be to realise with your assistance all the delightful castles we have been building and furnishing so long. In six weeks I shall hope to see you. Though I have not pelted you with my correspondence, I have not thought of you the less; and if you had received every letter I have begun to you, you might have perished *under the* papers. But pray, pray dine with me to-day, and bring Psyche and her babes, —the last shall be the ornaments of the dessert. You will meet the Dunmores, Spencer, and our friends from Davies Street, whose eyes twinkle whenever they talk of you. There are a thousand things I should like to say to you, a thousand very near my heart I should like to ask you about, but I dare not trust myself on paper, for I should never end.

"Lord B.'s farewell, have you seen? It is very beautiful. He goes to Italy in a few days. I see him now as he looked when I was leaving him one day, and as he cried out after me, with a gay face and a melancholy accent, 'Moore is coming, and you and he will be together, and I shall *not* be with you.' It went to my heart, for he loves you dearly; but I hope his feelings are as transient as they are acute. More of these things and of many others hereafter. My sister was with me when I received your letter yesterday morning, and desires to be remembered very affectionately to you. The oftener you and yours knock at her door at Highbury, the warmer, if possible, will be the welcome. If you had seen the tears she shed, poor thing, the day she left Italy, thinking I should never return with her, and knowing my brother never would, you would have liked her better than ever. Little Barbara is very anxious to see your little ones. She is a very engaging child, and grows more and more so every day. The Dunmores are the same as ever. Spencer I have not seen for many months.

"Ever yours,
"S. R."

From Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"Hampstead, May 21, 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"I left my card in Duke Street, after receiving your first kind note. I intended to catch you there, if possible, some morning early; but a world of unexpected and unpleasant business kept intercepting me day by day. I will, however, most assuredly be with you on Thursday morning, not indeed to breakfast,—which my health, though a great deal better upon the whole, will not allow,—but between 12 and 1 o'clock, when I shall perhaps catch you at yours; and will take a biscuit for my luncheon, whether I do or not. You see I give up all hope of seeing you here; not because I have not a great desire for it, as well as one or two other friends of mine who would give a great deal to meet you; but because I know how your time must be snatched out of your hands by all sorts of admirers, who have the advantage of me in point of situation; and I beg you will look upon this as one of the best and most generous proofs of my friendship I could give you. I shall therefore, as Montague Matthew* said in the House, when amidst calls for order, he contrived to mention all the horrors in Ireland, under pretence of waiving the detail,—say nothing about the absolute beauties of this place, neither shall I touch upon the hourly stages to and from London, nor make any suggestion of the pleasant association a certain visit would have left hereafter with me and my valley, nor stop to enter into any description of a study I have, commonly called a parlour, containing just room enough to hold a couple of us, together with a pianoforte, some pictures, a set of books, including the productions, poetical and musical, of one Thomas Moore. All this you will look upon as not having been said, in order to leave the generosity above-mentioned complete. Remember, therefore, between 12 and 1. Your shake of the hand is too good to lose at any time, especially after the experience of all sorts of meannesses and treacheries that I have witnessed and partly experienced lately. The cordiality of your last note told me more even than it usually does, and I said, 'he has seen the Quarterly Review.' One does not like to be the object of unpleasant criticism, whatever it is, especially if it tends for a while to hurt one's fortunes; but in *other* respects, I can

* Montague Matthew, formerly M. P. for Tipperary; an eccentric character, but not without some native humour. Upon one occasion he was confounded (by some one in the House of Commons) with Mr. Matthew Montague (afterwards Lord Rokeby); on which Mr. Matthew very indignantly retorted, that there was as much difference between Matthew Montague and Montague Matthew, as between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse.

venture to tell *you* that the article in question is too bad in every way to annoy me. I was prepared, of course, for a reasonable carbanado from the Government quarters, and even for a good deal of stout objection perhaps from more friendly ones, as far as difference of theory was concerned; but this assault is mere foaming at the mouth. I cannot bring myself to believe that the author is either Southey or Gifford, with all their party passion; and though the latter must have sanctioned the article, I think the passage upon the two extracts describing * * * * * should exonerate them. But I am chattering away here, as if I were already in Duke Street.

"Yours, my dear Moore, most heartily,
"Leigh Hunt."

To James Corry, Esq.

Mayfield, July 1, 1816.

"My dear Corry,

"It is not right that you and I, whatever may be our respective lazinesses, should continue so long without hearing from each other. I thought to provoke you into some signs of animation, by sending you, about a month or two since, a newspaper with some account of my oratorical proceedings at Derby. But you were silent, and though I know of old that your epistolary fountain can run as readily as it runs pleasantly, yet, somehow, for *me* it has dried up of late, and you seem resolved to join the ranks of those unreasonable friends of mine, who will not write to me for that worst of all possible reasons, because *I* do not write to *them*. I was in hopes, as our friend Sam says, that you were above such 'vulgar prejudices.' Rogers and I, with *quantities* to say to each other, exchange letters about once a quarter. The Donegals (the most generous of you all) give me by regular agreement three letters for every one of mine; but Joe Atkinson is the most *favoured* of my correspondents, for he receives two letters from me every week—for my mother, and answers them punctually.

"I heard from him, of your celebration of Richard Power's recovery, and I only wish, next to being there, that I had had your own account of it. When does he return?

"Do you know, between ourselves, I think it is not at all unlikely that I shall, after the publication of my poem, take to living for two or three years in or near Dublin? What do you say to this? Or will you continue saying nothing to me? I have thoughts of undertaking a very voluminous work about Ireland, (if properly encouraged by patres nostri — the Longmans,) and this will require my residence, for at least the time I have mentioned, in Dublin. I think I shall be free, quite free, for the *Kilkenny* work, by the time Richard Power returns; but really till I get this three-thousand pounder fired off, it is in vain to think of doing anything else *well*, and well should that be done which is done for you and him.

"Sometimes Bessy and I have thought it possible we should receive a line from you to say that you were coming to England this summer, and would give us a sight of you and Mrs. Corry at the cottage,— now or never, 'tis our last summer here. I go to town in January; to *press* in Febuary; and to the dogs (I mean the Critics) about the beginning of May.

"Best love to Mrs. Corry. I'm afraid she does not like me so well since my marriage. Women never do. But if I wrong her, let her say so stoutly; and at all events, remembrances as warm as ever to her and you, from

"Yours most faithfully,
"Thomas Moore.

"Bessy sends her kindest regards to you both."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"London, Aug. 9, 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"Many thanks for the encouraging intimation that you will navigate a lake or two with me. To make my chance a certainty, I have given you time for preparation, — time which I am very sure you have transmuted into pure gold. I have taken my place, and shall start at five o'clock on Tuesday morning, and sleep away my weariness at Leicester. On Wednesday I shall proceed, and arrive to a late dish of tea at Mayfield. If you wish for a walk, and the sun shines, pray wander that way towards seven o'clock. I have just received a letter from Byron, dated

* MS. obliterated.

Diodati, near Geneva. He has been a few times at Coppet; all there are well, except Rocca.* The Duchess † seems grown taller, but, as yet, no rounder — since her marriage. Schlegel is in high force, and Madame ‡ as brilliant as ever. I have circumnavigated the lake, and shall go to Chamouni, but really we have had such stupid mists, fogs, rains, and perpetual density, that one would think Castlereagh had the foreign affairs of the kingdom of Heaven, also, upon his hands. I have read 'Glenarvon,'

"'From furious Sappho,' &c.

and have also seen Constant's novel. §

"There is a third canto of 'Childe Harold' (a longer than either of the former) finished, and some smaller things, among them a story on the 'Chateau de Chillon.' I only wait a good opportunity to transmit them to the grand Murray.

"'Where is Moore? Why ain't he out? My love to him.'

"In short, he writes cheerfully. Farewell, and believe me, though in haste, yours, as ever,

"S. Rogers."

From Lord Moira.

Calcutta, Aug. 27, 1816.

"My dear Sir,

"Any circumstance must be grateful to me which occasions my receiving a letter from one whom I regard with so lively an interest as I cherish towards you. The name and character of Lieut. Cooper could not, therefore, have been introduced to me under better auspices. The becoming acquainted with them would have been more satisfactory could I have given you an encouraging answer; so far from it, I am forced to say to you at once, that I do not see the means of serving him. This must seem so extraordinary, under the notions entertained in Europe of a Governor-General's patronage, that I should be persuaded it never could be explained to you were you not likely to meet Lady Loudoun; to her I refer you for minuter information on what can be only stated generally by me. There is scarcely a situation of even moderate advantage to which the Governor-General can appoint any one but a servant of the Company. The very, very few which are at his disposal, require, I believe without exception, a ready command of the Hindostanee language; and scarcely any of them are of a function or estimated rate that would be reconcilable to the feelings of one who had appeared as an officer. In the military line, there are just three officers in all India to which an officer in the King's service can be appointed. You may guess what priority of claim there must be upon them; and they are only Brigade-Majorships, most inadequately paid. The general officers in command at the other Presidencies always come upon me with solicitations (relative to those posts) which it would be difficult to resist, because the Brigade-Major has to transact business confidentially with them.

"This outline will suffice to show you that I could not encourage Lieut. Cooper's coming out hither, without the sense of leading him into inevitable disappointment. Should my position alter, of which I can have no expectation, I would apprise you.

"We are in great prosperity here. To our surprise, large remittances of money have been made to us from England, when our treasury was overflowing with cash. Every branch of the revenue has been increasing, and will continue to augment; and every native power is crouching to us.

"I smiled at what you have communicated about Lord Thurlow, not as referring to you, but to myself. Observe, however, that I had, at the time of my conceiving he *might have* a vigorous wing, read none of his poetry, but a compliment to myself, which I could not but deem exquisite.

"Adieu, my dear Sir. Offer my best remembrances to Mrs. Moore, and believe me, with sincere esteem and regard,

"Your faithful Servant,

"Moira.

"Thomas Moore, Esq."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"August 30, 1816.

"My dear Moore,

"*Many, many thanks* to you and yours, not forgetting the two personages at the second table. I can assure you I left you all with a heavy heart, as I went all along (faithless de-

* Second husband of Madame de Staël.
† Of Broglie. ‡ De Staël. § Adolphe.

serter!) and many and many a time in my rambles with Wordsworth have I lamented your absence, when the mists and sunbeams gave us revelations of Heaven. This is indeed a most enchanting country, and I shall leave it with a sigh, but leave it I must. I came here yesterday; and shall depart in two or three days. To the North? No, I think, but what will become of me I cannot say, till my foot is on the first step of my chaise.

"Believe me to be yours ever,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

"I have spent some very delightful hours with Southey, and could you see the neatness of his house, the beauty of his girls, the cheerfulness of his fireside, and the order and completeness of his library, you would see (though some of the said ingredients are a little more matured by time—I allude to the second and the last) a reflection of your own, Signor Tomaso."

From Mary Godfrey.

"December 24, 1816.

"What are you about? and why are you not come? and how are you all? and where is the poem? You said in your last letter you would soon write again, to tell us when you were to come, and you have never written since. So pray do give us a line, or tell Bessy to do so, to let us know all about you. I am afraid she has suffered from this dreadful season, as you said your house was neither waterproof nor wind-proof. As to ourselves, we go on soberly. My sisters and Barbara have been visiting at Lady Kingston's and Lord Clifden's, and I established myself at Lady Shaftesbury's in their absence. I am sorry to say Bab returned from her last visit extremely ill, and continued so for some days with her old faintings. She has now got quite well again, but I am afraid we must expect returns of the complaint, it seems to have taken such complete possession of her constitution. All the physicians who have attended her declare there is no sort of danger in it, which is a great consolation. We have not seen Rogers for a great while; he called when we were out of town, and when we returned he was gone to Lord Spencer's. He has been very amiable to us since he came back from you, and has called here very often; he never hinted at the unfortunate journal. How do you like Lord Byron's last gloomy productions? He now comes out openly and fairly—the hero of his own tale. Some people say those pretty lines, from the banks of the Rhine, are addressed to his sister. Others will not allow that they can be addressed to a sister. He has written to Lady Byron to ask to be reconciled; and Madame de Staël, not knowing Lady Byron, has written to Lady Romilly to beg she would use her good offices to second his wishes. To this letter, Lady Byron returned an answer herself, saying, that Lord Byron well knew that they could never live together again. There is nothing to be seen or heard of but wretchedness and poverty, which there is a general wish and effort to relieve. Everybody is doing their best to assist their fellow-creatures in distress; and it is a satisfaction to see how much good feeling and humanity there is to be found in time of need in this wicked world. The town is empty, and our only gaiety is the play, where we have been very often. It would grieve you to see Miss O'Neil in 'Volumnia,' and Kemble her 'dear boy.' They said she did Constance well; but, I own, I thought it a part quite out of her line. I liked her in Lady Townley; but I had never seen it acted before, and I thought she looked so pretty, and so like a woman of fashion, that I had much pleasure in the performance, though the critics said her gaiety was not gay enough. But critics are the very pests of society, and will not let one be pleased with anything. We heard yesterday—but I don't answer for the truth of it—that both playhouses were in so ruinous a state, that they would be obliged to act but three times a week. I can't think it is the case with regard to Covent Garden; but every one says the other is in a wretched way. The King of France is in very bad health, and then Chaos is to come again, for the discontent and divisions of that country are beyond all conception, according to every one's account.

"A thousand kind remembrances and good wishes to you and yours, from me and mine.

"God bless you all, and good-bye.

"M. G."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"London, January 21, 1817.

"My dear Moore,

"You have done bravely, and I am rejoiced

to think it has ended as it has done, to their credit and your comfort. By some chance, I have not been in Davies Street for a long time till yesterday, when she told me generally of your illness and your anxiety. The *removal*, she said, was owing to us *reformers;* but that it had ended in half-pay. Of her own exertions or yours, she said nothing, nor shall I.

"But, my dear Moore, if I may judge from your silence, you are as yet undecided as to your dwelling. I have heard of your visitants, and now of vexations mental and corporal, no doubt productive of much mischief to the finer organs, to their operation in the goose-walking among the currant-bushes. My sister wrote me word of your kind attentions at Derby. She said you were the king of the place, and that your notice made her *proud*. Bowles was in town in December, but I was at Petworth, and missed him. I came yesterday from Holland House, where I have been passing a few days with Luttrell, and where you were much wanted. I have been idling away my time in many castles of indolence, and to-day am going to my brother and sister for a week, before I establish myself finally to prepare for you, you false one! Though you make no mention of your wife and children dear, I shall not let them escape. Pray give my love to the first, and a kiss a-piece to the two last. To the first I dare not send one, even by proxy.

"Ever yours,

"SAMUEL ROGERS."

"What a quiet spring is before us: the Lansdownes, Cowpers, Jerseys, Douglas's, &c. &c., on the *right* side of the Alps. The Hollands come to town to-day for the winter."

From Lord Strangford.

"Clifton, June 20, 1817.

"My dear Moore,

"I beseech you to make my excuse to the Irish *Wittenagemot*, which is to assemble to-morrow at the 'Thatched House.' My departure for Sweden takes place so much sooner than I expected, that I have found myself obliged to visit my *mamma* and sisters *this* week instead of the next. Pray, my dear Moore, do the *apologetic* for me in your prettiest style.

"I plucked up courage, two days ago, and called on Rogers, who was quite delightful. We *got on* famously together, and I have lost so much of my *terror* that I shall assault him with frequent visitations on my return to town.

"My mother is a bit of a saint; she is reading your book at the other end of the room. The following dialogue has just passed between us:—

"*Sinner.* 'I am writing to Moore.'

"*Saint.* 'I am reading Moore.'

"*Sinner.* 'What shall I say to Moore?'

"*Saint.* 'That I am shocked at my own wickedness in admiring anything in THIS *world* so much as I do his Poem!'

"God bless you.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"STRANGFORD."

From Miss Godfrey.

"Sunday, Sept. 21, 1817.

"I will not attempt to say how much we all feel for you and poor Bessy. I merely write to implore you to stay on in Davies Street as long as ever it may be the least convenience to you to do so. And believe that it is a great gratification to us to hear that you find yourselves tolerably comfortable there, and that the servants attend to you as they ought to do. Mary wrote to you on Friday last, which letter you ought to have got yesterday; and you will see by that letter, that it immediately occurred to us that Davies Street was the only place for you to go to in your distress. We sincerely hope to have a better account of you both soon, though we can hardly expect it; but submission to the will of Heaven is our first duty.

"I have been very unwell with my old faintings; and though they have ceased, they have left me languid and uncomfortable, as they always do for some little time after they are over; but in a day or two I hope to be as well as usual.

"We are very sorry to hear the account you give of your own health, and earnestly beg of you to take great care of yourself, for a hurt in the leg is always a troublesome thing to get rid of, and requires great caution as to eating as well as drinking.

"This is all I can write, for my head is still far from well.

"Give our loves to poor Bessy.

"Bab forgot to add that whenever you can

come down here we shall be delighted to see you. She repeats again that she hopes you will consider yourselves at home in Davies Street, and make yourselves as comfortable as you can; but I am afraid you must want many things that cannot be got at in our absence—forks and spoons, &c. &c., which are always sent to Mr. Hoare's; but it is not when one is suffering real griefs that one thinks of such wants as these. Indeed, we feel for you both beyond what it is possible to say,—and particularly for poor Bessy, who must long miss that dear little child, and often feel a bitter pang when she sees Anastasia playing about without her little companion. We quite agree with you in what you say of all Bessy's amiable feelings, and cannot but lament that they have been destined to so severe a trial. Religion is the best and, I believe, the only consolation in severe affliction; and I am very sure she is a person who will feel that. Pray let us hear often how you are going on, and take very good care of yourself.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"M. G.

"Will you give the enclosed to Farrance?'

To James Corry, Esq.

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Wilts, Dec. 8, 1817.

"My dear Corry,

"I owe you a letter, but I owe you much more for the kindness of that which you wrote, when you little knew to what extent we wanted such sympathy. Our loss* has indeed been severe, and we feel it much more than those who mingle again with the world, and forget themselves in the distractions of society; for, in our quiet life, every little thing reminds us of the sad vacancy that has been left in it. However, 'time and the hour' cures all. We have got a very snug little thatched cottage here, which Lord Lansdowne most friendlily volunteered to find out for us. I pay for it furnished but forty pounds a year, and yet I think it promises to be by far the most comfortable dwelling we have had. Lord Lansdowne's library is within a moderate walk of me, and as most of my London friends come down to visit him in the course of the year, I shall have just those *glimpses* of society which throw a light over one's solitude, and enliven it.

* The death of his daughter Barbara.

"I have not time now to tell you any particulars of myself, but I shall enclose you one or two of my twin weekly letters to my mother, in the course of this month, and shall accompany them with a word or two each time, to let you know some things you may like to hear.

"Yours ever, with best regards to Mrs. Corry.

"Thomas Moore."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Wilts, Dec. 9, 1817.

"My dear Rogers,

"I wrote you a little note the other day to go in a packet to Power, but it was left out by mistake, and was not worth sending alone. We find our cottage as yet very comfortable; even during these last and stormy days it has neither smoked nor let in water—*et c'est beaucoup pour Slopperton.* The Lansdownes have not yet made their appearance, so that I suppose neither of them has returned to Bowood. Bowles was very early in his welcome of us, and has since brought Mrs. Bowles; but I was out, and Bessy did not venture to encounter them alone. How are *you* going on? I long to hear that you have achieved those remaining lines, and that Spring is likely to number you among her family as 'madre de fiori,' &c. Alas! the 'gioventù dell' anno' is not *our* youth, and I begin to think that Spring is but a tantalising recurrence. I am sorry to say these thoughts come rather too thick upon me of late, and, notwithstanding the society of the Fudges, whom I endeavour to *make* as agreeable as I can, still I droop sometimes. I suppose it is natural that Death's first visit among those dear to us should leave this desolate feel behind it; and a little time, perhaps, will make all right again. I have just finished a long letter from Mr. Fudge to Lord Castlereagh, and am beginning young Bob Fudge's account of a gourmand day in Paris—excellent subjects, if I can but muster up gaiety of imagination enough to do them justice. You see the sixth edition of 'Lalla' is out, and (the Longmans tell me) a great many of it sold; so there I leave her—my paternal anxieties are over, and she will now, I think, be able to shift for herself.

"If you hear any comical anecdotes connected with French politics, or our own min-

isters, pray let me have them, or, if anything occurs to you in Miss Fudge's way, it will be but gallantry to communicate it for her, and, at all events, let me hear from you. Bessy has, for the first time, produced your beautiful book to stand in her bookcase; and, indeed, it is the first time, poor girl, she has had a sitting-room fit for it. She sends her best remembrances to your sister and yourself, with those of, my dear Rogers, yours very truly,

"Thomas Moore."

From John Murray, Esq.

Albermarle Street, Dec. 31st, 1817.

"My dear Sir,

"Although I had some doubts about writing to you respecting the critique, *before* I received your letter touching it, I certainly had no delicacy afterwards, and have been prevented from writing to you by eternal interruptions alone. I will fabricate a proper letter for the author of the 'Critique;' but I confess to you I was indignant—it is so completely unworthy of you—totally devoid of congeniality of thought, or power of composition, and I am glad that your inherent delicacy has not quitted you upon so trying an occasion.

"Respecting pounds, you may at once draw for sixty at two months, and it shall be placed either to Mr. Sheridan, or any other account, as we may hereafter find mutually convenient.

"The Fourth Canto is now on its way. I had a very long epistle yesterday from Mr. Hobhouse, who was then going to set out with it in three weeks, and report speaks goldenly of its merits.

"I am about to commence a Journal (monthly) to comprise all subjects of literature and its varieties, and to exclude totally, as will be stated in the advertisement—Politics. I am very anxious that you should do me the favour to take it into your thoughts; you can, I am sure, from floating materials write hundreds of little essays, or letters or scraps—on society, manners, &c., which will not occupy, but rather relieve your mind from severer studies, which would be infinitely valuable to me. I will send you the first Number, which will be published next month. and I shall consider your communications as a very peculiar act of kindness. I shall keep an account with you, and at the end of every three months its amount will not, I trust, prove unworthy of your acceptance. I entreat *you be forming memoranda for such a class of communications.*

"I am happy to find that I anticipated your desire to have Northanger Abbey, &c., by enclosing a copy for Mrs. Moore's acceptance, yesterday, with a copy which I got that day by mail, of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which is not yet published in London: but here I find I have been anticipated, as I rather expected.

"You say the 'Quarterly Review' is dull; did you see Joe Davis' article on Africa? You think nothing lively unless some poor devil be cut up, and then, *O shame!* if it be one of your friends; but, take out political articles, you will ever find a store of valuable information to be very interesting. It is a positive fact that I print as many as they do of the 'Edinburgh Review,' which really depends upon *Jeffrey*, in whose department we have no match.

"I sincerely wish you and your family many happy returns of the year. And remain, dear Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"John Murray."

To James Corry, Esq.

Jan. 14, 1818.

"My dear Corry,

"If I did not feel a *craving* come over me now and then for a little intelligence from Lurgan Street I do not think you would ever receive a letter from me; so that it is pure and downright selfishness makes me write. Besides, extracting one of your long, delightful letters, by means of such hurried little scraps of notes as mine, is like the trick they play in foreign parts, of throwing pebbles at monkeys, in order to be pelted back with pine-apples in return; and therefore, with all my aversion to the *private* use of the pen (being doomed, for my sins, to the cursed *public* employ of it) I cannot resist, now and then, the temptations which such double compound interest on my notes offers. I very much agree with you about your character for the next Kilkenny, except as to Falstaff, of which I think you could give the *orations* most success-

fully. Power is a shabby fellow not to write to me; particularly as he has a house of mine on his hands, in *an unfinished condition*, which I expected long before now to have restored to me. Tell him this.

"Lord Dandy *is* a good fellow; and I often remember with gratitude that he once condescended to call *me* a dandy. 'Laudari a Lord Dandies (laudandis) viris,' is something in this world.

"Give my best love and remembrance to Mrs. Corry, and believe me,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"In looking over this note, it strikes me that I have somewhere used the simile of the monkeys before: if to *you*, remember I am in your debt a new simile in place of it, which I shall take the first bright moment of discharging.

"I am *not* writing Fudges in London. But, believe me, *personal* satire is the only one that will ever make fools and rascals *feel*. Any thing else is fudge indeed.

"What is the story of Fanny Helsham?"

To Samuel Rogers, Esq

"Sloperton Cottage, Feb. 6, 1818.

"My dear Rogers,

"Though I think it not unlikely that I shall, in the course of next week, be shaking hands with you in St. James's Place (as those musical but inharmonious brothers, the Powers, who might well be called *brothers*-in-*law*, have given signal for combat on the 13th, and I fear I am to receive a subpœna on the occasion), yet I cannot help writing you a short letter, just to ask how you do in this very cold weather. March was the month I looked to for being ready with the Fudges, and at the same time devoting three or four weeks to a rummage in London on the subject of Sheridan, who must be my *next* victim; but this cursed *law* trip will disconcert my plans a good deal; still, however, I shall contrive to be ready for the press in March, as I have now about 1400 lines written, and there will not be more in all than 17 or 1800. I have done it, I think, pretty well; but, as usual, not half so well as I had *pre*-imagined it. The Lansdownes have been particularly amiable to us. The day that Bessy dined there was indeed a sad operation to her, for there were a good many people, not one of whom she knew; and among whom she sat, poor girl, in a state of dignified desolation; but before they went to town Lord and Lady L., with Pamela*, walked over one morning and lunched with us, and listened to music; and then we all rambled together to the church at the other side of the valley, and Lady Lansdowne was all heartiness and good-nature; and Bessy, whose element is home, was seen, I flatter myself, to much advantage; so that we shall get on with them, I have no doubt, most comfortably; and, as they will only come like comets now and then into our system, we shall enjoy a little of their light and warmth without being either dazzled or scorched by them. I have, indeed, got to like Lady L. exceedingly; she is frank and sensible, unaffected, and certainly very pretty; and altogether she has so won me over that I am going to dedicate a set of national airs to her,—there's my anti-aristocracy for you! *He* is delightful; and, if I could but once forget he is a Lord, I could shake his hand as heartily as that of any good fellow I know. We passed three or four days at Bowles's since I last wrote to you. What an odd fellow it is! and how narrowly, by being a *genius*, he has escaped being set down for a *fool!* Even as it is, there seem to be some doubts among his brother magistrates; but he is an excellent creature notwithstanding; and if it is not of Helicon that his spirit has drunk, it is at least of very sweet waters, and to my taste very delightful. Bessy has had a long letter from Crabbe, with 'Fair Lady!' in every page: he, too, is an odd fellow. Then there's Crowe, whom I like much. He sent me a message that he wished to meet me, and we dined together at an ex-attorney's in Devizes; much to my gratification, for he certainly is one of the few, and there is something very racy even in his lees.

"Tell the Donegals they are very lazy not to write to me; and, with best remembrances to your brother and sister, believe me,

"My dear Rogers, faithfully yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

* Daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; married Sir Guy Campbell.

From Leigh Hunt, Esq.

"13 Lisson Grove North, near Paddington,
"March 24, 1818.

("Eheu, fugaces, Posthumo! Posthumo! — Alas! now when I am closing my letter, it is April 6.)

"My dear Moore,

"In sending you a copy of my new publication I must thank you very sincerely for being kind enough to remember me the other day when you wrote to my excellent friend, Mr. Shelley.* I had not forgotten you, believe me,—I neither could, nor ought; but we happened not to hear from each other for some time before your large poem came out, and then a most villanous habit of delay, which want of occupation in early youth, and sickness afterwards, conspired to fix into the very bones of me, made me so creep on from week to week without paying it the proper attention in the 'Examiner,' which I nevertheless used to swear to myself, week after week, to do, that at last I fairly became ashamed of noticing the book at all, much more of writing to yourself. One or two similar circumstances, which other real friends have tolerated in the kindest manner, but which have induced another of a more doubtful complexion, in spite of greater infirmities of his own of the same sort, to read me a very hot lecture upon, have made me think very seriously of this habit of mine. It is certainly very much against my theories of friendship, and, I think I may say, not at all compatible with the rest of my practice of it, which has ever been accounted somewhat romantic and over-zealous. I have been assaulted enough in my time for imaginary offences, and need not add real ones to them. You have seen or heard, perhaps, of this anonymous raf who attacked me in a Scotch magazine. My brother, in his over-zealousness for me, unfortunately inserted a paragraph about me in the paper, and then I was obliged to notice him in the same way. We have not succeeded in dragging or provoking him forth; and he has since, after a certain growling but always mean fashion, recanted, pretending he did not mean to attack me privately. He is supposed by most people to be a former acquaintance of mine, who has every reason in the world *not* to attack me, and whom they consider as a sort of moral phenomenon. But enough of this. I hope that you are setting about something fresh, and that now you have got all the experiences of your poetry, you will give us some story or other poem by itself. 'Lalla Rookh,' to be sincere with you, appeared to me to be too florid in its general style; but there are exquisite passages, and you have so truly a poetical character of your own—you are so truly, by birth, a poetical animal, out of the pale of book-associations, and a free inhabitant of the most Elysian parts of nature—that the more you resolved to speak and to feel out of the sincerity of your own impulses, without thinking it necessary to search for ideas, the more to your advantage, I am persuaded, it would be. You are a born poet, and have only to claim your inheritance—not to be heaping up a multitude of anxious proofs, which, though mistaken by some for ostentation, are in reality evidences of a *diffidence* of pretension, which you ought not to feel. On the other hand, I would not see you restrained so much as I formerly would have done in certain amatory respects; nor, indeed, are you so, perhaps, notwithstanding one of the morals in your book, in which, I think, you overshot the mark in making repentance a better thing than a wish to make amends. Repentance is undoubtedly a very good and delicate thing in some minds, and should reasonably make the amends when they are not to be made otherwise; but, generally speaking, it is mere regret for the loss of something on one's own part, not a social and just feeling; it is as much as to say—I'm very sorry I missed the plum-cake I might have had. The world, I think, does not want repentance, especially for the more kindly errors; it wants kindliness itself, *un*selfishness, justice, imagination, good taste, love and friendship—all that leads it to think of one another,—in short, gain for all, as opposed to gain for the individual. Now to produce this, I would see even some abuses hazarded on the gentler side of things, especially as some of the abuses themselves arise out of a gross and selfish misconception of guilt and innocence, and of forms for essentials; so that the most kindly and virtuous natures are repeatedly sacrificed, either to the most painful and unnatural self-denial, or to the gratuitous wretchedness of imaginary guilt—or, worse than all, are turned

* Percy Bysshe Shelley.

cold-blooded and worldly, out of a false notion of their own natural self-defence. I would have no insincerity, no such thing as seduction, no gross selfishness of any sort; I would only have the world think as *well* as they can of all the gentler impulses, and as *badly* as they can of all the violent, the proud, and the exclusive ones: but as the majority go on at present (though somewhat shaken by philosophy) they proceed upon the blessed absurdity of *making* as much guilt as they can out of the former, and surrounding the latter with all sorts of 'pride, pomp, and circumstance.' But you will take me for one of your old friends the Fathers if I go on at this rate; or rather, for one of their young Pagan relations. If you want to act up to that brilliant Christian principle, and 'heap coals of fire on my head,' you will write to me instantly, and exhibit all the epistolary virtue which I possess not; if otherwise you will take your time, both to write my letter and read my book, or at least to pronounce any good opinion of the latter. And yet I hope it will not be long first either, that I hear from you; for, indeed, if you will allow me to use a tone which some might construe into an assumption, even between friends, I have a very great regard for you, and think of you often and often. You shall see that I do, now that I have mustered up face enough to write your name again. Mrs. H. begs her best remembrances. Pray make mine also to fair Arganda the Unknown, whose old inclination to have a good opinion of me I am impudent enough to think she would not diminish if she knew me.

"Most sincerely and heartily yours,

"Leigh Hunt."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"April 6, 1818.

"My dear Rogers,

"I just dispatch a line to say that we shall meet, I hope, on Sunday or Monday next. I *may* be in town on Friday or Saturday, but shall be too busy with Proctors and *other* Fudges to call upon you. Proctors! only think; all my dreams of comfort and independence at once menaced, if not destroyed. I take for granted you have seen Lady Donegal, and heard my doleful story. I was about answering a letter of hers, when I was served with the awful monition. I have heard no particulars; but the proceeds of a ship and cargo *must* be considerable, more, indeed, than I can ever *attempt* to pay. We are neither of us, however, thank Heaven! in the least cast down by it. As it is by no misdeed or extravagance of our own, conscience is, at least, left untouched, and *there* lies the spring of happiness after all. I have felt more, *at large*, from a small debt of my own than I shall feel, *in a prison*, from thousands thus incurred.

"I *ought* to have had security; but the place was so trifling, when I appointed him, that it was almost made a complaint his taking it. To show you, however, that it has not affected my spirits much, I have been able to write one of Biddy Fudge's gayest letters since I heard of it.

"Good-bye, my dearest Rogers. I *know* you will visit me in the Rules, when I can no longer be with those Pindaric poets who are '*lege solutis*.'

"Ever yours faithfully,

"Thomas Moore."

To James Corry, Esq.

"May 15, 1818.

"My dear Corry,

"The week after next I hope to present myself to you in Lurgan Street; and as I have but eight days to stay amongst you, you must make the most of me. I hope Richard Power continues in Dublin, but I heard some alarming rumours of his being expected in London soon after I left it. This will be indeed 'from love's shining circle, the *gem* dropped away;' but I *will* hope I may be lucky enough still to find him there; as for *you*, you must be there; it would be contrary to all laws, human and divine, that I should not have a glimpse, and many a glimpse, of you while I stay; and I am happy to find that my father's lodgings (where they have a bed for me) is close in your neighbourhood.

"Happy as I am to see you all, it is with regret I leave my sweet, quiet cottage at this 'rosy time of the year,' where, in addition to the sunshine we have always, thank God, *within*, there is some prospect (if these ice-bergs would permit), of a warm gleam or two *without;* but you must make it up to me in your

heartiest smiles; and be assured that, *there* or *here*, I am always, dear Corry,

"Your very faithful friend,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"Love to Mrs. C.

"Bessy bids me say she depends upon you for franking a letter of mine to her *every day*."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"June 18, 1818.

"My dear Rogers,

"I am afraid you will think me a sad truant, but the truth is, I had persuaded myself, before I set off for Ireland, that I had really written to you soon after my leaving London, and that it was *you* who were in *my* debt a letter, but the startling truth of the case broke upon me one fine morning, in no less romantic a place than Manchester, as I was on my way to Ireland, and I sat down forthwith to write to you a long apology for my silence, when, *lo!* the arrival of the coach hurried me away; and from that moment to this I have been in such a giddifying labyrinth of bustle, acclamation, hurrahs, &c., that, though your name has often been upon my lips, I have never had a disposable minute to write a line to you. Never, certainly, was there anything more enthusiastic than my reception in Dublin. It was even better than Voltaire's at Paris, because there was more *heart* in it, and the call for me at the Theatre, and the bursts of applause when I appeared with my best bows at the front of the box (which I was obliged to repeat several times in the course of the night) were really all most overwhelmingly gratifying, and scarcely more delightful to me on my own account than as a proof of the strong spirit of nationality in my countrymen.

"There was a tolerably good report of the speeches at the dinner in the Irish papers; but I am not sorry that Perry has shortened the account so much, for we were none of us in very good taste, I think; and Phillips, who compiled the speches, has left the marks of his own paint-brush upon us all; but the effect at the time was admirable, and never was there a day of more strong feeling witnessed.

"I have heard, with some surprise, of your Poem lying at Murray's. He kept the secret so well from me, that I was in hopes he would be equally secret with others. He has not, however, I believe, told more than that he had such a thing in his possession. What have you done with it? Do pray write to me soon, and do not visit my own transgressions upon me *in kind*.

"I have had a *heavy* complaint from Wilkie about the unwillingness of Charles Sheridan, or his advisers, to come to anything decisive with respect to the sanctioning his publication of the works.

"Good-bye; best regards to your sister.

"Ever yours,

"T. MOORE."

To James Corry, Esq.

"June 20, 1818.

"My dear Corry,

"You perceive how Perry has shorn us of our beams; between his stinginess of room and his zeal for *me*, he has made but an awkward, monopolising concern of his report, and I most anxiously hope some of the other London papers may have done us more justice. You may guess how glad I was to see my quiet garden again, but I have hardly yet recovered from the giddiness of my Dublin fortnight. The hip, hip, hurrahs! seem still sounding in my ears, and I feel as if a good fit of sea-sickness (which, for the first time, I was not blessed with) would have been necessary to carry off the indigestion of glory I brought away with me. I arrived here at ten o'clock on Monday night, and found Bessy walking about the garden (as she had been for several nights before) watching for me. It seemed a long month to her. Your real and hearty kindness to me, my dear Corry, has not been forgotten in *my* report of the transactions to her, nor shall it ever be forgotten as long as I have a heart to feel and a hand to record my gratitude to you. I have often been regretting since that we had no conversation about the Kilkenny Memoirs, which, as I told Richard Power in Paris, I have not been unmindful of, but, whenever I have met with anything in my reading that bore upon it, have never failed to note it down, with a view to what, ere long, *you will see* I shall execute.

"My 'Life of Sheridan' still remains in a very doubtful state, from the indecision of Charles Sheridan, with respect to any arrangement with the booksellers. Till the family are allowed some share in the publication

I feel delicate, of course, in availing myself of their papers for the advantage of the booksellers.

"How are *you* getting on, my dear fellow? I hope that plaguing pain is gone, and that you are as flourishing and happy every way as you deserve to be. I grieve that I did not see more of Mrs. Corry while I stayed, and most particularly grieve that I had not a better opportunity of singing her some of those new things, which I *know* she would have liked. My best regards to her, and believe me ever faithfully,

"Hers and yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

From Miss Godfrey.

"July 9, 1818.

"I have been thinking of writing to you from time immemorial, and at last I am determined to begin, and talk to you a little about you and yours and me and mine. We have been reading of your honours and glories and speeches with great interest and pleasure, knowing how gratifying it must all have been to your feelings and to Bessy's. At the same time, however, that I congratulate you upon the flattering manner you were received in by your countrymen, let me whisper a little word of congratulation also at your having got away safe from them before it came to throwing stones at you, or throwing you into the river, which they intended to do by Mr. Grattan. I would not say it out loud upon any account, for fear of a flowing tirade from that sunflower of eloquence Mr. Phillips; but I heartily rejoice that you have got off with all your popularity and whole bones into the bargain, and are safely lodged in your own cottage, where I hope you found Bessy and Anastasia as well as your heart could wish. Have you heard anything more of your Bermuda affairs? Pray write soon, and give us a long account of yourselves. The last we heard of you was through Rogers, who read us the letter you wrote to him upon your return home. As to ourselves, I have but a tragical history to give. Our expedition to Brighton, which we intended for health and economy, failed in both. I came back very ill; and no sooner had I got well, than Bab had a return of her old faintings, from which, thank God! she is now almost quite recovered; but she has had a very bad attack, I grieve to say. We propose going next week to Tunbridge Wells to stay two or three months. Philly and Barbara are already there. I suppose you are in the very joy of your heart at the success of the Reformers, and expect great doings in this new Parliament. We have had some fine specimens of liberty during the Westminster election, which make one tremble in one's skin. We were in hopes that some great Whig, in either England or Ireland, would have brought you into the House of Commons; but I dare say your great Whigs would be pretty nearly as much afraid of you as your great Tories, for you do now and then take them by surprise with some unlucky truth that they would rather not hear.

"Rogers just called, and seeing this frank on the table, desired me to tell you he was writing to you; but I think it is only in his imagination, so don't be surprised if the letter never comes. I have not a word of news to tell you,—we have been so much shut up from the world since our return to town. We both join in everything most kind to you all, and shall be very happy to hear a good account of Bessy's health. Truly yours,

"M. G."

From Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"July 12, 1818.

"My dear Moore,

"Many thanks for both your letters,—for that which you wrote waking, which came to hand, and for that which, you say, you wrote, dreaming, which I have not yet received. Your reception did honour to Ireland. An anniversary dinner on the birthday of a living poet is what reminds us of the good old times: and we shall soon hear of a coronation in the capital. Little has occurred here since you left us, but dinners, balls, and election bets. Luttrell, to escape the din of the dissolution, fled to Holland, and is at this moment sitting between two tobacco-pipes in a treckschwytt. Crabbe has been here for a fortnight, and, being a lover of peace and quiet, took a lodging at the Hummums, when the Westminster uproar was at its height. Crowe passed an hour with me yesterday. He is gone to-day. My sister has been very ill since you went, but is better. As for me, I think of visiting Scotland, and in that case shall not, I fear, return in time for a western circuit, but my movements

are very uncertain. Murray did not return the MS. till I went again; and since that time I have not seen him. I am not sorry, as the dissolution rendered the thing impossible for some time to come, and I have much to do to it. Spencer is at Darmstadt, and has received some order from the elector. Sheridan has called upon me twice.

"Pray give my love to Psyche and Anastasia, and believe me to be ever yours,

"S. ROGERS."

To James Corry, Esq.

"July 13, 1818.

"My dear Corry,

"I have to thank you for two most welcome letters. I remember Cicero bids one of his correspondents write letters worthy of him,—'scribe literas te dignas:' he need never have given such a hint to *you;* but the worst of it is, *I* am always in too great a hurry to follow your example, and can only give you, what my friend William Spencer calls 'legs and wings of thoughts.' I don t even throw in the *merry-thoughts,* though I would if I could. In answer to Mrs. Corry's grave charge of 'not liking her as well as I did at Kilkenny'—how *can* she be so unjust? Only let her give me fair play,—I call for a ring and fair play: the bottle-holders shall be a few staunch hearts I could name; the ground either here or in Lurgan Street, the time of any duration she pleases, the longer the better; and if I don't beat her out and out in *liking,* why, I'll consent to wear the white feather of falsehood in my heart for ever after. *Like* her! 'like Ossian!' says Werter,—*love* is the word, and I hereby fling down the gauntlet upon it boldly.

"You delight me by your report of Peel's speech. He is one of the Dii Majores of our political Olympus, and I only wish he did not wield the Birmingham thunder of such Salmoneasses as his present masters. You know, at that college dinner it made me melancholy to think what a clever, manly-minded fellow they had got amongst them.

"Poor Joe Atkinson is at last gone. For this long time he has been but 'joeus, et pretera nihil;' but his death was as gradual and easy, poor fellow, as his life had been prosperous and amiable. I shall miss him exceedingly.

"I have written to Power to come to us. I hope he will.

"Yours ever faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I dine to-day at Poet Bowles's (whom I so shamefully omitted in my rigmarole of Bards) to meet Lord Lansdowne, Methuen, &c. &c."

To Mrs. Lefanu.

"Sloperton Cottage, Sept. 16, 1818.

"My Dear Madam,

"I have been prevented from acknowledging your very kind and useful communications by a visit of business which I was obliged to pay to London, and from which I am but just returned. I am sorry that Mrs. Canning does not permit me to give her name, because her testimony to your brother's kindness of heart is very important, and would, of course, be much enhanced by the authority of the name. We must, however, be content to leave it anonymous, as she wishes it. You may depend upon my not committing you, in any way, with the important personage to whom you allude. Indeed, strong as is my feeling with respect to some parts of his conduct to your brother, I mean to let the facts speak for themselves, without any colouring or comment from me. I have not yet had time to look over the papers you have sent me; but I have no doubt that they are highly useful and interesting; and I shall take the liberty, whenever I find myself in any puzzle, to apply to you for a clue to help me out. Mr. W. Linley and I have had some correspondence lately, and he promises me not only several poems of his sister, but one or two of Mr. Sheridan's which have never been printed. I find too from my neighbour Lord Lansdowne that he expects Mr. Thomas Grenville at Bowood for a few days; so that I shall have an opportunity of uncorking (to use an old joke) all the remains of *Sherry* there are in *him,* which, you may suppose from the opinion I expressed of him, I do not expect to be of the most racy or sparkling quality. But, altogether, my materials (at least for the early part of the Life) are much more promising than I expected.

"When I was in town, I took an opportunity of mentioning Miss Lefanu to the Longmans, and they beg that she will allow them

to read her novel, when it is finished. I added to my mention of her name all that I was likely to feel after seeing and conversing with her; so that I trust she will find them disposed to do her every possible justice. But I need not tell you how little depends on *favour* in literature; even merit is not always sure of a good reception; *saleability* is the thing with the booksellers.

"Pray tell Miss Lefanu how exceedingly obliged I am by the trouble she has taken in collecting and copying so much for me; and with my best regards to her and Mr. Lefanu, I beg you to believe me, my dear Madam, very faithfully,

"Your obliged servant,
"THOMAS MOORE."

From Miss Godfrey.

"Saturday, Oct. 5, 1818.

"We have long been intending to write to you, but have gone on putting it off, owing to one disagreeable circumstance or another, till at last we were ashamed to begin; but Rogers called here yesterday, and told us that he was very much afraid your odious Bermuda business would turn out much more vexatious than was at first apprehended. The sincere concern this information gave us soon put laziness to flight; and I have got a frank to write to you, for I am sorry to say Bab has not been well for some days, and her head does not allow of her doing so. Pray write immediately, and tell us in what state the business is at present, and what you really think will be the consequence of it to you. We are most anxious to know. Rogers said he had written to you upon the subject, but that he had not received an answer. But pray don't serve us so, or we shall be very angry with you; and, at the same time, tell us how Bessy is going on. I am afraid she must be worried by this troublesome affair; but I trust and hope that it will at last end to your satisfaction. It is so very hard a case, that I think Mr. Sheddon, the uncle, cannot suffer you to be the victim of his nephew's dishonesty, if he has any honour or principle himself, as it was at his desire you continued him in the office. The affairs of this world don't go on at all to my satisfaction at present; but hope follows on, and it is always the best companion upon our dreary road. We have had beautiful skies, and brilliant suns, moons, and stars this year, but not much health to enjoy them, and the old worries of knaves and fools, which it seems to be poor Bab's fate never to be able to get rid of; but I must say she bears it, as well as a very indifferent state of health, with great heroism. We returned to town about a fortnight since, and are established here for the winter. We were obliged to leave Tunbridge sooner than we intended, on account of the smallness of our house, and the illness of some of the servants, which made it necessary to give up some of our rooms for the use of the sick. So here you will find us if anything should bring you to town. We got your 'Melodies' last week; and Barbara is gone mad after 'This Earth is the planet.' She begged leave to play it between each of her lessons; and she goes singing the delights of this world all over the house, as if it was quite her opinion that it was all sunshine and gaiety; long may she think so: but the time too surely comes that one gets behind the scenes, and the brilliant spectacle vanishes.

"There are people in town, going and coming; but none staying, I believe, but ourselves. We both like London at this quiet time of year; and though we have workmen repairing the house, and we can only inhabit part of it, we have made ourselves very comfortable. I got a frank for Saturday to Calne by mistake; I recollected afterwards, that Devizes was your post town, so I was obliged to put off my letter till to-day. How is dear little Anastasia? is she as rosy and pretty as she was when we saw her last? Bab joins with me in everything kind to you and Bessy, and in begging for an early answer to this letter. I hope you will not be lazy, as usual; indeed, you must not be so.

"Adieu! and God bless you all.

"M. G.

"Rogers begs to know if you got a letter which he enclosed about a fortnight ago to Mr. Power for you."

To Miss Lefanu.

Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, Dec. 21, 1818.

"Dear Miss Lefanu,

"It was a little unlucky that I did not receive your letter in London, from which I

am but just returned, as I could then have requested you to send your manuscript up instantly, and presented it myself in Paternoster Row. As it is, I think the surest as well as speediest way will be for you to forward it immediately by the coach, directed to Messrs. Longman, and I shall lose no time in preparing them to receive it. As they must be your ultimate judges (at least before publication), it would be, perhaps, but a waste of time to let *me* have the previous perusal of the manuscript, however gratifying and flattering such a reference to my judgment might be. In all this, however, I shall be guided entirely by your wishes, and if it be your desire that I should look over the work before it is submitted to them, you have but to forward it to me by the coach, as you did the papers relative to your uncle. But I must repeat that as the booksellers are to be your grand jury, either to find the bill or throw it out, you had perhaps better, in the first instance, send the manuscript to them, and you may depend upon my backing it with all the recommendations which my opinion of your talents, as well as my warm interest in yourself, incline me to give it. I am sorry to tell you that the interference of Burgess and the creditors has produced such a hitch in our *Sheridan* affairs as I fear will be fatal to their further progress.

"With best regards to Mr. and Mrs. L., believe me,

"Faithfully yours,
"Thomas Moore."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Paris, Dec. 23, 1819.

"My dear Rogers,

"There is but little use now in mentioning (though it is very true) that I began a letter to you from Rome, the first fragment of which is now before my eyes, and is as follows, 'One line from Rome is worth at least two of even yours from Venice; and it is lucky it should be so, as I have not at this moment time for much more.' There I stopped; and if you had ever travelled on the wing, as I have done, flying about from morning till night, and from sight to sight, you would know how hard it is to find time to write, and you would forgive me. Taking for granted that you *do* forgive me, I hasten to write you now some very valueless lines indeed, as they must be chiefly about myself. I found a letter here on my arrival, from the Longmans, telling me that I must not venture to cross the water (as was my intention, for the purpose of reaching Holyrood House) till they had consulted you and some others of my friends with respect to the expediency of such a step. I have heard nothing more from them on the subject, and therefore I suppose I must make up my mind to having Mrs. Moore and the little ones over, and remaining here. This is disappointing to me in many respects, and in few more than its depriving me of all chance of seeing *you*, my dear Rogers, and of comparing notes with you on the subject of the many wonders I have witnessed since we parted. Lord John has, I suppose, told you of the precious gift Lord Byron made me at Venice—his own memoirs, written up to the time of his arrival in Italy. I have many things to tell you about him, which at this moment neither time nor inclination will let me tell; when I say 'inclination,' I mean that spirits are not equal to the effort. I have indeed seldom felt much more low and comfortless than since I arrived in Paris; and though if I had you at this moment *à quattr' occhi*, I know I should find wherewith to talk whole hours, it is with difficulty I have brought myself to write even these few lines. Would I *were* with you! I have no one here that I care one pin for, and begin to feel, for the first time, like a banished man. Therefore, pray, write to me, and tell me that you forgive my laziness, and that you think I *may* look to our meeting before very long. If it were possible to get to Holyrood House, I should infinitely prefer it.

"Lord John, in a letter I have just received from him, says you have not been well; but I trust, my dear Rogers, you are by this time quite yourself again.

"Ever yours most truly,
"Thomas Moore."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"La Butte, July 17, 1820.

"My dear Rogers,

"As I have just been answering a letter of Sir J. Mackintosh, and thereby got my hand back into some notion of letter-writing, I shall slip in a hasty line or two to you. As

you have *never* written to me, and I have only written *once* to you, the difference of virtue between us is so small that I shall not crow over you upon the strength of it; besides, the solitary letter I *did* write was of so dreary and croaking a nature (at a time, too, when you might have expected me to return with all the sunbeams of Italy fresh about me), that I do not wonder at your having waited for some pleasanter tones to send an echo to. I afterwards got into a much happier mood, having exchanged my wretched *entresol* in Paris for a very pretty cottage in the Allée des Veuves, where I contrived to get on very comfortably indeed. Often and often did I think of communicating my bright side to you, as I had done the dark one; but I had no time for letters; scribbling of another kind came so hard upon me. The necessity of doing some jobs for Power, and my anxiety to finish the work I had promised to the Longmans altogether absorbed every instant of my time; and, having got into arrears of letter-writing with every friend I have in the world, I had not the courage to begin discharging the amount, but thought a declaration of insolvency at once to all was the only decent and honest mode to pursue. You have heard, I dare say, that the Longmans have suppressed my book, at which I am not at all sorry, for I can make a much better thing out of its materials at another time, and I have availed myself of their readiness to withhold the publication, though with very different views from those upon which they recommended it. Nothing can be more liberal, considerate, and kind than the conduct of those men to me. It is really friendship, assuming the form of business, and making itself actively useful, upon a fair debtor and creditor account of obligations.

"We are now passing the summer months at a place which *you* would delight in. It is the house (forming part of Belle-Vue) which hangs over Sêvres, and faces you as you cross the bridge. The view from it of woods and palaces is superb, and the grounds (about fifty or sixty acres in pleasure-ground) include every variety one could wish. It was bought by a friend of ours, a Spaniard, with whose wife we were very intimate in England; and he has given us a beautiful little *pavillon* near his house, where I pass my mornings quietly and independently, and then join the rest at a dinner as good as one of the best artists from the Rocher de Cancale can make it. The walks about us, through the Woods of Meudon and St. Cloud, are of the true kind for study; and in short, I enjoy myself so thoroughly here, that if the sun would but go on shining this way all the year, and the flowers blooming and the nightingales singing, I should begin to care very little about the Treasury or Doctors' Commons, and sigh for nothing in England but the never-to-be-forgotten friends I left behind me there. But, then, winter *will* come, and then Paris is the devil.

"Pray write soon, my dearest Rogers, and add to my sunshine by showing that I am remembered by you as kindly as ever, in spite of my *one* letter in eight months, and your—*none*.

"Bessy sends her kindest regards. Anastasia is quite well, and is pronounced here to have a *Grecque* face, and little Tom, in spite of his teeth, flourishes.

"Remember me most kindly to Miss Rogers.

"Yours ever,

"T. Moore."

From Lady Donegal.

"Davies Street, Jan. 4, 1828.

"I ought to have answered your letter immediately, but a thousand things prevented my doing so, for which I am very sorry. So pray pardon my apparent indifference to the subject of it, for I can assure you with truth (and I know you will believe me) that we both feel anything but indifference on this occasion, as well as upon all others in which you are any way concerned. I, however, still plead guilty to feeling strongly all the objections I have already made to the 'Angels.'* I may, perhaps, be too strict, or too prudish, and I ought perhaps to be influenced more by the opinions of others; but I am too old to change, so you must make the best of me, and allow me to go on praising or condemning as the spirit moves me. And this privilege I claim in right of a friendship of twenty years' standing. And, according to my ideas of friendship, my friend is bound to tell me when he thinks I am wrong, or likely, from want of thought, to incur the censure of

* "Loves of the Angels."

the world, or of individuals in it. So I do only as I wish to be done by. Mary does not agree with me in my objections to the poem, though she does wish with me that you had fixed on some other subject. In justice, I must acknowledge that there are some very beautiful passages in it, but this is all the praise I can agree to, and, thinking as I do, I cannot even wish to change my opinion of it.

"I cannot say how much I should be gratified to hear that you had immediately begun upon some unexceptionable subject, more suited to the powers of your mind. I once heard a very sensible man say that the present state of Greece would be a proper subject for your genius, and, that, with your classical knowledge and poetical powers, you might make a beautiful poem out of it. Why not take this into your serious consideration, and do your talents the justice they deserve, by giving them a subject worthy of them? I heartily wish some of your literary friends at Botany Bay, where many better men have gone before; for people will suppose that your mind has received a bias from them, which I know not to be the case, but others will not know that; and I should hate to hear your name mentioned in the same day with theirs. Pray let me hear soon from you, for I shall be very anxious to know that you do not feel displeased at the openness with which I have expressed myself. In the meantime, be assured of the best wishes and best regards of our fireside to your fireside.

"I have written myself blind.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"B. D."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Friday, May 23, 1823.

"My dear Rogers,

"I have to ask a great favour of you, which is that you will take an opportunity (as soon as you can conveniently) of putting my name down to the Greek subscription for five pounds, and paying that sum for me. I would not give you this trouble, but that Power is in Ireland, and that I do not like employing the Longmans any further in this way till I have settled my account with them. As soon as I return to town, I shall pay you with many thanks, and you will, I know, recollect that I wish the thing to be done *before* any new list of subscribers is printed.

"It was very kind of you to write to me so encouragingly about the 'Fables;' but I fear (from not seeing any announcement of a second edition) that the sale begins already to 'drag its wounded length along.' To be sure, the first edition was 3000, and (as you say sometimes) one *used* to be satisfied with such things.

"I am beginning very *seriously* to turn my attention again to Sheridan, and shall not be, this time, diverted from it by *anything*.

"I see 'Italy' quoted elsewhere. Bessy hopes you do not forget her old claim (like that of the Universities), that a copy of every work of yours should be duly deposited with her. She is still of the *dual* number.

"Ever yours, faithfully,

"Thomas Moore."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

Sloperton Cottage, Jan. 18, 1824.

"My dear Rogers,

"On my return from Ireland the latter end of last week, I found my table and drawers heaped with letters and manuscripts (among the latter a Tragedy, a Poem, and the rough copy of the Memoirs of a Rebel Chief, sent to me from America), and your precious little letter lay so modestly lurking under all this mass, that it was but the night before last I fished it up, like a pearl, from among them. Thank you, many, many times, for the encouraging things you say about my book. It certainly succeeds with the public, which ought to be a consolation to me for the heart-burning it produces in various quarters. Radicals hate me for my praise of the aristocracy, Whigs hate me for my candour to the Tories, and Tories hate me for all possible reasons. The cannonade from the Royal battery which you mention is, I suppose, only reserved, and may perhaps be dealt out to me in small shot through the 'Representative,' or kept to give *eclat* to the commencement of the Lockhart dynasty. Should there be anything worth answering (which as yet there has not been, the statement in the 'Westminster,' as to the gift of the four thousand pounds, being, I am pretty sure,

false,) I must take the field in a pamphlet, like Bowles. In the mean time, during all this my private affairs go on most dishearteningly — '*en attendant l'amant périt.* You have heard of my refusal of Lord Wellesley's offer, and think, perhaps, with others (who have a different standard for a poor man from that which they go by themselves) that I *ought* to have accepted it. But if you knew all the circumstances, and heard my own view of it, you would not think so. Such a favour from the other side at this moment, coming in coincidence with the impression on some minds that I have *courted* the Tories in my book, would have left a vulnerable point in my character through life; and as character is my only property (though a damned bad property I find it,) I must only endeavour to make the best of my bargain.

"Bessy is better than I have known her some time; she and Anastasia enjoyed the Twelfth Night at Bowood without me. God bless you, my dear Rogers: it will be a good while before we meet, as I mean to work without intermission, if I can, for the next six months. You will ask—at what? and that's the question, for I have not even yet decided; but it must be at something little short of *coining*, or I'm ruined.

"Yours ever,
"T. Moore."

From James Corry, Esq.

"Dublin, 15 Merion Square, Sunday, Nov. 27, 1825.

"My dear Moore,

"You have returned, it seems, from the north to your own little cottage, which therefore unites again all its former claims to distinction,—

"'Wit, poetry, friendship, and beauty.'

"I was delighted to hear of your northern excursion, and am glad of your return. Ever since I read 'Sheridan's Life,' I have been longing to write to you, but while you were winning applauses from every one about you, I thought it would not be fair to 'pursue the triumph' with a dull letter, to which you could not find time to attend. It is very gratifying to the lovers of poetry to think, that the Bard of the Western Island has at last shaken hands with the Poet of the North, and that they are pleased with each other. But your excursion has done more for you than afford to Scott an opportunity to *know* you. It has enabled the British Athens, his own 'romantic town,' to show their respect for your talents: this is not less gratifying than *useful*, because it will hereafter assist you towards receiving '*golden* opinions' from booksellers at home. I cannot tell you how much I admire your 'Life of Sheridan.' It is the most interesting piece of biography I ever read, and I felt a greater interest in it, from believing that you wrote many passages of it after having dipped your pen in *your own heart*. In short, my dear Moore, I suspect that often while you were *writing* about Sheridan, you were *thinking* about yourself, as thus—that '*poverty* is the best nurse of talent;' that he *married* a young and lovely creature before frequent exhibitions before the public had injured in her 'that fine gloss of feminine modesty, for whose absence not all the talents and accomplishments of the whole sex can atone;' that '*labour* is the parent of all the lasting wonders of the world, whether poetry or pyramids;' that 'talents in literature, unassisted by the advantages of *birth*, find it difficult to break through the well-guarded frontier' of the aristocracy. Thus (after putting all distinctions of honour and directness of character out of the question) have I amused myself in supposing similarities between you; but I have nearly omitted a most important one. I think you say somewhere that he was very fond of an *Irish stew*, and I have made your mother laugh herself to *tears* at this part of the parallel. You know she always *cries* when she is very *happy*. I wish poor Bryan's tears always flowed from the *same source*. North was very eloquent in praising your book to me the other day. We are all well here; I include your family with my own in this account. Braham and Stephens are picking our pockets—*full* houses every night. My library has been enriched lately with nine *quarto* volumes of '*Moore's Works*,' splendidly bound, most of them inlaid; they grace a shelf opposite the fire, over which your picture hangs, so that when a Tory stands with his back to the *grate*, let him turn which way he will, he is well *roasted* between all he *sees*, and *feels*, and *hears*. I intended to have inlaid your lines on the *Strainer* in one of the

blank leaves in the front of *Anacreon*, vol. 1.; but, alas! neither high nor low can I find them here, and they derive half their value from being written in *your own hand*. Will you, like a good fellow, transcribe them for me, when you are at leisure? and Mrs. Corry will join me in giving you a thousand thanks for your kindness. Did Sir Walter Scott ever mention my humble name to you? I was introduced to him by Blake, as *your friend*. I met him at Blake's house. I wrote to him a polite and humble note, addressed to Edinburgh (through *Rees*), asking him to receive from me (as '*your friend and Blake's*'), a little tooth-pick case of *Irish* black oak, enriched with a little *Irish gold*, and *Irish diamond* on the lid; the whole thing not worth *two guineas*. Were it of any value beyond its *Hibernicisms*, I should have thought I took a liberty with him; his *silence* makes *me sure of it*. Mrs. Corry unites with me in best regards to Mrs. M.

"Farewell,

"JAMES CORRY."

From Lady Donegal.

"7 Clarges Street, Jan. 24, 1826.

"I was very happy to receive your letter, melancholy as the subject of it was, but we were anxious to hear from you, and to know all we could about you, after the affliction you had suffered, and the trying scenes you had to go through with your family. Your conduct towards them is most kind, and like yourself; but I own I do regret that Lord Wellesley's offer was not accepted of, for it might have been done without your having any part in it; and you are not accountable for the actions of your mother, who might have taken it all upon herself.

"I may be wrong in thinking so, but I cannot help regretting heartily that you have thus added to your difficulties, when it might have been avoided. However, every one must give you credit for your feeling, which was independent and noble, and I sincerely wish you had an income to keep pace with your generous mind. One thing I grieve over is, that you will now write in a hurry, and not do yourself justice; but I do hope and beg you will be guarded, and even sacrifice a little for the sake of conciliating friends, for, after all, they are necessary to one's happiness in every way in this uncertain life.

"Ever most sincerely,

"Yours, &c.,

"B. DONEGAL."

*To Dr. Bain.**

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, April 17, 1826.

"My dear Friend,

"I wrote to Charles Sheridan yesterday, begging him to apply to you upon a subject in which we are all pretty equally concerned; but, upon second thoughts, I feel that I ought not to have taken this *roundabout* way, but to have written to you decidedly myself. You see the 'Quarterly Review' has fired its long-threatened cannonade, and though it is more noisy than mischievous, yet some of my friends (Lord Lansdowne among many others) think I ought to take notice of it. My intention therefore is, in the preface to the next edition, to put two or three paragraphs, as good-tempered and conciliatory as possible, disclaiming all idea of imputing a general want of generosity, in pecuniary matters, to the illustrious personage concerned in these transactions, but at the same time defending the accuracy of my own statements. It is odd enough, that the only points of importance which they affect to disapprove, is the account of the £200 sent through Vaughan, for which I had the authority of the two persons concerned in it, Vaughan and yourself. They say the sum was £500, and that it was accepted, made use of, and afterwards repaid. Now, what I want of you is (and indeed you could not render me a more signal service, to say nothing of what is due to the family and yourself), to let me put two or three lines, as follows, with your signature:—

"'My dear Sir,

"'The statement which you have made in your Life of my friend Mr. Sheridan, that £200 was the sum proffered to me by Mr. Vaughan, and that it was respectfully declined, is perfectly correct.

"'Yours, &c.'

"If you prefer having the words addressed to Charles Sheridan:—

"'My dear Charles,

"'The statement which Mr. Moore, &c., &c.,

* See Memoirs, Vol. V. p. 55.

it would do equally well, and perhaps better. I know it is far from pleasant for you, and God knows I heartily hate it myself, much as I am used to it, to have your name brought before the public in any way; yet, if honest men did not stand by each other on a pinch, this world would not be worth living in; besides, as your authority is already pledged on the face of my statement, this would be only the repetition of it in a more formal way, and would be, indeed, the only mode of settling all controversy on this point at rest for ever. You may depend upon my answer being such as will tend very much to remove any impression there may have been of my wishing to attack the King unfairly; and your assistance in the way I ask will materially assist me towards that object, as, in enabling me to show that I am correct in my statements, it will give me the power of being more candid and conciliatory in my admissions; in short, it will carry us triumphantly through. Though I had no answer to my last letter to you on my return from Ireland, I know from Charles Sheridan that it was received and *acted upon*. My best remembrances to your daughters, and believe me,

"Ever very truly yours,
"THOMAS MOORE."

To Dr. Bain.

April 18, 1826.

"My dear Sir,

"I wrote to you to Heffleton yesterday, feeling that I had taken a more roundabout way than was necessary, in applying to you through Sheridan; and being anxious to explain to you more fully than I had done to him the great importance of your testimony on this occasion. I am sorry that my letter of yesterday will be so long in reaching you, as I felt sure, in writing it, that you would not hesitate at granting the request it contains. I have just had a letter from my excellent and honourable friend Lord John Russell, who also thinks (this between ourselves) that something ought to be said in my answer to the 'Quarterly.' The three main points on which I am charged with omission and inaccuracy, are, with respect to the 4000*l.* for the seat, the liberation of Sheridan from the prison, and the 200*l.* through Vaughan. On the two former I am prepared with an answer; and *you* can render a triumphant one on the last. I hope they will forward to you my letter from Heffleton: at all events, do not answer this till you receive it.

"I do not forget my promise for summer, and trust that my stars will be propitious enough to allow me to keep it.

"Yours most truly,
"THOMAS MOORE."

To Dr. Bain.

July 8, 1826.

"My dear Friend,

"I made a most egregious blunder in writing to you the other day. According to your desire, I dispatched my letter on the Wednesday, in order that it should catch you before your departure from town on the Friday, and, as an Irish way of gaining this object, I directed the letter, in a strange fit of absence, to Heffleton. As this, however, cannot now be helped, I should not have thought it worth while troubling you with a new despatch about it, if I had not another object. You may remember, on my last visit to you, I mentioned that my friend Bowles had expressed a longing desire to accompany me, and that you said you would have been very glad to see him. Now he has been with me to-day, expressing the very same wish, and it has occurred to me that you would at least like to know the circumstance, in order that if it suited your arrangements, you might have an opportunity of asking him. If you have any difficulty about lodging-rooms, you know you may put me in your worst *Poet's corner*, and let Bowles have the *gîte* intended for me. His address is 'Rev. W. L. Bowles, Bremhill, near Calne,' and if you *should* write and ask him, let me have a line at the same time to say so.

"Yours, in a furious hurry,
"THOMAS MOORE."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"April 21, 1828.

"My dear Rogers,

"I have just heard that you are not very well. Pray let me have *one* line to satisfy me on the subject.

"I have been getting on pretty well with Byron, though not so rapidly as I expected. Biography is like dot engraving, made up of little minute points, which must all be at-

tended to, or the effect is lost. At every step some small subject of inquiry starts up which costs me half-a-dozen letters, to say nothing of being obliged to wait for the answers.

"Our Anastasia is going on as comfortably as we could expect. *How is your sister?* I had determined never to ask *you* this question again; but feeling gets the better of pique; and so there it is. Answer it.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To Philip Crampton, Esq.

"Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, July 31, 1828.

"My dear Crampton,

"I have ventured to introduce to you by letter our great gun of the press here (Barnes, the editor of 'The Times'), who is about to take a trip to the lakes of Killarney, and means to stop a day or two in Dublin on his way. The chief service you will have to render him, is to keep him out of the hands of the Catholic Association, who are in a state of deadly ire against him (and with justice) on account of his late views of our Irish Question, which I disagree with him on, *toto cælo*, or rather *totis inferis*, myself. He is, however, a good fellow, as well as a devilish clever one, and has done more for the Catholic cause here than ever O'Connell could *undo*, let him try ever so hard. This I say merely as relative to England, for Dan's *Irish* career has, of late, my entire approbation. Be kind to Barnes, if he gives you the opportunity. He takes also a letter from Lord Lansdowne to his agent at Kenmure. You will be glad, I know, to hear that my little girl is going on better than we could possibly have expected. She has been sitting up for some hours every day this week past, and there seems no danger of any return of inflammation in the hip.

"God bless you, my dear Crampton. Ever affectionately yours,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I did so lament leaving London before *your* reign there was over."

From Thomas Barnes, Esq.

"Thursday, Sept. 11, 1823.

"Dear Moore,

"I reached Town after my Irish trip on Sunday last, but have not had time to write till this afternoon. I could not have the pleasure of seeing you on my return, for I was at last compelled to come to London without any delay.

"I have been delighted with my journey. it has removed from my mind a vast deal of prejudice and false impression: it has made me feel an interest for Ireland and its people which will render the support of its cause no longer a task, but a cordial service.

"I saw a great deal of the people; though, unfortunately, I was not able to avail myself of all your introductions. Mr. Corry had left Dublin; Lord Kenmare was away for Killarney; and I was too much pressed for time in passing through Kilkenny to see Major Bryan. I met Shiel in society at Dublin, and found him not only what I expected—a clever, lively companion, but what I did not expect—a very rational and candid person, even on his own exciting subject of Catholic politics. I did not see the 'Great Dan O'Connell,' but I met one of his brothers at Killarney. I don't know whether he was aware of his companion, but there certainly was no instinctive antipathy. We passed a very pleasant afternoon in a party given by Major Mahoney of Dunloe.

"I am glad to find your face turned again towards us; and think you will see no reason to turn it away. Our views and principles are, in the main, so similar, that there cannot be any permanent disagreement.

"Mrs. Barnes begs me to express her cordial hope that your daughter is better. She has, like myself, contracted a strong interest for the 'green isle' and its inhabitants.

'Yours faithfully,

"T. BARNES."

To Philip Crampton, Esq.

"March 25, 1834.

"My dear Philip,

"How the time flies! and how you and I keep never minding each other, till at last, some fine day, one or other, or both—but 'away with *melancholy*,' as the song saith, we shall have, with the blessing of God, a merry day or two together yet. Did you know that I was very near paying you a visit at the time of Lord John Russell's excursion to Ireland last autumn? He asked me to go with him, and for two or three days my wings were

ready spread for flight. I had invitations from Bessborough and Lord Ebrington, and the Lansdownes offered to bring me back; but, all at once, my heart failed, and I gave it up. *One* of my reasons for doing so *you* were a good deal concerned in, as I found I could not have devoted more than a day or two to Dublin, and that being my principal object (on account of you and poor little Nell), I thought the rest hardly worth the time and expense. However, *next* autumn, I am resolved to invade you, and this bright sudden thought is very much the cause of this sudden, but *not* bright letter, which will, however, I know, give you pleasure.

"We are all well, except that *I* am rather plagued of late with weak eyes, which to a poor 'working-day author' is rather inconvenient. We hear of *you* sometimes and of your still blooming looks, which we pray heartily for the continuance of; being ever, my dear good fellow,

"Most heartily yours,
"Thomas Moore.

"Meant *dually* to include Bessy also, though we never were more *one* in our lives, which is saying a good deal, this being the anniversary of our marriage—the twenty-third year!"

To Samuel Rogers Esq.

"Sloperton, Oct. 6, 1835.

"My dear Rogers,

"I should have written to you sooner after my return from Ireland, but that I thought you must have left London, and did not like to send a letter yelping at your heels. But having heard from some one that you were seen in an omnibus lately, which sounds very like the *neighbourhood*, at least, of London, I take my chance of this catching you in that not *over*-fast conveyance. I don't know whether you have heard anything of my honours and glories in Ireland; but I assure you I thought very often of *you* when I was among my Muses at Bannow; one of which (my Chief Muse) was a remarkably pretty girl of about seventeen, and when I turned round to her, as she accompanied my triumphal car (which went at a very slow pace), and said, 'This is a long journey for you,' she answered, with a smile that would have done your heart good, 'Oh, I only wish, sir, it was three hundred miles.' There's for you! What was Petrarch in the Capitol to that?

"But to come to prosaic matters. You have at least heard, with all the world, that while the People were crowning me at Bannow the King was pensioning me at St. James's (a concurrence of circumstances, I flatter myself, not common in history); and never, I must add, did golden shower descend upon a gentleman nearer what is called his 'last legs' than I was at the moment when this unasked-for favour lighted upon me. With a little time and a good deal of work I have now, you will be glad to hear, every prospect of surmounting my difficulties. With the Longmans I am deeply dipped—or rather, an aggregate of sums which I had in their hands, bestowed by different friends upon the children (viz. Lord John, Admiral Douglas, and Byron), stands confronted in their books by *another* aggregate, equal, I fear, in amount, of the sums which, at different times, I have been obliged to *anticipate* on my labours. All this I shall now be enabled in time to make straight, for it will be in my power to devote the greater part of the sums coming from the next two volumes of my 'History' to this very desirable object.

"So much for *one* of my creditors. I now come to my *second*—for I have, thank God, but *two*—no *other* human creature having a demand (beyond the common tradesmen's credit) upon my purse. That *other* creditor, I need not tell you, my dear kind-hearted Rogers, is yourself; and I blush, even in this matter-of-fact statement, to have connected my obligations to *you* with any in which the mere *quid pro quo* barter of this world is concerned. But I do not the less feel the difference in *sentiment* for having thus mixed them up together in sober *matter of fact;* and that fact being that I owe you, my best of good friends, two hundred pounds: it has been some little relief to my mind to write this letter to assure that, as soon as I possibly can, I will discharge that debt. This, I know, I need not have told *you;* but, as I have just said, it is a relief to my mind to give the assurance, and I have not the least doubt that you will understand and enter into all that I feel about it.

"I leave myself always so little time to

write letters, that I much doubt whether I have expressed anything here that I *meant* to express. But you understand me enough by this time (a more than thirty years' experience, isn't it?) not to translate me *wrongly*, however confused may be the text; and, trusting to this for your version of the above, I am, my dear Rogers,

"Most truly yours,
"THOMAS MOORE."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Sloperton, Jan. 6, 1836.

"My dear Rogers,

"This note will be delivered to you by a very deserving young Irish artist, who is now here on his way to London, with a portrait of my unworthy self, which he is about to have engraved immediately, and which, according to the opinion of all who have seen it, comes nearest to the sublime and lofty original of any version that has ever been made of him. It is, I believe seriously, and judging from the opinions of all my friends, a most excellent likeness; and as you are an encourager both of art and of me, I venture to introduce my young countryman to you, with the hope that you will see both him and the picture, and, if you approve of the latter, speak a good word for it among your friends. Lord Lansdowne liked it so much that he allows the print to be dedicated to him.

"I should not so patiently have forborne from inquiring about you lately, had I not received from many quarters most prosperous accounts of you.

"Yours, ever most truly,
"THOMAS MOORE.

"My friend's name is *Mulvany*."

From a Missourian.

"St Louis, State of Missouri, U. States,
"May 22, 1836.

"Sir,

"As you have written a book whose object (*primâ facie*) is to establish truth, and dissipate error on a subject which is considered of very high importance in Christendom, to wit, the divine origin and nature of the Roman Catholic faith, I trust you will excuse me for requesting you to reply to a question which the reading of your able and most witty work has suggested, not only to me, but to many other of my fellow-citizens in this part of the world. The question which I would take the liberty of putting is this, whether we are to consider your work, entitled 'An Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion,' as a *serious* defence of the Roman Catholic doctrines and of their *intrinsic* divinity? or, whether we are to look upon it as a mere demonstration of the existence of the Roman Catholic faith (as it at present is taught) in the earliest apostolic age, without connecting it directly with the Creator of the universe, including in the idea 'Universe,' not only the solar, but every other system of central stars and revolving planets and satellites which since the Christian era science has revealed to Mankind?

"That you have succeeded in demonstrating its early Christian origin, is admitted by most persons who have read your book; that you have refuted the objections so often urged against the doctrines of the Trinity and Transubstantiation on the ground of their *modern* origin, is also admitted; that you have shown the innovations of Protestantism, and its total want of title to the name of primitive Christianity, is also conceded. But, while they admit all this, there are many who insist that you by no means prove, or *intend* to prove, the intrinsic divinity, as a special revelation, of Roman Catholic doctrine, or even of Christianity itself in its broadest, Protestant signification: that, on the contrary, you *Gibbonise* (excuse the neologism), and through your most solemn observations a tone of irony is discovered, which, in your supposed prototypic hand, as you know, is the most unparryable (here, again, a '*novus hospes*') weapon ever directed against the vitals of holy Mother Church.

"If this suspicion of Gibbonism be unfounded, permit me to recommend that you specifically disclaim any such insidious irony. If you are really sincere in defence of the Roman Catholic dogmata (particularly the dogma of Transubstantiation) you are bound to say so. By so doing you will the better attain the object which I am willing to hope you had in view. By omitting to do so, I verily believe that object will run the risk of being defeated. In conclusion I beg to assure you that whatever may have been your object, whether to sustain the Church of St. Peter, or to precipitate its fall, my opinion of your transcendent talents,

and the use you have made of them in aid of the land in which I ate my first potatoe, cannot be changed: and have, therefore, the honour to tender you the assurance of the esteem and respect of

"Your very obedient Servant,
"A Missourian.

"Thomas Moore, Esq."

To Samul Rogers, Esq.

"Sloperton, July 13, 1837.

"My dear Rogers,

"On Saturday last I returned home from my very agreeable excursion; the only drawback on the pleasure of which was my being obliged to return by Havre, and so losing my promised visit to you. My voyage down the Seine to Caen (where I deposited Tom with an eminent Greek professor) was delightful; the boat, each day, being filled with gay company, having a good band of music aboard, and passing every hour through new and beautiful scenes. The weather, I need not tell you, was a long course of sunshine; and altogether it was a very pleasant and unexpected dream. Pray tell Lord Holland that his hint about Caen (which I had never before thought of) was the rudiment of all this. The Duc de Broglie, on my making inquiries of *him*, suggested also Caen; and on my coming to investigate further, I found that one of my early college friends, who was forced to leave Ireland in 'the time of the troubles,' and entered into the French service, is now (having attained the rank of General) commanding the district at Caen. The few days I passed there with this good Irishman, talking over old rebellious times, was not the least interesting part of my trip; and his good sense and military knowledge will render his society, I trust, a source of no small advantage to Tom.

"We attended the ball at the Hotel de Ville, and, on the night of the fireworks, Tom was saved, perhaps, from being among the *asphyxiés* in the Champ de Mars, by being seated on the roof of the Tuileries, looking at bouquets and fire-balloons.

"My love to the Lady of the Park; and believe me ever, my dear Rogers,

"Most truly yours,
"Thomas Moore."

To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.

"Nov. 23, 1837.

"Dear Tom,

"With respect to what you say about 'Lalla Rookh' being the 'cream of the copyrights,' perhaps it may, in a *property* sense; but I am strongly inclined to think that, in a race into future times (if *any* thing of mine could pretend to such a run), those little ponies, the 'Melodies' will beat the mare, Lalla, hollow. As to the other things being 'unproductive,' why, it is to *make* them productive that the edition is contemplated. What have 'Madoc,' 'Joan of Arc,' &c., been *producing* all this time?

"Yours, my dear Tom, very truly,
"Thomas Moore."

To Philip Crampton, Esq.

"Dec. 23, 1838.

"My dear Crampton,

"In my hurry yesterday I forgot to mention what was certainly *next* to Tom's case in my mind, and that was your Discourse or Lecture, which I read a few days since in one of the Irish papers, and was truly charmed with it. I take for granted, however, that that was but a sketch or abstract of what you said, and that we shall have it *in extenso*. I saw also a clever Letter, by a brother Papist of mine, in reply to some of your observations. I rather think that must have been the work of a little priest belonging to Marlborough Street, who wrote a very good article about Galileo (much in the same spirit) in the 'Dublin Review.'

"What I marvel at in *you*, Master Philip, is your finding time for such lucubrations. Go on and prosper, my fine fellow; you have my hearty good wishes and admiration in *all* lines.

"Yours affectionately,
"T. Moore."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Sloperton, April 18, 1839.

"My dear Rogers,

"Only think, two such wonders as that *you* should have taken the initiative in writing to me, and that *I* should have been so long in answering you. It was not, I need hardly tell you, from want of thankfulness for the pleasure your note gave me; but I have been busy beyond even my usual stress of business, and at three or four different tasks, too driving four-

in-hand daily; so that they all, I think, run a fair chance of being bungled. I have also had a more than usual pressure of corresspondence, and lately on no very agreeable subject—the illness of our boy, Tom, who has been obliged, by rather a severe nervous attack, to get leave of absence from his regiment; while the other little fellow (as I believe you know) has also determined upon being a soldier,—an Indian one,—and is now preparing hard and fast for Addiscombe, Hobhouse having very kindly given him a cadetship.

"I did not expect you would have seen my late 'Epistle,' the channel through which it appeared lying so much out of your way, your 'solar track.' Did you at all remember the circumstance in which it originated? It was your saying to me, the last time you were at Sloperton, on seeing the prints we have hung round our dining-room, 'Why, you have all your *patrons* here!' The twelve first lines were written the day after that visit and never thought of again till very lately, when I added the remainder.

"Your friend Bessy, who 'does all things but *forget*,' sends her warmest regards and remembrances, along with mine. We trace you now and then among the shining dinner-names (in our *after*-dinner lucubrations), and always wish you a long continuance of such gay doings.

"Best regards to your sister; and believe me,

"Ever most truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.

"October 8, 1839.

"Dear Tom,

"I have received intelligence this morning of a most unexpected turn of good luck from your namesake Tom. By a rapid succession of circumstances he has arrived at his point of *purchase* for a Lieutenancy—an event many wait long years for. But this demands an *instant* outlay, and the sum of 250*l.* must be placed *without delay* in the hands of Messrs. Cox and Greenwood. Though I have little doubt you would advance me this sum on the edition or the fourth volume of the 'History,' I have, on consideration, preferred the plan of using Russell's money for it, and making all straight to him when convenient. You will therefore have the goodness, *in the course of to-morrow* (as delay might risk the loss of this most fortunate *turn-up*), to deposit the above mentioned sum in the hands of Cox and Greenwood, specifying to them for what purpose it is so deposited.

"Yours in great haste (having returned from a visit to a neighbour, but *just* in time to catch the Post),

"THOMAS MOORE.

"I think the sum is 250*l.*—but I have annexed the scrap from Tom's scrawl for you. I was sending his note by the parcel, but fearing you might delay in opening *that*, despatch it by post."

To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.

"Bowood, Nov. 7, 1839.

"Dear Tom,

"I sent you off from this last night Jones's drawing from the Dismal Swamp, which (as being very precious to Mrs. Moore) you will take good care of for her. I think you would have been pleased to see my noble host, when I told him that I had advised your calling in the alliance of Jones in our edition. He said instantly, and Lady L. joined most cordially in the opinion, that we *could not* have selected any one *so* fit for the task. This I rejoiced at, for my own sake as well as Jones's, having taken upon myself (ignoramus as I am in art) the responsibility of the selection.

"I have set some friends of mine here on the hunt for good subjects from 'Lalla Rookh.' As to the 'Melodies,' I have already mentioned to you, I think, all that struck *me* as capable of being illustrated.

"I shall send you by the next packet our third volume corrected.

"Yours ever,

"T. MOORE."

To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.

"Sloperton, Dec. 23, 1839.

"Dear Tom,

"I feel really and truly obliged to my friends Co. for their prompt and kind compliance with my request. I recollect an old woman in Dublin, Mrs. Mackavino (how *such* a Mac got there, I don't know); but she was a pensioner of my mother's, together with her daughter; and the usual form of their petition used to be 'a couple of shillings for a couple of grateful hearts.'

Now a couple of hundreds deserves a proportionate amount of gratitude, and I hereby remit you the same.

"Yours ever truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.

"Sloperton, April 18, 1840.

"Dear Tom,

"I send you the enclosed *only*, because it will be necessary for me to have a revise of it, which will not, I trust, be the case with what follows. Prose always gives me a hundred times as much trouble in correcting as poetry does. Besides, the printer, you will see, has made a mistake about my 'Greek Ode.'

"We have had a line from Russell by the pilot, and he was then only *giddy*—not yet sick. Mrs. Moore is still very depressed in spirits, and it will be some time, I fear, before she gets over her loss.

"Pray say to your lady how very much we felt her kind service and kind note.

"Yours very truly,

"T. MOORE."

"In looking over some old diaries and memorandums, I find that, however of late years I may have seen reason to grumble a little with Co. and Co., it was in former years all sunshine between us. Indeed, I will venture to say, that there are few tributes from authors to publishers on record more honourable (or, I will fairly say, more deserved) than those that will be found among my papers, relative to the transactions for many years between myself and my friends of the Row."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"19 Rue Basse, à Passy, près Paris,
"July 16, 1842.*

"My dear Rogers,

"I find that, though you do not write to me, you are still thoughtful as usual about everything that may tend to either my profit or reputation, and I think it must be with a view to gratifying me on the latter score that you recommended the application from 'The Times' that Brougham has just forwarded to me. It does indeed flatter me very much to have it thought that I could wield such a powerful political engine as 'The Times' with either that strength or promptitude which such a task requires, and it flatters me the more from my being conscious that I do not deserve it. Putting my ability, however, out of the question, it is impossible that I should now undertake such an office; for, in the first place, I cannot come to England, and, in the next, if I could, there are so many tasks before me (from the long spell of idleness I have indulged in), that every minute of my time will hardly be sufficient to accomplish them. So, pray take some means of letting Mr. Barnes know that, with every acknowledgment of the honour which he has done me by the application, I feel myself obliged to decline his proposal for the present. I write in haste and by the common post, because I have understood that an immediate answer was necessary, and I would not have troubled you, my dear Rogers, with this letter, had not Brougham desired me to make you the medium of my reply.

"I am afraid there is no chance of our meeting here very soon, for you must have had a sufficient dose of the Continent for some time; but about the beginning of winter, if the Fates and the Yankees are propitious, we may stand a chance of shaking hands with each other in St. James's Place.

"Ever yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

*To Kirkman D. Hodgson, Esq.**

"Sloperton, March 30, 1845.

"My dear Sir,

"I could much better *tell* you than I can *write* to you, the very warm and grateful acknowledgments I feel, not so much for the *matter* (though to a poor poet fifty pounds is no trifling matter), as for the *manner* of the kind service which you have been enabled to render me. It will give you pleasure, too, I think, to hear that, welcome as the restored note is to myself, it is fifty-fold more welcome in another and better quarter; as I had been lucky enough to be able to conceal the loss from Mrs. Moore, so that it came to her as a gift fresh from the skies.

* This letter is dated by Mr. Moore 1842, but obviously by mistake for 1822, where it would have been placed had the error been discovered in time.

* This letter alludes to a Bank of England note for 50*l.* which had been lost by Mr. Moore in 1840. On the security of Mr. Kirkman Hodgson and Mr. Longman, the Bank gave Mr. Moore another note for 50*l.* The lost note was never presented for payment.

"Trusting that our friend Longman may, sometime or other, give me an opportunity of thanking you in person,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Sloperton, June 23, 1847.

My dear Rogers,

"When, when are we again to meet? I was in hopes that those Irish frieuds of mine who, as you may remember, gave me lodging under their roof these two last summers, in Albemarle Street, would again have been at their post this summer, and again made me their guest. But the state of Ireland compels them to stand to their post; and this is to me a sad disappointment, for I had set my heart, my dear old friend, on having a few more breakfasts with you (to say nothing of dinners) before 'time and the hour has quite run out our day.'

"Yours, my very dear friend, most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

"I am sinking here into a mere vegetable."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"Sloperton, June 27, 1847.

"My dear Rogers,

"I show how welcome was your summons by the readiness with which I respoud to it. Already Bessy is preparing all for my flight, aud as I have some little businesses to despateh in Town, I shall be able to get through them all before you return.

"Yours ever most truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

"July 10, 1847.

"My dear Rogers,

"I am but just settling down into rural quiet after the week of gay doings with whieh you so kindly greeted me. Long, long, my dear friend, may you be able to keep up this spirit not only in your own buoyant heart, but (as I found while with you) in the hearts of all those whom you draw within your chosen eircle.

"In this instance, too; I have brought home with me a double stock of pleasure, as your frieud Bessy has heard the whole proceediugs from me, and in my narrative enjoyed a great part of my pleasure.

"THOMAS MOORE."

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE finally elosing these volumes, I propose to add some remarks on the publication of Moore's Diary, and the life of which it gives an image.

The literary works of which Mr. Moore was the author had yielded him considerable sums for copyright—not less iu the whole, he says, in the ninth volume of his Diary, than 20,000*l.* But these sums had all been exhausted by his yearly outgoings. He had a pension from the Crown of 300*l.* a-year, but this pension ceased with his death. As a provision for his widow, he left only his Diary and Letters,—eommending them to my eare. I applied immediately to Mr. Longman, his publisher, who informed me that he was prepared to give 3000*l.* for the eopyright. I found that for this sum Mrs. Moore eould secure an anuuity for the remainder of her life not less than the ineome upon whieh she and her husband had lived frugally and quietly for the last years of his life; I therefore undertook the task, reserving to myself the power of expunging any passages I might think ealculated to wound individuals, or offend the public taste.

It would not be worth while to notice in detail the eritical assaults on the eharaeter of Moore. That eharacter stands portrayed in his own letters, and his own Diary; I have transferred the impression to printed volumes.

and have placed on record, in his own words, his defects as well as his good qualities. I have not pretended to be his biographer, but have left the world to form their own judgment without extenuation, not from want of regard to my friend, but from greater regard to truth. Those biographers who exalt every merit of their hero, and defend all his actions, either deceive themselves or wish to impose upon the world. That which is instructive in itself, is the study of men as they were, whether heroes, or statesman, or poets, when they have been swept away by the storm, or have fallen in natural decay, and are scattered,

"Ou va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de laurier."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect that the men of our age and of our nation, whose characters have been unfolded to the world by the publication of their letters and their lives, have been proved generally to be men of honest hearts and pure intentions. A century has made a great change for the better.

If we compare Wellington to Marlborough, Romilly and Horner to Bolingbroke and Pulteney, Southey and Moore to Pope and Swift, we shall find that the standard of moral worth, though still far too low, has been vastly raised in the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

Moore was imbued throughout his life with an attachment to the principles of liberty; and he naturally adopted the principles of that party which contended for religious liberty and political reform. His taste for educated and refined society led him into the company of the aristocratic classes in London. Among these he was understood, appreciated, and admired. The more eminent of all political parties were charmed by his poetry, struck with his wit, and attached by the playful negligence of his conversation. A man who was courted and esteemed by Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, must have had social as well as literary merits of no common order. It was part of his nature to prize the tributes he received from such men, but likewise to doubt whether he was worthy of so much admiration. Hence his frequent recurrence in his Diary to little proofs of kindness and attention from those he himself admired for their genius, or esteemed for their integrity.

The course of politics led him into the composition of political squibs of various merit. The "vision in the Court of Chancery," the "Slave," the "Breadfruit Tree," and many more, are replete with sense and feeling, as well as wit. Others, intended to satirise George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, are neither pure in point of taste, nor laughable in point of humour; while they have too much of personal hostility for this kind of composition.

It is singular that Mr. Moore should have been one of the gloomy prophets who predicted revolution and calamity as the consequences of the Reform Act. Lord Grey, with a truer knowledge of the English people, was of opinion that the measure to be safe, must be large; and those who acted with him and under him, framed the Reform Bill in that spirit.

There is, perhaps, in men of letters a tendency to be dissatisfied with the political system under which they live. Sir James Mackintosh used to observe that the greatest authors of Athens were evidently averse to the rule of the democracy. In France, before the Revolution, the most brilliant writers were as evidently hostile to the absolute monarchy under which they lived. In our own time Southey and Coleridge began with democracy, Scott as a Jacobite, Moore as a disaffected Irish Catholic. The freedom of literary pursuits leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the most highly gifted of those who live under their

sway. Had reform never been triumphant, Moore would, in all probability have remained a warm Reformer.

Moore's domestic life gave scope to the best parts of his character. His beautiful wife, faultless in conduct, a fond mother, a lively companion, devoted in her attachment, always ready—perhaps too ready, to sacrifice her own domestic enjoyments that he might be admired and known, was a treasure of inestimable value to his happiness. I have said that perhaps she was too ready to sacrifice herself, because it would have been better for Mr. Moore if he had not yielded so much to the attractions of society, however dazzling and however tempting. Yet those who imagine that he passed the greater part of his time in London are greatly in error. The London days are minutely recorded; the Sloperton months are passed over in a few lines. Except when he went to Bowood, or some other house in the neighbourhood, the words "read and wrote," comprise the events of week after week of literary labour and domestic affection.

Those days of intellectual society and patient labour have alike passed away. The breakfasts with Rogers, the dinners at Holland House, the evenings when beautiful women and grave judges listened in rapture to his song, have passed away. The days when a canto of "Childe Harold," the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, the "Curse of Kehama" of Southey, and the "Lalla Rookh" of Moore, burst in rapid succession upon the world, are gone. But the world will not forget that brilliant period; and while poetry has charms for mankind, the "Melodies" of Moore will survive.

His last days were peaceful and happy; his domestic sorrows, his literary triumphs, seem to have faded away alike into a calm repose. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to God*, and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his decline. Those who have enjoyed the brilliancy of his wit, and heard the enchantments of his song, will never forget the charms of his society. The world, so long as it can be moved by sympathy, and exalted by fancy, will not willingly let die the tender strains, and the patriotic fires, of a true poet.

J. R.

April, 1856.

* Mrs. Moore, as I have before mentioned, has recorded in her memory his earnest exhortation:—"Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God."

INDEX.

A.

Abbotsford, Moore's visit to, 547, 550, 553, 602, 877.
"A Bishop and a bold Dragoon," 529, 562.
"Abraham and Agar," by Guercino, 288.
Academia delle Bello Arti, the, 295.
"Achilles defending the Dead Body of the Queen of the Amazons," by Schadow, 306.
"Achin Foane," 765.
Ackroyd, 145, 147.
A'Court, Captain, 642.
——, Mr., 431.
——, Mrs., 431, 518.
"Acta Eruditorum," 208.
Acting, not an intellectnal art, 797.
Actors' mistakes, 434.
Actors of melancholy, 683.
"Adagia," 200.
Adair, Sir Robert, his mission to Russia, and intercepted letter, 523.
Adapting French pieces to the English stage, the great manufacture of the present day, 393.
Addington, Mr., reports of his being offered the Premiership, 187; epitaph on, 733.
Addison, Joseph, composing at Holland House, 221; renowned for his conversation, 676.
"A Dream of Turtle, by Sir W. Curtis," 593.
Advertisement for a King of France, 524.
"Advice to Julia," 396.
Aiken, Mr., jeu d'esprit npon, 224.
Alexander, Emperor of Russia, 155, 884.
————, Nathaniel, Bishop of Meath, told Moore the anecdote about Sheridan's sermon, 256.
Alfred the Great, Life of, written by Milton, Hume, Burke, and Mackintosh, 738.
Allen, John, his criticism of Moore's "History," 937; at Holland House, 938; his opinion of Sir James Mackintosh, 694.
"Alone by the Schuylkill," written chiefly in allusion to Mrs. Hopkinson, 78.
Althorpe, Lord, compared by Luttrell to the manager of a theatre before a tumultuous audience, 777, 1014.
Alvanley, Lord, anecdote of, 412; pun by, 801; story of, and Berkely Craven, 204; story, told by him, of a man learning the Swedish language, 751.
Amateur Glee Club, 143.
Ambassadors, anecdotes of, 601.
Ambition of style, instance of, 637.
America, 5, 7, 66, 74, 80, 97, 165, 218, 231, 245, 249, 250, 332, 364, 523, 602, 605, 610, 664, 734, 736, 748, 753, 775, 797, 808, 827, 829, 844, 851, 909, 933, 961, 969, 970, 1003, 1013.
American character, 72.
———— edition of Moore's "Epistles," 97.
———— editions of Moore's works, 226.
———— Government, the, offered Sheridan £20,000, for his services in the cause of liberty, 225.
———— intolerance, 605.
———— inns, 79.
———— laws, their diversity, 250.
———— letter to Moore, extracts from, 911.
———— "Life of Moore," 97.
———— literature, its backwardness, and the cause of it, 317.
———— passion for races, 811.
———— slavery, 827.
———— stage coaches emblematic of the Government, 76.
Americanism, 513.
Americans, the, alarmed by the number of Merry's servants, and the immensity of their baggage, 971; surprised by art, not nature, 807.
"Anacreon," commenced by Moore, 39; Dr. Lawrence's remarks upon, 59; permission to dedicate it to the Prince of Wales, 55; some of Moore's translations from, submitted to Dr. Kearney, 43; volume of designs from, 61; strange letter from a man, about Moore and "Anacreon," lending him £10, 817.
Anonymous letter, inclosing three ponnds to Moore, as a token of a young girl's admiration of "Lalla Rookh," 195.
Anecdotes, 380; of a cardinal, 311; of actors, 511; of a disputatious man, 662; of a dog, 639; of a French girl, 422; of a hump-backed man, 364; of a judge, 654; of the Countess of Albemarle, 541; of Lord Alvanley, 412; of ambassadors, 601; of an actor in "Coriolanus," 556; of an astronomer, 533; of an Irish landlord and his agent, 276; of an Irish Member, 798; of an Irish squire and the militia, 366; of a rich heiress, 598; of a Sicilian, 705; of a Spanish doctor, 953; of a translator, 285; of Sebastian Bach, 275; of Caleb Baldwin, 234; of Doctor Barnes, 848; of George Barrington, 487; of Lord Barrymore and Sir A. C., 364; of Bavarian Ambassador, 349; of Lady Blessington's

theatricals, 786; of Beau Brummel, Moore, and the Prince of Wales, 662; of Sir Francis Burdett, 800; of Lord Byron, 504, 625, 653; of Marquis Camden, 568; of Lord Camelford, 810; of Queen Caroline, 338; of the Empress Catharine, told by Lord St. Helen's, 790; of Lord Cloncurry, 746; of Coleraine, 656; of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 805; of Kangaroo Cooke, 348; of the Countess of Cork, 279; of Mr. Corry, 391; of Crampton and Doherty, 666; of John Philpott Curran, 423, 459; of Dr. Denman, 646; of Doherty and Crampton, 667; of Doyle and Provost Hutchinson, 740; of Lord Dudley, 629; of Billy Egan, 90; of the Earl of Eldon and Leach, 285; of the Earl of Ellenborough, 264, 537, 568; of the Earl of Ellenborough and figurative oratory, 665; of Lord Erskine, 771; of W. Farquhar, 516; of Fenelon and Cardinal Richelieu, 710; of Ferney and Voltaire, 286; of Judge Fletcher, 427; of Frederick, King of Prussia, 638; of the French Revolution, 412; of French translations from the English, 431; of George III., 760; of Edward Gibbon, 954; of Gordon and Don Pedro, 702; of the Duke of Grafton, 630; of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, 391, 577; of Earl Grey, 702; of Sir Henry Hardinge (Viscount Hardinge) 735; of Hare's hooks and the Dogana, 388; of Haydn, 262; of William Hazlitt and John Lamb, 337; of Lord Holland, 699; of Bishop Horsley, 710; of Dr. Hume and Sterling, 876; of John Hunter, 711; of Provost Hutchinson and Doyle, 740; of Irishmen, 478; of Miss Kelly, 461; of John Kemble, 956; of Lord Kenyon, 495; of Charles Lamb, 774; of John Lamb and William Hazlitt, 337; of Pyramid Lambert, 514; of the first Marquis of Lansdowne, 773; of Lanza and Reynolds, 874; of Leach and Lord Eldon, 285; of Lord Liverpool, 426; of Louis XVIII.'s cook, 712; of Charles Macklin, 43; of Charles Manners Sutton (Viscount Canterbury), 543; of Marie Antoinette, 373; of Molière, 630; of Matthew Montague, 1031, and *note*; of Lady Morgan, 665; of Murphy, 902; of Sir Isaac Newton, 646; of Lord North, 473, 485; of Robert Owen, 810; of Paley and Dr. Parkinson, 223; of Ralph Payne, 543; of Don Pedro and Gordon, 702; of the Persian Ambassador and the Provost of Edinburgh, 550; of Lord Peterborough, 681; of Piozzi, 547; of Richard Porson, 630; of the Duke of Portland and the Westminster election, 597; of "Portrait Charmant," 614; of Abbé Prevost, 631; of the King of Prussia, 638; of the Duke of Queensberry, 910; of reproachful terms, 810; of Cardinal Richelieu and Fenelon, 710; of rival shoemakers, 669; of Sir Boyle Roche, 514; of Baron de Rolle, 811; of Sir Walter Scott's grandfather, 552; of William Scott, 888; of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 205, 212, 256, 354, 370, 472, 530, 531, 534; of Sheridan and Dent, 212; of Sheridan and Richardson, 350; of Sheridan and Shaw, 320; of Sheridan and two French Officers, 217; of Dean Shipley, 574; of Spanish Ambassadors, 602; of Speakers of the House of Commons, 801; of Madame de Stael, 701; of Sterling and Dr. Hume, 876; of Abbé St. Phar and the Prince of Wales, 539; of Prince Maurice Talleyrand, 638; of General Tarleton, 269; of Baron Thompson, 564; of Thorwaldsen, 840; of Lord Thurlow, 710; of Vanini, 278; of Voltaire and Ferney, 285; of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, 264, 531, 532, 546; of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and the Abbé St. Phar, 539; of Sir Whistler Webster, 714; of the Duke of Wellington, 550, 573, 574, 578, 611, 696, 733, 878; of Sir David Wilkie, 840; of King William IV., 772; of Wordsworth, 843; of the Prince of Wurtemberg, 413; told by Sir Thomas Champneys, 753; by Jekyll, 434; by Rev. Sydney Smith, 757; by Lady Swinton, 553.

"An Epistle to Thomas Moore, Esq.," 281.

"Angel, the, releasing St. Peter from Prison," 302.

Anglesey, Marquis of, his recall from Ireland alluded to, 681; his offer to support Moore as a candidate to represent Trinity College in Parliament, 793; the King's anger with him at his intention to treat the Catholics with kindness, 653.

"An Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion," 274.

Antiquaries, Society of, Steven's trick on them, 271.

"Antiquities of Normandy," the, 355.

"Anti-Reform Union," the, 470.

Antoinette Marie, 373.

Arkwright, Mrs. Robert, her opinion of the "Epicurean," 634; her singing, 634.

Armagh, Archbishop of, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin contrasted, 466.

Armenian Monastery, visited by Moore, 292.

Arnaud, his "Germanicus," 351; his "Guillaume de Nassau," 356; translation into French verse of Moore's "Lalla Rookh," 351, 356, 384; persecuted by the government, 384.

Athenæum Club, the opening of, 719; *et passim.*

Atkinson, Captain, interested in procuring the laureateship for Moore, 63, 69.

Auckland, Lord, bon-mot of, 522; grey and grave, 940; his kind reception of John Russell Moore at Calcutta, 920; his letter to Moore about his son, 940; "Memorial to the States-General," 229.

Audley, Lord, his disposing of his house, and his death, 209.

B.

Bacchus, Temple of, 305.

Bach, Sebastian, anecdote of, 274.

Bacon, Lord, extract from his will, 352; his reasons for women's arrival at a result without reasoning, 311.

Bailey, his correction of Moore's Greek Anacreontic, prefixed to his translation of "Anacreon," 160.

Bank-note for 50*l.*, lost by Moore, 284.

Bank of England Charter, curious circumstance connected with, 536.

——— question, the, alluded to, 236.

Bannister, John, his melancholy address to his own door, 711.

Barnes, Dr., anecdote of, 848.

———, Thomas, Editor of "The Times," proposes that Moore should write "The Times" leaders while he was ill, 420, 487; his opinion of Lords Lansdowne and Holland, 488; full of praise of Moore's "Sheridan," 546; wished Moore to request Lord Lansdowne to propose him as a member of the Athenæum, 613; his character, 617; his acceptance of Moore's proposal for half the number of his squibs, 643; his "secret information" for "The Times," 652; his abuse of the aristocracy, 664; had great hopes from the Duke of Wellington for the Catholic question, 680; once in negotiation with Canning, to become tutor to his son, 817; letter from Moore, introducing him to Philip Crampton, 268; letter to Moore, expressing delight with his journey in Ireland, 269.

Barrington, George, anecdote of, 172.

Barrymore, Lord, and Sir A. C., anecdote of, 364.

"Battle of Waterloo," the, 183.

——— Worcester, good story of, 923.

Bavarian Ambassador, anecdote of a, 349.

Bayntum, Sir Edward, 640; curious journal of his alluded to, 784; extracts from the diary of, 893.

Beauty, the next requisite to first-rate acting, 205.

Beckford, William, his "Agemia," 219; his "Travels," 217; delighted with "Lalla Rookh," 217; "Elegant Enthusiast," 219; his two mock novels written to ridicule his sister's novels, 219; his "Vathek," 787.

Beecher, his speech on the Catholic question, 259.
Bellew, opinion of Moore's address to the Limerick electors, 796.
Bellingham, scene between Bailey and Byron at his execution, alluded to, 655.
Bermuda, Moore's appointment to, 70; description of, 71—74; its markets, 121; incorrect representations of Moore's appointment at, 72; defalcation of his deputy at, 195, 196; business, statement of the facts of the, in answer to an incorrect paragraph on the same, 955.
Bertrand, M., first won, by Moore's poetry, to study the English language, 888; translated several of the "Irish Melodies," 888.
Best, Lord Chief Justice, 700; challenge to, borne by Lord Byron, 681.
Blackwood's "Magazine," a malicious article in, against Moore, 223, 224; article in praise of Moore, 246.
Bon-mots, 635; of Lord Auckland, 522; Madame de Coigny, 282; Frere, 810; Prince Talleyrand, 801, 802.
Books, an article of furniture more than study, 376.
Booksellers in Paris, and the regulations affecting them, 363.
"Boston, the," frigate, 77, 81, 792.
Bourbons, the, 155, 161.
Bowditch, Dr. N., "Natural History," 382.
Bowles, Rev. William Lisle, his parsonage at Bremhill described, 202; his purchase of a great coat in Monmouth street, 237; his verses on the Westminster Abbey Festival, 825; "Address from Prospero to Ariel," 212; his dinner at Joy's, 260; his famous song, 641; Wharton's notes on Pope contrasted, 248; anxious, before he died, to write a life of Bishop Ken, 527; a thorough churchman, 457; attended mass, with Moore, at Wardour Castle, 511; lecture, to his curate, on the use of hard words in preaching, 636; his oddity, 890; his organ made by Chevers, a carpenter, 250; his sermon on the Draught of Fishes alluded to, 866; his sermon on the Impotent Man at the Pool of Bethesda, 471; his talent and simplicity, 202; introduced Moore's words, "Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!" into his sermon, 458; Moore's opinion of, 1038; "More last words," 544; never allowed a tailor to measure him, 874; note respecting Moore, 895; translation of a Latin epitaph, 906; Verses on Bells in Nares's "Dictionary," made him a lover of poetry, 457.
Bowring, Dr., defence of his conduct relative to his Greek bonds, 664; Moore's attack on him in the "Ghost of Miltiades," 659.
"Boxiana," 236.
Boyce, Dr. William, 248; march by, 247.
Boyd, "Translation of the Fathers," 1022; Moore's article on, warmly praised by Allen, Lord and Lady Holland, 244.
Boz, 905; Sydney Smith's opinion of, 875; Moore's opinion of, 878; his "Pickwick Papers," 878.
Brahant, Dr., and Moore, their article on "German Rationalism," for the "Edinburgh Review," 762.
Braham, John, going to play in Moore's opera at Bath, 110; song for, written by Moore, 123; proposed Moore should write words to some melodies of his, 268.
Brewster, Sir David, his good sense and simplicity of manner, 875.
Bristed, "Resources of the United States," full of information, 249.
Brougham, Lord, at Liverpool, 618; and Sydney Smith, extract from the joint article on Ritson in the "Edinburgh Review," 816; his "Colonial Policy," 970, *note;* his story on the love of liberty in birds, 610; considered Junius overrated, 704; his opinion on Moore's transaction about the Byron "Memoirs," 492; his opinion that Queen Caroline was insane about children, 453; "Letter on the Public Charities," 213; his observation on the financial prospects of the country, 568; his opinion of Curran, 704; his review of "Cevallos," 979; Speech on "Finance," 415; his opinion of George IV.'s marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and consequent forfeiture of the Crown, 521.
Brummel, Beau, his toilette, 429; "Memoirs," much talked of, 234; Moore and the Prince Regent, anecdote of, 662; change in his appearance, 884.
Bryan, as a politician, 174; bequeaths Anastasia Moore £1000, 498, 562; his opinion of Moore's proceeding in connection with the Byron "Memoirs," 498; presented Moore with a gold repeater, 498; his sarcasm on Moore's unambitious happiness alluded to, 133.
Bryant, 871.
Buckingham, George Villiers, duke of, remarkable extracts from a MS. book of his, 541, *note.*
Burdett, Sir Francis, 204; and the beggar, 709; anecdote of, 800; his character from Deville's phrenological examination, 576; prejudiced against Grattan, 204; the best constitutional lawyer in England, 865.
Burgess, and Sheridan's letters, 536, 537; in possession of all the deeds relating to Drury Lane theatre, 506.
Burgh, Hussey, delivered Whyte's Prologue to "Henry IV.," 20.
Burghersh, Lord (Earl of Westmoreland), wished Moore to translate his Italian opera, 360.
Burke, Edmund, his "Address to the British Colonists in North America," 523; a jobber, 505; "Beauties of," 203; his admiration of Sheridan's second speech on the Begums, 217; change of style after Sheridan's Westminster Hall speech, 503; pedestrian tour and the consequences arising from it, 503; his speeches, 255; "History of the English Colonies," 505; jealous of Sheridan, 508; "Life of," 505; Alfred the Great, 739; "Reflections," 605; the memoranda of his speeches, their reasoning, 278.
Burns, Robert, and the National Music of Scotland, 14, *note* A.; and Wycherly, similar idea of, 242; his song-writing alluded to by Mooro, 14, *note* A.; proposed monument to, 254; Toasts, 815, and *note.*
Burroughes, his curious system of franking, 108.
Burrow, Major, his duel with Dowling alluded to, 24.
Burrowes, Rev. Peter, imprisoned for a squib, 31; Moore's tutor on entering college, 28; "The night before Larry was stretched," 29.
Burston, Beresford, a distinguished barrister, alluded to, 24; his opinion of the legality of the General Catholic committee, 24; Moore's intimacy with his son, 24.
———, Beresford, jun., 26; and Moore entered at the Middle Temple, 43.
Bushe, Charles, Lord Chief Justice, an eloquent member of the Historical Society, 34; on the article of Moore's in the "Edinburgh" on "Private Theatricals," 643; opinion of Moore's address to the Limerick electors, 796.
Byron, Ada, her portrait, 402.
———, Lady, her amiable qualities enumerated by Lord Byron, 183; her letter to Lord Byron, 324; her satisfaction at the "Life," 719; never mentioned in Lord Byron's letters to Moore, 181; report of her being about to marry Cunningham, 548; her rupture with Lord Byron, 1034.
———, Lord, his duel with Moore, 231; his characteristics as a man, 268, 623, 624, 654; anecdote of Lord Holland's expostulation with him, on his attack upon Lord Carlisle's paralysis, 660; anecdotes of, 625, 681, 702; anecdotes of, in Greece, 504; respecting Shelley, 668; his characteristics as a poet, 10; accused of pla-

giarism by Wordsworth, 342; anticipated Moore's poem on an Eastern subject by his own, 415; attacked by Lady Hester Stanhope, 655; his avowal of the authorship of Lines to the Young Princess, 1015; his "Bride of Abydos," 1003; and "Corsair," alluded to, 1008; bust of, by Thorwaldsen, 393; his "Cain," 394, 416 called out Southey, 408; his natural daughter Allegra, 217, 419; dedicated his "Corsair" to Moore, 149, employed Moore as his second in his affair with Harry Greville, 231; endeavoured to make a lady believe he had murdered some one, 641; epigram by, 356; epigram on the anniversary of his marriage, 346; his lameness, 623, 625, 706; falsehoods and misrepresentations in Medwin's book about him, 516, "Foscari," 388; ghost story of, on the authority of Sir Robert Peel, 684; godfather to Olivia Byron Moore, 161; "Hebrew Melodies," Jeffries opinion of, 176; his affidavit about Lord Portsmouth, 697; his chanting method of repeating poetry, 665; his conduct to Hunt, 622, 505; his conversation, 289, 368; his early letters exceedingly interesting, 647; his letter to Murray, detailing an intrigue, alluded to, 270; his letters to Lady Melbourne, too confidential for publication, 623; his mother a very coarse woman, 623, 625; his last meeting with his mother, 653; his reason for hating his mother, 653; his MS. of "Werner" sent to Moore, 406; his opinion of Shakspeare, 293, 416; his opinions of some of the "Irish Melodies," 9; his presents to Kean, 705; his profligate life at Venice, 654, 689; his quarrel with Dr. Butler, 749; his sensitiveness to criticism, 683, 648; his separation from Lady Byron, 182; his threatening to appear to Fletcher, 260; his threat to write a satire against Moore, 235; his tragedies of "Sardanapalus" and "Foscari," 388; his value of antiquities, 653; his "Don Juan," 253, 291; instance of his good nature, 685; "Larry and Jacky," 1019, *note;* letter from, to Moore, alluded to, 146; letter of his alluded to in praise of Mrs. Dalton's singing, 179; letter to, from a young girl in a consumption, alluded to in his Memoirs, 511; letter to Lady Byron, 325; letter to Moore alluded to, proposing to set up a newspaper with Moore, as a means of paying the latter's debts, 353; letter to Mrs. Shelley about Leigh Hunt, 621; "Lines on Solitude," 10; living at Ravenna with the Countess Gulccioli and her husband, 326; respecting him, 620, 626; on Bowles and Popery, 366; his opinion of "Lalla Rookh," 6; his preference for "The Fire Worshippers," 10; "Personification of Greece, 10; pictures of, 542; praise of Moore's lines on the Neapolitans, 371; presentiment of his being attacked, 324; "Prophecy of Dante," 394; his reference to the "Post Bag," 7; his strong attachment to Moore, 690; "Sunset at Athens," 10; testimony to Moore's talents and good qualities, 7; "The Battle of Waterloo," 10; the bearer of a challenge to Lord Chief Justice Best; 691; the copyright of his works, 639; the "Prisoner of Chillon, alluded to by Rogers, 1033; third canto of "Childe Harold," alluded to by Rogers, 1033; very superstitious, 290; takes the field with the Greeks, 433; his illness at Missolonghi," 504; his death, 491; and burial at Newstead Abbey, 502, 503; his monument refused admittance to Westminster Abbey, 841; proposed monument to him, 666; song on his death, 521; his bequest to Fletcher, 654; weight of his brains, 506; his statue by Thorwaldsen, 943.

Byron, Lord and Lady, inquired about by Jeffroy, 168; strange rumours in the country respecting, 1028.

———, Mrs., 633; her death hastened by a fit of passion, 646; her notes in the margin of all the Reviews that had appeared upon Byron's early poems, 665.

C.

Camelford, Lord, anecdotes of, 810.

Campbell, Mr., one of the first subscribers to Moore's "Anacreon," 53.

———, Thomas, his poetry depreciated, and instances adduced of his defects, 887; his vanity mortified, 767; "Hohenlinden," 549; letter to Moore alluded to, 485; his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," 829; withdraws from the "Metropolitan," 791; much pleased with Moore's singing, 267; "O'Connor's Child," 226; "Pleasures of Hope," 549.

"Canadian Boat Song," music of, suggested to Moore by that given in the text, 851.

Canning, Mrs., her letters showing Sheridan's private character in an amiable view, 202.

———, Right Hon. George, and his colleagues at the time of the French invasion of Spain, 640; and the Literary Club, 660; article by him on the Elgin Marbles in the "Quarterly," 341; by Sir Thomas Lawrence, 576; his "Epitaph on Pitt," 605; his account of Grattan's failing oratory, 342; his allowance of the alteration and mangling of his papers in Council, 691; his sensitiveness, 343; inflexible on the Catholic question, 112; introduction to Moore, 341; persuaded by the Prince to join the relics of the Perceval ministry, 116; pun on Charles Wynne, 656; quotation from, 879, *note;* scraps about Sheridan, 455; his "Speeches," 709, *note;* translation of Lord Bexley's motto, 442; "War Speech," 603; would never have been prime minister, had he started into political life under the Whigs, 842; his death alluded to, 626; Life of, proposed to Moore, and declined by him, 719.

———, Sir Stratford (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), ludicrous account of Lord Byron's taking precedence of the *corps diplomatique* at Constantinople, 264; tried to persuade Moore to take a trip with him to Constantinople, 926.

"Captain Rock, Memoirs of," flatteringly noticed in the "Times" and "Morning Chronicle," 489; great sensation produced by, in Ireland, 490; various comments and reviews on, 502.

"———— detected," by O'Sullivan, 501, 507.

Capuchins, their skulls ranged and labelled, 293.

Carey, Paulet, projector of the "Sentimental Masonic Magazine," 23.

Carignan, Prince, afterwards Charles Albert, not contemptible, 426, *note.*

Carlisle, Lord, Byron's horror at the personality of one of his lines on, 505, and *note.*

Carnarvon, Lord, his conversation with Moore on politics, 642.

Caroline, Queen, revolution prognosticated, on her arrival in England, 328; decision of the House of Lords against her, and Moore's remarks on it, 345; the bill against her defeated, and the proposed dinner to celebrate it, 345.

Casey, account of the fracas between Grattan and Isaac Corry, 391; parody of two of Moore's lines in the "Veiled Prophet," 460.

Castlereagh, Lord (Viscount), and the "Radiant-boy," 550; curious incident connected with, 625; his opinion of Moore's writings about himself, 338.

Catherine, Empress of all the Russias, anecdote of, told by Lord St. Helen's, 790.

Catholic Association, the, Moore's repugnance to, 7.

———— cause, the, conversation on, 564; going to ruin, 564.

———— claims, the, to be overborne or baffled, 129.

———— Committee, the General, its legality, 24.

———— Emancipation, 118, 680; certainty of its being

recommended in the king's speech, 682; dreaded by Italian liberals, 296; mountain and mouse results of 695.
Catholic enfranchisement, opened the University of Dublin to Moore, 24.
——— Question, the, 127; and the year 1829, 680.
Catholics, the Roman, 213; abuse of the Prince of Wales, 1013; address of, the policy of a party, 1007; proud of a parallelism between their religion and that of the heathen, 910.
Chalk Farm, 90, 91; chosen for the duel between Moore and Jeffrey, 90.
Chalmers, Dr., 286; "Devotional Exercises," 650; letter to Lord Byron on the publicity of his private sorrows, 217.
Changes of climate on the American coast, 67.
Chantrey, Sir Francis, his conversation with Moore on the Bermuda business, 674; "Dansatrice," 305; description of a morning in the king's bed-chamber in the cottage, 716; "Diree," 305; group of Mrs. Jordan and her children, executed by him for William IV., 869; "Hebe," 305; his contempt for the old masters, instance of, 634; his explanation to Moore of the progress of working a statue, 305; his remarks on groups of sculpture, 301; "Love and Psyche," 305; "The Female leading the Old Man," 305; "The Graces," 305; "Washington," 305.
Chateaubriand, anticipated part of Moore's story of the "Epicurean," 331; "Les Martyrs," 331, 338; his account of the representation of Moore's "Lalla Rookh" at Berlin, 359.
Chatham, Earl of, his curious speech respecting the livery of the city of London, 710; better remembered than Mr. Pitt, 230; his fame, 474; his humbug, 692; quotation from, 508; a speech of his, 509.
Chevenix, his intention to have introduced Lamartine to the English as the "first" French poet, 358.
Chesterfield, Lord, his saying on seeing a minuet danced, 706.
Churchill, original letter of his to his bookseller, asking for a guinea, alluded to, 520.
Civil process, the great grievance of the law in Ireland, 468.
Clairvoyant, a remarkable one alluded to, 897.
Clanship, the source of most of the evils in Ireland, 813.
Clare, Lord, his description of the country, and society in India, 879; his marked kindness to Moore, 44.
Clock described which Mademoiselle D'Orleans presented to Moore, 370.
Cloncurry, Lord, anecdote of, 746; his wish to get up a public dinner to Moore, 564; interceded with Lord Wellesley for a man found guilty of murder, but believed to be innocent, 469.
Close, Barry, his studies and acquirements, all made through Persian translations, 237.
Cobbett, William, disputed grammar of a passage of his, 519; his "English Grammar," 27; his "History of the Reformation," 563.
Cockburn, gave Moore a seal in remembrance, 67.
Codd, Richard Joyce, letter to, from Moore, congratulating him on his marriage, 103; Moore's letter to his mother, on the death of, 103.
——, Thomas, Moore's maternal grandfather, 17.
Coffee biggins, named from Mr. Biggin, the inventor, 53.
Coho Falls, very beautiful, 78.
Coin, curious, found in Ireland, 254.
Coke, Sir Edward, his conduct on the trial of Sir Walter Ralegh, 270; story told by him of a dinner given by Lord Petre to Fox and Burke after their great quarrel, 659, and *note*.
Coleraine, Lord, 656; anecdote of, 656; story of, 485.
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, anecdote of, 805, employed in writing on Daniel, and the Revelations, 814; pleased at Moore's singing, 814; his story of an author, 440.
College dinner, 191.
——— life, Moore's commencement of, 27; reputations, 696.
Combe, author of "Dr. Syntax," 220; kicked Lord Lyttleton down stairs for his ridicule of Lady Archer, 220; said to be the writer of Macleod's "Loo Choo," 220; the author of Lord Lyttleton's "Letters," 220.
Comparison between the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent, 134; between Lords Brougham and Dudley, 454; between Milton's Satan, and Tasso's Pluto, 15, *note* B.
"Comus," epilogue to, written by Grattan, 20; prologue to, written by Whyte, 20.
Constable, his conversation with Moore, 455; his failure, 568, 569; paid Scott in one year £14,000, 246.
Contest between the Houses of Lords and Commons on a point of etiquette, 593, and *note*.
Contiuental characteristic singing, 313.
Contrast between Luttrell and Smith, 441; between the sums paid for Milton's "Paradise Lost," and "Mrs. Rundell's Cookery," 597.
Conversation about the meaning of French words, 450; between Byron and Moore, relative to Lady Byron, alluded to, 289; between Moore and Chantrey, on the Bermuda business, 674; Lord John Russell on the "Life of Sheridan," 449; of the society in Wordsworth's neighborhood, 838; on grammar, 443; on the use of particular words and style, 668; upon teeth, 538.
Conversations, scraps of, on politics, 570.
Convivial and Political Songs, by Thomas Brown, author of the "Two-penny Post-bag," proposed, 141.
Cooper, James Fennimore, 662; his indignation against Lord Nugent, 659; repartee of, 662.
Corbet, General, accurate account of his escape from Kilmainham, in Lady Morgan's "O'Brians and O'Flahertys," 884, 885, his meeting with Moore, alluded to, 1022; his opinion of Scott's "Napoleon," 885; story of his life, 1023; view of Irish politics in 1837, 1023.
Corry James, letters from, to Moore, 991, 1006, 1011, 1012, 1048; letters to, from Moore, 986, 988, 989, 992, 993, 1005, 1015, 1032, 1036, 1037, 1040, 1041, 1043.
Crabbe, Rev. George, his "Works" offered to Longman's, 234; journal of one of his visits to London, found among his papers, 781; lines suggested by Moore's poem on his receiving an inkstand, 919; Lord Melbourne's remark on the new edition of his works, 812; opinion of, by a lady, 273.
Cramer, M., his calculation of the space and food taken up by animals in the Ark, 286.
Crampton, John, and Doherty, anecdote of, 666; sarcasm on, by Redmond Barry, 847.
———, Philip, a spirited skeleton, 177; Barnes's letter of introduction to, from Moore, 1051; letters to, from Moore, 1051, 1054.
Cranmer, Archbishop, his elegant habits, 474; supposed recovery of his bones, alluded to, 909.
Crawley, 233; his "Angel of the World," 335; made war upon Moore, in ambuseade, 335.
Criminals, contrast in the behavior of two, 598.
Cuba, threatened by a descent of the French army of St. Domingo, 74.
Curran, John Philpot, and his metaphors, 208; anecdotes of, 424, 459; couplet on, 32; curious judgment about free admissions into the theatre, 683; his adventure at Oxford with Reinagle, 204; his remarks on Lord Moira, 1024; repartee of, 237; speech alluded to, 117; story of the Piper, 426.

Curran, William, opinion of Moore's address to the Limerick electors, 796.

D.

Dalby, Mary, letters to, from Moore, 137, 145, 159, 160, 991 1004, 1008.
Dalton Colonel, 495.
———, Edward T., letters to, from Moore, 121, 125, 126, 133, 151, 155, 161, 168, 175, 176, 177, 179.
Dancing at Bermuda, 74; on a broken floor, 363; on a Sunday night, not objectionable to Catholics, 234.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, his discovery of the decomposition of alkalies, 652; fanciful opinion of the chamber where the Laocoon was found, 299; his opinion of the negroes, 487; his early life, 652.
Deism, spreading amongst the common people in Ireland, 463.
De Lancy, Lady, account of the death of her husband at Waterloo, 513.
Derby ball, the 159; races, the, 159; the public dinner at, 649.
Deville; examined Moore and Sir Francis Burdett's heads, 577; his good guesses about Bowles, 578.
Diamond mines, usages in, 364.
Diffuseness of writers who dictate to an amanuensis, 754.
Disraeli, his "Curiosities of Literature" good invalid reading, 352; his view of the political character of Whigs and Tories, 865.
Disturbances in Paris on the election law, 327; symptoms of the renewal of, 334.
Dog Latin, conversation in, between an Irish priest and a foreigner, 817.
Doherty and Crampton, anecdote of, 666.
Donegal, Lady (Marchioness of), letters from, to Moore, 116, 162, 173, 183, 972, 974, 981, 994, 998, 1028, 1046, 1049; letters to, from Moore, 83, 92, 93, 97, 101, 103, 105, 108, 110, 111, 112, 114, 119, 131, 146, 149, 155, 164, 165, 172, 174, 182, 186, 188, 194, 195, 196, 975, 983, 994, 1002, 1025.
Donington Park, Lord Moira's library at, of great use to Moore, 5.
"Don Juan," conversation about the third Canto, 290; falling off in two of the Cantos, 458; Moore's opinion of the second Canto, 270; pronounced by Hobhouse and others unfit for publication, 243.
Douglas, Admiral John Erskine, a legatee of the Duke of Queensbury, 106; challenged two French frigates to come out of New York and fight him, 792; his handsome offer to Moore, 106; his offer to Moore of the Secretaryship on the Jamaica station, 158; attacked suddenly, 923.
Doyle and Provost Hutchinson, anecdote of, 740.
———, Dr., his judgment on Moore's "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," 11.
———, Frank, opinion of Moore's proceeding in connection with the Byron "Memoirs," 498.
Drogheda, Catholics of, letter from their secretary to Moore, thanking him for the exposition of their wrongs in "Captain Rock," 491.
Drury Lane Theatre, ruinous state of, 1034; the fire at, and an Irishman's remark to Sheridan, 363.
Dryburgh Abbey, Sir Walter Scott's family burying place, 548.
Dublin, night of the intended attack upon, 42.
"Dublin Evening Post, The," wish of the Prince of Wales, that his letter concerning the Irish Catholics should be inserted in, 123.
"——— Review, The," note from the author of the "Article on Thomas Moore," 424.
Dublin Society, the, offer their librarianship to Moore, 151.
Dudley, Lord (Lord Dudley and Ward), anecdotes of, 629, 642; his oddities, 623; Luttrell's joke on his speaking by heart, 674; repartee of, 701.
Duel between Lords Clonmell and Tyrawley, alluded to, 569; between Moore and Jeffrey, 88; misrepresented in the newspapers, 92; between Phipps and Starkey, alluded to, 527.
Duelling, conversation on, 810.
Dutch commercial house, conclusion of a letter from a, 434.
Dyer, George, reading his poetry to Dr. Graham's patients, 277.
Dyke, Miss, married to Moore, 107, *note*.
———, Thomas, Moore's assumed name, 388, 389, 390.

E.

Eagle, the brass, found at Newstead Abbey, 647.
Easthope, Sir John, Moore's arrangement with, for occasional squibs to the "Chronicle," 151.
Eden, Hon. Miss, letter from, 309; letter to Moore about Russell, 286.
Edgeworth, Miss, preparing her father's "Memoirs" for the press, 207, 213.
Edinburgh, Moore's visit to, 554—558.
Edinburgh Review, the, conversation on, between Moore and Constable, 455; its circulation, 162; its treatment of Earl Moira, 124; the sole property of Messrs. Longman, 599.
Egan, Billy, anecdote of, 90.
Egotism of foreign writers, 238.
Eichhorn, his opinion of the Gospels, 524.
Eldon, Lord, (Earl of), anecdote of, 285; joke of, 629.
Elizabeth, Queen, her proclamation forbidding people to talk of, or describe, her person or features, 691.
Ellenborough, Lord, (Earl of) anecdotes of, 264, 537; brought into the cabinet by Sheridan, 214; remark to a witness, 487; saying of his, 120.
Elliston, Robert William, proposed to Moore to write a drama on "Lalla Rookh," 394.
Emmett, Robert, his letter to Miss Curran, 729; his conversation with Moore on the "Letter to the Students," 38; specimens of his eloquence, 34; his delicacy with respect to Moore and the United Irish Societies, 39; his intimacy with Moore, 40; his talents, 34; passage in his speech corrected, 744; strength and resolution on his trial alluded to, 744.
Emmett, Thomas Addis, his letters, in "The Press," signed "Montanus," 38; one of the originators of "The Press," 38.
England, Church of, conversation on the religion of the, 479.
———, people of, their "king-led" feelings, 751.
———, reputation of, sunk on the Continent, 479.
"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," 115; *note*, 505.
——— Church, the, 213.
——— direction, an, written by a foreigner, 602.
——— language, the, in English schools, 25.
——— literary impostors, 32, 33.
——— people, conversing in bad French, ridiculous, 347.
"——— Poetry, a general review of," 1017.
——— verse, Conversations on, between Moore and Crowe, 211.
Ennis, Father, Moore's Italian master, 28; his solution of a riddle, 27.
Enniskilliners, welcome of, by an old woman, 592.
"Epistle from Captain Rock to Lord Lyndhurst," remarks on, 873.

"Epistle from Tom Cribb," 177.
Epitaph by Scropo Davies, 648; containing poetry, piety, and politeness, 717; on Addington, 605; on Lonth's daughter, 586; on John Shaw, 96; on a man who was run over by an omnibus, by Luttrell, 844; on a man who was very fond of oysters, 586.
Epitaphs, conversation on, 605.
Errington, the supposed witness of the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Miss Fitzherbert, 540.
Erskine, Henry, (Lord), account of his strange history, by Jekyll, 708, 709; and his leeches, anecdote of, 771; and his 20,000*l.* worth of stock, 708; anecdote of, 812; consulted Fox as to what kind of coat he should wear on his first speech in the House, 473; epigram on Sir Walter Scott, 178, *note;* his ignorance of French, 816; pun on the devil, 609; speech in defence of Peter Pindar, 609; "Speeches," 568, 572; "The Muses and Graces will just make a Jury," 591; trick on, by Jekyll, and his revenge, 708; verses on Terry, 604.
Esterhazy, Prince, his income, 288.
——— jewels, the way they are accumulated, 288.
Etymologies, strange, 372.
Extempore oratory, 827.
Extract from Moore's Journal respecting the Niagara Falls, 80; from the "Curiosities of Literature," 366, 367; the Diary of Sir Edward Bayntum, 893.
Extraordinary exhibition, 324.

F.

Farren, William, his first appearance, excellence and success, 205.
Fearon, his conversation with Moore on the aristocratic feeling in America, 864; his "Sketches of American Life," 236.
Fenelon and Richelieu, anecdote of, 710.
Fielding, Caroline, (Countess of Mount-Edgecumbe), her marriage to Lord Valletort, at Bowood, alluded to, 770; furnishes designs for a volume of Legends for Moore, 656.
Fitzgerald, Lord Edward, character of, read to Moore from Lord Holland's "Account of his Own Times," 724; description of his seizure by Major Sirr, 730; his manner of training the people with the bow and arrow, 734; in justice of the attainder against him, 272; interesting letters connected with his last moments, in the papers of Henry de Ros, 724; manner of his escape, 731; Mrs. Dillon's enthusiasm when talking of him, 736; notes addressed to his family by Dowling, referred to, 24.
Fitzpatrick, General, epigram by, 203; his speech about Lafayette, 714.
Flahault, Count de, sent by Napoleon during the Hundred Days to persuade Maria Louisa to join him, 318, *et passim.*
———, Countess de, and the Princess Charlotte, 324, *et passim;* her hotel in Paris, 883.
Fletcher, Judge, anecdote of, 423.
Fox, Right Hon. Charles James, and Pitt, their generous feelings towards each other, 692; authorised by the Prince of Wales to contradict his marriage, 508; caricature of, alluded to by himself, 717; charade by, 252; had learned more from Burke's conversation than from all the books he ever read, 677; his coalitions defended by Lord Lansdowne, 256; his opinion that it was lucky Burke and Wyndham sided against the French Revolution, 523; memoranda respecting him, 619; his policy questioned by Moore, 8; his speeches, 265.
Francis, Lady, supposed to have concealed Sir P. Francis's "Historical Memoir," 244.
Francis, Sir Philip, appropriation of a joke of, by Sheridan, 230; evidence that he and Junius were one and the same person, 215, 704.
Frederick of Prussia, 702; anecdotes of, 638; his death, and Ingerhouz, 350.
"Freeman's Journal, The," Moore's opinion expressed to the editor on Repeal, 745.
French officer, a, his remark on British troops, 731.
——— punning, specimens of, 347.
——— Revolution, the, 523; believed by Frenchmen to have been brought about by English gold and the Duke of Orleans, 363.
Funding speculation, curious circumstance connected with the, 602.

G.

Galignani's "Byron," 668; edition of Moore's works, 283; on the curiosities of Florence, 294.
Galitzin, Prince, and Moore's poems, 316; his account of the present and future prospects of Spain, alluded to, 336.
Galt, John, brought a piece of Moore's tree from Lake Ontario, 727; his "Life of Byron," 734.
Geneva, Lake of, library of, 286; panorama of, 620; standing army of, the largest in proportion, 286.
Genlis, Madame de, her conversation with Moore, 398; her voluminous extracts during a course of English reading, 398; interest in her life arising from profuse details, 3.
Gentlemen of the press, the, their position alluded to by Lord Holland, 755.
George III., "History of," 250; illness of, 104; insincerity of, 384; story of, 517; caricature of, "with Napoleon on his hand," 806.
——— IV., his characteristics, 700, 715; by Lawrence, 415; his hostility to the Catholic Question, 585; his visit to Ireland, 887, 895; his manner of receiving different people, 700; his opposition dinner at Brighton, 368; quoted lines of Moore's to Scott, 715, *note;* uncertainty about the proofs of his marriage with Miss Fitzherbert, 533; wicked joke on, 394; his death, 726.
"Giaour, The," foundation of the story of, 653; story of the girl in, 506; how suggested, 352.
Gibbon, Edward, his "History," 601; lost his English by living among foreigners, 249; anecdote of, 954.
Gifford, William, a "canker'd carle," 239; and Dryden's translations from Juvenal, 238; communicated to Rogers his design to publish a Review, 978, and *note;* his opinion of Holland House, 232; his "Memoirs," among the most interesting specimens of biography, 207; his "Memoirs of Ben Jonson," 239.
Godfrey, Mary, from a letter of hers to Mrs. Moore, 866; letters from, to Moore, 83, 93, 99, 109, 119, 122, 127, 181, 968, 973, 979, 980, 1003, 1009, 1013, 1027, 1029, 1034, 1035, 1042, 1044; to, from Moore, 82, 87, 91, 94, 95, 99, 113, 116, 120, 124, 128, 156, 172, 178, 180, 185, 198, 974, 975, 977, 986, 1026; opinion of Lord Moira's conduct to Moore, 1003; political *on dits*, 119, 120; remarks to Moore on the Duke of York's case, 980.
Goethe, his "Faust," 341; Macaulay's view of, 918; manner in which his description of the Carnival at Rome was composed, 777.
Goldsmith, Oliver, his "Deserted Village," 238; "Good people all, of every sort," 623; story of his jealousy and misrepresentation, 722.
Granard, Lady, doubted Sir Walter Scott being the author of the "Waverley Novels," 338, *et passim.*
Grattan, Rt. Hon. Henry, returned for Dublin, 22, *note;* an ardent admirer of Madame Catalini, 469; and Isaac Corry, account of the fracas between them, 891; anec-

dotes of, 562, 577; author of an epilogue to "Comus," 20; couplet against him, 18; consulted Moore on the subject of an Irish novel, 590; sixty medals of, struck at the French mint, 425; wounded by the mob when being chaired, 391; his income at his death, 365.
Grenville, Thomas, letter from, to Moore, alluded to, 216; offered Moore the use of his library, 699; see also 207, *et passim*.
Grey, Lord, (Earl), anecdote of, 702; his domestic manners, 206; his character, 790; offered Moore his nomination to the Charter House School for Tom, 689; on extempore speaking, 262.
Guizot, Mons., his appreciation of Moore's talents, 899; his Lecture on Representative Government in England, 411.

II.

H. B., and his productions, 846; his anxiety to know Wilkie's opinions of his works, 806.
Halhed, Sheridan's most lively correspondent, still living, 522.
Hall, A. Maria, letter to Moore, on presenting him with a copy of her "Sketches of Irish Character," 933.
Hallam, Henry, "Constitutional History," 637; his opinion of Moore's "History of Ireland," 868.
Hamilton, proposed the Editorship of a New Monthly Review to Moore, 205; the writer of almost all of Washington's Addresses, 195.
————, Colonel, Consul at Norfolk, Virginia, 67, 71, 73, 117; his kindness to Moore, 69; Moore's draft to, appropriated by his deputy, 124.
————, Daere, his examination before the College Inquisition, 40.
————, Duchess of, made a member of a Roman Society, under the name of Polymnia Caledonia, 886.
————, Duke of, and Scott, story of, 553.
Hardinge, Sir Henry, Viscount, anecdote of, 735.
Hardwicke, Lord, his offer to create a Laureateship in Ireland for Moore, 766.
Hastings, Warren, impeachment of, a dramatic display, got up by the Whigs and favoured by Pitt, 217; worshipped by the natives of India, 223.
Haydn, Joseph, "Amen, dico tibi hodie mecum eris in paradiso," 211; anecdote of, 262; "Creation," ludicrous association connected with, 476.
Hayward, "Translation of Faust," 173.
Hazlitt, William, "Lecture on Sheridan," 240.
Heath, Charles, his proposal to Moore to furnish the contents of his "Keepsake," 792; offered Moore the editorship of his Annual, 618, 656; and Scott the editorship of the "Keepsake," 656.
Hoare, Sir Richard, called to account by his brother magistrates for visiting Beckford, 218.
Hobhouse, Sir John Cam., and Bowles reconciled, 657; his views and conduct as to "Byron's Memoirs," 492; appointed Russell Moore to a cadetship, 908; conversation with Moore on Lord Byron, 520; on the "Life of Byron," 567, 581; returned Moore his letters to Lord Byron, 643, *et passim*.
Holland, Lady, her attack on Moore's "Life of Sheridan," 694; her objections to "Lalla Rookh," 270; praise of Moore's "Epicurean," 622.
————, Lord, anecdote of, 699; conversation with Moore on Sheridan, 509; "Dear Moore—neither poet nor scholar can fail," 282, 394; epigrams by, 888; on Southey, 541; feeling for the Arts, 439; his ballad of "King William the Tar for me!" 751; his curious scene with Sheridan and the Prince of Wales, 229; his description of a Spanish bull fight, 540; his habit of mimicry, 866, 884, 666; his hatred of oppression, 678; idea of the three periods of Fox's life, 219; his love of classical literature, 678; rhymes, accompanying a present of "Bayle's Dictionary" to Moore, 888; Italian epigram, alluded to, 386; letter to Miss Fox, relating to Frost, 914; maxims of, 519; pun by, 277; repartee on authors and their poems, 375; his scruples respecting the sale of Byron's "Memoirs," 395; short memoir of his "Own Times," 596; simile on his son Charles, 385; translations from Metastasio, 919; amended by Rogers, 919; verses on Napoleon's gift to him, 381; upon a clock, 385.
Hume, Dr. Thomas, and Sterling, anecdote of, 876; character of, 56; his connection with Moore in his duel with Jeffrey, 89, *et. seq.*; presented Tom Moore with a gift, instead of a legacy of 100*l*., 821.
Hungerfords, the mummies of the, 490; sepulchres of, 472; their bodies preserved in pickle, and one of them tasted by an antiquarian, 472.
Hunt, Leigh, "Byron and his Cotemporaries," 14, *note* A; "Feast of the Poets," 169; description of Moore, 13, *note* A; letters from, to Moore, 996, 1009, 1015, 1030, 1031, 1039; on Moore's "Magdalen Hymns," 186; his opinion of "Lalla Rookh," 1039.
Hunter, John, anecdote of, 711.
Huskisson, Right Hon. William, his ministerial explanation at Liverpool, 651.
Hutchinson, Miss Prudentia, made a captain of dragoons, 265.

I.

Ireland and the Irish Parliament, conversation on, 442.
————, excited state of the public mind in, 596.
————, population of, 466.
————, ruined between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, 99.
————, unaccountable things in, 512.
Irish, the, a people of tradition, dwelling for ever on the past, 880.
—— Administrations, 423.
"—— Airs," 151.
—— Channel, the, 985.
—— character, the, 110.
—— committee, the, 35.
—— defence of the King's reception, 426; see also, 387.
—— Democrats, the, 173.
—— deposition of a witness, 754.
—— domestic economy, 630.
—— feeling for Bonaparte, 380.
—— Gentlemen, the, 465.
—— House of Commons, scene in, 956.
——, lower orders of, 463.
—— MS. relating to the Brehon Laws, 808.
"—— Melodies," 8; noticed in the "Monthly Review," 147; arrangements respecting the order of some of the songs, 165; proposals for publishing, by subscription, a Latin translation of, 828; reprinted in Philadelphia, 187; translated into Polish, 887; two Russian translations of, 680; see also *passim*.
"—— Observer, The," 491.
—— process of purchasing a horse, 894.
—— pronunciation, 728.
"—— Quarterly Review, The," 7, *note;* extracts from, respecting Moore's appearance, manners, and conversation, 12, *note* A.
—— relief meeting in Paris, 418.
—— Round Towers, letter to Moore about them, 803.
—— State Trials, the, 953.
—— stories, 880.
Irishism, 513.
Irving, Washington, his "Chronicles of Granada," 703, 714;

his "Columbus," 662, 703, 714; description of an evening at Horace Twiss's, 722; his allusion to Moore in his description of Paradise, 478; description of a bookseller's dinner, alluded to, 877; his rapidity of composition, 362; introduced to Messrs. Longman by Moore, 415; his "Tales of a Traveller," 501; "The Sketch Book," 350, see also *passim*.

J.

"Jack," a Clergyman, who writes all Dr. Parr's letters, 199.

"Jeanie Deans," the story of, communicated to Scott in an anonymous letter, 549.

Jebb, John, (Bishop of Limerick), one of the speakers of the Historical Society, 36.

Jefferson, "Memoirs and Correspondence," 746.

————, President, his incivility to Mr. and Mrs. Merry, 76.

Jeffrey, Francis, Lord, his duel with Moore, 90, *et seq.*; his article on "Lalla Rookh," 195; his conversation with Moore on the Irish Bill, 799; his criticism on Modern Poetry, 366; epigram on, 367; his opinion of Epic writing, 9; his opinion of Moore's "Sheridan," 554; visits America, 1013; letters from, to Moore, 153, 157, 162, 163, 167, 172, 176, 183, 197; to Samuel Rogers, 153.

Jokyll, Joseph, and Sir Whistler Webster, anecdote of, 714; Epilogue to the "Miniature Picture," 434; his account of his visit to the King, 705; his account of Lord Erskine's strange history, 707; his joke, respecting the ceiling falling down at Lansdowne House, 861; his sons, and the Duke of York, 719; lines on the Emperor of China's hint to Lord Macartney, 434; puns by, 482, 654; on an admirer of Bankes's "Civil History of Rome," 242; on Peat, 611; on the Russians eating tallow candles, 776; punning epigram by, 200; repartee of his, 269; "Sage Chiankiti," 580; stories told by, 708; of cheap living, 433; of hermetically sealed fiddlers, 433; of supplying families with sacred music from the waterworks at Chelsea, 433.

Johnson, Dr. Samuel, and Adam Smith, defended the licentiousness of Prior, 10; definitions by, 654; "Dictionary," 601; habit of, 676; his opinion that a new version of the Psalms must necessarily be bad, 118; review of Soame Jenyns' "Origin of Evil," 606; "Poets," 471.

Jokes by Plunkett, 616; Lord Eldon, 629; Horace Twiss, 699.

—— played upon the Mayor of Cork, 224.

K.

Kaimes, Lord, "Julia de Rubigny," written at his request, 554.

Kent, H. R. H. the Duchess of, her style of singing, 738.

Kenyon, Lord, anecdotes of, 495; inaccurate inscription on his tomb, 434.

Kerrystone buttons, and poetry on them, in a genealogy of the Earls of Kerry, 474.

King, Lord, "Anecdotes of his own Times," 246; his application to Moore of a line from the squib addressed to him in the "Times," 582.

King's College, division among the managers of, alluded to, 673.

—— College, Cambridge, 804.

Kinnaird, Douglas, his connection with the Byron "Memoirs," 492, *et seq.*

Knight, Gally, pun addressed to, by Lord Wellesley, 637.

Knolles, Richard, his "History of the Turks," 818.

Kyle, remark made by him upon the "Loves of the Angels," 460.

L.

L., Lord, epitaph on, 648.

L. E. L., 534.

Labédoyère, tomb of, 337.

"La Bella per Decreto," pronounced by Napoleon the finest woman in Venice, 291.

Lacretelle, his strange style, instances of it, 410; "History of the Wars for Religion in France," 410.

Lafayette, General, Moore introduced to, 325.

La Fontaine, a *Conte* in the manner of, written by Moore, 42.

Lake, J. W., lines on Anastasia Moore, 321; note to Moore 318.

"Lalla Rookh," the subject of, furnished by Rogers, 9; its beauties and defects, 9; fete at Berlin, particulars of 364; French translation of, 325; lines addressed to the author of, 913; Lord John Russell's opinion of, 9; picture of, by Stephanoff, 577; announced as a ballet at the Opera, 960; raffled to raise money for the repairs of a chapel, 563; translated into French by a M. Arnaud, who did not understand a word of English, 331, 364; translated into Persian, 344; verses upon, by Mr. Sneyd, 378.

Lamartine, Alphonse, slight thrown upon him by Moore, in the "Edinburgh," 358.

Lamb, Charles, anecdotes of, 774; his eulogy on a dashing dissipated fellow, 673; his "Letters of Elia," 440; pun of his, 440; remark of his to Elliston, 333; repartees of, 506, 711.

Lansdowne, first Marquis of, anecdote of, 809.

————, Marchioness of, her amiability and kindness to Moore and his family, 444, 668; to Mrs. Moore, 653; her personal attention to the poor, 605; her remark on Mrs. Moore's beauty, 476.

————, Marquis of, anxious for Moore to settle in the country near him, 180; extract from his letter to Moore relative to the cottage at Sloperton, 422; offered to become security for Moore in the Bermuda business, 275; placed 1,000*l.* in Mr. Longman's hands to settle the Bermuda claims on Moore, 389; appointed Lord Lieutenant of the country, 640; at Benjamin Constant's, 782; becoming a reformer, 358; arguments for Moore's accepting a pension from the Government, 849; announces the grant of a pension of 300*l.* a year to him, 853; his arrangements to visit Ireland with Moore, 458; his admiration of Moore's address to the Limerick electors, 796; his conversation with Moore on Politics, and the state of Ireland, 918, 741, 809; delighted with the "Loves of the Angels," 427; his objections to Moore's "Sheridan," 558; his opinions, according to Deville, 578; his position and prospects in the Ministry, 645; story of a Fitzmaurice claiming his relationship, and coming to beg of him, 713; his letter to Moore, accepting the dedication of his works, 918; mistake of his porter, 668; received a statement from Horton respecting Moore's money for the "Memoirs," and Moore's explanation thereon, 507; Shiel introduced to him by Moore, 757; his repugnance to a new creation of peers, 781; on coalitions, 245; his last interview with Moore, 11.

Lanza, and Reynolds, anecdote of, 374.

Latin, different pronunciations of, 657.

—— prose thesis, written at Lambeth by all pluralists, 444.

—— Verse, and the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, 30.

Laud, Archbishop, by Vandyke, 720; his conduct on the condemnation of Prynne, falsely stated in Neale's "History of the Puritans," 482.

Lawrence, Dr., his remarks on Moore's "Anacreon," 53.

Lawrence, Sir Thomas, his portrait of "Canning," 576; "Emperor of Austria," 302; "Gonsalvi," full length of, 302; "Head of Ghentz," 202; his collection of curious and valuable drawings, 715; "George IV.," 415; his likeness of Canova, 308; his opinion on certain pictures, 700, and *note;* on young Napoleon, 308; "Prince Blucher," 302; sketch of Napoleon's son, 307; story of a "Teniers" offered to the King, 714; "The Daughter of Prince Metternich as Hebe," 302; his "Pope," 302.
Learning of the older writers accounted for, 331.
Leckie, "Balance of Power," 248; hints to the Sovereigns of Europe on Marriage, 249.
Lectures on poetry and music, projected by Moore, 135.
Lefanu, Mrs., Sheridan's sister, letter to, from Moore, 1043; the image of Sheridan, 199.
———, Miss, "Beloved of Heaven, how passing bright," 917; her verses in praise of the "Loves of the Angels," 437; letter to, from Moore, 1045; verses on reading the "Loves of the Angels," 917.
Leibnitz, happy application of a classical quotation to Bayle, 713.
Leigh, Peter, account of searching for crocodile mummies, 241.
———, Hon. Mrs., her letter to Lord Byron, alluded to, protesting against his leaving her so much of his property, 655; Moore introduced to her, 542.
Lemon, Robert, his remark on the continuation of Historical Works, 886.
Lending money, story of, 319.
Lennox, Colonel, his duel with the Duke of York, 31.
"Letter from a Corporal in the Patriotic Army, after its defeat and dispersion," 545.
"——— to Francis," 216.
——— to the Students of Trinity College, alluded to, 38.
"——— to Thomas Moore, Esq., on the subject of the School for Scandal," 573.
Letters, 94, 967, *et passim.*
——— of condolence, useless, 173.
Lewis, Matthew G., his knowledge of stage effects, 168; account of his visit to Scotland, 969; congratulated Moore on having got a situation in America, 969; contrasted with Moore, 7; first set Scott to try his hand at poetry, 549; his remarks to Moore, on letters and epistles, 972; letters from, to Moore, 968, 969, 972; unwilling to die, 259; cause of his death, 214.
"Life of Byron," article on the second volume of, in the "Quarterly Review," 742; conversation between Moore and Hobhouse on, 581; second volume of, attacked in the "Times," 742.
"—— of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," 749, 761; Moore and Lord John Russell's conversation on, 758.
"—— of John Russell," 276.
"—— of William Russell," 761.
"—— of Sheridan," 202, *et passim.*
Lilies, their introduction to Guernsey, 213.
Limerick, Moore's proposed election for, 785, 795; address to the electors of, 795.
Liverpool, Lord, anecdote of, 426; as a speaker, 607; made the Catholic claims an open question in his Cabinet, 680; sent for a copy of "Captain Rock" on the day of publication, 489.
Locke, John, and Sir Isaac Newton, correspondence between them, 480.
Londonderry, Marquis of, his madness at the time of the Union, 425.
Long-lived individuals and tradition, instances of, 640.
Longman, Thomas Norton, his offer of 3,000 guineas to Moore for "Lalla Rookh," alluded to, 160; letters to, from Moore, 111, 175.
Longman, Thomas, letters to, from Moore, 1054, 1055, 1056.
———, Messrs., copy of terms of agreement between them and Moore for a poem, 169; anonymous letter to, about Moore's poem, 430; conversation with Moore on the settlement respecting the "Life of Byron," 651; frank and satisfactory arrangement of the "Byron Life," 651; encouraged Moore to make the "Angels" Eastern, 426; letter to, from Moore, 169; proposal respecting a Cyclopædia, 684; their claim on Moore, and the manner of its liquidation, 272; their promptitude in business, 228; their offers to Moore for a "History of Ireland," 685; the purchasers of Moore's papers, 4; see also, 205, *et passim.*
Lottery, a prize in the, influence of, on Moore's views, 71.
Louis Philippe, letter to Moore, 770.
"Loves of the Angels," 501; translated by Madame Belloc, 501; by three different persons, 458; various opinions as to the best story of the three, 435.
Luttrell, Henry, an amusing quaintness, quoted by, 821; Alfred the Great, 864; answer to Moore's parody on Horace, 513; "Charade on Cobbett," 606; "Crockford House," 609; epigram on "Lalla Rookh," 11; epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus, 844; his opinion of the Duke of Wellington, 21; idea of the English climate, 659; his joke about Lord Dudley's speaking by heart, 674; his jokes, note upon, by the editor, 717, *note;* his lines, alluded to, on the Reform Bill, and cholera morbus, 762; lines by, 595; Moore's opinion of his verses, 259, *note;* opinion of Moore's proceeding in connection with the Byron "Memoirs," 496; parody on the Brown Loaf, 599; "Poem on Rome," 591, 597; puns by, 595, 601, 751, 788; remark of his, on the family of the Carlisles, 703; on Lady Holland's crowded dinners, 930; rhyme on Mrs. Hope, 544; scepticism on Irish antiquities, 864; stories of a tailor who used to attend the Greek Lectures at the University, 778; stories of Lord Norbury, 609; stories told by, 658, 774; "Translation from Gellert," 595; "True History," 471; verse on *ale*ing, 512; verses by, 397.
Lyne, Cornelius, his letter to Moore, alluded to, 826; his letter to Moore on O'Connell's state of excitement at the perusal of one of the last "Irish Melodies," 824; see also, 833.

M.

M. B., an editor of old Chronicles, with Guizot, 888.
M'N———, curious circumstance connected with him and the Irish Government, 840.
Macaulay, Right Hon. Thomas Babington, account of the Monothelite controversy, alluded to, 760; acknowledged the authorship of two squibs in the "Times," 760; see also, 928, 678; his view of Goethe, 918; his memory and range of knowledge, 760; writing a "History of England," 928.
Mackintosh, Sir James, his characteristics, 677, 710, 713, 890; his article in "The Edinburgh," on "Universal Suffrage," 244; his ethics examined, 891; his journal, kept while in India, 800: his manner of speaking in Parliament, 677; his opinion on Sheridan and the politics of his time, 265; his style of writing, 677; his "History of England," 711, 720; his "Life of Alfred the Great," 739; his opinion of Rogers's "Essay on Assassination," 521: professor at Hertford College, 213; recommended "Little's Poems" for Rogers's perusal, 990; his want of observation in common life, 348; his death, 790, *note.*
Macklin, Charles, anecdotes of, 43; good story of, 331.
MacLeod, his "Loo Choo," said to be written by Combe, 220.

Macrone, his proposal to publish a new edition of all Moore's works, 874.
Magee, Archbishop, an admirer of Moore's translation of Lucian, 31; "Atonement," 593; curious dialogue on tithes with Lord Wellesley, 475; his belligerent antithesis, 31.
Magnetism, by a Parisian professor, 485.
Mahony, Miss, Lord Byron's kindness to, 328.
Mail travelling in America, 76.
Malone, Edmund, Moore's first schoolmaster, 18.
Manners-Sutton, Right Hon. Charles, anecdote of, 543; description of his dinner with the King, 759.
Mansell, W. L., the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, announced by a Frenchman, 222.
Mansfield, Lord, sham duel between him and Lord Hertford at the University, 516.
Maria degli Angeli, church of, one of the sublimest things in Rome, 308.
——— Louisa, 311; Napoleon's note to her on his return from Elba, 311.
Marie, Antoinette, anecdote of, 373.
Marley, Dean, Bishop of Waterford, played "Lockit" in "The Beggars' Opera," 20.
Marryatt, Captain, enclosed Moore 100*l.* for his verses to Lady Valletort, 783, 784.
Martial epigram, applied to George IV. and Queen Caroline, 339; translated by Moore, 339.
———, Julius, supposed villa of his, 304.
Materialism exploded by Italian Infidels, 296.
Mathews, Charles, stories of, 706; his imitations, 543, 675; his "Life of Garrick," 543.
Mellale, Right Rev. Dr., translated Moore's "Melodies" into Irish, 931.
Meara, O', his opinion on Moore's "Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," 804.
Melbourne, Lord, his letter to Lord John Russell respecting Moore's pension, 846.
"Memoirs of Lord Byron," negotiations and statements regarding the redemption and destruction of them, 395, 414, 494, *note*, 492, *et passim;* accounts of the burning, &c., in the "Courier," "John Bull," "Chronicle," "Observer," and "Times," 498.
Memoirs of Moore, written by himself, 17, 45.
Memory, the, its treacherousness instanced, 639.
Mencke, extract from the preface to his translation of "Lalla Rookh," 943.
Methuen, Paul, author of most of the squibs in the "Morning Chronicle" about the Rat Club, 747.
Milton, John, agreement with Symonds, for the sale of "Paradise Lost," 597; "Arianism," 606; discovery of papers of his at the State Paper Office, 674; his Satan compared with Napoleon, 173; "Latin Sonnet," 535; laxity of metre in "Paradise Regained," 220; "Paradise Lost, 220, 597.
Mistakes in acts of Parliament, instances of, 199.
——— in Advertisements and Notes, instances of, 566.
——— of a Reviewer's translation, in the "Quarterly," on Dr. Myer's "China," 864.
Moira, Lord, (first Marquis of Hastings,) accepted a dedication from Moore, 84; accused by a clerk of the bank, 93; a dupe of the Prince of Wales, 122; his advent to power, and Moore's hopes, 85; advice to Moore respecting the translation of Lucien Buonaparte's poem, 110; installed as a Knight of the Garter, 122; his efforts to form an administration, 242; appointed Governor-General of India, 262, 266; detail of Moore's interview with, sent to Bryan and Philip Crampton, 133; extract from his letter to Moore respecting the duel, 92; interest in Moore's pecuniary affairs, 125; his opinion of Moore's "Anacreon," 57; remarks, to Moore, on the Governor-General of India's patronage, 1033; sent Lord Radcliffe to offer Moore a small appointment, 86; severe remark upon, by Moore, 128; shockingly treated in the "Edinburgh Review," 124; negotiation about his becoming Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 126; thanked by Moore for his father's appointment, 87; the champion of Lord Yarmouth, 120; letters from, to Moore, 84, 87, 96, 129; letters to, from Moore, 998; see also *passim*.
Monkish couplet on the resignation of livings, 570.
Montalembert, Count, his note to Moore, 912, 913.
"Montanus," Emmett the elder's nom de plume, 38.
Montgomery, James, his hesitation to meet Moore, on account of an attack he had made on him, 648; two passages of his criticised by Lord Holland, 275.
Moore, Mrs. Anastasia, (the poet's mother), her interview with Lord Lansdowne, 459; her death, 782; letters to, from Moore, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 102, 104, 106, 107, 108, 111, 112, 114, 117, 124, 127, 128, 129, 131, 134, 135, 136, 137, 139, 140, 142, 144, 145, 146, 147, 149, 151, 154, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 166, 169, 170, 171, 172, 177, 178, 180, 183, 184, 185, 186, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 195, 196, 197, 967, 976, 980, 990, 991.
Mooro, Anastasia Mary, born, 137, *note*; her education, 438; her death, 686, 687; buried at Bromham, 687.
———, Anne Jane Barbara, dangerously ill from a fall, 192; her death, 193.
———, Catherine, (the poet's sister), her letter to Moore, alluded to, 97; married to Mr. Scully, 204, *note;* "The Canadian Boat Song," sent to her by Moore, 83; her death, 835.
———, Mrs., (the poet's wife), described as like Catalini, 150; sensation created by her at the Ashbourne ball, 150; advice to her son Tom, 698; her arrival at Sloperton welcomed by the church bells, 427; brought some lines of her own, to Moore, on Anastasia, 737; dangerous illness of, 895; description of her fellow-travellers to Calais, 880; her attention to Moore's mother, 737; extracts from her letters to Moore, 393, 697; introduced to the Duchess of Sussex, 354; letter to Moore, alluding to his pension, 858; presented by Messrs. Longman with Mrs. Inchbald's "Modern Theatre," 178; only survivor of Moore's family, 4.
———, Ellen, arrived from Dublin, 873; her kindness and meekness, 391; her death, 959.
———. Graham, "Lives of Ripperda and Alberoni, 860.
———, General Sir John, his private diary, and the use made of it by Napier, 868.
———, John, the poet's father, 560; appointed barrack-master in Dublin, 587; dangerous illness of, 557; death of, 560; letters from, to Moore, alluded to, 44; letters respecting money matters, 241; letters to, from Moore, 48, 49, 50, 51, 966, 967.
———, John Russell, born, 447; baptized by Bowles, 458; sent to Dr. Firminger's to prepare for Addiscombe, 908; dangerously ill, 390, 399; his death, 410.
———, Thomas, introduction to his diary, by the editor, 3, 16; his ancestry, 17, 46; his childhood and school days, 18, 19; his beginnings in music, 43; his intimacy with Beresford Burston, 24; his first appearance in print, 25; entered Trinity College, Dublin, 26, 28; at confession, 28; rewarded for his English verse, 29; wrote a masque, 31; and an ode to the King of Dalkey, 34; admitted a member of the University Historical Society, 36; "Ode upon Nothing," 37; his "Letter to the Students of Trinity College, Dublin," 38; commencement of "Anacreon," 39; his intimacy with Robert Emmett, and Macklin, 42; took his B. A. degree, 43; entered at the Middle Temple, 44; his

adventure with a swindler, 44; his early friends in London, 45; his introduction to Lord Moira, 46; his letters from 1793–1806, 46, 94; his adventures with a madman, and with a sharper, 48; his economy, 48; his treatment for an abscess, 55; his introduction to the Duke of Clarence, 56; the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert, 56, 57; his "Little's Poems," 58; appeared as "Trudge," at the Union Masquerade, 61; about to publish "Memory," 61; wrote an "Ode" for the Birthday, 63; left England for Bermuda, 66; his voyage from Virginia to Bermuda described, 71; his life at Bermuda, 73; travels in America, 76, 80; his arrival in England, 81; his "Canadian Boat Song" written, 83; particulars of his hostile meeting with Jeffrey, 88, 94; his letters from 1807–1818, 94, 198; offered 1,000*l.* for a poem, 102; admitted a member of a Dublin Club, 104; married to Miss Dyke, 107, *note;* his opera of "M. P." 108, 110; Power's liberality to him, 111; resolved to settle in the country and devote himself to literature, 113; chosen by Lord Byron as his second in a duel, 114; settled at Kegworth, 115; writing the "Irish Melodies," 118, *et passim;* his happy marriage, 121; took a Derbyshire tour with Rogers, 124; his expectations on Lord Moira's being appointed Governor-General of India, 130, 131; project of a series of lectures on poetry and music, 135; his "Intercepted Letters," or "The Twopenny Post Bag," published, 135, 138, 139; offered the editorship of a Review, 141; took Mayfield Cottage, 142; sold his deputy at Bermuda the profits of his office during the war, 148; his relations with Messrs. Longman in reference to "Lalla Rookh," 154, 160, 169, 175, 187; offered the Jamaica secretaryship by Admiral Douglass, 158; visits Chatsworth, 170; his opinion of Scott's "Lord of the Isles," 172; his opinion of Napoleon, 173; on agitation and Catholicism, 174; "Epistle from Tom Cribb," 177; presents made him, 177; opinion of Scott's "Waterloo," 178; invited to lecture at the Royal Institution, 180; solicited to write a poem on the battle of Waterloo, 183; left Mayfield, 188; settled at Hornsey, 189; "Lalla Rookh" published, 190; takes possession of Sloperton, 193; "The Fudges," 194, 196; his deputy's defalcation at Bermuda, 195; excitement on his visit to Dublin, 197; his Diary, 199; his description of Dr. Parr, 199; specimens of letters sent him, 201; editorship of a proposed new monthly review offered him, 205; assigned his works to Power, 205; "Beckford's Travels" offered to him to prepare for the press, 217; reasons for thinking the Scotch novels not Scott's, 220; his arrangements with Messrs. Longmans, 228; and with Power, 229, 242; his opinion of Gifford, 232; his opinion on "The Heart of Midlothian," 239; his devotional feelings, 241; his opinion of "Don Juan," 243, 245; his facility and fancy improved when writing in bed, 247; his desire to travel, 254; description of Good Friday sermons, 254; his opinion of Chaucer, 255; his employment at church, 256; the catastrophe of his Bermuda business, 257, 269, 273; his friends' offers of assistance, 274; his description of Mrs. Piozzi, 259; introduced himself to Adair, 260; at the Wiltshire dinner, 262; at a bath, 263; his arrangements with Messrs. Longman as to the "Life of Sheridan," 266; sat to Phillips for his portrait, 269; outline of his intended poem, the "Epicurean," 271; his tour on the Continent with Lord J. Russell, Sir Francis Chantrey, and Jackson the painter, 281, *et seq.;* his feelings on ascending the Jura, 285; opinion of the road over the Simplon, 288; visits Milan cathedral, 286; his interview with Lord Byron, 289; introduced to the Countess Guiccioli, 290; visits Venice, 290; Byron's gift to him of his Memoirs, 291; visits the library at Ferrara, 291; his visits at Bologna, 292; arrives at Florence, 294; his sojourn at Rome, and intercourse with Canova, &c., 298, 307; his description of Terni, 307; his arrival at Florence, 310; visits Rousseau's chateau at Chambery, 313; returns to Paris, 314; his residence in Paris, 314, 420; began the "Epicurean," 331; visited his father and mother in Dublin, 391; settlement of the Bermuda business, 393, 411; returned to Paris, 396; arrived in London, 413; returned to Paris, 416; commenced the "Letters from Abroad," 417; commenced a poem, the "Three Angels," 417; requested by Barnes to take his place as editor of the "Times," 420; visits Rouen, 424; his publication of the "Loves of the Angels," 430, 433, 455; his opinion of Lord Brougham, 454; his conversation with Constable relative to the editorship of the "Edinburgh," 455; with Canning respecting Sheridan, 456; his tour in Ireland, 459, 470; conversation with Mr. Grenville on Sheridan, 473; gave Murray the assignment of Byron's "Memoirs" as security, 489; publication of "Captain Rock," 467, 474, 489, 490; received news of Lord Byron's death, 492; the redemption and destruction of the Byron "Memoirs," with the opinions and acts of the various parties concerned, 492, 495; statements and counter-statements that appeared in print, 495, 500; negotiations and advice tendered to him about being indemnified for the destruction of the "Memoirs," ib.; his conversation with Lord Holland, 505; with Mrs. Shelley, 505; with Hobhouse on Lord Byron, 520; visits Lougleat, 510; difficulties in the way of his "Life" of Byron, 501, 518; conversation with Dr. Baiu about Sheridan, 529, 544; visits York Minster, 547; his visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, 548; his visit to Edinburgh, 552, 554; conversation with Jeffrey, 554; met Professor Wilson, 555; and Hogg, 556; his reception at the Edinburgh Theatre, 557; arrived in Dublin, 559; death of his father, 560; Messrs. Longmans' kindness to him, 562, 580, 595; visits O'Connell, 565; returns home, 567; his intention of writing a "Life of Byron," and negotiations connected with it, 567, 577, 581, 594, 611, 622, 641, 643, 646, 650; his poetical squibs for "The Times," 569, 571, 579, 626, 643, 670; received a present from Constable of Sir Walter Scott's works, 569; his schemes and occupations, 571; Deville's examination of his head, 576; called on Sir Walter Scott in London, 598; Heath proposed to him to edit an annual, 618; appearance of the "Epicurean," 624, 631; visited Newstead, 633, 646, 649; offered the editorship of the "Keepsake," 656, 672; conversation with Sir Walter Scott, 661; and with Mrs. Siddons, 665; Editor's preface, 675; translation of the "Melodies" and "Peri" into Russian, 680; conversation with O'Connell, 683; and with Peel, 684; publication of Vol. I. of the "Life of Byron," 683, 718; proposal of a "History of Ireland" for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," 685; description of Anastasia's illness and death, 686, 697; elected a member of Brookes's, 699; his picture to be painted for Murray by Sir T. Lawrence, 704; visits Strawberry Hill, 715; appointed one of the members of the Athenæum to elect a hundred members out of a thousand, 724; his materials for a "Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald," 727, 729; visits Ireland, with Mrs. Moore and his sons, 727; his enthusiastic reception, 732; publication of his second volume of "Byron," 742; returns to Ireland on account of his mother's illness, 743; his "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," in hand, 762; wrote an article on "German Rationalism" for the "Edinburgh," 762; his conversation with Lord Lansdowne on Reform,

763; applied to by Bulwer to write for the "New Monthly," 771; conversation with Van Buren, 775; with Schlegel, 777; elected an honorary member of the Literary Union Club, 778; offered terms for an illustrated poem by Harding, 781; his accounts with Power, 782; death of his mother, 782; a contributor to the "Metropolitan Magazine," 783; his proposed election for Limerick, 785, 787, 788, 792, 795; conversation with Lord John Russell on Reform, 789; Heath's proposal to him respecting the "Keepsake," 791; address to the electors of Limerick, 789; conversation with Jeffrey, 799; with Messrs. Longman on his dealings with Power, 800; his name placed on the free lists of the two great houses by Mr. Bunn, 809; his business relations with Power, 813; visits Mr. Walter at Reading, 817; visits Windsor Castle, ib.; correspondence on O'Connell's appliance of "The Dream of those Days" to himself, 824, 833; introduced to Talleyrand, 829; death of his sister Kate, 835; arrangements respecting the appearance of the "Irish History," 837; conversation with Wordsworth, 838; and with Dr. Saunders, 841; went to Liverpool, 848; offered the head clerkship in the State Paper Office, ib.; his tour in Ireland, 854, 858; his arrival at Dublin, 849; his reception at the theatre, 851; receives a pension of 300*l.* a year, 853, 858; made an honorary member of the Antiquarian Society of Iona, 865; arrangements for supplying the "Chronicle" with squibs, 869; visits Paris with his son, 882; notes of his conversations with General Corbet, 889; correspondence relative to the purchase of an ensigncy for Tom, 886; presented with a copy of "Bayle" by Lord Holland, 888; correspondence with Longmans respecting the projected edition of his works, 893, 906; his "Irish Melodies," and Bunting's selection examined, 917; long interruption in the "Diary," and its causes, 922; visits Corry at Cheltenham, 923; went to Ireland with Hume, 925; his remarks on the translation of the "Irish Melodies" into Irish, by Dr. M'Hale, 932; named one of the Prussian Order of Merit, 934; description of the manner of Russell's death, 940; visits Sydney Smith at Combe Florey, 944; letters criticising his works, 945; attends Campbell's funeral as one of the mourners, 953; failure of his health and spirits, 957; visited by his sister Ellen, 958; death of his sister Ellen communicated to him, 959; death of his son Tom announced to him, 959; his feelings on finishing his "History of Ireland," 960; newspaper paragraphs respecting him, 961; visit to the Bowood Library, 962; visits Sir Benjamin Brodie, 962; conclusion of the "Diary," 966; Letters (from 1799 to 1847), 966; his reception at Donington, 967; his reception in Dublin, 975; elected a Knight of St. Joachim, 985; his opera of "M. P." and its success, 986; cottage-hunting in Wales, 991; settled at Mayfield, 1001; his domestic felicity, 1002; his opinion of Lord Byron's praise, 1015; settled at Sloperton, 1036; sixth edition of "Lalla Rookh," 1036; his literary projects, 1038; his opinion of Lord Lansdowne, 1038; his opinion of Bowles, 1038; his feelings respecting the Bermuda affair, 1040; his "Life of Sheridan," 1041; Byron's gift of his "Memoirs" to him alluded to, 1045; his testimony to Messrs. Longman's kindness to him, 1046, 1056; description of his house, 1046; allusion to his pension, 1052; editor's postscript, 1057; view of his tomb, 1059.

Moore, Thomas, *Letters from, to*—
Bain, Dr., 1049, 1050.
Codd, Richard J., 102, 967.
Corry, James, 986, 988, 989, 992, 993, 1005, 1015, 1032, 1036. 1037, 1040, 1041, 1043.
Crampton, Philip, 1051, 1054.
Dalby, Miss, 137, 145, 159, 160, 991, 1004, 1008.
Dalton, Edward T., 121, 125, 126, 133, 151, 155, 161, 168, 175, 176, 177, 179.
Donegal, Lady, 83, 92, 93, 97, 101, 103, 105, 108, 110, 111, 112, 114, 119, 131, 146, 149, 155, 164, 165, 172, 174, 182, 186, 188, 194, 195, 196, 975, 983, 994, 1002, 1025.
Gardiner, William, 123, 125, 150, 184, 993.
Godfrey, Miss, 82, 87, 91, 94, 95, 99, 113, 116, 120, 124, 128, 156, 172, 178, 180, 185, 198, 974, 975, 977, 986. 1026.
Hodgson, Kirkman D., 1056.
Kemble, Charles, proposing to write a piece for Covent Garden, for which £400 was to be advanced. 583.
Lefanu, Miss, 1044.
———, Mrs., 1043.
Longman, Mr., 111, 175.
———, Thomas, Jun., 1054, 1055, 1056.
Longman, Messrs., 169.
Moira, Lord, 998.
Moore, John, 48, 49, 50, 51, 966, 967.
———, Mrs., 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 102, 104, 106, 107, 108, 111, 112, 114, 117, 124, 127, 128, 129, 131, 134, 135, 136, 137, 139, 140, 142, 144, 145, 146, 147, 149, 151, 154, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 166, 169, 170, 171, 172, 177, 178, 180, 183, 184, 185, 186, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 195, 196, 197, 967, 976, 980, 990, 991.
Powers, James, 103, 115, 117, 118, 119, 123, 125, 127, 129, 130, 132, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 141, 143, 144, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 161, 164, 166, 171, 176, 178, 179, 180, 186, 187, 188, 192, 193, 194, 196, 197.
Rogers, Samuel, 1014, 1016, 1018, 1019, 1024, 1025, 1027, 1036, 1038, 1040, 1041, 1045, 1047, 1050, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1056, 1057.

Moore, Thomas, *Letters to, from*—
A Missourian, 1053.
Auckland, Lord, and Miss Eden, about Russell, 920, 921.
Barnes, Thomas, 1051.
Bessy, alluding to his pension, 858.
Cook, A. B., respecting phrenology, 909.
Corry, James, 991, 1006, 1011, 1012, 1048.
Crampton, 1051.
Dalby, Mr., 115.
Donegal, Lady, 116, 162, 173, 188, 972, 974, 981, 994, 998, 1028, 1046, 1049.
Douglass, Captain, R. N., 77.
Glenbervie, Lord, 121.
Godfrey, Miss, 83, 93, 99, 109, 119, 122, 127, 181, 963, 973, 979, 980, 1003, 1009, 1013, 1027, 1029, 1034, 1035, 1042, 1044.
Griffin, Dr., 793.
Hunt, Leigh, 996, 1009, 1015, 1030, 1031, 1039.
Jeffrey, Francis, 153, 157, 162, 163, 167, 172, 176, 188, 197.
Lee, Thomas, 948.
Lewis, Matthew G., 968, 969, 972.
Merry, Mrs., 971.
Moira, Lord, 84, 87, 96. 129, 1033.
Moore, John, 44.
Murray, John, 1037.
Perry, James, 999, 1006, 1017.
Rogers, Samuel, 978, 982, 985, 987, 988, 990, 993, 994, 998, 1008, 1017, 1019, 1020, 1030, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1042.

Strangford, Lord, 1035.
The Superioress of the Presentation Convent at Wexford, 856, 857.
Thierry, M., 907.
Moore, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, born, 221; taken to school at Mr. Lawes' at Mariborough, 656; enters the Charter House, 698; his regiment ordered to Dublin, 896; resolved to sell his commission, 928, 935; advised to enter the Foreign Legion of the French Army in Algiers, 935; his letter to his father, 936; dangerously ill in Africa, 953; his death, 959; extracts from his last letter, 959.
Morgan, Lady, her success, 294; her "Life of Salvator Rosa," 460; her story of Sir A. Carlisle and the little female dwarf Craehami, 728; "O'Briens and O'Flahertys," 885.
———, Sir Charles, anecdote of, 665.
"Morning Chronicle, The," paragraph from, respecting Moore's "Epistle from Tom Cribb," 177.
Morpeth, Lord, letter from, to Moore, 899.
Morris, Captain, an annuitant of the Prince of Wales, 210; and Lord Stowell, story of, 715; extracts from two volumes of his MS., 906, 907; "Old Horace, when he dipp'd his pen," 907; played "Captain Macheath," 20; stanzas on Molly Daere, 715; "The Old Bard," written by, 210; "Where nothing is seen," 239.
Morritt, Rev. Mr., always at war with his parishioners for tithes, 463.
Mulgrave, Lord, (Marquis of Normandy,) directed that half-pay should be paid to Moore's father, 188.
Murray, John, Esq., wished Moore to write a "Tom Brown on the literature, manners, and characters of the day," 252; his arrangements with Moore about the payment for Lord Byron's "Memoirs," 381, 388, 497, 651; and Moore, correspondence between them alluded to, respecting an Essay on Byron's poetical character, 772, 773; reconciliation between, 579; failure of his "Representative" newspaper, 590; his "Handbook," 292, *note;* letter from, to Moore, 1037; his plan with respect to "Byron's Life and Works," 764.
Murray, Sir John, 137; squib on, not Moore's, 137.
Museum of the ropes in which various malefactors had been hung, 201.

N.

Napier, Sir Charles, remark of his, before the battle at Meeance, 944.
———, Professor, opinion of Moore and his "Life of Sheridan," 565.
Napoleon Bonaparte, alluded to, 151; and Emanuel's roads at the Echelles, 313; and his guard, embarking for Elba, 325; and Pozzi di Borgo, 639; the Bayeux tapestry, 885; "at Elba," by Haydon, 805; autograph letter of, to Louis XVIII., 828; bust of, 308; by Canova, 293; compared with Milton's "Satan," 173; curious and characteristic autograph of, in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, 701; his dislike of the Irish accounted for, 884; heaps of pencil notes of his, in the possession of Count Montholon, 782; his coronation announced by balloons, 628; detention of English travellers, dispute upon it by Lord Holland and Sir J. Mackintosh, 272; irreparable losses near Smolensko, 128; library at Malmaison, 370; system of carrying off a tragedy successfully, 421; his will, alluded to, 402; instructed Talma how to play Nero, 282; letter to the Empress Josephine, read to Moore, 318; "Life of," 552, 620; method of translating the English newspapers to him, 122; note to Maria Louisa on his return from Elba, 311; opposed by Bernadotte, 122; report concerning his driving towards the royal army unguarded, 173; his road over the Alps, 1020; "Tragedy on the Life of," by Niccolini, 296; wished to be allowed to live in England, 1023; intelligence of his death, 377, 379.
Negroes, the, 214.
Neilson, story of his meeting Reynolds, 744.
Nelson, Lord, epitaph on, 605; his death deplored, 85.
Newton, Sir Isaac, and Locke, correspondence between them, 480; anecdote of, 646.
New York, prettiness of its environs, 75.
———— paper, a scrap relating to Moore, 78.
Norfolk, Virginia, 67; its strange climate, 70.
Norton, Hon. Mrs., Moore's intention to dedicate his "Summer Fête" to her, 755.

O.

O'Connell, Daniel, offered Moore a seat in Parliament, 8; correspondence with Moore, relative to English Protestants, in the reign of Queen Mary, 939; and the Repeal of the Union, 734, 803; arrangement between him and the Government on the trials in 1844, 743; construed "The Dream of those Days" into a personal attack, 824; conversation with Judge Day on Ireland, 466; his praise of Moore in his speeches at the Dublin Union, 795; his inconsistency on George IV.'s visit to Ireland, 386; his new reading of Moore, alluded to, 952; his perversion of power, alluded to, 825; his ignorance of the events of '98, 748; instance of his inconsistency, 565; his agitation on reading Moore's verses, 826; told Moore a story of himself, 683; fatal consequences of his extraordinary career, 825.
O'Connor, Roderick, "last of the Bards," his appeal to Moore, 462.
Odd effect of seeing a comic personage in an ill humour, 702.
Oddity of Scotch law terms, 230.
"Odes and Epistles from America," 653.
"Ode to a Hat," omitted stanzas of, 590.
"—— to Posterity," 112.
"—— to the Sublime Porte," 602.
"—— to the Youths of Trinity College," 797.
"—— upon Nothing," removed from the books of the Historical Society by Moore, 38; the debate on the, 37.
Odyssey, parallel found in the, to the story of the Indian Chief at Niagara, 920.
Ogle, Moore accused of borrowing his translation of "Anacreon" from him, 514, 515.
——, Doan, a very absent man, 717.
O'Meara, forwards witnesses for Queen Caroline, 339.
Oneida Indians, divided into three tribes, 743.
Orleans, Duke of (Louis Philippe), his opinion that there would be war between England and Russia, 359; invited Moore to dine with him, 354.
———, Mademoiselle, her present to Moore of a clock, 397.
Orloff, Count, and thirteen to dinner, 222; in search of Moore's autograph, 426; on a visit to Scott, 553, *note.*
Orme, Cosmo, Esq., letter from, proposing Moore as the editor of a new annual, 603.
Owen, Robert, anecdote of, 810.
Owenson, Miss, Irishism, from the "Dublin Magazine," on her portrait, 980.

P.

Paganini, Moore's opinion of, 759.
Palgrave, Sir Francis, his offer of assistance to Moore in his "History," 867; "Parliamentary Writs," 892.

Paris, Moore's residence at, 192, *et seq.*
Parke, Judge, his address to a young woman in court, 699.
Parkinson, Dr., 650; and Paley, 223; jilted by a girl he had educated on purpose to marry, 251; see also, 188.
Parliament, Acts of, instances of mistakes, 199.
"Parliamentary Debates," 255.
———— Oratory, conversation on, 878.
———— Reform, Mr. Fox's main object, 260.
Parma, its library containing 80,000 volumes, 312.
"Parody of the Prince's Letter," 112.
———— on Crabbe, Bowles and Moore, by Watson Taylor, 571.
"———— on Horace," 218.
———— on the Brown Loaf, by Luttrell, 599.
Parr, Dr., claimed descent from Archbishop Usher's chaplain of the same name, 200; his contemptuous opinion of Irish scholars, 200; criticised Fox's Letter to the Electors of Westminster, 200; his Greek verses against the Prince Regent, 199; the story of his cutting the throat of his first wife's picture, 242; his utterance, 199, and *note;* written to by Moore respecting his promise to be godfather for his expected child, 225; amusing instance of his stilted phraseology, 870; his bequest of a ring to Moore, 535.
Parsons, Sir Lawrence (First Lord Rosse), couplet on, 32.
Passaic Falls, 77.
Peel, Sir Robert, errors and characteristic autograph of Napoleon, in the possession of, 701; extract from his letter to Moore, 803; ghost story of, respecting Lord Byron, 684; happy use of Moore's lines in his reply to Lord Palmerston, 936; letter to Moore, thanking him for a Byron autograph, 701; Moore's opinion of, 533; nicknamed the "Veiled Prophet," 928; repartee of, 540.
Perceval, Right Hon. Spencer, his advice to Tierney, 749; his private virtues, alluded to, 992.
Perry, James, letters from, to Moore, 999, 1006, 1017; mentioned Moore's poem to Mr. Longman, 1018.
Petty, Sir William, characteristic passage from one of his letters, 870; "Life of," 870.
Philadelphia, the only place in America boasting literary society, 77.
Phipps, his caution as to relations with Moore, 40.
Phrenology, conversation on, 577.
Physicians, pedantic phrases of, 374.
"Pickering's American Vocabulary," 240.
"Pickwick Papers," 878.
Pictures, instance of their precarious value, 713; their sameness and want of interest, 290.
Picturesqueness of the Thames, Lambeth, and the House of Commons, at night, 691.
Pigott, Sir Arthur, "A Petition," 724, and *note;* appropriation of a joke of, by Sheridan, 230.
Pike, the, to be used in popular warfare, described, 734.
Pindar, Peter (Dr. Walcot), remark of, on booksellers and authors, 841; speech in defence of, by Erskine, 609.
Pitt, Right Hon. William, and Fox, their generous feeling towards each other, 692; his dislike of, and frequent attacks on Erskine, 431, and *note;* his speeches alluded to, 450; his opinion of Sheridan, 230; took his nurse with him when he went to the University of Cambridge, 570; two bon-mots of, 231; prophecy of the Spanish war, a short time before his death, 904; reports of his death, 85; epitaph on, 605.
Plunket, Lord, his amiableness, 616; his eloquent speech, 667; jokes by, 616; pun by, 515; story of Keller and M'N——, 840; the part he took on Emmett's trial, 744.
Pococke, passed through Tempe without knowing it, 30, *note.*
Poem, a, the highest sum ever paid for, 187, *note.*
———— on Moore's arrival in Paris, inserted in Galignani, 284.
Political conversation on a coach, 739.
———— Economists, their objects, 696.
"———— songs, collection of, to Irish Airs," 133.
———— squibs, excellence of Moore's, 11.
———— subjects, but one right way of thinking on, 126.
Politics, the only thing minded in England, 97.
Polymnia Caledonia, the name under which the Duchess of Hamilton was made a member of a Roman society, 386.
Postscript, by Lord John Russell, 1057.
Post Office, havoc of the English Commissioners in the Irish, 470.
Power, James, supposed the Duchesse de Broglie an opera dancer, 400; wished Moore to secure the copyright of the "National Melodies" in France, 404; letter from, to Moore, 334; letters to, from Moore, 103, 115, 117, 118, 119, 123, 125, 127, 129, 130, 132, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 141, 143, 144, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 161, 164, 166, 171, 176, 178, 179, 180, 186, 187, 188, 192, 193, 194, 196, 197.
Powers, the, going to law about the "Sacred Songs," 185; paid Moore five hundred a year for his music, for seven years, 115; their kindness on the occasion of Anastasia's illness, 650.
Practical jokes by Sheridan, 219.
Primogeniture and entail, remarks on, 703.
Primrose Hill, reported to be selected as a spot for a villa for the Prince of Wales, 110.
Proclamation, forbidding people to talk of or describe Queen Elizabeth's person or features, 691.
Property of the songs in Moore's poem, alluded to, 144.
Proposal to elect Moore Librarian of the Dublin Society, 143.
Protestants and Catholics, difference on the subject of tradition, 654.
Prussia, Prince of, always slept with a copy of "Lalla Rookh" under his pillow, 420.
Psalms, a New Version of the, must necessarily be bad, 118.
Public dinner, to Moore, at Derby, described, 649.
Pun of Lord Wellesley's, addressed to Gally Knight, 637; upon Moore, 652.
Puns by Lord Alvanley, 801; by Lord Erskine, on the Devil, 609; by Theodore Hook, 867; by Jekyll, 654; on Peat, 611; on the Russians eating tallow candles, 776; Henry Luttrell, 595, 788; on Sharpe, 601; on the two parties, 751; by Moore, 424; by Plunkett, 515; by Sydney Smith, 753; by the Duke of Sussex, on the Archbishop of Tuam, 667.
Purcell, Henry, beauty of the words to some of his compositions, 478; "Lord Thou knowest," 212; "Waters of Babylon," 204.

Q.

Quantity and Quality difficult to attain together, 103.
"Quarterly Review, The, full of anecdotes of the Battle of Waterloo, 183; its circulation, 982; design and plan communicated to Moore by Rogers, 976; the article against Moore's "Sheridan," 572.
Quebec, its appearance, 80.
"Queen's Trial, the," 449.
Queensbury, Duke of, anecdote of, 910; his will, 106.

R.

Raglan, Lord, 928.
Rebellion, the Irish, enlisted Moore's political sympathies, 7.

Rees, Owen, letters to Moore, 817, 855; his message to Moore respecting the last Bermuda claim, 423; his negotiations with Cramer & Co. for Moore's songs, 844; his proposal respecting the profits of the "Life of Sheridan," 486; his death alluded to, 888.
Reform Bill, the conversation on, between Moore and Lord John Russell, 739; Moore's opinion of, 763, 841; Lord John Russell's speech on, alluded to, 759.
Regent, the dissolute court of the Prince, 505.
Repeal of the Union, Moore's opinion of, 794.
Richelieu, Cardinal, and Fenelon, anecdote of, 710; appeared before Anne of Austria dressed as a Spanish dancer, 656; and Phillippe de Champagne, 871.
Rocbuck, J. A., and Lord Powerscourt, allusion to a duel between them, 909; described, 908.
Rogers, Samuel, a friend to Moore in the affair of the duel between Moore and Jeffrey, 93; meeting of Moore and Jeffrey at his house, 93; negotiated between Moore and Jeffrey on the subject of an engagement of the former on "The Edinburg Review," 153; advanced Campbell £500 to purchase a share in the new "Metropolitan Magazine," 767; his advice to Moore on the subject of the Byron "Memoirs," 492, 497; alluded to the hostile correspondence between Moore and Byron, 989, and *note;* amended Lord Holland's translation from "Metastasio," 919; visited Matlock, 124; his "Common-place Book," 503; his description of Venice, 1021; epigram, quoted by, 722; furnished the subject for "Lalla Rookh," 9; his causticity, 694; his good and kind qualities, 840; his scrape with Auguste de Stael, 767; his "Human Life," 365; his "Italy" forwarded to Moore, 396; his acts of kindness, 767, and *note;* offered to lend Moore 1000 guineas to settle with Messrs. Longman, 597; on the game laws, 541; his opinion of Chantrey, 694; proposed trip to Paris, with Scott, 598; his opinion of the "Loves of the Angels," 439; his opinion of Moore's "Life of Byron," 521; outline of his intended tour, 1019; his "Pleasures of Memory," first read by Moore, 25; print of, alluded to, 933, *note;* read Moore his story of "Foscari," 884; his remark that Raphael, Mozart, and Byron, all died at the age of 37, 775; his story of a practical joke, 598; his story of the young couple at Berlin, in their Opera Box, 661; his story from Le Grand's "Fabliaux," 788; his verses on Theophilus, 507; his "Voyage of Columbus," 990, account of his brother's domestic life, 988; visits Moore, 1024; his letters to Moore, 978, 982, 985, 987, 988, 990, 993, 994, 998, 1008, 1017, 1019, 1020, 1030, 1032, 1033, 1034, 1042; letters from, to Moore, alluded to, chiding him for not taking up his quarters at his house, 877; letter to, from Francis Jeffrey, 153; letters to, from Moore, 1014, 1016, 1018, 1019, 1024, 1025, 1027, 1036, 1038, 1040, 1041, 1045, 1047, 1050, 1052, 1053, 1054, 1056, 1057, *et passim.*
Rome. Moore's residence at, 299—310; view of, from the Campanile of the Capitol, 299.
Ross Captain, particulars of the Arctic expedition, 813.
Russell, Lord John, note by, concerning Moore's baptismal register, 45; "Life of Lord Russell, 229, 430; his imitation of Talma, 282; of Dugald Stewart, 285; his Reform speech, 315, 414; letter from, to Moore, alluded to, 315; on the epigram, by Lord Cowley, 322; on the character of Joseph Surface, 329, *note;* upon Wordsworth's assertion that Byron plagiarised from him, 342, *note;* his view of political proceedings consequent upon the Queen's business, 346; dedicated the second edition of his "Essays" to Moore, 347; his offer for liquidating Dumoulin's debts, 350; parody on "It has gone with its thorns and its roses," 350; "On the English Government and Constitution," 373; his intended plan of Reform communicated to Moore, 385; announced his departure for England, and offered to take Moore with him, 387; his "Don Carlos" reserved by Moore to read at Sloperton, 430; verses on the French armament against Spain, alluded to, 438; on the "Life of Sheridan" 449, 575; writing his "Political History of Europe," 449; his reasons for omitting Moore's account of the destruction of the "Memoirs," 494, *et sup. note;* his opinion of Byron's "Memoirs," 495, *note;* on Moore's proceeding in connection with the Byron "Memoirs," 499; his advice to Moore not to write a Life of Byron, 571; corrects an inaccuracy of Moore's, 612, *note;* proposed to Moore to join him in a trip to Ireland, 669; on conversation, 676; on the learning of Sir James Mackintosh, 677; his description of Lord Holland's tastes and talents, 678; urged Moore to undertake a Life of Grattan, 685; his conversation with Moore, about his coming into Parliament, 756; and Lord William Russell, characteristic meeting between them, 758; on the life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," 758; his difference from Moore's judgment on the Whig party, 761, *note;* on a letter of his to Lord Francis Gower, on the Reform Bill, 778; on Mr. Croker, 781, *note;* enclosing some verses of his, 748; extract from his letter in answer to Moore's, regarding his speech, 823; the King's suggestions to him, as to the manner and matter of his explanation in the House with regard to Lord Stanley, 832; and the Duke of Richmond, 839; letter to, from Lord Melbourne, respecting the pension for Moore, 845; to Moore, enclosing a letter from Lord Melbourne to Lord John Russell, 846; offered Moore the vacant place in the State Paper Office, 848; congratulated on his marriage, by Peel and O'Connell, 861; success of his speech on the Orangemen, 868; his definition of a proverb, 890; his last interview with Moore, 11.

S.

Scott, Captain, extract from his "Naval Recollections," respecting Moore, 844.
——, Major, letter to Francis, 216; "Review of the transactions in Bengal," 216.
——, Sir Walter, interest in his life arising from profuse details, 3; Lockhart's "Life of," 4; points of resemblance and agreement between him and Moore, 7; his unapproachable imagination, 10; his works contrasted with those of Moore, 10; "Rokeby," alluded to, 136; his "Lord of the Isles," 172; "The Abbot," 338; "Tales of my Landlord," 338; his "Ivanhoe," 374; his "Kenilworth," 374; bust remarkable from the height of his head, 393; his life and studies, 407; his indifference to pictures, 439; instance of his industry, 440; his apparent idleness, 448; his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," 548; visited by Moore, 548, *et seq;* his opinion of Moore's sacrifice of the Byron "Memoirs," 548; acknowledged himself, to Moore, as the author of the "Waverley Novels," 549; first set to try poetry by Mat. Lewis, 549; his epitaph on a dog, 549; drawings of the traditions of his ancestors alluded to, 550; anecdotes told by him, of the Duke of Wellington, 550; showed Moore Kelso Abbey, 551; "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," 552, *et passim;* anecdote of his grandfather, 552; his ignorance of music, 552; a great admirer of Bruce, the traveller, 552; his story of the Duke of Hamilton, 553; character of, among the people, 553; pleased with Moore's reception at the theatre, 557; and Constable, joint present of Scott's works to Moore, 569; his "Marmion," 598; application from a Danish captain to, 659; wrote a song for the Pitt

Club, 661; persuaded he had seen the ghost of Lord Byron, 661; at home and in London, 678, 679; his chief merits, 678; his name not to be recognized in a Russian shape, 680; his "Tales of a Grandfather," 685; his denial of the authorship of the novels to the King, 690; "History of Scotland," 711; *et passim;* bust of, by Chantrey, 755; his "Demonology," 766; "The Lady of the Lake," 985, *note;* "Travels to the Netherlands," 1027; "Waterloo," alluded to, 1027.

Scott, William, anecdote of, 888.

Scully, John, his letter to Moore, alluded to, 784; married to Miss Catharine Moore, 205, *note;* "Penal Laws," 470; reprimanded by the Commander-in-Chief, for keeping faith with the rebels, 207.

———, Mrs. See Moore, Catharine.

Serio-Comic Drama of Invasion, in Three Acts, including the Vision and the Battle, 201.

Sermon corrected for the press, sentence in, 203.

Servetus, not mentioned in Bayle's Dictionary, 831.

Shannon, the view of it, very striking, 467.

Sheddon, Mr., his conduct in the Bermuda business, 392.

Sheddons, the, anxious about Moore's Bermuda business, 337.

Shee, Sir George, invited Moore to meet Lord Clare, 44.

———, Sir Martin Archer, his success and firm principles, 205; got five hundred guineas for the copyright of his rejected play, 483.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, a quatrain on, quoted by Wordsworth, 663; explanation of his opinions to be shown to Moore, 416; undertook to answer the "Easy way with Deists," 705.

———, Mrs., and her children living with Lord Byron, 429; her admiration of Tom, 712; testimony to Shelley's appreciation of Moore, 908; her thorough knowledge of Byron, 620.

Sheridan, Charles, and the Westminster Hall speech of Sheridan's, 501; his views about the "Life of Sheridan," 481, 486; "Pamphlet," 435; Translation of "Fauriel's Greek Songs," 520.

———, Richard Brinsley, "Life of," 8, *et passim;* a pupil of Whyte's, 19; said, by mistake, to be Moore's tutor, 19; his "Pizarro," alluded to, 50; reputed as the author of the Songs in Tickell's "Carnival of Venice," 201; anecdotes of, 205, 212, 256, 354, 370, 472, 530, 531, 534; his anecdote of Dent, 212; his son, anecdote of, 212; means of bringing Lords Sidmouth and Ellenborough into the Cabinet, 214; jealous of Fox, 214; his envy and hatred of Burke accounted for, 215; opinion of his speeches, by Moore and Lord John Russell, 215, and *note;* Acts of the play of "The Foresters," found among his papers, 217; and two French officers, 217; forced and extravagant combinations in his speeches, 217; his practical jokes, 219; his "Speeches," 219; General Tarleton, 219, and *note;* offered £20,000 in the name of the American Government for his services, 225; his corporation cups, &c., at a pawnbroker's, 226; Delpini, the trial between them about a joke inserted in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," 229; on the authorship of "I have a secret sorrow here," 229; his dispute with Dundas, upon the meaning of "Malheureux," 229; sequel to his refusal of the registrarship of Malta for Thomas Sheridan, 230; his method of silencing people who went to him with plans of reform, 232; his library, its accumulation and dispersion, 233; his reply to Mr. Woodfall, who had given him his opinion that he was not fitted for Parliamentary speaking, 240; his "Westminster Hall Speech," 248, 517; annoyed about his plagiarisms from Wycherley, whom he had never read, 258; brought forward by his management of the Regency question, 258; his expectations of being Chancellor of the Exchequer, 258; ambition to be thought at the bottom of everything, 258; conversation about him, with Miss Ogle, his sister-in-law, 258; dialogue of "The Glorious First of June," 260; his conduct on the marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince, 260; applied all the good speeches of others to himself, 261; odd manufacture of his speeches, 262; Lines of John Wilkes, 264; characteristic trait of, 267; "The Rivals," 272; memoranda of his speeches, their *shining* parts, 278; loss of his *gages d'amour*, and the manner of their recovery, 280; his anecdote of Shaw, 320; trick of his on Richardson, 349; his Prologue to "The Miniature Picture," 434; on the Bermuda claims, 449; application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, 450; thought to be the author of the Prince's letter about the Regency, 456; his talents, 472; told Rogers, twice, that he was the author of "The Stranger," 506; his assertion that vanity is the commanding passion, 508; his sermon for O'Bierne, 509; bad character given of him by his father to Lord Shelburne, 509; his "School for Scandal," 515, *et passim;* copy of the defence of his conduct in 1811, 530; his reply on the Hastings Trial, story of, 530; his love letters, 534; his joke to Tarleton, 555; *note;* his "Epitaph on Nelson," 605; preface for the fifth edition of, alluded to, 608; "The Critic," 896; neglect of, by the Prince of Wales, 184; on the death of, by Moore, inserted in "The Morning Chronicle," 186; his memory affectionately preserved at Harrow, 200.

Sheridan, Mrs., story of her picture, 210; her characteristics, 258; wrote "The Haunted Village," 212.

———, Thomas, hard case of, 508.

Shiel, Rt. Hon. Richard Lalor, 776; consulted Moore on the intention of the Catholic leaders, 434; his manner, action, and voice, for public speaking, 732; introduced by Moore to the Marquess of Lansdowne, 757; his mimicries of O'Connell, 867; his speech about Moore, 514.

Siddons, Mrs., as "The Tragic Muse," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 451; feto given by, 85; found in the Stage a vent for her private sorrows, 535; Moore's first hearing the sound of her voice, 769.

Sidmouth, Lady, 738, *et passim.*

———, Lord, bon-mot of, 116; brought into the Cabinet by Sheridan, 214; Miss Godfrey's opinion of, 181; to figure in, "The Fudges," 194.

Sirr, Major, his description of the seizure of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 730; narrow escape with his life, 728.

Smith, Sir Sidney, and Jean d'Acre, 407; told Moore of the distillation of salt water, 408.

———, Rev. Sydney, his articles in the "Edinburgh," on "Madame D'Epinay," and "American Travellers," 244; commencement of a book of maxims, 283; on Lady Holland's remedy for the book-worms, 441; his imagination of a duel between two doctors, 441; odd passage from his article in the "Edinburgh Review," 457; his chief propensity, according to Deville, 578; his change from gayety to austerity, 580; witticisms, 580, 582, 797; on the Irish Church, 658; advice to Moore how to treat Cooper, 659; his horse, 659; his conversation, 677; his Indicrons caricature of Sir Æneas Mackintosh, 678; praised Moore's Byron, 723; pun on Tom Hill, 758; anecdote told by, 757; on Tithes, 775; comicalities of, 779; as a conversational wit, surpassed all the men Moore ever met, 799; bill of fare, suggested by him to Mrs. Longman, as proper for her entomological guests, 816; and Brougham, extract from their joint article on Ritson in the "Edinburgh Review," 816; his first interview with Daniel O'Connell, 831; on the different sorts of hand-shaking

in society, 831; description of the dining process with Literary Lions, 870; his manner and talk, contrasted with Canon Tate's, 878; allusion to two points in Lord Lansdowne's character, 890; employed in teaching himself French, 952; his death, 956, *note*.
Soult, Marshal, his collection of pictures, 370, 383; very civil to Moore, 410.
Southey, Robert, as an historian, 519; called out by Lord Byron, 408; epigram on, by Lord Holland, 541; his "Espriella Letters," 201; his bigoted opinions, 597; his domestic enjoyments, 1034; his immense correspondence, 868; his "History of the War in Spain and Portugal," 474; his opinion of Coleridge, 839; "The Curse of Kehema," 1059.
Sonza, his "Camoens" cost him nearly £4000, and he had never sold a copy, 321.
Spencer, William, his part in the duel between Moore and Jeffrey, 89, 90, 91; disadvantage of, in being an imaginative author, 9; his translation of "The wreath you wove," 922, 1023.
Spenser, remarkable for contrivances of versification, 440.
Spike Island, its fortifications useless, 462.
Spinoza, his doctrines not atheistical, 843.
Stephens, Miss, Countess of Essex, 448; called upon by Campbell and Moore, 266; her opinion of Pasta, 421.
Sterling, and Hume, anecdote of, 876.
———, one of the proprietors of, and writers for, "The Times," 617.
Sterne, Lawrence, MS. of one of his sermons in Rogers' possession, 451.
Sternhold, George, his trick upon the Society of Antiquaries, 271.
Stethoscope, the, 322.
Stevenson, Mr., his manner of catechising Moore for an autograph, 946.
———, Sir John, Mus. Doc., advised to set glees from Moore's "Anacreon," 61; appointed organist to the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle, 167; in Paris; 192; his economy, 177; his music to Code's piece unworthy of him, 126; requested to look over the harmony of the "Canadian Boat Song," 83; suggested by Moore to compose the music for a "Series of Sacred Songs, 118; tribute to, by the Catch Club, 62; Irishism, from the "Dublin Magazine," on his portrait, 980.
Stewart, Dugald, opinion of Sheridan's Begum speech, 225; his power of giving a new shade of meaning to a word, without injuring its analogy, 227.
Stibbert, Mr., Moore arranged to join him in the journey to Paris, 394.
Stokes, his opinion of one of Moore's answers to the Chancellor, 42.
Stories, of a barber at the Chelsea Ball, 394; a barrister, 586; a carver, 666; a challenge, 452; a Fitzmaurice, 713; a lady and the coronation, 165; a man and some adders, told by Scott, 598; a man's ill temper, after losing his money at play, 522; a marquee, 424; an absent man, 588; an Irish landlord, 366; an Irishman's wish to see Moore at the British Museum, 912; an old Scotch officer, 610; a practical joke, told by Rogers, 598; a priest; 426; a Saeristine, told by Rogers, 788; a Scotch divine, 801; a sick man, 718; a tailor, who used to attend the Greek lectures at the University constantly, by Luttrell, 778; Dr. John Bull, 589; George III., 517; Gould, 564; Jim Welsh's trip to France, 370; Keller and M'N——, by Lord Plunkett, 840; Lord Norbury, told by Luttrell, 609; North 487; Stowell and Captain Morris, 715; Suffield, 752; Mr. Rose applying to some Scotch laird for permission to shoot on his grounds, 660; Mrs. Hook, told by Sir W. Scott, 661; O'Connell, 683; sentries, 410; Scott and the Duke of Hamilton, 553; writing a song for the Pitt Club, refated, 661; the battle of Worcester, 923; the Happy Man, 208; the King of Delhi and his dentist, 899; Sparta and the establishment of the Ephori, 763; the man in Spain, with a basket of vipers, 697; the Prince of Wales pretending to shoot himself on account of Miss Fitzherbert, 540; two United Irishmen, 744; William IV. and the Duke of Wellington, told by Lord Valletort, 769; told by Jekyll, 708; told by Lord Alvanley, of a man learning the Swedish Language, 751; told by Luttrell, 774; told by Rogers, respecting a sermon at an invalid establishment, 774.
Stowell, Lord, and Captain Morris, story of, 715; his book a portion of the American maritime Law, 739.
Stafford, Lord, his government of Ireland, 474.
Strange names adverted to, 218.
Strangford, Lord, his "Camoens," 726; his account of the situation of the Greeks, 418; dialogue, in his letter, respecting Moore, 1035; letter from, to Moore, 1035; opinion of Moore's "Epicurean," 624; see also, 334.
Stuart, James, "Three Years in North America," 267.
Sub-letting of apartments, 357.
Success, the point of difference between a madman and a hero, 172.
Suett, Richard, delighted with his part in Moore's piece, 593.
Suffield, Lord, story of, 752.
Sussex, H. R. H. the Duke of, affable to Moore, 244; his manner of taking wine with Moore and others, 898; the reading of the Queen's will, 232; expressed much interest about Moore's Bermuda business, 244; offered Moore the use of his library, 652, 695, 701; pun by, on the Archbishop of Tuam, 667.

T.

Talfourd, Sir James Thomas Noon, Moore introduced to, 871.
Talleyrand, Prince Maurice, and Davoust, 405, anecdote of, 638; bon-mots of 510, reason of his lameness, 880; two laconic letters of, 897; his death, account of, 898.
Tarleton, anecdote of General, 269; and Sheridan, 219, and *note*.
Taylor, Watson, author of the words of the celebrated song of "Croppies, lie down," 672; his conversation with Moore on the events of '98 in Ireland, 672; his pictures, 448; his parody on Crabbe, Bowles, and Moore, 571.
Thirteen to dinner an unlucky number, 222.
Thorwaldsen, anecdote of, 840; "A Peasant Boy," 305; bust of "Lord Byron," 393; fine things in his study, 305; "Ganymede and the Eagle," 305; "Mercury," 305; Statue of Lord Byron, 943; "The Graces," 305; "Triumphal Procession of Alexander," 447; "Triumph of Alexander," 305; "Venus with the Apple," 305.
Tickell, Richard, 229; his anxiety after the publication of his "Anticipation," 434; "Carnival of Venice," Songs in, reputed to be by Sheridan, 201; discontented with Sheridan, 434; his mimicry of Fox when hard run in argument with Richardson, 260; witty, but a bad arguer, 260.
Tierney, Right Hon. George, expected to be made Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, 86; offered Lord Moira an appointment for a friend, 64; his opinion of "Lalla Rookh," 484; his opinion of Sir James Mackintosh, 348; repartee of, 576.
"Times," The, 816; extract from, on the debate relative to Moore and the Pension List, 892; its early information of Lord Goderich's resignation, 644, 645; remarks upon, 860.

"Tim Moore," the flattering proof it gave of the acquaintance of the public with Moore and his songs, 911.
Tithe Bill, defeat of Ministers on, 827.
Tithes, different modes of getting them, 463; generally amount to nearly one-third of the rent, 481; Leasing Bill, the, 461.
Toleration of the English Church, 177.
Transcribing, the punishment in Hell for bad poets, 62.
"Travels in America," 863; "Of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," 11, *et passim;* "To the Netherlands," 1027.
Tree, Miss Ellen, her "Julia," 430; Luttrell's complimentary lines to, 259, *note;* sung well, 232; Moore's confidence in her, 521.
Trimlestown, Lord, translated Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," into French, 325.
Trinity, the, 207, 248; symbolized by a little girl, 258.
———, College, Cambridge, reason for its boasting the greatest list of illustrious names, 601.
——— College, Dublin, Debating Society, 34; its dissolution, 35; inquisition at, by the Chancellor, 40; the authorities of, avoided mentioning Moore's name with the other Irish poets on the visit of George IV., 386; key of the MSS. room missing, 925, 926; statutes evaded by the tutors, 31.
Turner, J. W. M., "Baiæ, and the Bridge of Caligula," 750; his wish to go to Ireland, but afraid to venture there alone, 841.
Twiss, Horace, joke of, 699; odd dinner at his chambers, 267; preface alluded to, 143.

U.

Umbrella Question, the, 614.
Union Masquerade, the, 61.
United Irishmen, their watchword, 42.
——— Irish Societies, 39.
"Universal History," 519.
"University Herald, The," 949.
"——— Review, The," 502.
Unknown poetical correspondents, 248.
Upcott, Mr., offered Moore the editorship of the "Garrick" papers, 589.
Upper Lake, the, its exquisite loveliness, 466.

V.

Valletort, Lord, his stories of the King and Duke of Wellington, 769.
Van Amburgh, 405.
Van Buren, his conversation with Moore on English Society, 775.
Vanini, anecdote of, 277.
Victoria, Her Majesty Queen, 738.
Voltaire, "Adelaide de Guesclin," 348; always wore mourning on the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, 286; "Huron," 88; statue of, by Houdon, 314; "Tragedies," 584; "Universal History," 969.

W.

Walcot, Dr. See Pindar, Peter.
Wales, H. R. H. the Prince of, his affability to Moore, 21, 82; gave Moore permission to dedicate the "Anacreon" to him, 55; his fete, 108; manners, 57; unsettled politics, 112; a letter of his to Sheridan, 234; and Sheridan, curious scene, 229; anecdotes of, 82, 532, 546; and the Abbe St. Phar, 539; characteristics of, 114, 159; convicted of lying by Fox, 540; his declaration respecting Lord Grenville, 123; his imitation of Lord Thurlow, 229; proposed dress for the Navy, 231; story of his pretending to shoot himself on account of Miss Fitzherbert, 540; his treatment of the Duke of Sussex, 232.
Wales, H. R. H., the princess of, her appearance at the opera on the visit of the allied sovereigns, 155; see also, 740.
Walker, laid Moore's verses before the board of Trinity College, Dublin, 30.
———, J. Cooper, "Memoirs of Tassoni," 691.
Warburton, Bishop, striking objection of his mathematical studies, 696.
Warden, "America," 320.
Warm feet, a contrivance to keep, 40.
Washington, 67, *et passim.*
"————," by Chantrey, 305.
————, General, his addresses, chiefly written by Gen. Hamilton, 886.
"Waverley Novels, the," ascribed to Greenfield by Lady Granard, 338.
Wellesley, Lord, curious dialogue on tithes with Archbishop Magee, 475; his kind offer to Moore, 561; inflexible on the Catholic question, 250; 254; his pun addressed to Gally Knight, 637; remark on a line in "The Bishop and the bold Dragoon," 563.
Wellington, Duke of, accompanied Lady Jersey and thirty children to see the "Battle of Waterloo," at Astley's, 702; Donelly's reply to him, 461; the battle of Toulouse, 573; and William IV., stories of, told by Lord Valletort, 769; anecdotes of, 550, 573, 574, 578, 611, 696, 733, 878; anecdotes of, after the battle of Waterloo, 696; anecdotes told by Lord Plunket, 21; anecdote of, by Sir Walter Scott, 550; complaints that the English papers gave too much information to the enemy, 122; his duel with Lord Winchelsea, alluded to, 711; enthusiastic admiration of, on the Continent, 122; grief at Lord Fitzroy Somerset's wound, 905; his letter to Mr. Fitzgerald, dispensing with his services as one of the Lords of the Treasury, alluded to, 652; Moore's opinion of his dispatches, 879; occasion of his saying, "Never put myself wrong with the Army," 771; one of the three men most looked to by the people of England, 914; took notes of Napoleon's campaign in Russia, 662; gains over his colleagues to Catholic emancipation, 18.
Welsh, Jim, his trip to France, 370.
Wenston, "History of the Stage," 451.
Whig cause, the, Moore's reasons for espousing it, 29; declaration on the Catholic claims, 422; feeling in the Navy, 231; Leaders, 842; principles, 761, 765, 775, 876.
Whyte, Samuel, a lover of the drama, 19; his Grammar School, 19; played "Jane Shore," 20; prologue to "Comus," 19; "Henry IV.," 424.
Wilkie, Sir David and Chantrey, their interview with the King, 674; anecdote of, 849; "Mokanna unveiling his face to Zelica," 798.
Wilks, his "Persecution of the French Protestants," 382.
William IV., and the Duke of Wellington, stories of, told by Lord Valletort, 769; anecdote of, 772; envied by the American Ambassador, 751; his conduct in the affair of the dissolution, alluded to, 754; his emotion, when ordering the group of Mrs. Jordan and her children, 869; his deportment on the difficulties of the Ministry, 832.
Williams, commenced copying Lord Byron's "Memoirs" for Moore, 189; in difficulties, 199; translating Foscolo's articles for the "Quarterly," 256.
Willis, N. P., "Pencillings by the Way," 13, *note* A; "The Universe," 891.
Wiltshire Anniversary, the, 491; Dinner, the, 262.

Winchelsea, Lord, his duel with the Duke of Wellington, alluded to, 711.
Windham, Right Hon. W., his merit in applying old stories, 450.
Wolsey, Cardinal, discovery of his letters at the State Paper Office, 674; his letters, showing his skill, 691.
Woman's rights, extract from a young lady's letter on, 946.
Women's hearts, conservation on, 252.
Woodfall, Henry, his opinion that Parliament was not the place for Sheridan's talents, 240.
Woolriche, applied to, for assistance, by Moore, in his intended duel with Jeffrey, 89; visits Moore when ill; 55.
Wordsworth, William, account of Byron's plagiarisms from his works, 342, and *note;* his close translation of Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὑρὼν, &c., 844; comparison between the English and Italian Languages, 838; equal to Byron in the Philosophy of Life, 10; his "Excursion," 1059; his high opinion of himself, 343, 549; his idea of the origin of Byron's attacks upon him, 839; his horror of having his letters preserved, 887; manly endurance of his poverty, 549; met Moore at Rogers's, 838; his opinion of Coleridge, 839; quatrain on Shelley, quoted by, 663; remarks, their justice, 343, *note;* subjects for poems, suggested to him by travelling outside a stage coach, 887; "The White Doe," 343; devoid of a musical ear, 439.
Wynne, Right Hon. Charles, his horror at an unpardonable mistake in "Kenilworth," 374; pun on, 656.

Y.

Yellow fever at New York, 78.
Yongo, Dr., imprisoned for debt, 397.
York, Archbishop of, 582, *et passim.*
——, H. R. H. the Duke of, and the Coronation arrangements, 390; his duel with Colonel Lennox, 31.
—— Minster, Moore's visit to, 547.

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